



1-1-1993

Tubing on a Canal

Philip White

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Recommended Citation

White, Philip (1993) "Tubing on a Canal," *BYU Studies Quarterly*: Vol. 33 : Iss. 1 , Article 10.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol33/iss1/10>

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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