

## EMILY BLUDWORTH DE BARRIOS

*A map is a picture that shows where things are*

I am here, laying sideways on linen sheets (legs stretched in cool sheets.  
 Black-dark house, black-dark night, quiet crickets, quiet freeway)  
 You are there (thumb sliding across the screen, hand resting guilelessly  
 on a mouse, fingertips floating and caressing a rectangle of mouse, hands  
 handling the paper pages of a book, a papery quadrangle, a hexahedron  
 of paper stacked and splayed apart)  
 You are there (feeling impartiality, or impatience, or disgust, really incisive  
 judging thoughts coursing freely through you)  
 You're there (feeling fine, feeling caught within a swiftly-moving current)  
 I am here (in the past. Time extinguishes itself immediately)  
 (Like wet fingertips pressed. Like a wet singe. Like a flame that has a  
 squeezed fat gasping belly. Time immediately puts itself out)

Time extinguishes itself immediately  
 Time vanished & left behind a landscape still containing people and cars  
 but not the same people and cars  
 The day always finds itself awaking in the remnants of the past  
 The rubble of last night's dishes, the evidence of decisions  
 You arrived here having inherited all your decisions  
 You arrived here having inherited all your decisions

You arrived here whilst wading through the decisions of the world  
 Maybe you were meek and made yourself small  
 Maybe among the suburbs you made yourself small and smooth and  
 imperturbable  
 Maybe you stretched your eyelids wide to take the liquid black liner so  
 that you could observe the world from behind what was supposed to be  
 a beautiful intimidating mask  
 Like a fringed evocative shelter  
 Living within a fringed evocative theatre

*Poems*

The world is a layer of decisions that have accumulated for 10,000 years I  
have arrived here among the ingenuity of the world  
(Among sewn coats and the idea of ancient breakfasts preserved in paint  
carefully dabbed upon canvas).

Like some sheafs of papers slipped into the thinnest cracks between boards,  
We have arrived in the world where poems have been secreted among the years.  
So yes this miracle exists.

We arrived in a world where so many of the magical papers (bearing poems)  
survived.

And even now we can leach their magic through our eyes.