

John Leonard

MAPS

Ancient maps, their wide spaces filled
With fables-dragons, anthropophagi
And the rest-Jerusalem the centre,
Greenland not yet an island.

And modern maps of every kind,
Political especially-those blocks of colour
Which state once for all at regional level
Desperate changing local realities.

Do not ever think of future maps,
Their dizzying and unknown nomenclature,
The concepts that will frame them.
It's safe to predict this only: these maps
Will not have given up wishful thinking,
But may have rediscovered ignorance.

