

Sandcastle

by stephen hastings-king

The upper border of the visual field is an in-rushing city of refractions bouncing across the water. Beyond, in the seam between inside and outside, the tide going out collides with the waves coming in to create tangles of white lines that are cracks in a vast plane of blue, lines that unfold their lengths parallel with the horizon then curl under the water and disappear like they are on film running backward. Along the shore against a pyramid of purple and grey sand, thin black-line ghosts waver in the generalized instability of the boundary region where one temporal plate sliding under another picks up the ocean and pushes it back.

