

Maps & Atlases

"Every Place Is A House"

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Knee at the bottom of the wheel
as a guide this thing was made to
be grabbed and thrown over the side
feet on the dashboard on the way
home clipping your nails like a metronome
Raised glass to cheeles and unfamiliar hands
Pretending every place is a house
and we are all blinking
as long as the point of tears is yours
the last laugh
this is an imprecise surgeon now
Taking part without putting back together at all
far from the middle
we listen to the sounds they make
the sounds they make the sounds they make the
sounds
Crutches and canvas searching for windows and bread
and
pretending every place is a house

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