CONDUIT

Maps instruct that dashed

lines across contours mean tunnels.

A rush, whoosh through,

pressure damping sound,

into green light, the train stretching an arc

of disclosed intent

to reach a somewhere

and doing it, creak by clack. Veering

in from right, on side-

swipe trajectory

a flooded sweep, perhaps an abandoned

track. The water deepens,

green to black, half-

corseted in stone, is someone's

needed canal,

goods traffic or drink.

We can't make out which way it flows. Then

sky fills with a mounting

line. How will that water

sheer on rock? In the one bend left

we see a tunnel for

the aqueduct, whose

plane mirrors the tunnel's dark

maw, arch, a holy

approximation

to channel shape; space that was rock,

full-face bored, filled

to hide from flow

a convexity underneath,

to hold dear water

to the air before

rushing-up, but still shadowed

penetration.