

## DESCARTES AT NAYLOR'S COVE

by **Paul Lenehan**

The ocean's where you left it last time. In the lee of a blockhouse you undress, pick a path over Jurassic scree and slide serenely into the winter spume. Jabs of primordial cold await: jolts and volts of frozen pain until sea and skin agree in a Eureka moment — you're in your element, honking, hollering, thrashing brittle feet, submerging to freeze the brain for the mind's amusement. Emerging, you'll loiter on the low waterline, defying a wind-chill from the days of Shackleton and Scott. It'll come to you then, a certain proof of your existence: *I swam, therefore I am.*

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Author bio: Paul Lenehan, a Dubliner, is a writer of long, short, and flash fiction. He has placed his stories in a number of Irish and international journals and magazines over the years. His current writing project is entitled *Tears For Things: One Hundred Stories of One Hundred Words*.