

Jennifer Walcott



Colonizer

I want to make a map of you
trace your contours
pace the mountains and the valleys
scour the rough bushes, mark out
the smooth treeless plains.

I could make an archeological dig
into your oesophagus
through your heart
right to the very core of you.

I will scope your thoughts
scrape out your bowels
navigate the rivers of your blood.

I'll read my maps
use these surveyor's tools
take up pick
axe and chisel to scale
the pinnacle of you.

I'll plant my flag on your summit
retire these labours
turn hermit
and meditate on the
meaning of mapping you.

