

endless rhythms

violin

eva-maria houben

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For Maya Bennardo.

One learns that the world, though made, is yet being made. That this is still the morning of creation. That mountains, long conceived, are now being born, brought to light by the glaciers, channels traced for rivers, basins hollowed for lakes. That moraine soil is being ground and outspread for coming plants... while the fines part of the grist, seen hastening far out to sea, is being stored away in the darkness, and builded, particle on particle, cementing and crystallizing, to make the mountains and valleys and plains of other landscapes, which, like fluent pulsing water, rise and fall, and pass on through the ages in endless rhythm and beauty.

John Muir In His Own Words. A Book of Quotations, 40, 181

gliss.

gliss. gliss. gliss. gliss.

15 15 15

I 12

15 15

I 6
II 9

gliss. gliss. gliss.