

ATTENDED OR ALONE

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ΦΥΣΙΣ ΚΡΥΠΤΕΣΘΑΙ ΦΙΛΕΙ
[phusis kruptesthai philei]
[[nature loves to hide]]
—Heraclitus

Like friends the nature of nature's a mystery, enigmatic and veiled,
Whereas the nature of mystery likes to befriend its habits,
That is, when concealing character nature is friendly.

To like those who like liking
To hide those who prefer belonging
To befriend those who like shadows over none
To appear to those who reveal their concealing
To reveal, a lesson in grass clippings
To carry, concealed, a stone in a coat pocket
To unite those who shadow the stone's friends

Words, by their nature, prefer to conceal their images,
and fossils hide their friends out of habit.
Love prefers not to be apparently obvious.
Weather's friends surprise themselves daily.

When love likes to veil her nature for friends
unveiling, then weather lives in oblivion,
for wind loves to blow habitually.
Ergo, nature familiarly hides its nature.

Revel in revealing
Appeal to concealment
Will a hecatomb
Surveil only at daybreak

To conceal and carry
The veil that's fatal

Crepuscular feelings being friends to seeds and seedlings
of seeds, or who live in oblivion in love with
secrets means to conceal or to steal what's secreted where
no trace of habitation be left in habitually.

To separate is to seduce, by leading astray, like to
hide in the open and to open up seeds.
Those who scatter to sow, who tell it in secret, who
stutter, murmur, mumble those who walk
backwards to cover the traces of habits, those secrets of seeds.

Whereas the preference of birds?
The infinitive loves its own parts, those communal or
otherwise, that is, to love in secret the habits of
trees, to hide in their likenesses because belonging's bedecked in bird songs.

Creasing low levels of valley, wide-ish wrack slurried in the road's tide.
Air blustered, never settled or ever ceased. Bare among the brush.
Later, or rather, above, farther, the boulders assembled in morass.

Bulbous bodies, but animal, animated, zoomorphic, upward angled eager obelisks.
Alternate others laid laterally, long along the stria, lingering odalisques.
Eddying oddities obediently obscene, sought, seen, readying.

Rended ribbons of shadow release, alight, lope the lengths of land.
In and amidst, among, below, before, nearby, a nail
holds place, minds time, at the binding.
Among the pages, between the words, resembling whereas.

Whereas the lake bed's preference is apparently hidden,
whereas a pallet of friendship revealing is like the lake shadow's bottom,
whereas to unveil nature's concealment with love's dwelling,
whereas shades of weather shadow in shapes composing themselves.

Does nature not love to bury her subjects?
Even when syllables?
Even when splendid, solemn, and strange?

Becoming is likely unbecoming even to nature if not hidden.
Why be and unbe to strangers and friends undivided, united?
Better to muddle together likely along a dry lake bed's bottom.
That is, the habit of character to both be and unbe, preferably,
to unite all those who belong, attended or alone,
else be and unbe could conceal the character of weather
who when met in the open is awesome.