

'The ninety-foot-long white wooden porch hugged the library, a last stop before a steep, wooded plunge into the bay. Regan turned from the crowd and towards the water. She fished out the Xanax she had stashed in her pocket, just in case. It had half-melted. She held her hand up to her face in a mock cough, licking what remained of the friendly yellow off her palm.

The view made her stomach drop, especially now that the balcony was packed with teetering hoes. The panorama must have been incredible during the day, but she had only ever seen it at night, when it was just black, cut with the milky flash from the lighthouse on Alcatraz. Even after years of sailing lessons, of knowing it was red on port and green on starboard, Regan still hated the black water. If the sharks or currents didn't get you, the cold would.'

- Buck Ellison

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