

Second Hand Shoes: The Name of the Sun is Yellow

Here and there some bigger boulders, but mostly just fine-ground sand everywhere as if there were once mountains here which had exploded and now there is only fine sand and rocks scattered around on a flat surface. No curves nowhere except for the curved line the eye makes from the horizon which circles all around.

The man called John walks around on this surface in his jogging shoes, jeans and leather jacket. He is casually dressed and wouldn't stand out in a crowd, except now there is no crowd. John walked for many days looking for water but only found pieces of paper lying around, printed paper, paper from books, some flying through the air some trapped under pieces of rock lying around.

To most of them he doesn't pay attention but every now and then he picks one up from under a stone or catches one flying around his head and reads it and thinks about it.

'the universe only exists on paper'

It is printed in black letters on white paper. The paper greased and crumpled and a bit torn on the sides. All this paper and then those little black letters. He holds it in both hands. Hands which are dirty and dry and all the black that runs through all the little cracks on his fingers like some river delta seen from the sky. After a while of starrng at the paper he crumples it to a ball and lets it fall from his hands in front of his feet so he kicks it while walking. The crumpled ball rolling over the ground in front of him. Every time the paper lands before his feet he kicks it forward until he accidentally kicks it too far off to his side, so he leaves it and continues walking.

All world turned yellow and only yellow. A yellow piece of paper, clean, big, bigger then normal. It was flying through the air and then hit him on the head and then it stuck there for a small bit, being pressed to his face by the wind, so he couldn't see anything else anymore. He took it off and looked at it, both sides bright yellow but one side had text on it.

'Anything can be an instrument, Chigurh said. Small things, Things you wouldn't even notice. They pass from hand to hand. People don't pay attention. And then one day there is an accounting. And after that nothing is the same. Well you say it is just a coin. For Instance. Nothing special there. What could that be an instrument of. You see the problem? To separate the act from the thing? As if the parts of some moment in history might be interchangeable with the parts of some other moment. How could that be? Well it's just a coin. Yes. That is true. Is it?'

He took the paper and let it slip from his hand and he saw it being carried away by the wind, high up, this yellow paper against the blue sky and all that wind and he thought about where and when it would land, but he had no idea. Sometimes he doesn't see any paper at all and sometimes it is everywhere, the ground covered and the air filled, so much it blocks out the sun, and paper flying around very fast and everywhere and so he has to walk with his hand in front of his face protecting his eyes from the sharp edges of the paper which now only cut up his arms and leave read lines in his flesh.

After a storm he feels tired and beaten and the paper is all over him. Shreds of paper in his shoes, small pieces of paper stuck in his clothes, fragments of sentences in his jacket, words in his hair, some lost syllables in his mouth.