

## Solus

Something huddles beneath my hand  
placed over my breast in a way  
like fallen branches. I heard you speaking  
in a dream to me, and (in) the shudder of fishes  
passing through my bones at the head  
of Four Rivers. What passed through  
me and what passed on into the lands  
out of Eden, I do not ask.  
My body keeps what is my body's and what  
my body touches.

On the surface of the river of the waters  
of the compassionate Pison, when  
the dark (water) covers and the eye by which  
you have given us, the body, vision through the night  
alights upon my shoulders, I am known  
to be frightened at the <sup>(at this)</sup> stillness. I would  
call (this) <sup>(it)</sup> a leaf taken on the wind, <sup>(or)</sup> a meditation's  
ceasing. You who have created thought out  
of thought my existence, what solitude  
whispers in the brush of my body  
against the garden. What simplicity,  
Hand-crafter, threatens to flee, with all  
its weight, back  
into chaos!