Off the Map

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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

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