

EXTRACT: CHRIS SHARP

*It happened over time?*

The entire space was like a giant hour glass. She had measured the amount, the weight, the tiny gap from whence it poured, factored all this in to the best of her calculations as to how long it would take to fall over the course of approximately two weeks. She was right to within the hour. Each speck, each infinitesimal stone flowed from the ceiling to the floor, a flickering filament of fine-grained sand. The sound as it poured was beautiful: a crystal whisper, a distant sigh.