**Map makers**

on the ancient map of Korea

they drew not by measurement but by scale

of their blessings and their conflicts

so three generous rivers demarcate the kingdom

while enemies overshadow them

but they found solace in diplomacy and poetry

*the emperor’s virtue knows no boundary between the realms*

*so how can land be divided into borders*

horizons shift

by what plays out

under the glitter of chandeliers in embassies

or the dawn flicker of rocket fire

only where the dog rattles the river stones

and trophies a drowned sheep’s spine

or where the electric blue of cornflowers brightens

or bees hunt late pollen

threading the too early dry brown of leaves

in the makeshift year

or where on the road to the station

in black and white

there is a poster girl called Missing

and

stones on the mounds say

this

only this

or in Westminster’s underground

where images of the lost

flash on the curved unreachable wall

the nerve-threaded map runs short

the tracks of the untraceable

while these must serve

to navigate that easily crossed border

of life and death

through the unsurveyed between

tell

all those who would make maps

first draft broad latitudes of peace

and remember in earth’s measure

above all great schemes

to praise those who practise simplicity

like mornings

when unexpectedly

amongst the newspapers and the mail

I find a postcard from a long lost friend

or on the doorstep

gifts of apples from a neighbour’s garden

*by Mick Evans*