

III

WHERE JUNE MEETS JULY:

V. Maps

*(In the tune of*

*“The Great MidWestern Summer Fig”*)

3 6 9 12  
5 7 10 1  
4

QUINTILIS 4TH IAD  
*Queen Anne's Lace*

red rex,  
et regina album

I REGUM 7:21

CORN

**I** "...AND NOT A DAY LATER THAT MAKESHIFT POST LINE  
TIED WOULD DELIVER OFT....

"June Awake!"

"... It's only eight..."

"Come on you waif!"

"...AND THAT MORNING  
THEY'D CRAWL FROM THEIR BUNKS TO A CAMPSITE  
AMONG AN OCEAN OF SUN-BAKED ROWS OF CORN...

To:

**2** GREEN WIDE PLAINS, DUSTY WHITE ROCK ROADS,  
WIRY LOW WEEDS GROW BRISTLED LIKE A BONNY'S TOU-  
SLED HAIR.

HER SALT-SKIN JIG UPON THE SUMMERTIDE OF ILLINOIS  
-SWEAT AND AMBER SCENT THROUGH THE BALMY OPEN  
AIR.

**3** THE BRIGHT PROUD SUN THROUGH THE TENT TOP  
TOWNS  
-MANIC LIGHT YELLS DOWN AND EVERYTHING AROUND  
YEW BOWS!

AN ASH TREE SHROUDS HOT SKIN -WET FROM THE CREEK  
WHERE THE SKY MEETS THE GROUND NOW TO BAPTIZE  
THE WEEK IN HUMIDITY.

**4** SUCH A HUMBLE PLACE FOR THE BIRTH OF THE WORLD!  
...A SUPPLY STORE CHURCH, A CONGREGATION OF CORN  
A DANDELION PSALM; AMONG CLOVER AND CHICORY  
GRAZING HANDS WHILE THEY STAND -A SECRET-TONGUE  
ACCRETE."

**5** A gnomon-mound-Cahokia-finger to the wind  
the shadow in its wake  
is the line behind a pen...  
The contrast on the paper rightly metes our  
"when" and "where"  
go now carry boy the compass,  
she brought along the square!

**6** Draw a bound  
around Tiamat's sea!

"A summer crown...  
A Pirate King!"

"...among the berry  
lay his Queen!"

**7** Come realign all history! ...come Holler Anno Domini!  
All moments lead to here, and...  
"... all futures flow from now!

**8** "Could it be?"

"Do you see?"

**9** Align loadstar!

**10** "A sprig of time."

Byzantine!

"On Troubadour!"

**II** “MERU BOUND, A CIVIL MARE ALL LET FREE AS THEY  
DANCE IN THE AGORA FOR A FLICKER JAMBOREE.

**12** THOSE LITTLE-LIGHT-FLIES ENVIRON WHERE THEY  
COLLIDE AROUND THE YGGDRASIL A’SPROUT.  
OVER THE GATE TO PEEK INSIDE

**13** QUEEN ANNE’S LACE, DUSTY WHITE ROCK ROADS,  
WIRY LOW WEEDS GROW BRISTLED LIKE A BONNY’S TOU-  
SLED HAIR. A SALT-SKIN JIG UPON THE SUMMERTIDE  
OF ILLINOIS -SWEAT AND AMBER SCENT THROUGH THE  
BALMY OPEN AIR.

**14** AS THE PARTY RABBLED ON, THEY SNUCK AWAY...

AND ON THAT EVENING -SOMEWHERE BEHIND IT ALL

AN ORIGINAL LINE WAS TIED...”

**15** “...and what could exist  
if not for the bliss I feel now?”

I feel now...