

**Mark Young**

## Graphics

I read Akhmatova, a  
long poem, *By The Sea-  
shore*. The translation  
has notes. The names  
in there—Sevastapol,  
Balaklava, Crimea—  
are familiar. Recent  
turmoil. Historical as  
well, first learnt as sites  
of Florence Nightingale  
&/or the Light Brigade.

Inkerman in there also,  
as a ridge from where  
Akhmatova brought home  
“the rusted splinters of  
heavy shells” embedded  
in her skirt. That name is  
known by me but in a  
different context. Local,  
Inkerman Hill, topped  
by microwave towers,  
a lookout point, a few

kilometers down the  
highway. Named after  
it / the closest of the  
sugar mills, less than  
a kilometer in the other  
direction. Come the sea-  
son, the cane trains run  
continuously, from fields  
recently on fire & on up to  
the mill that smokes all  
night, all through the day.

Trains & chimneys, gut-wrenching icons for Nazi concentration camps. The Russian ones were ice & snow & slow starvation. I wonder how Akhmatova reached her Gulag. By truck? Or was she trucked in by train? Topography holds us. The geography binds us together.