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.