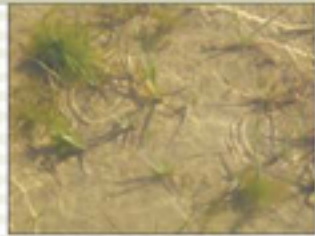




water

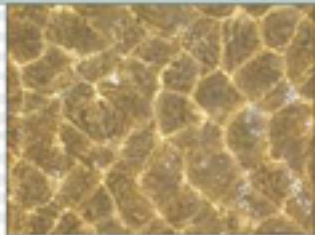
a long pause of high tide, for nothing, the line is quiet, not rising or falling, but soon creeping again, back where it was or was not, a short





light

nothing of substance, making everything possible, slowly shifting the focus, or surface, or color, or even the idea, then shifting again, and





grass

sprouting up as many greens, grouped together

changing just slowly enough to not be noticed.

days spent hanging on, reaching for something





crystal

settles for now. silent. smooth surface broken by something no longer there floating down. blown around. washed up. washing out what just was





rock

all substance, only substance, usually old, but not always, foundation and bones of the earth, seemingly stable, but worked over, fractures

