

## A Relief Map

There are someone's belongings kept secret in the flower's core.  
Maybe they'd been left reluctantly

after battles. I claimed the way station someone had once built  
where crimes had been forgotten near an ancient tree.

My map shows some detours, an arctic bridge, a blemish  
for a habitat of moths.

Soldiers were resigned to hanging up their swords.

I finished collecting the wood for now

so I can wish after a talented summer then go on and enter  
through a curtain that's hardly mended.

The stairwells provide a hunting place with night whistles  
and faraway signals from the tower.

I find I'm under-prepared like when I'm on the playground,  
and the sounds ricochet as we all swear.