

A helicopter hovers over a glacier—a boat harnessed to the helicopter struggles in the wind like a writhing horse.

Eventually the boat touches the ice and when the curved body settles into a stable groove, the helicopter flies away. Without its insane buzz, the wind seems to die and everything on the vast expanse of ice goes quiet. The boat, coasting on the glacier wave, is falling too slowly to make any noise. We'll be here, in this fall house, for many years before we reach the cliff that free falls into the ocean.

The boat is made of wood that used to lined molds used to make tofu, so they're used to touching the white of the snow. It's a funny story, actually. We originally culled a cache of wood from poplar trees in the Great Smokey Mountains to make our boat, but the planks were stolen from us by a sect of artisans. Apparently, the smoke from the name of the mountains casts gently into the flavor of the tofu, a grey aura. And so we had to send some henchman to steal back our wood, which is now lightly stained with soymilk.

We need to make the boat into a house.

In this houseboat we spend a lot of time looking out at the ice. In the mornings, white ice reddens briefly while swaths of clear blue ice turns slightly purple. At midday the glare on the ice makes it almost impossible to look out so we find our eyes searching for the dirty, sediment strewn currents, where the glacier has churned up rock and mass from below, mixing with clean white ice and clear blue ice. These dull streams give our eyes a place to rest until afternoon softens into pale green sunsets and the soft glimmer of the ice under the stars. We realized very quickly that there was nothing to do in our house except to look out at the ice.

On some days we can recognize a certain protrusion of rock from the day before but on most days the ice lays flat and unremarkable.

One day, we throw spare croutons from lunch overboard.

The next day we litter the ice with rainbow slushies.

On almost every subsequent day we throw something beyond the edge of the boat to mark our progress.

When, out of sheer boredom, we start a crafting hour, an hour which lengthens into hours, we start throwing pinch pots out over the ice.

Sometimes we find constellations within the points of ice and stone and crouton and rainbow.

“But it doesn’t mark our progress. We’re moving with the ice around us, not separately from it. All this gross trash is still.”

“I wanted to appease the gods but it’s just chatter to cut through the glare on the ice.”



*Ice flowers regenerated from 30,000 year old frozen fruits buried by ancient squirrels*