Light Singing Before The Earth
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Any moment the sky may darken and there may be great noise, any moment like this moment, any moment when the narrow slit of sky above becomes black and grey, any moment like this moment when the two rivers cut into the gorge rise up to the sky in a great rush, shouting as they move upwards in bits and pieces—Wouldn't that be something to write home about? Wouldn't that be a revolution to remember?—all at once among the light clearing its throat in clips and flashes, and then any moment in the uproar, in the wet, out of the dark all at once the sky open again, the light singing before the earth, through the rivers rising up, through the mist ascending from the sheer stone walls to a cloud no longer above the vertical horizon.