

Alexandra Matraw

Geography: A Body Maps

We drive glacial river bridged north, not west— Arctic sea. Strange, to think estuary
flows— water becomes ice, water becomes salt, water becomes mine. He talks to map
polarities; volcanic boil thaws snow-muddied crossroads, soil stilted.
Whitened needs almost blinded potential rain-wash, blue-fielded mosses actually
blue morning light gazes evening.

No noon, no such absolutes, sun-tricks. He speaks
of “our” farm where rented sleep hay scratched white roughage, no sheets on our bed. It’s warm for
February black coffee, boiled fish heads, Island folk records static radio, and night
drops snow stilled tractors.

A land abandons itself every season.

Frost tills yellows, hillsides; it’s really no different here:

Fjords open like envelopes rip across each shaking finger— he points, afraid—
the tip of the world.

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World opened, afraid points he
finger shaking tips across ripped fjords:

Differences are hillsides; yellow tills frost.

Seasons abandon land.

A tractor stills snow, drops
night and radio static. Records island. Head fishes boiled coffee, black February. Warmth
beds "our" sheets, no, roughage rents scratched hay-sleep. Farms our speak tricks.
Sun's absolute noons no evening.

Morning gazes light blue,
mosses wash fielded rain potential. Blinded needs almost whitened.
Stilted soil's crossroads, muddied-snow thaw boils. Volcanic polarities
map talk. He mines water, becomes salt, becomes water, becomes flows.
Estuary thinks to strange sea, arctic west. Not north bridged river, glacial drives "we"