

JILL OSIER

Map for Leaving

I was over you yesterday.
I could tell by the river.
Were you by it? The pilot
was one of those who tells
what you're passing,
so I practiced—sky clear
the whole way. Spotted
Mt. Rainier, the Mississippi. I wished
I had an atlas with me: lakes
everywhere but no way to tell
which was which or how to say
their names. I'm sure I saw it,
that river you tell me about. What's
it called again? I used to know, but now
I couldn't tell you.