

*dead dog creek*

by courtney marie

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when you told me about dead dog creek i didn't quite believe you. i didn't believe the bit about the dog and i didn't really believe there was a creek but we walked away from the trail and you showed me the creek and even though there was no dog i began to believe every word you said. i told you i felt like a stranger here, everywhere. we found a dead owl. i felt dumb because i wanted to hold your hand. the owl was perfectly dead like it was sleeping and i wondered what happened to the dog's body after you found it and i pictured a time-lapsed video in my head where the dog quickly disappeared and turned into water. of course there was blood and bloat and bugs but i was relieved at the end of the video that nothing was left except dirty creek water and a weathered collar. i didn't think these things about the owl, i wanted to look at it and look at it. the day was sunny and the trail went on and on. i still feel like a stranger here, everywhere.