

I glance at you, at a distance, the universal whole within you—a quiet universal. For all within you is quiet—all barren and unspoken. The whole of the unspoken—a zero-dimensional space—a contradiction as true as these bones and shoes and ravens—the Great Unspoken. What potent potion was it, by virtue of whose foulness all these stars—all these souls— were then begotten? Oh, yes, it was at night: a fathering wolf devoured and it swelled. Life-pebbles scattered everywhere—this life which is tonight was scattered. And you wished its extinction—you yearned a cave to swallow and obscure—but it is never dark here in this sky—the fire-seeds that scattered were ingrained thereon forever. Oh, yes, it was at night: and in silence you unspoke the words that meant to say the truth—the first truth of your soul.