



Nature's First Green is Gold (Nothing Gold Can Stay)

I won't pretend to know all about it because I don't, but since you asked, I'll tell you that when Campbell found gold in Clunes, he didn't tell anyone about it.

He kept it with other things that mattered. Some earrings. Some old notebooks. Things like that.

When he looked at the things he thought of his mother, and when he looked at his Gold he remembered his secret.

At night, he read that when they Fell from the great Garden, they fell UPWARDS, INTO LIFE. He couldn't think of any reasons why this was a good or bad idea.

Yeats or one of the others said that the only thing worth writing about was love and death. Desire and Death? Well, Campbell knew that those are already the same things.

He polished his Gold and carved his wood and he make a special box to put it in. Then he didn't have to think of his mother. He didn't know if this was a good or bad idea either.

I'm not sure why you're asking me. All the rest is irrelevant.

*The thing about Gold is that it doesn't rot, brown, singe, tear, or rust. You should be grateful about that. It might grow a little cloudy over time. So that's what polishing is for. When things pass through the hands of someone else, they become more important. Nobody wants anything NEW. It all has to have had a little life before it. That's why Gold is special, and that's why I'm special. The only thing that's better about Gold, is that the hue always stays the same. **Gold is nature's hardest hue to hold.** I didn't write that. I didn't write any of this. I'm not God, you know. I'm not anyone. I didn't even write this. Did you hear that old saying that we write because we hope that one sentence might survive us? Well, I hope mine isn't this one.*

- Text by Meka van Traa