

## **Paramaecium "In Exordium"**

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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  
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.

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