

inkscrawl

a quarterly journal devoted to minimalistic fantastical poetry

The Map, the World, the Dancer by Toby MacNutt

Today, they are making the world. A dancer's feet
are carving branching curves into a smooth bed of clay, sinuous limbs
turning square, rising, and with each step the ground to match;
moisture, puddling around red-smear'd feet and ankles, squelching
between toes, under arches, piling earth into thin sloping banks; rising,
with terra cotta cracking at elbows and belly, moving ever outward, ever higher;
piercing the churned surface, wells filling, columns rising unevenly round, out, out
out until wandering has purpose, ease, momentum, running till at last
as the great fire is lit beneath the clay, stamping home.

Formless Ground

River Delta

Steppes

Glacier Valley

Mountain Ridge

High Desert

Ruined Stone

Road to the Known

Home

Enter: jump clean, slide R to 3x stomp

slide up over - river toes slow sine,

reverse, square to L, rising hop-ups into roll front

cing plank, down curl open sweep both L close,

elbows in! pop up, dub butterfly drag, L R L rnd.

elev, wobble circle, spiral trip turns 4x, flying

dips/pulls scatter, burrow toes

travel down R down down R down L up more L

quick out L, close home pos, fin

Toby MacNutt is a creator and teacher from Vermont. Their choreography has not, to date, produced any cartography, but perhaps that should change. Other pems have recently been published by *Goblin Fruit*, *Liminality*, and *New Myth*. More: TobyMacNutt.com, or Twitter [@tylluan](https://twitter.com/tylluan).