19.

by stephen hastings-king

When it was spring a little girl walked by herself along the tide line, a color form positioned from a different dimension while the editor considered the addition using criteria we cannot know so different is that world from this. Then she was gone.

The others gathered along the beach to walk in groups back and forth through a buzzing emptiness big as the ocean.

They made posters and hung them everywhere. With the passing days she became the photograph at its center: hair always in the same ponytail; always with the same smile.

Now something has washed up on shore. The others gather along the beach to walk in groups back and forth through a buzzing emptiness as big as the ocean.

Maybe the editor will put the little girl back again. The others will run to where she is and ask what happened. She will say: Nothing. Nothing happened.

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