

STILL UNMAPPED

POETRY

Stephen Marchand Fernández

Theater of the World:

green for forest,

blue for water,

tan for desert land.

The old map lies

flat on the table.

Movement grows along its edges.

The South Pole has been shredded.

Termites, most likely.

A thick layer of dust blurs the compass rose.

Confused, a fly the size of Iceland

lands on Venice.

From Georgia to Vermont,

tightly knit, rootstalks spread.

The cartographer?

Gone.

Sucked by a crevice.

Gone the fake game, the plotting

with meridians and parallels.

Gone the skirt cage, the tourist traps.

Gone the sites where language played Historian.

Now, unfixed around the map's stillness,

the World gone

green for grass,

blue for current,

tan for shifting sands.