

"Time passed on that mudbank as well as anywhere else, and it was not from a multiplicity of events, but from the lapse of time alone, that he expected relief. Yet in the sameness of days upon the shallows, time flowing ceaselessly, flowed imperceptibly; and since every man clings to his own, be it joy, be it grief, he was pleased after the unrest of his wanderings to be able to fancy the whole universe and even time itself apparently come to a standstill; as if unwilling to take him farther away from his sorrow, which was fading indeed but undiminished, as things fade, not in the distance but in the mist."

-- Conrad, The Rescue

proem

but we were to be the king and the queen of the mountain.  
eating the forest in the morning, planting the new forest  
in the afternoon, sleeping in the grown forest at night.  
making it bloom with the richness of our love. but knowing  
also the rocks, the cold as well as the warm eyes.