

Interview with the Recomposition Technician (OR what was and will again debris)
Story by Haley Bossé

(Note: This story was originally formatted as a corrupted transcript file. Some words are intentionally missing from the piece.)

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Begin transcript:

You'd be surprised how wires meet their ends coiling in your hand like intestines. These old houses can't help but sigh at the scavenger's touch. Back when they made finite plans they planted these places like rows and rows of potatoes: here one day then gone forever, no sense of decomp or recomposition.

[not unnear the mouthpiece, a birdcall]

Once I heard a herd of deer remade a school. They came an open door and nested there for generations.

[feet or hooves drifting through waves of drying leaves]

Once a storm blew shut behind 'em. Last I knew termites cleared the wood and left the metal doorknob. Even that worked its way in a prosthetic.

[Static and the murmur of a question]

Folks on the circuit make our own clatter. I'm sure you've seen the necklaces: screws, wire, keys: whatever reworked. It's easy to spot as we along.

[Tapping, shuffling, movement of time]

Sometimes we find pieces on the road, packed into soil, shining from our shadows as we move to stake or un stake camp. Those are my favorite finds.

End transcript.