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Off the Map

Andrew Burke

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Off The Map

A backbone lies on the path,
thick, picked clean
and dried by days of heat.

Daily there are more mounds
of horse manure to balance
the mortal tale

and the swift flight
of ravenous crows
from branch to fence to bin.

The bone is from
a Brahman bull
crudely butchered.

They feed the dogs first.

Nobody sees this land
Nobody feels its pulse
Nobody tastes its sweetness

Andrew Burke