

In Exordium

Paramaecium

A pool of water, crystal clear and shimmering, beneath the light of an ancient moon. The water's cold tranquillity, majestic and refined in stillness and in clime, disturbed in brief by the passage of a lone vessel; the boat in carriage of the solitary one; the cloaked youth of sad temper and sorry virtue. In time, and not before time, beneath the overhang of tired branches, the vessel gains the embankment, the youth alighting on the shore. He wraps the cloak for warmth against the asperity of the night, and upon his gloved wrist the falcon waits until the light of dawn reveals that which is unseen, of the landscape of the land. As the boat moves off unnoticed, beneath a tree he reclines to lie and I know this story well, as one should, of he that is I.

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