





# Lebanon on a Map

BY STEPHANIE PAPA

*During dinner as you dipped  
 Flat bread in pomegranate babaganoush,  
 You quoted someone who said,  
 "Everything is mysterious."  
 I tried to think of something  
 Not mysterious,  
 But I couldn't:  
 Starlings  
 Sorrow  
 Sleep  
 The electricity of sex  
 All the workers  
 Who lay pipes  
 Build bridges  
 Fix toilets  
 Blue blood  
 Red blood  
 War  
 The lady eyes of a donkey  
 The cashew that grows  
 In the pocket of a caju fruit  
 The smell of dirt  
 Knowing you will die  
 Horse hairs on a violin bow.  
 We were the only diners in the restaurant.  
 The waiter insisted on showing us  
 Where Lebanon is on a map,  
 Pointing fervently with a flexed index finger.  
 We could have been nowhere else  
 But here.*

