Map of the World
by D. E. Laczi

—For Mark

We cut this round, two-inch slab of Hackberry last autumn, from a scrubby young tree, wood reminiscent of an old-world map, ragged, spalted lines that suggest possibility more than fact. This Kentucky farm is the center of my universe; I am rooted in this land, and am made sturdy by the history we share, the ways in which you inspire me. When I look at this piece of wood, I am reminded of how well in the world we are together, how well no matter where in the world we are apart.