

This is no place to live. He's just passing through. Curves woo him, elbows, crooks detain him and weigh him down... flat into the press and slip of water. Trunks accost him, knock him senseless because he can't see straight. Draping vines, drooping limbs, entangle him, beseech him to stay, force him to kneel and lick the curdled soil. But all is pervious here. It is a sift. Things pass through; they don't stick. This is no refuge, no pit for gold nuggets, no deft diamond recess, no haunt for vixen wood nymphs who dallied wanton in spotty nooks. Gravity craves anything that has even a caliper of mass and draws it down into a pool.