thudding lances of rain pinned him against the door, but he shouldered it open, then he heard the crash of thousands of iron nails poured in a basin of rain on his tin roof. The cloud galleons warred with flashing blue broadsides. Achille, soaked to the skin, filled the lamp and lit it; he angled the brass guard leeward of the wind and whipped off his shirt in bed. Shadows writhed from the wick, the plantains in the yard were wrestling to share the small roof over his head.

After a while, he got used to the heavy sound on the galvanize. He ate cold jackfish and prayed that his cold canoe was all right on the high sand.

He imagined the galleon, its ghost, through the frayed ropes of the hurricane as he lowered the wick. Hector and Helen. He lay in the dark, awake.

from the sand-chirred water, and then he was afraid when he saw how they were heading past the lighthouse that spun in the gusts, with the anchor gone, the boat keeling to the gunwale, so he shifted his weight, he paddled hard with the short oar to come about, but he paddled air, the wave crests brownish-white, churning with wrecked palm-fronds; he stood up with the oar, rocking on the keel-board, then he sat, his soul wet and shaking. He crept to the bow, then dived ashore,

but the spinning stern clubbed him, so he stayed under the debris to find some calm and depth, but the more he dived, the faster the current spun him, thunder and lightning cracked and he saw the canoe founder without any grief; he rode a trough for a while, paddling on his back, to measure the right rhythm of the crests, then slid down a slow-gathering wall like a surfer: once he caught the beat, he could swim with the crumbling surf, not against the sea's will, letting it spin him if it chose, even if it chose to treat him like its garbage; then he felt the swirl of fine sand and staggered up straight in the shallows.

The Cyclone, howling because one of the lances of a flinging palm has narrowly grazed his one eye, wades knee-deep in troughs. As he blindly advances,