

**Anaïs Nin**

***Bells of Atlantis***

**Tiré de son recueil *The House of Incest***

My first vision of earth was water-veiled.  
I am of the race of men and women  
Who see all things through a curtain of sea.  
I remember my first birth in water.  
I sway and float, stand on boneless toes  
Listening for distant sounds—  
Sounds beyond the reach of human ears,  
Seeing things beyond the reach of human eyes.  
Born full of memories of the bells of Atlantis,  
Always listening for lost sounds  
And searching for lost colors.  
Lost in the colors of the Atlantis  
The colors running into one another  
Without frontiers.  
It was like yawning.  
I loved the ease and the blindness  
Of the suave voyages on the water  
Bearing one through obstacles.  
Far beneath the level of storms I slept.  
I moved within color and music  
Like inside a sea-diamond.  
There were no currents of thoughts,  
Only the caress and flow of desire  
Mingling, touching, travelling, withdrawing, wandering—  
The endless bottoms of peace;