

## Cartography of the Soul (in Covid-19)

We wander, lost in not so familiar places.

For what use is a map,

Poor semblance of

A terrain it cannot hope to experience?

Maps now deceive.

They point to roads no longer walked;

To structures with venues now erased.

Dreams point where maps cannot.

Babies born from machines in underground worlds;

Runaway cars and broken promises;

Waves that crash and smash their foaming faces

Into the sand;

An existence in the abstract;

Souls in paradox.

Cartography of the soul is the hardest profession

Where the land is strewn with rocks hidden by clouds of dust.

The winds blow confusion; the stretches are infinite.

The instruments of the search melt in the fierceness of the terrain.

What was known is no longer.

Look back into nothing.

What is yet to be known beckons,

And we, as solitary explorers, with gratitude may, just may

Sometime

Find a hand to grasp in our darkest moments.

Susan Long 26.5.2020

