

## Wilderness House Literary Review 13/3

*Jared Pearce*  
**Cartography**

The window was left open all night  
to bring in cool air, and two flies  
stuck to the screen this morning.

I imagined they wanted release, but  
where would they go, being smashed  
with breezes and sniped by birds?

When I'd walk over the fifty-seven  
freeway, snowy mountains off  
on my right, the pacific swallowing

everything on the left, I'd dream  
of where those people, crammed  
in their machines, were speeding

toward, from, aimless, relentless.  
I couldn't coach them out, couldn't  
fathom their desires, the pine

forests, the surly surf, the aurora,  
and the flies are crushed, crumple  
zones maximized, airbags flat,

the sirens of our wanting chant,  
pull us like a tide and drift us  
in rocky, vanilla-scented hills.