F. J. Bergmann - Cadastral

Turn right and our world is a sphere. Turn left, and the road is flat, stretching forever toward an illusory horizon. You turn left, and start walking along the shoulder, in case cars come by. But they never do. Eventually you catch up with other walkers, kicking up blue dust, briskly marching toward infinity. Some of them have hiking boots, backpacks, and maps with one straight line. Those who don’t have water bottles, granola bars, or shoes that fit watch the ones who do. Some of them have change for the vending machines when they get where they’re going.

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