

folded earth by Brittany Cole

the world hangs above my head.  
well, actually, a map of the world  
hangs on the wall by my bed,  
over my head, in a two-dimensional way.  
canada is pink and brazil is orange  
and the rest of the countries are also  
vivid colors that contrast the dull  
browns and greens they really are  
from far away.

linear creases make trenches and  
valleys in the paper,  
from a time the map was much smaller,  
folded on the rack at a tourist shop  
in colorado.  
the edges are fringed with tape,  
but they don't touch the wall;

this whole world is now suspended  
only by two tacks  
because the wall won't let me  
adhere such weighty concepts to it  
with only my dreams and scotch tape.