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Parable of the maps

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Parable of the maps

& around us the nation was failing
& inside of us the bees kept dying despite everything
& I drew maps of the paths of fireflies
& tried to understand desire
& drew maps of rain
& hung signs for the bees saying take saying eat
& saying please
& saying please don't leave me
& the rain maps looked like oceans full of wrecks
& the oceans looked like maps of my heart
& vistas of blank blue stunned sometimes by storms
& everything large broken and rusting in the depths
& everywhere gravity
& soft surfaces
& the world was dying
& we lived in it exactly the way we had before
& threw babies into the future as if there were one

