

N
~

It starts to rain, first drop by drop, after a while gallon by gallon, then river by river. The rivers flow through the land cutting into it, wounding it. Blood collects from the dead, killed without sin, or with it, and is washed away, never seen, never remembered. The rivers flow: through 'war, through peace, through rain.

People bustle through the city. They don't see each other, they just pass like ships on a dark sea in a storm. The storm builds and the sailors fear for their lives; some of them remembering, others only trying to forget. The captain thinks of his children, his wife. She sits looking out her window watching the people as they pass by. They don't know where they're going or where they came from.

I remember my life. I remember what has happened and what has notft
I remember my love. I remember my lffives, and my life and my loss.
I remember my loss. I remember sitting alone, no longer having
what I had. I remember staring at the sky, at the mountains, any-
where that was away from myself. I remember my reflection and
I try to forget. I remember my reflection and I try to remember.
I remember my love, and my life, and my loss, and my reflection.
I remember my loss, but I also remember my love and I am happy. I
remember sitting, not alone, not ever alone.

Bodies move. r·lassesinteract. They all rotate about some common
point, and around each other. The bodies are made of more bodies,
this time stars, which are burning away, just waiting to die.
And following the stars' death rites are lumps of mass, which
are forever bound, but never giving up the hope of escape.

On these lumps forces from inside and from outside cause the surfaces to change, to flow, to grow, and to fall. Watching the movements are creatures who live and die; who move and interact. Humans, and the others around them watch what's around them while they are seen from inside. Inside their selves they are seen. Inside their bodies are bodies which move and interact. Guided by many forces.