

## The Map

We examined the samples.  
We smelled balsam on the breeze.  
Heinrich said, "Sein und Zeit!"  
when asked about his profession.  
It wasn't time to yield but to focus.  
Katherine petted the lynx. Dave  
gave thanks. Water rushed in the canal.  
It had no choice! A moth landed  
on the viaduct's lip. A shipping container  
was rinsed by breezes, as were the lindens.  
An axiom said: "A voice will travel  
a startling distance once the wall  
has been removed." What wall?  
Whose voice? And what should I do  
with the obsidian shard I found  
at the airport? We examined the samples.  
We filmed the silkworms at work  
in the trees. The maraca woke us  
on several levels. Constellations  
held fast—for now. We visited the hostel  
beyond the acacia forest and conversed  
with an insightful grunt. He praised  
the locusts and painted a pulley  
that was not symbolic. Like watercress.  
Tsunamis are another matter. Gravel  
may be plowed. Most things are allowed  
yet ignite new stratagems  
that may snap at your perfect plans.  
They'll whisk the map from your hands,  
the map colored by pigments  
from the forest it depicts. A silo eclipses  
the sun that makes the grain. Azaleas  
are to blame for that maniacal ode,  
that film too long to be loved.  
So many days like flaring cinders  
in an uncle's bleak periphery,  
like duets in hawthorn shade  
or conspiratorial archeology.  
We examined the samples. We yanked  
the dumbwaiter's rope. No one spoke  
of cirrus clouds or uncouth implements  
unleashed upon the meadow.  
There was much to do. The sagebrush  
swayed. What did Alice say to Edgar?  
*It wasn't time to yield but to focus.*

## Arbor Day

I grabbed my arrowhead talisman and went beachcombing beyond the boardwalk. I'd forgotten the hacksaw dilemma and was making a comeback like an indigo hellcat employed at a danger agency. The hereafter was a gimmick, it seemed, and jellyfish would drift until the elders produced the password. I found a tooth in the sand, which wasn't quite newsworthy, though it may have been swept off the deck of a Belgian steamer. My marathon injury had healed (no more blood confusion). This was all before I encountered the hat adjuster, who inquired about bonus computers. I loaned him my bug spray and shot him a wry grimace. I'd unearthed an onyx earring, careworn yet true. But I would need a silver shovel to reach the underground bunker. I wanted to find the root word's rhizome, to skate on powder like an orchard keeper on a clipper ship. I wondered, "Will I glimpse the avid draftsman through the comet's slim fissure? Should I sift the brushfire anthology or shellac the dashboard with nerve gas? Which proverb will ignite the ancient flow chart? Should the tremulous taskmaster depart for Shanghai like a bronze bust flung to a breaking wave?" I stared down the coast at the lighthouse. It stood like an alabaster apostle in ragweed at nightfall, though it wasn't yet noon.