Losing Geography

Fog comes on, fog, as any novice knows, being its own truth over time & over time we move, gaining geography only in our marrow, the residue of this flat, that house with the avenues, even water bodies between, no matter how labeled or how often traveled, belonging to most any time/place when faces fill hearts, feed dreams, faces being the real sign posts, guides as in touchstone/lodestar, guides despite the seldom, guides despite frequency, as you are someone’s landscape of cartwheels, somebody’s chosen breath-lit ocean, & me, me too perhaps I am your country.

Stephen Mead is an Outsider multi-media artist and writer. Since the 1990s he has been grateful to many editors for publishing his work in print zines and eventually online. He is also grateful to have managed to keep various day jobs for the Health Insurance.