This Fragile Expanse Water Over Time

J HARRY WHALLEY



J HARRY WHALLEY







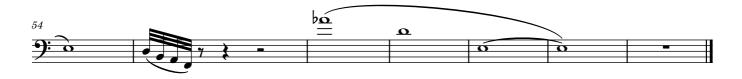






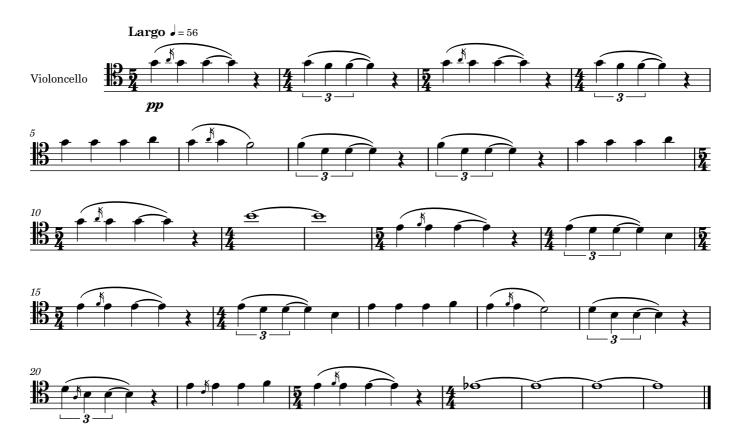






Now, sitting patiently waiting for the Sun to remove its crystalline structure a memory of what it was like to flow would have to wait.

Instead, the Sun goes down. It is Winters turn.



Almost unaware of the movement, despite its magnitude

compressing, cracking and refracting – In glacial-time, emitting a unique hue to nobody.

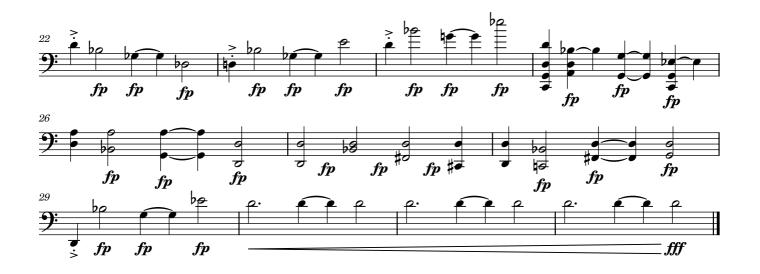
Playing a game with entropy, the goal, to return to water meanwhile, the moraine in anticipation waits

but the journey is disparate

and whilst lifted up on a colossal shard the reality of the situation unfolds,

it is the ice that moves the mountain.





At last, a sudden liquid gasp a Droplet a Stream a River a Fjord the Horizon.

In a sacrifice of identity, if not death so, to give life.





























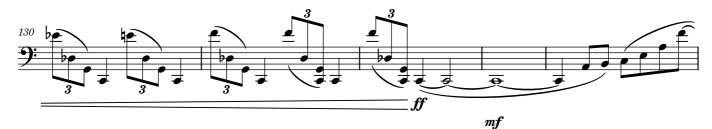














Surface tension, broken and re-found. First carried by wind then through Gaia herself to fire. Moving continents like a shadow play.

Or a slow dance, with metronome set to the constant turning of the stars. A great rhythmic complexity evident in the grooves of the mountain, that play an ancient song.

Slow your heart slower – slower still – slower until –





