# This Fragile Expanse Water Over Time 

Spindrift falls as secondary snow.
A playful after-thought.



Now, sitting patiently
waiting for the Sun to remove its crystalline structure
a memory of what it was like
to flow
would have to wait.

Instead, the Sun goes down.
It is Winters turn.


Almost unaware of the movement, despite its magnitude -
compressing, cracking and refracting -
In glacial-time, emitting a unique hue to nobody.

Playing a game with entropy,
the goal, to return to water
meanwhile, the moraine in anticipation waits
but the journey is disparate
and whilst lifted up
on a colossal shard
the reality of the situation unfolds,
it is the ice that moves the mountain.

Allegro moderato $d=120$
Violoncello



At last, a sudden liquid gasp
a Droplet
a Stream
a River
a Fjord
the Horizon.
In a sacrifice of identity,
if not death
so, to give life.

$$
\text { Andante moderato }(\boldsymbol{d}=96)
$$


sul pont.


accel.







Surface tension, broken and re-found.
First carried by wind
then through Gaia herself
to fire.
Moving continents
like a shadow play.
Or a slow dance,
with metronome set to the constant turning of the stars.
A great rhythmic complexity
evident in the grooves of the mountain,
that play an ancient song.
Slow your heart
slower -
slower still -
slower until -



