

Roland Kuhlmeier

Leisure Map

And mine too is a heart of leather
Leaden, dank but lines drawn by feather
A bleeding, fading map, seeking treasure
A meandering path into lost pleasure
Where the sea falls off the world's edge
Beyond measure.

Leisure Map 2

I breathe like spirit
Into lost contours
Your day's disappearing
A dying wind shuffles over
Horizons.
Corps d'esprit.

I unfurl your map
Spread it smooth and
Open on the table.
It illuminates me
With paths of lightly walked possibility.
But as I fold it, the tow and pull
Of the paper, the tide of memory
Resists.
My coordinates are plugged
And rivers pour through paper.

Leisure Map 3

Grey is my hinterland
Flat is my wonderland
Chill is my winterland
Take me to Samarkand
Where my heavy tongue
Packed with sand
Can grow young
A cool spring rushing
Overland.