THE FLOODED VALLEY.

Under the lake’s press: rock, bone, grasses; the soft slime of moss and fern;
a road plunges into the water, winds, traces the contours of the depths.

Swim down its cleft, walk the length of the sunken river past trees wintered by water.

What can you find? What signs are recognised?

A fish netted by the twisted branches of a high pine. Its spine flaps.

A dog-fox clamped by its leg in a gin, Time wearing away the snout, baring teeth into a tight grin.

A low, stone church: fish curl around the cross, water moves the bell tolling the silent hours.

Enter the church, the fish turn expectantly for your Word.

— Tony Curtis