

# If I Could Locate the Tether that Keeps Me Here I Would Chew Off the Limb That It's Tied To

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She is face down in the snow slumped like she had expended herself in examining what is produced through interactions of crystalline structures of ice and automobile exhaust and she is walking on bear paws across the surface of a white balloon riven with cracks and gullies that gives way beneath her weight through zones in which edges and generalized shapes open onto the patterns that are worlds unfolding themselves, geometries made of tiny sounds and irregular concentrations of debris that entropy has been scattering through the mud like slow-motion underground snow.

