

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 RABBLLED 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...