

## **Aquaplaning**

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It doesn't take much; two stones dropped in a river may start side by side, but they will move at their own pace. Small differences shape the path of water, cause disruptions, dislodge mud in different ways.

Rough surfaces are smoothed into the past. It takes too long to notice, until it is too late to not notice. The water is cool, the water is clear, the river continues to flow.

There was that time we ran to the edge of the ocean. Each picked up a stone, and threw it as far as we could. I can still see mine now, arcing out towards the horizon, following yours.

Equilibrium; the sea opens up, swallows us whole. The splash subsides. Ripples are subsumed. Was that us - tumbling over and over till gravity took hold?

Sitting now, parked by the shore with a flask of tea, silently watching the tide as it turns. The distance continues to grow.

Hush now, hush; no really, hush. What can you hear? Stones crackling as the ebb tide slides over and out, the thrum of the hovercraft on its way to the island; the emptiness between words.

On the way home, a sudden shower, black road transformed into a mercury shimmer; above sixty, that sense of floating, of skimming, of almost losing control. A break in the clouds could turn quicksilver into gold. It wouldn't take much.