

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 uncaded streams  
Snauq Staulk, te Statlōw

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