

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.



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