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The Cave

Anna Catone

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**THE
CAVE**



**ANNA
CATONE**

The driver of the tram is altogether lost. Headless taxi.
He is the drawing of the guide entering the interior
in some book of imagined places. He's at the mouth of it,
pitch, open door to the house under.

Mapped over the passageway walls ahead—mind's art—
water pumped in an echocardiogram, strange fossil.

Here, an ancestor's leg caught in the jaws of a predator.
Here, too, the manger.

"Fantastic Caverns," the driver says.

The air now ice water I swam in once
in a dream of the Arctic, stalactites
the blue-green glacier underneath.

The child next to me—his legs knocking into mine—
a seal brushing against my legs.