

Quay 19

by Brian Michael Barbeito

Through by the sands and the rocks we were going and the lake liquid had tumbled the stones by the thousands so that while the water was still we could see agates and yellow jaspers and other or even the odd and misspent piece of rounded glass green or white safe to the touch now and softer more mellow as a person wherein time has quelled fires and whereas one thought they might lose something by this but to the contrary what was left is fine. Glowing. Muted down to its wholesome essence. Still there. Dramas receded in the might of ancient sun and new affirmative breezes both.

At the beginning of the last third of the year the air cooled there and autumn affixed hands to the quay and the rest of the surrounding world like a screw matted green setting its first thread in a Gibson board. Sadie combed a wisp of her hair to behind her ear with her finger like some do habitually. She looked out to the area beyond the quay where vastness gave the illusion of a waiting infinity. Or maybe it was there.

"The water is like life, a journey," called Sadie from a bit further towards the water, "I have to get to the other side."

"Not me. I would rather stay here."

"What will you do?"

"As little as possible."

"Sounds lonely."

Out along the left at North West North, there was a small island but it was covered in a newly settled fog of some sort. Francis thought that for a moment he had spotted its greenery and shape but could not be sure. Then it was gone from sight.

"Maybe there is a middle path."

"Not for me," Sadie quipped, "there is only one path and it is a straight one and I only want the best of the best. In fact it's a paved road and the vehicle I traverse it with will be owned and not leased."

"Anything too much one way is not good..."

“No. That is not true. That just sounds true.”

“I think it is right and proven and known.”

Then they turned from there and headed along a short gravel trail of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch crushing back inwards to the world and its patterns and its pronouncements of curt and structured corridors of days and ways. Sadie would be right at home. A secular soul. A fish in the water as it were, going for the farther shore.

