

The Tourists

by stephen hastings-king

They acquire him in a bar that is famous for its shipwrecks.

His eyes are blue marbles.

Drinks are a continuous stream.

The elaborate stories he tells alter them warp and weft.

They disclose all their secrets.

In the air the sideband voices of amateur radio operators is a fluttering electronic chorus.

They have always known him.

They walk with him past fishing boats that hang in the air.

He leads them to the water, to a labyrinth and an azure plane.

The dissolving of the waves is a laugh track.

He weaves them into the environment.

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They have always been here.

He is the warp and weft.

They float among the pillars beneath the docks.

