

## Solus

Something huddles beneath my hand  
 phied 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 stillness. I would  
 call (this) a leaf taken on the wind, 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!

## Verse 1:1

In the beginning there was the World Maker

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How do you love ... ?

How does your love spread?

dealing with  
 the love(?) of  
 a GOD.

In the beginning the World Maker and his Void

was all that there was.

Deepness had a face and also Darkness

crawled upon the waters  
 which the Maker gave sullen features and stirred with his fingers.

Solus

Desiderium

to be and to be beautiful

Wise, old Deathless Container