



(Image: White Cedar—growth rings)

## Space

Time folds into Space like a thread wound into a skein;  
Ah—the *one at a time* folds into and becomes the *all at once*,  
and all differences become *co-present*. Listen to the  
separate notes of a Melody wind round themselves  
to become Harmony as a piano's sustaining pedal is depressed.  
That's the sound of Time becoming a quality of Space!