When the world is in 1000 pieces
of sturdy recycled
cardboard, the dissected
map offers you—
what?

A roundness? The edges
are tricky angles of resurrection.
I group parts of myself
by color—pink, brown, orange,
velvet blue, cirrus eyelashing
the outer limits.

The first to be assembled from the cradle-
box—the raccoon and red-crowned crane.
Then the endangered *Manis Pentadactyla*
poached to the Wuhan market.

A deer leap-
frogs the mountains that point their triangular fingers—
go higher.

A peacocked comma takes shape,
twirl of turquoise feathers and lapis baubles.
Expands the prenatal womb. The world always
gestating, always ample.

There are no humans.
I see what’s falling apart, what’s assembled,
oceans and forests, ear by ear by wing.