



Am I the idea alone which patterns the substance  
of the banks and shores of the stream?

Am I only the river or am I the watershed,  
the trickles, reaching.

Am I the rain or am I the notion of the rain?

Does my existence penetrate into mist  
not yet formed, vapor not yet condensed,  
the notion of water and all its movements

... its cycles which yield the  
curves of waves upon the shore,  
myriads of six-fold mirroring substance  
called snow, wonders of streaking clouds  
high and icy, bending light in different measure  
to exhibit rainbows which exist so delicately  
they neither are born nor die.

Life diffusing or condensing finds its way in me.

I am an intense hallucination usefully conjured  
and yet I am the conjurer himself.

I am a magician performing magic with himself.

I am the trick of God and the God of the trick.

The symmetry is not bounded.

"The" and "and" I am.

Am-ing much and little and not at all quite a bit ...  
here especially when there and there never.

All and nothing, completely both, entirely neither ...

Free and captive, confined to liberty,  
at liberty to be confined. I barely exist enormously  
and I will even exist less surely more.