Once there were brook trout in the streams in the

mountains. You could see them standing in the amber

current where the white edges of their fins wimpled softly in

lthe flow. They smelled of moss in your hand. Polished and

muscular and torsional. On their backs were vermiculate

patterns that were maps of the world in its becoming. Maps

and mazes. Of a thing which could not be put back. Not be

made right again. In the deep glens where they lived all

things were older than man and they hummed of mystery.