

Geography

by Donna Olivia Sprauer



Location does not matter
to a Spanish bull,
or a body's fallow ashes,
or an idle thought.
For despite the coordinates
on a map or timeline,
the bull still riots,
the person remains
as residual powder,
the thoughts haunt.

Pleasurable it would be to cage
the wild bull, remunerate for loss,
or systematically file your thoughts
away for later. But
a boundary-cage is no match for beasts
of wrath. Compensation constitutes
no physical body, and thoughts are
inescapable.

So turn not your back on treacherous beasts,
hoard not your ashes in ice-lockers, ashamed. But
follow your fathers through neon supermarkets, tasting
frozen delicacies and questioning
mass-packaged meat so that we may feel
more than an iron stick churning our ashes
in the fate-furnace of time and place.