

Mapmaker

He draws a map and claims himself
secure, the untanned curve of beach,
the spine of sierras, the castle —
a strategy game. I'll night attack :

rubber boats, satchel charges, Uzis,
paddling down the coast in black,
scattering ashore with painted faces,
flashes, debris, screams on parapets.

He laughs. My men made their mistake
bringing machineguns among sleepers —
my sergeant drinking from a round pan,

seeing himself in the water, flinging
(Pull!) it against the night sky.
One bark. The Nazis were all over us.

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