

*Jennifer Walcott*



## Colonizer

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I want to make a map of you  
trace your contours  
pace the mountains and the valleys  
scour the rough bushes, mark out  
the smooth treeless plains.

I could make an archeological dig  
into your oesophagus  
through your heart  
right to the very core of you.

I will scope your thoughts  
scrape out your bowels  
navigate the rivers of your blood.

I'll read my maps  
use these surveyor's tools  
take up pick  
axe and chisel to scale  
the pinnacle of you.

I'll plant my flag on your summit  
retire these labours  
turn hermit  
and meditate on the  
meaning of mapping you.

