

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
e
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.