

*Water in the singular ~ soul of the community ~ singularity as the souls of many things ~ things as environments of the soul.*

For Celt this was the truth of her gazing into things around her. Things were environments of a singularity; things you couldn't quite see or touch - not like objects before the gaze, but *within* the gaze, so to speak *between* those objects could she sense an infinite singularity of soul. It was where and how and what she was and ~ water ~ a drop of water was the lens through which this picture of how things *actually are* comes into focus.

Because we communicate with these written word-signs ~ for things now as distant objects are ~ all we might say is that water was their metaphor for a unity they felt with things around them. But Celts *were* the very singular resonance of soul, and water was the medium in which they bathed. Which is exactly why the pool was a sacred place for Celt ~ so much so that she would never have dreamed of putting foot in. In homage to and with inspiration from the water that was all around, her mother's people had been carving stones forever, and not one of these showed any sign of patterns, made where raindrop rings passed through each other. So for her to have noticed interference patterns on the surface of the pool would have been simply stunning. Celt had made the new cup and ring carving on the stone beside the pool ~ not because she was with child, but because she needed to still that ephemeral rippling ~ to listen to the soul ~ her soul ~ to hear what it was saying.

Let us try to imagine what she saw inside the surface of the stone, by drawing a cross-section through the surface of the water~stone as indicated by the dotted line...

