

Maps of Time

Ken Raines

We inch forward on hearsay,
rumors, and puffs of wind,
working the ancient arts
of dead reckoning, stars,
and the angle of the sun.

We pencil in appointments,
number our books and charts.
And fear to sail the unfilled gaps
that look, to us, like the voids
the old cartographers
festooned with lurking beasts.