

If we were to talk about the sand—its consistency, its temperature, how many grains there might be in a single handful—we'd find ourselves talking in concentric circles, talking around the subject matter, something missing from the discourse. A discussion, you'd decide, is like searching for a mirror—we leap toward a point of reflection, a shard of seaglass spitting our faces back at us through the sand. Waterlogged words; grains of sand, saturated; striation becoming smooth, becoming grains no longer. Statements at the edge of soggianness, dripping at the saturation point.

If we were to talk about the sand, we'd talk about its color, the shape and weight of a single grain, focusing on inconsistencies in the texture, focusing on life's little inconsistencies, ignoring the power of the tide, ignoring the hostile animal beneath the surface of the beach that's inching ever closer to our skin.