It thins and fattens, like a study of moody youth, astonished by his being, mythologizing his pith, his thick cock, his tufty hair, the future always spilling from his mouth, before retreating to a room where he is shocked to find himself too ashamed to face the mirror or to turn back to the first page of the book of beginnings, to mites and midges, to creatures screwing their heads out of their armor and hearing the water riff and buck, opening their eyes to see the sun’s disc wheel between the rooftops of the city. But the book of beginnings begins all on its own, like a species, lean and bored, that meets and mates in the seedy leaves, and afterward, gorged, heavy-eyed, sighs a sigh that must have been the first sound, thin spit on the face of its beloved, a mutter that meant, “Before I was this, I was that.”