If these weren't so very ancient, they might easily be found. But they are deeper than subterranean Siberia, of a longer past than the oldest lichen fossil discovered in Rhynie soil, from farther away than found meteorite remnants of three billion years.

These primeval forests and rivers were the first to believe in trees dead but standing. They were the first to envision the living in the decay of the down-dead, the first to conceive possible orange rills of fungi, fluted white helvella, beetles, spider mites and spotted newts, a warty jumping slug hidden beneath fallen needles and duff.

Birds were among them then before there were birds, being mere wings of sun off the rivers before there were rivers, being mere flitting shadows in the upper canopy before there were shadows before there were canopies of flitting leaves.

And although these ancient waters flowing through storied rain forests have never been told, I imagine how they imagined before they conceived fish as smooth as silver glass, fat and buoyant on river bottoms, how they dreamed those fish swirling in schools of crystal to the surface without yet having bones, with no eyes of gold or scarlet gills, before flood or drought, current or cutbank.

Today the hiss of a single stem of seeded grass alone in a slender wind recalls the silence in far rivers and forests preparing for themselves, a silence expectant of wind, expectant of seed. A brief fragrance passing now suggests their beginning from absence, the fragrance of the origin of fragrance, damp oakmoss, sun on decay, the scent of nostalgia for a thing I imagined I knew before I knew.

Home
Cument Issue
Online Ordering
Submissions
Past issues
Special Issues
Links
Staffleontact
Complete Index
Merchondise
News
GR Blog
Ad Rates
Other


270 To Our Readers

## ESSAYS

271 Anne Goldman Storgwing the dromic Ase
318 Paul Zimmer Hycinthe and the Bear
331 Jennifer Culkin Ichthyosis
DRAMA

345 David Wagoner Fifut Clave

## FICTION

301 Anna Solomon Lotro
377 George Singleton Which Rocks We Choove
394 Julia Elliott The Whipping

## POETRY

| 292 | David Clewell Ahert Einvten Held Me in His Ams |  |
| :--- | :--- | :--- |
| 294 | Lance Larsen Aperture |  |
| 296 | Andrea Holander Budy Woman in the Painting; Beauty Porlor; and Spark |  |
| 314 | Richard Jackson Write Your Name in the Space Provided |  |
| 316 | Pattiann Rogers Genesis: Primeval Rivers and Forests |  |
| 326 | Albert Goldbarth Too Here; Dignity; and Greener |  |
| 334 | Robert Dana Looking for Shark's Teeth |  |
| 392 | Chris Forhan In a Body |  |
| 407 | Gary Gildner The Summer Afternoon |  |
| 409 | Michael Waters The Bells |  |
| 410 | Rebecca Morgan Frank Somet for the Sin of Foolistmess |  |

ART

336 Maggie Taylor Swhiect io Chonge

## REVIEWS

411 Benjamin Hedin The Religion of Now (on Kathleen Rooney's Reading with Opr Changed America; Stewart Justman's Fool's Paradise: The Unreal World of Pop Psy Authentic Fakes: Religion and American Popular Culture; Michael Kimmel- man's $T$ the Art of Life and Vice Versa; and The Aesthetics of Everyday Life, edited by Andrew M. Swift)

423 Jeff Gundy Where Do Dee Dixeover What We Belleve? (on C. D. Wright's Coolir Vigil; Ann Lauterbach's The Night Sky: Writings on the Poetics of Experience; Richav What

Is Real; Peter Middleton's Distant Reading: Performance, Readership, and Consump and Robert Baker's The Extravagant: Crossings of Modern Poetry and Modern Philo

434 Lucy Ferriss Being Real in Fiction (on Brock Clarke's Carrying the Torch; Gar. Are Flying: New and Selected Stories; Richard Cortez Day's Something for the Journ Lolita)

438 Kevin Clark on Break. Blow, Bum by Camille Paglia
442 Douglas Carlson on The Dawn Collector: On Wh Woy to the Notural Hordd by Re 445 Robert Schnall on Collectal Pooms 1943-3094 by Richard Wilbur

448 Book Briefs by Patrick Madden, Lynnell Edwards, Danielle Pafunda, Deborah Bog, 455 CONTRIBUTORS

