

The Cartographer's Hymnal

This urge to kick the cat across
the room can be directly traced
to the Cape Verde coast, to rocks
black with ostentatious growth,
to the horned lip of Argentina
the bent finger of Sognefjord—
to an urge to be thrown around
a larger world, to be pushed
by siroccos and monsoons
against a tide of hours breaking
along the arm of your chair,
the pale sun over your shoulder
not remotely like the upturned face
of a Polish girl, her small hand
clasped tightly to your arm
begging you to stay just one
minute longer, while the light
is still soft, like this, as it once
was all day—is it too much to ask
of the world to empty itself
into your hand, to give its finest
latitudes into your care?