

CITY OF STONE

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Sand. A vast, unbroken sea of sand. Colossal dunes which soar into the cloudless sky, burnt red by the heat of the sun.

The world turns and the stars wheel ceaselessly. The desert winds blow and the sands rise and fall, the desert winds blow and the sands rise and fall, buried down and pressed and buried deep and down in layer after layer, through millennia.

And in the dark below there's alchemy afoot...

Above, there's water rushing; now there's ice. Whole continents of ice grinding, carving mercilessly.

Shifted and inverted. Tear up the map and stitch the pieces back together with your eyes shut tight. The face of all things is changed.

Upon a green plain, flanked by a sweeping, snaking loop of river, what once was desert buried deep and down is risen, is become a ridge of stone on high. A sacred site. A place of watchful safety. The very spot on which to build an identity, to command the horizon.

Sensing this change, the living stone shoots forth towering walls with which to crown itself. And, in obeisance, we are drawn there. Strong foundations from and upon which lives can be built.

Those that choose to call it home are as the windswept sand grains blown from near and far.

Each bright particle allied and fused into one monolithic whole that's red like rust and lifeblood. Like lifeblood, coursing through veins, in which flows iron. Like iron which seeped between the grains, amid the dunes when time was not yet time, bestowing colour on them. Red like rust and lifeblood. Ad infinitum. A natural sympathy exists, a fundamental affinity between citizen and stone.

Some unknown emanation, a flickering haze of ancient desert heat, rises upwards through the feet into the bones of those above. Resilience and restlessness; porous stone breeds porous hearts and minds. Ideas form and trickle like rippling sands, growing, transmuting.

Brush your fingers on the naked rock face. Rich strata, one atop the other, in a tapestry of waves and centuries.

Enter the movement; fall and rise within it, rushing onwards. 🐉

