

tanya bomsta

CARTOGRAPHY

On the wall next to her door hung an olde world map. The two hemispheres flattened, overlapping, a Venn diagram. Inside a wooden frame bodies of land press together, vying for their spots on earth. Faded Italian words wilt on the brown terrain, *terra incognita*. She stands close and looks at the glass-covered world: the massive Africa, the steady Americas, the exotic Philippines. While he, downstairs, headphones on, lost in crashing music, unaware of the turmoil to the north. She leans toward the planed globe, hung on a nail beside the door, boxed in Brazilian walnut.