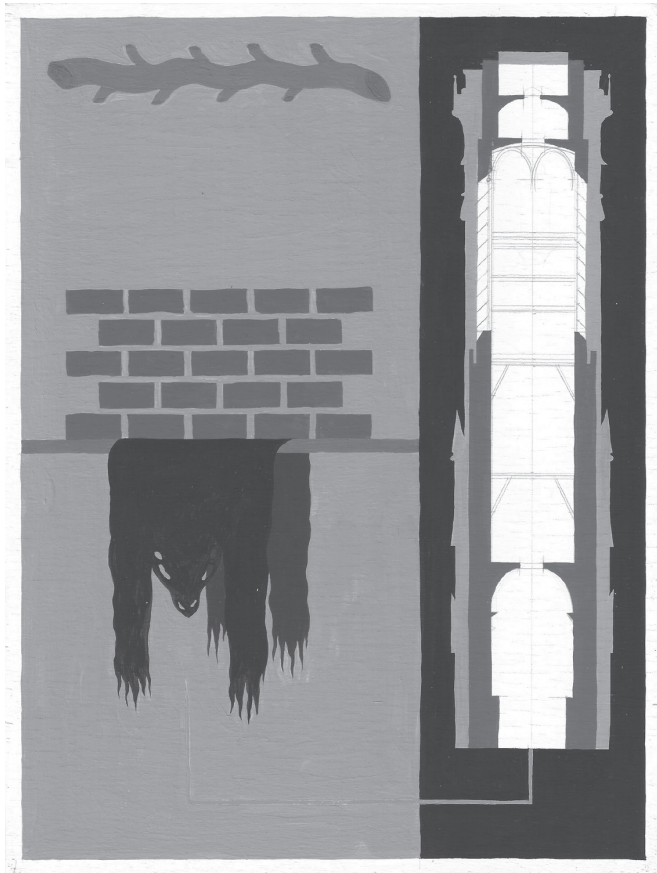


*Map, Map out*

**Maria Barnas**

In response to the work of Wouter Venema



Page by: Kasper Bosmans  
Legend: *(skin) st Rumbold and Vitiligo*, 2016

Maria Barnas

Looking for something to hold onto  
in the palm of my hand, I find a pencil

and a language of lines: a life  
a head, a heart. A stretch of fate etched

in the skin tells me what a landscape  
knows of sorrow even when I don't

recognise it on the map. Where  
did the water go, where did I leave

my heart? As I walk across the fields  
mapped out by a determined head

I try to see beyond the lines, the luring  
shapes that chart roads and trees.

They are in a temporary state  
of meandering, of wood and shade

of leaves and morning bristling.  
I have drawn them this way for you

to see that I can erase them. I can fold  
us into the palm of a hand and wave.