

There is water. The water is shallow and it flows. There are trees: There is one, that must be old, but it does not look old. It is tall and dynamic. It has strong dark branches and great round foliage around.

There is great strong tree leaning across the water. It has a smooth grey trunk and light green leaves. They are cheeky, light, funny, they sway, playfully in the wind. Like they are excited. I saw a duck. It went against the flow. The duck came and left. Another returned. There is a light green tree. Very pale, lots of thin trunks. Pale trunks and pale leaves. Bright, and it is young. On the other side there is an old tree. It is hardly visible.

Are you there when I can't see you?
Play a game, close your eyes, there is no world, open - there is.
Maybe this place isn't there yet. Not until you get there.
But you will see, when you get there, that water does not stop when you don't think of it.
Water does not stop when you don't think of it. Water does not stop when you don't pay attention.
A mother doesn't die when a child is living. But time is denser there and water doesn't stop.
We wished it to stop,

The water is cold.
It is dense like time, goes around the fingers, it is touching time passing.
See the minutes go.
Water goes.

Even as I speak to you I am scared, to see.
She has my father's face. And my face.
When you put your fingers in the water you feel life passing through your fingers.

There are birds, there is water, the water is passing, one water goes to join other waters and those waters will go together. There are birds, there is water. It has a face of our great grandfather. It has a face of our father. There is water. The water is passing. The stones have sunk already. The water is passing over the stones, and pass my fingers. Time is condensed in it.

There are waters, run together in this place, feet step through them, but waters go faster, don't wait. Birds sing, la-trilulilu, la. Birds stop people leave, water flows.

There is water and the water is passing, other waters and those waters will go together. The water and somebody, she has grandma's face. She says, see, it is not as scary. It is just water passing. But time is denser there and all melts into one.

There are birds. Some birds come to the water. There are shaded dark patches. Water is deep there. I imagine something lives there. Maybe that is not a place to step. Be careful. Water is silky but it is dark sometimes, where the shade is. There is some wood and rocks and concrete in it. Here in one of those places the water breaks and turns to many. There are many waters and many times. Many times flow.