

Section

by stephen hastings-king

In one section of the map C climbs a staircase. He climbs a spiral that gets no wider. The number of stairs never varies. His hand wears a groove in the stone wall. Periodically there is a platform. On the platform to his left there is a slit in the wall. He always looks out onto the same view; a stretch of grass cut to the same length; four trees at noon that cast no shadows arrayed around a sculpture of a man with a beard who resembles him sitting at a desk. He holds in one hand a compass; with the other he holds his head. On the desk is spread a map; some of it spills over the side. He is always gazing with the same intensity at the one section of the map in which C climbs a staircase. He climbs a spiral that gets no wider. The number of stairs never varies. His hand wears a groove in the stone wall. Periodically there is a platform. On the platform to his left there is a slit in the wall. He always looks out onto the same view; a stretch of grass cut to the same length; four trees at noon that cast no shadows arrayed around a sculpture of a man with a beard who resembles him sitting at a desk. He holds in one hand a compass; with the other he holds his head. On the desk is spread a map; some of it spills over the side. He is always gazing with the same intensity at the one section of the map in which C climbs a staircase.

