A forest ravine of stepped stone basins; water spills from bowl to bowl in slow recursion. At several tiers, the flow splits into twin rills that take different routes across the stone and then rejoin a few steps below, their surfaces knitting back together. Threads of glass beads ride the films, braiding at joins, then settling into a mirror-still lower pool. Mossed rock, lanterns set into the ledges, mist held in the cool; deep indigo and verdigris, the sense of thought finding its level.