

Combing The Map Flat

It's crooked roads branching
from serene grids.

It's water
towers proclaiming what GPS claims
before GPS can.

It's dirt roads leading
somewhere unmapped.

The gods have decreed
north is a pole striped
like a barber's welcome.

It's two ferries slicing so close
the lake is afraid.

Captains brandishing fists, hollering.

It's enlarging Greenland while shrinking
Africa.

It's Donald Trump's mouth opening
and micro-Trumps filing out.

The wall is long and high and separates many people.

It doesn't need to say anything in Spanish or English.

It's canvas painted so realistic that patrons walk
into the brick wall.

The light of ten giant diamonds on a wrist.

The wrist a swarm of tunnels for gerbils.

They run, smiling, content to end up in the same place,
but having seen the underside of the wrist, felt a vein
pulse.

It's the dinosaur egg in Hitler's undiscovered underground.

Hitler's past mustaches pinned behind glass like butterflies.

Tiny, tiny butterflies of the upper lip.

Their migration patterns astutely captured
during propaganda films.

It's the hills pushing back against your palms
as you sharpen the creases.

Your fingertips glistening the Pacific.
Knocking a speedboat into a wake.

It's all the books on maps stacked on this map
overnight.

Inter-world travel commences when an old map
sheds a spruce onto the supine map.

An ant walks into the present depiction.

It doesn't appear as anything we've ever seen.

The government spends exorbitant sums to bomb the ant.

The ant, after surrendering, claims a second ant was in the tree.

He trades time stuck like a butterfly behind glass
to lead government mercenaries to the second ant.

Riding in a mercenary's hands, the ant burrows under the skin
to find the gerbils walking. He kills a gerbil and doffs its carcass.

The furious mercenary is shorn of his arm.

It's a discussion about how to figure out if a gerbil is a gerbil.

A diagram of a gerbil is procured from the library where the maps
snicker in their stacks. Rivers coughing up sediment at the sight
of mercenary fingers on mice with balls in their abdomens.

It's that mercenaries lack leadership or that leaders lack

selecting mercenaries or that gerbils are slippery,
but there aren't any gerbils in the wrist tunnels of the limb
next to the tree in the northern quadrant of the map.

The mercenaries get out a map to strategically map
combing adjacent areas to the tree.

It's how to suss out a gerbil that only knows the same
tunnels that are drying up in the leafy overgrowth of the forest
in the northern quadrant of the map.

It's remembering that the gerbil is really an ant inside, it thinks
like an ant, and wouldn't the ant tunnel?

The mercenaries shovel up the area around the tree and find beaucoup ants.

It's the government warnings and the slaughter of ants and protection and television
ads and pundits and talk shows and blood.

It's a mustache of ants that looks like a mustache.

It's an ant that grows a mustache and calls it a map.