

The Old Sand and the Sea

Sand was pushing back against the waves that day, without concern for the impropriety of it. Sand was stirred by pulsing hot lava somewhere far down under the earth, melted rock folding on itself, glowing though no one was there to see it. Sand, being crystal, could feel its thrumming vibration. Sand decided to push, though this was not technically proper and hardly ever done.

Waves thought little of it. Waves were busy being blue-fleeced and white-foamed and were totally absorbed in their endless slow-motion shivers along the shore. The sand pushing was a mere tickle to them.

The fishermen of the fishing village sat in their rolling boats and wanted fish. Their lines were silent, drooped in the waves. As they rocked, their boat keels fanned the silt at the bottom of the shallows.

The silt was stirred into clouds, muddying the waves. Now the waves were sure something was afoot undertoe. They gathered themselves and pounded the boats. Fishermen took down sails and wrapped themselves in rope, lashed themselves to rigging. The waves were scratching an itch. The boats reeled and nearly capsized.

Clouds very soon took notice. They piled in bluffs over the shore and peered down. Forming up in close blue-white bulbs, they threatened to spill over.

The fishermen saw the cloud-lips grow grey and tense. They called to one another and braced themselves. They knew it was only a matter of time before wind came into play, and possibly rain as well.

Sand felt the waves growing in ferocity. Now between two pressures, it wondered what to do.

Above the waves, gulls wheeled and headed for shore.

Hard rain began, pelting the boats and the water.

The waves became confused, piling into one another recklessly.

On the boats, men saw the horizon go vertical. They prayed.

Above all, the sun watched. Below, all the wetness glistened. The cloud bluffs sighed. They relaxed. The sand decided it had had enough and stopped pushing the waves.

The squall retired. The boats shone as they dried. Sensing fish, the gulls called and returned to the sky.