

Everything, In Time

The Mountain

There was a minuscule town, just outside Malabayu, at the southern edge of South America. The town was corralled by a mountain named Isidrio and a sea named Pacific. The mountain was grand, and the people had to put their pupils near their eyebrows and their chins away from their hearts to see it. This mountain was also very singular: most great mountains are made of dormant dust, but Mount Isidrio was already flying powder.

And because of this, a strange phenomenon would happen: the dust from the mountain would fall on the city like smoke, and so the people were constantly sweeping. And if they let it all be, for even a day, captured by the perpetual dust, the townspeople would look like they had passed a hundred years homeless, the houses and parks a hundred years personless.

Headlights

They knew that they had fallen in love with the sand just enough to continue fighting it, like a deer falls in love with the headlights, like a bird falls in love with a plane.

A Quiet Balance

In the morning, the people of the town would feast on the embryos of potential birds. On other days, they ate brightly colored things as if they wanted a rainbow inside them, perhaps to compensate for the penetrating sadness that they kept under their rugs, within their vases, in their ears.

Padlocks

How curious were these people, with padlock shaped traditions. Every day became very similar to the average of all the other days. However, sometimes, someone would catch a raindrop in their hand before it hit the ground.

Precedention

There was often exhilaration, when the sand was swept away to uncover a fossilized leaf, a photograph, a ball of yarn, other losterinos like that. The people crowded around boxes and opening palms, unaware that their discoveries had already been there before.

The Watchman

Perhaps it was the turbidity of the streets, that one could only see what was five seconds in front of them, that time and distance were one. An example: Silvano operates streetlamp circuitry. He shines his shoes every three thousand feet, even though the distillation of pine forests in the turpentine of his shoe shine makes the sand coat the leather. Every few miles, he will go to his mother's yellow-tiled kitchen for a cup of tea, his mother is a nice lady, her face maps the canyons of a thousand smiles. He fell into orbit with Maria-Alonsa a while ago, his kids go to college, days, miles away, closer to the pine forests, but they sometimes visit him and make revolutions around the dining room table. Silvano crosses an invisible number of steps in space and is now subject to gravity. Every time he blinks, his spine compresses slightly from the impact.

Entropy

The sand has a history, was once larger, structured. But footsteps over time caused it to collide against its own duration until its atomic anatomy fused to the air.

Verification

The town was unofficial for a while, so the people got a weatherman, because weathermen make towns official. Why? Because weathermen verify that there is really an outside and that it is changing. They are the ones who are in charge of saving daylight. When the weatherman arrived, all of the sandsworn people held back the largest laugh in the world when he stepped out of his car in a black suit and tie, only to be covered in gold.

The Weatherman

The weatherman was of microscopic use, because it is hard to look at the stars in a tornado. But the job of the weatherman also concerned the rain, and he walked from house to house collecting tears in glass vials, pouring them into a pond-sized graduated cylinder, and calculating the total deluge per square mile of desert.

Shadowboxing

It is ten twenty-nine when someone leaves a house. The invisible crowd had melted, the golden projectiles lay docile from the petting of the wind. Right now, the rain pitter patters on the rooftops, and the air is nice and cold. And for the first time in a long time, there is enough light and nonlight for shadows to exist, they wake and stretch and follow the person around and the person follows them, punches at them, they distort and retort. It is three forty-seven when the shadowboxer goes to sleep and dreams of diluvium.

Things

For a while, things went on and on.

The Marathon of Hope

One day, they were gone. Perhaps they were buried in the monotony of mornings, or the sandbowls; as if a god had tapped the end of a god-sized cigarette. Perhaps they left the town like the ghosts of birds, their pockets full of smoke.

Revolt

Did things change?

When fine buildings became finer sand?

When libraries, mirrors, hats, did not hesitate to become dunes?

When streetlights longed for motion to sense?

When a friend's campfire hand
cools like the rain?

Sand, Sun

There was a town, mountain-sea sandwiched, dust-surrendered. And just offshore, there is a heavy consequence of blue, where white flying fish water skip like paraffin birds, where cadavers are treated with great cordiality. And at some unknown place in the water, the sand obscures the sun, shifting into darkness as photons give up and creatures begin to produce a light of their own.