

The Lindenwood Review

Volume 1 | Issue 5

Article 20

2015

Looking at Six Mile Creek

Robert Lee Kendrick

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Recommended Citation

Kendrick, Robert Lee (2015) "Looking at Six Mile Creek," *The Lindenwood Review*. Vol. 1 : Iss. 5 , Article 20.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.lindenwood.edu/lindenwood-review/vol1/iss5/20>

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Looking at Six Mile Creek

No fish from the creek today. Even the mudcat refuse
a night crawler speared on a hook, suck what clings to the bottom
instead. Behind me, a groundhog shimmers through weeds,
supple & bright as a girl's hair in summer. She may be split open
tomorrow, glistening white entrails curled on the asphalt,
blood turning dark in the sun. Picked up with plastic gloves
& burned as biological waste, her dirt-crusting brood in the nest.
Son or daughter, my kid would have been nineteen this month.
If Stephanie has a child now, I don't know. Lives in Virginia. Did.
My line drops slack, the float lying still in the water.