

ANYTHING CAN BECOME A LESSON IN ENDINGS

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No wind. What was motivating the frisbee's travel along the sand if not the beach's invisible breath? Bright yellow as the slug in the moss, it had somewhere to be, not in the business of explaining itself. How quickly we recognized the moment, trotting after it in gasping measures, convinced of spiritual influence, a supernatural hand—*are you seeing this*—because how else? As if physics could explain it. Its persistence. Footprints and divots and shells and crab husks avoided. Minutes of this. As if gravity was a force we could understand. Waves made their own round efforts forward, then receded. Sand scurried flat. The frisbee, ever turning. So light on the earth it left no trail, no evidence. We pined after it, hovering. But to interfere? Could you pluck the globed bulb of a blossom before it unfurled? A seagull dove downward. A dark green fritillary winged beside us. At last, the frisbee wobbled. No miracle. Erratic, wild carving. A petal in the sand, motionless beside an unremarkable mound, once-castle, and a smoothed piece of glass. The wind came then with its voiceless dirge. Ghost song. Prophecy. We bent. Retrieved. Began the long walk back. Path never to be replicated. Morning mist obscuring our origins.