

I Draw a Map

by Amanda Deo

I draw a map. We are here.

My finger points out the chip on your shoulder. It's sitting on top of a mountain. I sink a red push-pin into it.

You are there. The tide has pushed you back to where you belong. [At least where I think you belong.] I draw your location on my thighs. It takes up both legs; it's far. I think about showing you but something comes up. The phone rings. I tell her I don't want to donate to the PBA.

I paint my toenails over the Continental US. Or what's supposed to look like it, any way. I'm not quite sure; I'm an immigrant after all. I push the bottle over by accident and the blue states become red. For a second I think I might believe in Christ. My dog sticks his nose in the nail polish and I breathe and everything goes back to normal again; I'm Christless.

I draw a map so that we know where we stand. I think about showing you but something comes up.

