

60

sewage wafts up at the corner of fifth and st. george
 slosh gurgle downhill through indifferent pipe grid pipe grind
 your teeth pipe miles and miles of pipe underneath our feet

smell water rushing under the manhole covers
 one pipe carries drinking water
 another carries away your toilet flush
 pipe down, pipe plastic, pipe slime, pipe
 time

corner the hydrant bursts chlorinated
 water shoots exuberant into sky

coincidence, haunting, or the stubborn stream's refusal to be
 confined?

what's lost? not just the streams but the people
 who stole them from the salmon who swam them

re-pair tributary with daylight
 twin riparian zone with home

detourne st. george toward chief dan george
 Geswanouth Slahoot's spirit knows these unceded streams
 Snaaq Staulk, te Statləw

地下水

"Lower frequencies are the mind / What happened to the creek / Is what happened/ to the sentence
 in the twentieth century / It got social underground /// you should make yourself uncomfortable /
 If not you who" — Brenda Hillman, Practical Water