

## Geograph

He really should have stayed in the north, where he could retain his shape. In the South his features became watery and ran; the hair of his head leapt out and wove into a carpet about his feet; his feet took root at the heels while the toes dispersed and hid in the dirt. His eyes sprang from their sockets and affixed themselves to the branches of warm trees, and his ears became buried in the waves, where they roared like the sea. The hands scuttled off into the jungle and were not seen again. Meanwhile his nose was smelling around the good places and his tongue was out tasting the air. Tears soaked into the sand without a trace, my friends.