

THE FLUME

Nicholas Mason-Browne

Thrown in a second across the thin, tinted stretch of river at the end of the day. Noiseless continents pass by, supported on a succession of thick, precise sleepers. Freight of compressed shade. Glare from the headlight left behind in the back room, curling up behind the file cabinet like a blue stone or a glimpse of a child's elbow. Moments, days summarized in that way. Pale twig that stirred in the middle of the air. Moves loosely with a dry, razor-like motion. A grandfather's spectral tongue. Hydraulic laboratory below the chutes, filling up with discolored papers, calculations, and with a kind of abstract flood.