

separating the land from the sky in this place was a thin white line and the faintest change in hue from white to pale blue. The snowy wind moved like a fog over the ground, like a slinky, elegant, snaky thing, throwing off my sense of balance, blurring the edges of my vision.

I drove for two kilometers, watching the odometer as I went. Then I stopped, turned off the machine, and sat in the quiet. I looked behind me for Kendrick and saw only a dark speck in the distance, surrounded by an immensity of blankness, sky and ground inextricably fused. I got off the snowmobile and lay down in the snow. I spread out my legs and my arms so that I looked as if I might be making a snow angel. I could feel the hard coolness of the ice all along my back and legs. *Contact!* Here it was beneath me. Here I was upon it—Thoreau's *solid earth! Here was no man's garden, but the unhand-selled globe.* All I heard was the sharp hiss of the wind blowing crystals of snow over me, past my ears, and across my face. All I felt was my body against matter. How comical I must have looked, and how tiny: an amalgam of flesh and bone, nylon and rubber in the midst of that Titanic ice. But who would have seen? I shut my eyes and must have been lulled by the wind, hypnotized by the cold, because I was roused only when a snowmobile engine broke my reverie. It was Kendrick coming to get me. I looked down at my legs, my arms, my boots—they were covered with snow, the black of my windpants now white. The snow had begun to conceal me, as it had buried the pallets of cargo lined up around Siple Dome camp, as it had drifted over the Jamesways themselves. How easily, how effortlessly, I could have disappeared; how easily any of us could, and how inexplicably this knowledge of our smallness, of my smallness, filled me with joy.

COLSON WHITEHEAD

The Port Authority

They're all broken somehow, sagging down the stairs of the bus. Otherwise they would have come here differently. The paparazzi do not wait to take their picture. Barricades do not hold back the faithful. This is the back entrance, after all.

Perl, Sandra and Mimi Schwartz.
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 of Creative Nonfiction, 1st Ed*
 Boston: Wadsworth Cengage Learning, 2006. Print

