

*Strange never to have imagined being one, the rock beneath the lizard found itself one night noticing while over head, or over rock, stars wheeled their perfect wheel and the planets, a few planets, tonight, mazed the expanse. Oh, planets, thought the rock, the thought of the lizard disintegrating, as it had done night after night. Strange never—and then again strange, a very exact repetition.*

Only very slowly does a rock make its mind-stuff into something not the same as yesteryear. *Ah, snow*, the rock still thinks in the desert, where snow is now rare. Snow by tinkle as a small string snapping, a crystalline echo, it knows; but lizard belatedly, apprised by occasional shadows a lizard lays down. *The lizard—strange never to have imagined its acyclical vanish and return*, the rock—the minute a storm hurled it the length of a lizard's life away, down a slope to a riverbank, beside which, later, it would learn to greet the water in water's tongue—nearly thought.