

Dunes

by stephen hastings-king

I went out through another cold still morning erasing my steps behind me not because I did not want to be followed but because I did not want to find my way back again. By degrees the erasures became systematic and the space I occupied smaller and smaller until I reached an area I had only heard about where the present slips beneath the past like geological plates and dunes made of forgotten things run along the fault lines.

They say that the present is a threshold and that we are figures made from memory performed over what falls away. They say that what falls away has a shape so consistent that even collected in dunes there are no objects, only irregular grounds against which other figures are said to emerge. But no-one ever comes here.

When I look at the dunes I do not know what I am seeing.

