

Fall 2012

Maps with Scribbled Lines (IX)

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Recommended Citation

Damiani, Jesse (2012) "Maps with Scribbled Lines (IX)," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 77 , Article 21.

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MAPS WITH SCRIBBLED LINES (IX)

Violent, measurable distance.
We crossed the frozen river
in opposite directions
& succeeded wildly. We dug
holes in the snow & made
camp, miles apart. The sound
a musket makes when dropped
is the sound a cub makes when
hungry. We chose not to fear
the night's howls, respectively.
We had decided to cross
that river, & when we wanted
to backtrack by morning
the ice had melted. The wolves
had eaten our toes.