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Moving Light

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For hours I have watched the shadows of my own limbs, My first memory is of a creek of light. I don't know how old I was, for it was in that magical crack of life's dawn where clocks and calendars, and measures that cut the body, and compartmentalise the soul and twist it till it fits a perfect shape, did not yet exist. It is only a flash, a nanosecond recollection, of a ray of sun resting in that shifting plash, but I'm surer of it than anything I've known or felt since, even breath. Let them not tell your first memory is a lie, let them not trample on its immeasurable significance, let them not sever the



ties that bind you to wonder
and imagination and the startling
breath stopping brilliance of the universe.
Claim your memories
Begin with the first.