Denver’s Cherry Creek
by Sybil Pittman Estess

is in the middle of city. It has
a bike and walking path going
on for twenty-six miles. Marathons
could be run here. We are here
to be near a hospital, since
someone close to me is now
ill. We must stay there in
this long-term motel a long
time. The creek gives us
comfort, and often rabbits
hop these lawns or gardens.
On Friday evening, I stroll
alone near the creek, Cherry,
near dark. Traffic stops and
goes at the lights. Horns honk.

But the water is rushing over
the stones. I look up from
my sorrows to see the mother
deer, the doe, cross the creek
quickly to hide in willows making
a barrier between her and me.

Her small but quick fawn follows
her, not at all far behind. Not at all
exposed for long.