

Motion.

The body hurtled beyond itself, vaulted by the motion of fate.

A flash of shadow. Mind moving with the current of the night, making love to the darkness. The face is everywhere, present and pretty. Handfuls of words made him move-an object at rest, suddenly broken free from inertia, caught now in the maelstrom of chance.

He feels the blackness of naked space.

Possible memories germinate from the soil of his dreams; the mosaic of a hundred different hopes and disappointments brought to life, and at once dead.

It all stops. Shallow breath and the faint whisper of the sun on the windowpane opens his eyes.