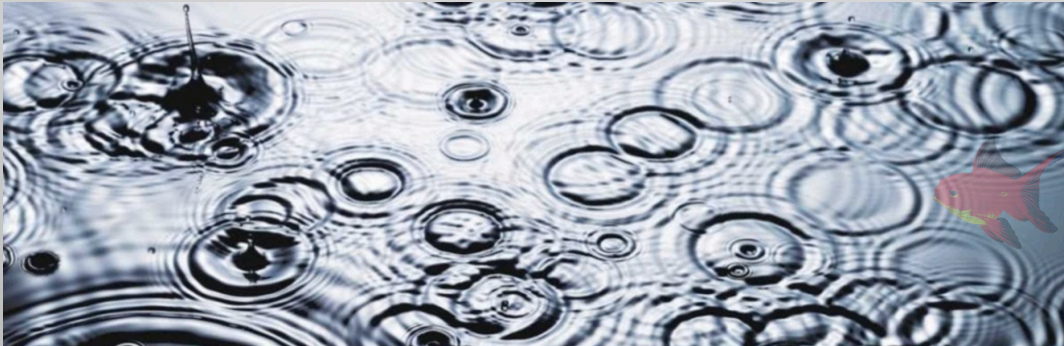


Celt liked to gaze into the depth of things around her, but right now she was staring at the surface of the pool. In the sun she had been watching a gold object slumber deeply on a gravel bed, but then the rain had started and obscured her view with big, slow-motion splashes. Where each spot of rainwater met the surface, a cup shaped mark was made, that immediately popped back up again ~ oscillating up and down ~ generating circular wavelets ~ rippling out across the surface ~



But there was some thing she did not understand, for Celt noticed that the wavelets were passing through each other, and where they did so, strange new patterns of interference were being formed. But she couldn't see what they were, being neither one object nor another. And because these fleeting patterns were some new thing, she decided to make a carving of them on the surface of a stone just beside the water.



It's not that carving cup and ring marks in stone was something new ~ on the contrary, Celt knew that if she walked across the hill, she'd find the carvings of her husband's village, where he still stayed and where his mother's mother's mother's people still marked cups and rings to demonstrate their place among the things of earth and water and air ~ who has given birth to who ~ who has died in birth ~ what and where the soul is now.