

All My Roe

The mystery of mysteries was not a thing to be spoken lightly of, night after night we guessed but never asked, it meant that we were on our way to the Earth, a convulsive shudder now and then and one of us would leave, it was the end of mental, there would be object lessons, butter, sugar, cake and bones, but never the times we talked late into the fire and adored one another the way we were just there, just together we would never speak of it but it was there and never again a comrade like that, to open a door and find everything in love, which somehow made us, daylight we never looked at and went by with a run, out of that door we believed came time, we guessed but never asked, possible back after away and over again we did not know, there was never a weeping like ours, a thousand good nights so next to the next we did not have to speak, who we are we don't know, we are heard thoughts we think, there is a mystery in our atmosphere as yet of nothing and I, the uninitiated, the untried, venture to ask the little beggars of the old Earth each to say a word about it, I did every now and then watch some of them come to the edge of a wide water, and pause, one foot in the air, looking with their keen eyes across it, and swim over, one after the other, till they were all out of sight, and I could only guess where they were by the screaming birds above them.