

# The Edge of the World

*by* Paul McQuade

I am far from home,  
wherever that is.

These graceless pagodas  
and skies of stained glass,

are haze, are mirages:  
here is Home. See it waver.

I tell people of the Kingdom  
because I am not too sure what it means;  
lost amid unravelling seams of seeming,  
in words that are not foreign but when I speak lose meaning.

The city unstitched is paltry sutures,  
yet the subway map

coils serpentine -  
remakes the World.

You force yourself forward under a flag of flesh.  
You tell the continents *I am* until eventually you are not.

