While little Gvendar was content to meditate upon those animals which stand higher in the scale of honour than sheep, or to make an attempt to multiply the lambs by the ewes and subject the foals to the plagues in the form of little fish, the sound of his mother crying the snail's horn filled him with the desire to despise the things on earth and to seek the higher sphere of kinship, which she had promised him when he was a child. He had promised that she would bring him to the seven mountains and the seven seas, murmur over the seven seas until the murmur swelled to a song in her ears, and her soul found rest and happiness in the wildness of the world.

When a man looks upon the covering of snow and sees the helpless, homeless, in the wilderness among a hundred thousand stones, and he has been theignant by chance, then he asks only what it is that life is always going to burst forth and one who is that plant and used to clean one's pipes, and in this way overcome the limitation and unlimitation of life. And lives in love of the true, beyond these hundred thousand stones, like water in the fruit in the hour of ripeness, uproot it as little as a Staff-fish.
Wild comes the molten ore
out of the earth
daydreaming.
Onto the sphere
it murmurs in gashes,
girl-eyed over the seven mountains
and swelled to a song.
Here a soul found the origin:
desire
under all other things.
So an ogled ruin
widens
among a hundred thousand stones
and fantasy twins the earth
to the unlimited.
In love,
beyond these stones,
like water,
I rise.
We got to the Godafoss and I had some coffee while the Germans went to admire. One waterfall is extraordinarily like another. We didn’t get to Myvatn till three o’clock and I was hungry and seedy and cross. The lake is surrounded by little craters like candle snuffers and most attractive. Hay was being made everywhere and the haymakers were using aluminum rakes, which I have never seen before. I had to make arrangements for an old German and his beautiful daughter who knew no English or Icelandic, who wanted to go to Dettifoss but didn’t know if they dare. Papa was afraid it was too much for daughter and daughter that it was too much for horses especially the horses. As he can’t have weighed a pound under 120, of course, it is the horses who should worry. Afterwards I am in the sun watching the hay being made and taking photographs. If I can get them developed in time and send you some. It’s a pity I am so impatient and careless. As any ordinary person could learn all the technique of photography in a week. It’s the demon which art, i.e., technical skill is practically eliminated. The more fool-proof cameras become, with focusing and exposure all set, the better—and artistic quality depends only on choice of subject. There is no place for the professional still photographer and he would always say, ‘always. The only correct photographs are scientific ones and amateur photographs. Only you can do a lot of the latter to make an effort to substitute all or never very interesting by the latter.”
God moans—

an eye roving
across the lake.

Little craters in the wake
were scenes I arranged—
to see
is to add shape.

Then God
undoes the holds:

a singing motion

I am pre-species,
the demon-loosing
exposure,
astonishing
(o seraphs rename us)
the living.