

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.