

DARK WATER

As I stood out at the black water thoughts of my brother came flooding back. My brother had drowned in these waters about four months ago. The roar of the water was too much, warm tears ran down my cheeks. Wiping them away I think of what I could have done to help save him. When ever I think about him I always think it was my fault, when really it wasn't. I replay the story in my head...

It was a hot summer's day in 2013. My brother and I had walked down to the water with a few of our mates. Near the black water there was a stretch of calm water which was perfect for swimming in. It was divided into two parts the black water and the calmer water. I'm not exactly sure what happened but this is how I remember it. We were swimming in the calm water when some how my brother was pulled onto the wrong side, the force of the water pulling him even further. By the time I realised what was happening it was too late. He had been taken down.

There was nothing I could do.

I hoped I would never have to think about it again, but the thoughts always come back when I come and drop flowers into the powerfull water. Watching them get swept away; just like my brother.

By Kerriane