

The Man Steps into the Weightless Rain

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It feels like stepping onto a pier. Cool sea spray descending. Soft. Slow. His head cascades with falling things. As a boy, he saw a horse running in slow motion on TV. Saw how Eadweard Muybridge had captured a gallop in a series of stills. He learned that any moment could be endlessly divided. Every moment has the potential for infinity. When he slept, he dreamed of hovering horses. Legs curled up beneath them like pinned bugs. He learned to keep them in flight. Now, he practices on microscopic scenes: ankles to keep buckled, women to catch before their faces find shock, meteors to slow to a crawl. He collects these moments to split and split again toward stillness. The man looks at his watch. Little hand on the nine. Big hand on the two. Seconds hand, stopped. A shaky woman hobbles down the sidewalk in white tennis shoes. Away from the stop and the pigeon on the lamppost. Her hand, running along the wall. He closes his eyes. A pink flag flutters.