

Roaring Brook¹

My memories here abound:
If I close my eyes
I remember my cousin Shawn around;
He fished night and day
He took me along
Even though I scared the fish away;

Grandfather, Chief Roaring Bull,
Always kept the brook clean
Every spring the brook's water was glistening and full
Roaring from Arcadia, over falls and rocks;
We swam all summer in the pool
We thought it was deep
Our memories fun-filled and cool
Next best place to the beach;
We explored the tunnels through and through,
Had a blast young and old
Caught fish and crayfish, too

Never ending places to explore for the generations of old
As well as the 7 generations more
So long as we heed nature's call:
Care for Mother Earth and her creatures
So that Roaring Brook can be enjoyed by all.

¹ Roaring Brook, part of the Arcadia Management Area in southwestern Rhode Island, abuts the Dovecrest property.