

# Cartography

It's a relief to be able to say  
*I am here* – as you look out  
on the contour lines, gouged

valleys, watersheds you may  
or may not cross, or have crossed.  
To read the altitude and note

when to expect an exposed ridge  
will become the sheltering belt  
of stunted mountain beech is relief

of a sort too. A breeze lifts your street  
map from a table at the café  
you're at; a ripple from the territory

you inhabit as you relocate  
yourself, uncertainly bearing north,  
facing the sun as you walk.

# The Jesús Poems

## *Where I Found Him*

Behind an armchair  
in the front room of an old villa  
at the end of a cul-de-sac  
in one of the leafy eastern suburbs  
of the city beside the sea  
is where I found Jesús.  
He was very ill after the night  
of festivities and told me  
he missed Buenos Aires.

## *What He Did*

He bought a lettuce.  
He offered me some bread.  
He took some pills for a headache.  
He swallowed some wine. He  
smoked a cigarette. He questioned  
the whereabouts of his namesake.  
He told me he was bored  
with city living. *Santiago está muerto!*  
he said. He offered me his jacket.  
He grew his beard.

*What I Taught Him*

I taught Jesús everything he knows  
about grammar. I taught him  
the difference between the present perfect  
and the past simple; the importance  
of the participle and the trickery of phrasal verbs.  
I have tried to teach him manners.  
How to order wine politely, and ask  
for street directions. I impress upon him  
the simplicity and benefits of good manners  
in the foreign territory of the English language.  
Jesús is a quick learner and often thanks me  
for my advice; he orders more wine  
impeccably.

*What He Taught Me*

Jesús taught me to ride  
the Santiago Metro for free.