

## Poem on Disappearance

Beginning with our continent, draw 1491:  
each mountain, compass point Indigenous;  
trace trade routes, languages, seasonal migrations—  
don't become attached.

Yes, reshape by discovery, displacement  
move your pencil point quickly now as if pursued—  
a cavalry of possession that erases  
homelands: we shrink shrink—in time-lapse  
of colonial barter. . . disappear .

Now draw a brown face painted for ceremony,  
half a face, nothing

.

Draw nothing around a crumbled bird body—  
no wings.

Draw emptiness inside desecrated burial mounds,  
a stretch of absence where fallopian tubes once curved in hope  
sketch void across buffalo prairie, draw the empty  
of elk, of passenger pigeons, of silver trout.

Conjure with your hand the shape of girl  
blooming, curves of face, her laughing eyes;  
you've seen them posterred and amber-alerted—  
missing, missing, evening newsed, and gone.

Draw a woman wrapped in a blanket  
a child's body weighted—draw stones  
sinking into every river on the map.

Draw carrion blackening skies, carrion  
plucking vision from round brown faces  
draw missing, draw murdered.

Work carefully now  
turn your hand to the new continent.  
Again picture it—

nothing .

—Kimberly Blaeser