

Enticed by where the water crests the dam to seethe and swell, roil and bubble, and percolate with spite, and where the lake becomes the creek across beds of boulders, stones and gravel, they claim their part and submerge beneath its effervescent light to feel its chill while the heron strides its chase. (Encountering)

Thus engaged they float between the soft green thighs of the now deepening gentle stream, whose heavily undercut banks harbor trout, leeches and shrimp in deep pools and shadows. It is there that the black soil hides its treasured sediments that lie lightly suspended between gravity and the vacuum of the universe. (Suspension)

Here undulating pulses work upon sunken seeds, swollen leaves, and limbs of trees pulverizing them to grime and gristle. Lacking air they lie the moment, cold beyond the light, then rise an elemental breach to expose their lizard's back, the part they can never see, to emerge beneath the veil and disappear. (Disappearance)