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## Tubing on a Canal

Philip White

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## Tubing on a Canal

Rick was green  
in the elm's light,  
laughing as he  
spun. Beneath us,  
long grasses waved  
and insects stood  
on little dents  
in the water;  
wasps, their bodies  
jacked up, throbbing,  
sucked at the edge.  
Then we went under.  
Stiffened and lay  
back. At the grate,  
a nail of light  
blinded us, cars  
crossed over our  
bodies. Then, Silence  
magnified in the tin  
culvert, the dark.  
We'd frown hard to see  
down our tensed bodies,  
or let our heads dip  
back; but either way  
it was blackness,  
blackness—and the cool  
half-moon of heaven,  
the impossible light.

—Philip White