

## Interview / Hydroelectric

Kelly Krumrie

Tessa saw the curved top of the dam as the edge of a great invisible sphere. The dam funneled the river water and sent it up a pipe. The pipe ran along the canyon high above the road, mostly behind the canyon wall, in the mountain, but also appearing where the rocks folded in. Supports were bolted to the rock, and the pipe and the supports were painted yellow-brown. The only edge a sphere could have was the threshold between inside and out.

Above the plant, the pipe turned sharply out of the rock and formed a chute downward. They showed her pointing out the window of the van. The water came fast to the turbines. Tessa and the men were on a sphere, and then there was the firmament. The van wound through the canyon along the river. Electricity is kind of like water, one said.

The river flooded some time ago, and in her mind's eye, Tessa saw the water in the river slowly rise over the road. The wooden floors of the plant had to be replaced, and there were photographs on the wall of what it looked like before and during the flood. There was a difference between *bringing* water into the plant and water *coming* into the plant.

On the floor of the van were dirtied orange vests and bits of paper. A kayaker turned in an eddy. The pipe was wide, and it was so high she wasn't sure of the scale. She saw electricity as water in the pipe, lapping up the sides. The river pulsed with lightning. Was electricity fire that water could put out? She didn't want to ask them that question so she wrote it down.

She saw an orb around herself, each of the men in the van, the van, and the other cars. One of the men pronounced it *tur-bin* and another *tur-bine*, and this made her afraid to inquire further about the turbines because how could she say it? What she wanted to ask was, how does the electricity *come out* of the turbine? Up, the canyon's rims formed two edges.

A few days before, Tessa and her classmates had ridden on a giant swing that swung out over the north edge of the canyon, and she had looked down to find the river and the road. See that there, the driver said, pointing toward a part of the pipe that curved along the canyon wall. The van braked sharply before a group of bighorn sheep hesitating beside the highway barrier. They turned, and each leapt up the rock.