

Combing the Map Flat

It's crooked roads branching
from serene grids.

It's dirt roads leading
somewhere unmapped.

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

The wall is long and high and separates many people.

It doesn't need to say anything.

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

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 enlarging Greenland while shrinking
Africa.

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 two ferries slicing so close
the lake is afraid.

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

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, is stuck like a butterfly behind glass.

The ant, after surrendering, claims a second ant was in the tree in the northwest quadrant of the map.

Riding in a mercenary's hands, the ant burrows under the skin to find the gerbils tunneling.

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.

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

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

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

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.