

Dream of the Desertshore

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I

There was no way to go except forward in this desert. My shoes were trapped with sand, some escaped with a tilt but many stayed, pricking the under of my feet. My palms were wrinkled by the heavy cotton rope, an ache ensued as I loosened my grip. Every step of ours disappeared the moment we took another – the vile intention of the wind.

"Where am I heading?" the woman asked.

"To the shore," I said. She sighed and laid down again on the sturdy back of the white stallion. We had been walking for five years, I knew the shore was near. The voice of the ocean had been reverberating in my head for so many days.

Then a sudden fear seized my soul: I thought could conquer the sea as I did with the sand, but I grew scared of its boundlessness.

II

Now I sit on the summer sand beside my silver cage. I hear the endless song of the shore, constructed by the whistling wind and perpetual unrest of the limitless water. But as I unlock the cage, the falcons let out a lasting din and flutter away all at once, a note that has completed the composition. The wave sweeps at my feet and erases all my traces, leaving behind an empty page.

I start to feel the days go by, not stack up.