

## *Creation*

*Two explorers start their trek beginning from the flat midlands beyond the arch of purest silver. One heads north to the pass between the peaks while the other diverts south to probe the lush valley there. The one to the north drifts to the east to conquer one of the two mountains while the one to the south discovers a river running freely.*

*One conquers the peak, encircles it, finds the pinnacle and claims it. The other roams down the wet valley, enjoying the fragrances native there. Upon finding a pool deep enough, he plunges in.*

*Our world quivers in the embrace.*

*The world turns and day turns to night. The explorer is done with his dip, and has joined the other party caressing circling and exploring the second peak.*

*A stranger comes and plunges into the deep pool vacated by the explorer. Earth and sky, yin and yang are united and are whole because of it. The intruder withdraws leaving a hollow ache in his stead.*

*She moves willow branches to arrest his departure, but lo! He had no intention of withdrawing, only he is merely recoiling to plunge deeper, exploring those unknown depths, filling her.*

*Cycles. Summer to winter, river to rain, light to dark, and back again. Cycles continue, accelerating, striking a rhythm only to break it and establish a new one. Closer to the edge of the plane they spiral.*

*Cycles upon cycles... building and countermanding. From her core rumbles emanate.*

*A flame deep within spreads to the mountainous peaks and beyond the pass. Within him a pressure is building, begging, yes, demanding release.*

*Their spiral course careens off the plane with a united scream.*

*Pleasure, pain, both and neither.*

*Release. Rivers flow. Geysers jet, Mountains erupt.*

*Life is born.*