

# Prologue

**There he be...yesss that's him...i'd know his walk any** where, anywhere, any place. the subtle movement of his arms at his side, fingers slightly curled, absorbing information, sūcan up the natural world...yes, it's him, and he's walking, walking and walking. that's right, he's the walker. he walks—knees slightly bent, barely visible, but i know his walk and i know he walks this way instinctually, gliding more so than walking—walking, he walks...and he walks, gliding. walking and walking... he walks down roads he walks down roads, he walks along the edge of lanes, through the weeds—on the verge of Time—walking tracks, alleyways, railroad right of ways, before and after steam, walking along avenues, streets, alongside promenades, into the shadows and through the decades—to grandfather's house he goes he goes—along the Mystic, mystical river, misanthrope bourn of existence a stream of tears walking through the years, walking from one epoch straight through another—the walk of the ages, in phase, out of phase—spanning time Time time time, spanning eons, neon generations, a paean for the ages—Oh come, thy feet are precious—a donkey's years walking, cuz that's what he does, that, is what he does, that is what he do's and that is all there is, all there has ever been, all he has ever known, done, aye—the walk—the walk and the walker. he walks and he walks...and he walks and after all the walking, all the walking, all the walking, all that remains is one foot in front of the other, days and days on end, for weeks, months, years, decades, chunks of time others slice and dice for discussion—analysis—for their history books, their tractates, articles, lectures. he walks into and out of the pages of history, through phases of sophistry. he comes and he goes, walking into the sha\_dows, virtually unnoticed, somewhat of a ghost, a preternatural soul, a walking spectre, a walking, a walking, on trails without markings, Indian trails, deer trails, slithering trails connecting one trail and village with another, he goes, he goes, a semblance over the dead and dying, the leaves tinged with the colors of autumn, walking and walking through white and drifting snow, winters, the wind blowing, the toes and nose, yet his feet keep on moving, keeping time along the white ways he walks upon leaving footprints for those who talk, walking into the first scent of spring, careful not to step on new growth just now anchoring, walking toward the flushed horizon visible through the unfoliated forests he walks through, seasonally walking, south the walk, with every follicle, epithelia, ginger ale straight into the heat of one more summer, walking...and walking and walking...

he is walking now—how—cloaked in the ragas of the ages, colorful threads from different periods of time wound round him like hickory dickory dock, blending into the fields of wheat grass sassafras, the endless meadows of green grass, green, cotton is king, woolens is cooler in spring, weather, nothing at all days the heat penetrates with such force he gloeien as he goeth, a man of willowy stature, regal standing, crowned in vetch, covered in blankets, wearing two by two different shoes, no bag, no water, no food, naught but the resolution writ across his face, a long and slender stick of beach in his hand, resembling a slow moving insect, a twig, an apparition, walking with arched handle fitted perfectly into his deeply tanned yellowish nut brown hand darkening the further south he walketh, tawny enigmatic piano like fingers the color of tanbark. how he walks, my oh my, this is how he walks, how he walks how he walks. it is him...walking, walking and walking...

pick up the beat now...

left his home in Breuckelen Neue Netherlands, yes he did, walking, Virginia on his mind, straddling the Fall Line, tromping through Philly as the declaration was being signed. if it was all so self evident, he kept a thinkin', that all men were created equal, endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, among 'em—walking as he wonders, wondering of the divine, all the way to Richmond, south through de La Warr, where he crossed the Mason Dixon line, if all was so evident, how's come darker skinned folks, most all of us north and south, are treated like excrement? how's come darker skinned folks are treated like shit? excreted...hows come why? that's what he wants to know. how come? why? why oh why oh why? why do we do we do the things we do? what is it we are trying to do? to one another? ourselves? what sayest thou? and he glances upwards walking as he peers into the sky.

a hundred twenty five years...how's come why? why?

walking and walking, awandering, and as he has gone awandering, wondering, observing, silently desecrating the shape of things as they've become, the solidity of the elements, the geometry, the calculus that has been applied (to the land), knowing how those in control wish to be viewed, how they've artfully shaped their case, citing their god, editing on the fly, as though what they are engaged in is some sort of missionary work, justifying deeds, their behavior, as if they are a testament for righteousness, the way Jesus intended, fashioning their society, their economy, as though what they are doing has never before been done, knowing all too well where all these actions will lead, with each review, stopping to assay the lay of

the land, with every appraisal, scanning the countryside afore and before, overwhelming images of blood spurting, pooling at his feet, cries of anguish rattling his bones bearing him off to the shades of Sheol. one hundred twenty five years...and no one can curtail the vile and iniquitous practices, least of all him, leading to the Shiloh everyone knows awaits.

as he walks he looks about, “a hundred twenty five years...and in another hundred and twenty five years, trucks...there’ll be trucks... trucks ’ll be elbowing their way along the by and by, trucks’ll be speeding by this nexus, and the heat from the highway’ll become so intense, it’ll be nigh impossible to withstand. plants’ll wither; smog’ll make the air difficult to breathe; there’ll be a lack a water. yea, tho this be true, i shall walk. yes, i shall walk and walk, and though i walk through the valley of death, i shall fear neither evil nor the people committing it. i shall walk...through Time, yes, Time.”