

You wonder how these things begin.
Well, this begins with a glen.
It begins with a season which,
For want of a better word,
We might as well call — September.

(As MUSIC begins "under.")

It begins with a forest where the woodchucks woo,
And leaves wax green,
And vines entwine like lovers; try to see it.
Not with your eyes, for they are wise,
But see it with your ears:
The cool green breathing of the leaves.
And hear it with the inside of your hand:
The soundless sound of shadows flicking light.
Celebrate sensation.
Recall that secret place.
You've been there, you remember:
That special place where once —

Just once — in your crowded sunlit lifetime,
You hid away in shadows from the tyranny of time.
That spot beside the clover
Where someone's hand held your hand
And love was sweeter than the berries,
Or the honey,
Or the stinging taste of mint.

It is September —
Before a rainfall —
A perfect time to be in love.