

Riley Faulds

Selfslip

Make the journey to Bouvard, taking the long way round the estuary's southern end, where sun shocks and hazes at the crest of tallest hill, on its track over forest and lakes, to an ocean of sand. Arriving, the greeting sight is unexpected: two men are perched by a campfire at the edge of autumn water.

Suspicion—people use these frontages of brown water for diverse ends. Some traipse shallows in long slaughter, heaving crabs fromwith weed to mar evening with cookfires, crushing evidence in sand above the mud line. These men, though, wear dryness, watching stratified cloudset, on

which pale orange holds, in pre-retribution. Walk barefoot to them, over puddled water gathered by rain and topography onto greyed sand—oncebush oncegrass and now, for a stretching long while, duckdug rabbitcratered precarity, where samphire has inched from inbeside estuary, to far

beyond what hightide lines once were and are. Careful of these figures, hunched in confident non-ownership of the edge. This is not their where and that intensifies felt right to it. Land by water is always slipping states—without vastlong roots and rhizomes to remake soil of saltsand

'stability' and 'property' are simple mythsand in this eroding estuarine liminality, edges are only dictated by mindwork and moon. In long treeshadow, these men may well be sitting on what will soon also be territory of water and a new tragedy of commons—one where

all living things must still, or more, beware. Crumbled certainty (where ends who owns sand?) leads to urgent claim of all claimable, water-held or weed. In sketched ownership, why are you justified to dole tough move-ons to those implicated no more than you? Long

for men by water to not actually be there, outlines longfaded or illusively sand. Your instincts are shifting. Go on.