NOWHERE

By the side of the road
You unfold your flat earth
And consult it for directions.

Little round towns are threaded
Yellow on a red road
Winding round the numbered mountains.

But here, there is no
Golf course
Rest area
Scenic view
Historic place
Or motor camp:

Look up. Perfect summer blue
Shows between the leaves
Of a spreading puriri
Old as the hills.

Look down. Through the dry grass
The black ants crackle.
They've found your biscuits.

According to the AA
You are nowhere.

Now you know.

by Adrian Croucher (New Zealand)

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