

Amanda Berry

**IN THE SCHEME OF
THINGS**

My elongated shadow lies over tussocked sand. Weathered boulders behind me glow red, rocks so full of iron and air that they clang like cathedral bells. The desert is silent, but for the wind that makes imperceptible changes, grains at a time. Distant mountains encompass the veld, banded granite worn into tables for giants. Volcanoes have written their stories here too, long ago, but only a few know how to read them. The sun vanishes with haste. The air glows mauve and rose and turquoise. The ancient mountains are pink, just for a moment. Tomorrow will be the same as it has been forever. Heating and cooling, all crumbling to sand. Tomorrow I won't be here, I leave in the morning. Soon it is so dark that I make no shape. In time, I will exist only in the minds of others and then not at all. A billion stars dazzle and drip from the blackness, so close, so bright. For now I am a part of all this and I am nothing, nothing.