

## Jacksons

by Harry Nolan

As I approached the main drop of Jacksons,  
I felt the rush of adrenaline and the blood pumping through my veins.  
I took in the breath-taking scenery,  
Staring in awe at the gigantic jagged rock gorge,  
And the beautiful overhanging trees.

As I entered the gorge of jagged grey rocks,  
I felt extreme exhilaration as my kayak entered freefall,  
The ice-cold water refreshingly splashed into my face.  
I landed hard with water splashing around me,  
covering the beautiful, multi-coloured plants with a light drop of water.

I proceeded through the gorge,  
Taking in the breath-taking scenery.  
I peered over the jagged, slippery rocks,  
Picking out a line for the exit drop.

I swung myself into the flow,  
Throwing myself down the raging rapids.  
I tried a boof,  
But ended up under (capsized).  
I saw the silvery fish darting to and fro,  
Attempting to set up for a roll.

On my last breath,  
I expertly rolled.  
I looked upstream,  
At the wonder that was Jacksons.