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Random Cartography Notes

pick & gather figs  
silver skin

take care not to damage thin

you will become a weather station

thriving on extraordinary

predict: cloudbursts & lightning

what your mother has not taught you      your father will take

gather only what your hands can carry

Random Cartography Notes<sup>2</sup>

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through push pins & photographs

expose yourself to baptism

learn dozens of ways to tie ropes &

black tulle

sit near Cliff Roses &

practice for hours

imagine yourself an attic:

there is no house beneath you

there will be months where you will only have one thought

limbless horse

your numbness is a:

there will be Falcons          you      will fly out of their mouths

stimulating your senses

like water

you stay lost

they will give you nothing

so you will have nothing to lose

you will want to know                      but will feel like you should not ask

every sound is                      amplified water in dismembered urns

Christ's Thorn shrubs will resemble                      thorn crowns                      you will wear these  
often

there will be hollows with scattering rabbits

pale underbellies with hidden dark fur

those days you will imagine doors  
everywhere

your mind & body will work separate from one another

you will sleep on a bed of nails

there will be many more months  
river

you will not remember how to cross the

or decipher

plump veins from kindness

you will want to take a city home with you

& ruin it