

A Story

by stephen hastings-king

Inside the box that is full of the past, a character rummages through a box full of the past until he finds the book in which he had written a story in which a character rummages through a box full of the past until he finds the book in which he had written a story in which a character rummages through a box full of the past until he finds the book in which previously he had written a story and so on.

In each version of the story, the character then leans back and closes his eyes.

The next moment is a convergence made from a single repeating sequence that disappears behind the voice that tells of it.

From within the motion of convergence emerges an instability, a not knowing how any of the characters got into frame or what they do afterward, that flowers in the way AM radio on a summer night swallows every foreground into tunnels of electromagnetic flux shot through with shards of commercials from Tijuana and fragments of multiple baseball games.

The author rummages through a box that is full of the past and pulls out the same story. It is an assemblage of indefinite thickness made from planes superimposed one atop the other or from a network of cracks on thin layers of foggy glass that converge on a central point and run away again or from a collection of

superimposed spiders' webs or from juxtaposed onionskin maps of the infrastructures of cities.

For a long time he looks at the whole. Then places it back in the box and seals it. He slides the box back into a cabinet and closes the door again.

