

Bruce Bond

The New World

Sleep spreads a map across the part of dream
that does not dream, so that you might name
the island cities in search of where you are,
or were, when first you spread a map down there.
Bewilderment protects, and yet it makes
you look a little closer through the smoke.
Or rather it makes you want to look, to peel
veil after veil from a tower of burning veils.
Which is when you get this urge to part
something, a sea, a wound, a physical heart.
Sleep cuts and cuts again so you might enter,
drawn to the testament, here be monsters.
Bullshit, you think. And still your sail grows
larger, stronger, more monstrous as you go.

