

# Critique This...

## Down by Gully Creek

By IWML

This is where they'd first met, those long weeks ago.

She'd been a shapely figure in white, porcelain legs ankle-deep in the cooling muddy waters of Gully Creek- he'd never seen anything like her. She wasn't like the ruddy-faced lumpen girls of the town, all bullock functionality - she was clearly from somewhere else. To him, it might've been Venus, or Heaven itself- he didn't care - and it was that instant he saw her, a delicate lily rising from the mud, that he knew, somehow knew, they'd one day be together.

Now, they rolled through the long grass together, soft and languid, pressed like two hands in prayer. He kissed her neck passionately, moved to her full parted lips, then slowly down her body. Clothing slid open... hands caressed deeply.

"Oh , my love ... "

If only she'd let him do all this while she'd been alive, she might've stayed that way.