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summer movement

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summer movement

— Donald Jordan & Kevin Kocis

HOT. That's all I can remember now. Sun beating furiously on my chest, sand scorching and grating on my back, like billions of needles pushing relentlessly through my skin, searching for what? My heart? My soul? I'm not sure when they went. My legs I mean. I remember walking on them to get here just hours (days?) ago. But now they're gone. Not physically, I mean. Just gone. My arms too, now. Maybe at the same time. Doesn't really matter except that I can't move, and the sun is so hot.

I can hear their sounds closing in. The birds. Wings beating hot air somewhere between me and the sun. My mouth, dry, trying to cry, like my eyes. Closed against everything. I am afraid of the birds — the noise they make in the air around me. The hot grains of sand seem to crawl along the back of my neck. I need water. I need my arms! Where is everything? I wish the birds could tell me.

Where are my arms?

Over there by the road, they say, flapping hot wings.

Thank you. Could you get my legs first?

I wish their beaks would open to speak. I know they are eating me somewhere near.

editor's note: Summer Movement was written jointly by Donald and Kevin, with each composing alternate sentences.