

2023-03-06 Rockfall

The rockslide crashed as it fell endlessly downhill, each boulder in this river of stone dashing itself against its unlucky neighbor.

Somehow there was always more coming down, always another knock and crack and split and tumble. Any one of the collisions would be enough to make the ground tremble. All together, there was no space or sound left for the rest of the world.

Rough gray slabs pitched over streaked black granite, run through with pyrite that glittered as it was buried, then resurfaced, then buried again for good. The pebbles and dust heaving up as bubbles from the tossing river clouded the air, choking out the sun and sky.

Faster and faster the rockslide flew downhill, until it reached a cliff, and then suddenly it was free. Silent. The spray of earth spread and danced in newfound liberty, each stone slowly spinning alone.

And then, the rain came.

Rain of water, suffused with dust and grime, a heaven-sent mortar, bound up the blocks that fell. It held them together, in growing, fantastic shapes. Soon castles, spires, archways, and buttresses were flying through the air. Battlements, turrets, bulwarks rose, gleaming with un-designed newness.

But nothing would survive the fall. Rubble waited for each doomed tower, a growing pile of chaos that one day would surely rise to meet the cliff face, ending that fleeting fantasy of castles built in the air.