

Earth Writing

Eastern states mosaic the map.
Moving west, the states are more like patio tiles.
It looks like the cartographers tired
on drawing West,
the way second graders
begin a story with tidy scrawl
and write bigger and bigger:
fat *D*'s, broad *U*'s, and be done.

Or like people who save places,
spreading quilts on the green
for friends coming late to the concert.

When you claim nothing,
your hunger is infinite.
Getting little,
you demand much.
Lines have to be drawn
so you have at least three trees,
one thunderhead,
and part of a creek—
so those rocks and that mountain
don't consume the county—
and when the wind picks up your soul
it remains in state.

—Casualene Meyer