

ALISON FLETT

A Map of Belonging

what do you think of as yours

someone takes your home and folds it in half and tears along the crease
and folds and tears and keeps on folding tearing
scattering scraps
windwise

armchair hairbrush
vase lamp
pillow boardgame photograph

you find yourself landless suspended over the ocean under the sky
the ocean holding the sky in its blue in its grey and you in the hold
of the blue boat your grey body built around a dark red heart
that does not be long any where any more

tooth-brush fruit-bowl
curtains tea-cup
jacket mirror
photograph

*where do your belongings
come from?*

the floor of the ocean is transcribed
with old sea routes
the holds of boats have always been
filled with bodies

you no longer know who you are keep waiting for understanding for words
to make sense you have no photographs only memories of photographs

light switch towel
school books coat hooks
jewellery box table cloth
photograph

inside the hold
another and another hold
matrouskan black
boxes of history

window pane
photograph

looking into the boxes it's sometimes possible to see through to the future
to see how this will become an ancient language how one day we will
understand the subterfuge of words the mistake of the possessive pronoun

the mistake of *you* and *I*

door way photo graph

*which box did you come out of
into what world were you welcomed
were you welcomed?*

inside the world
another and another world
endless openings
into now

key photo

all of this is too big for you

the map will not stop

un

folding