

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.

