

In Exordium

Paramaecium

A pool of water, crystal clear and shimmering, beneath the light of
an ancient moon. The water's cold tranquillity, majestic and refined in stillness and in clime, disturbed in brief by the passage
of a lone vessel; the boat in carriage of the solitary one; the
cloaked youth of sad temper and sorry virtue.

In time, and not before time, beneath the overhang of tired branches, the vessel gains the embankment, the youth alighting on
the shore. He wraps the cloak for warmth against the asperity of
the night, and upon his gloved wrist the falcon waits until the light
of dawn reveals that which is unseen, of the landscape of the land.

As the boat moves off unnoticed, beneath a tree he reclines to lie
and I know this story well, as one should, of he that is I.