

Panel

by stephen hastings-king

The sky is arranged like a panel. Across its center runs a stripe of ochre. From it radiates repeating bands of gray.

Various sections of the in-between are networks of cracks. Perhaps there is a glaze.

In the background to the right the ghost of a stick figure fisherman shudders through the loop in which it is trapped: the light that flickers through the seams of the smelt house gives away its passage.

Nearby a figure wearing a long coat has just walked into the water. Pockets filled with shot she walked into the water. The rings she left behind are vanishing into the slackness.

Overnight a colony of enormous sea urchins arrived on top of the marsh. They waver in the air amidst regions of rust and mud.

Periodic clusters of white wind-up birds wobble through trajectories of falling.

