

## How It Seems To Me / Ursula Le Guin

In the vast abyss before time, self  
is not, and soul commingles  
with mist, and rock, and light. In time,  
soul brings the misty self to be.  
Then slow time hardens self to stone  
while ever lightening the soul,  
till soul can loose its hold of self  
and both are free and can return  
to vastness and dissolve in light,  
the long light after time.