

fear has its own specific cartography, borders drawn up
 around invisible lines of demarcation—*here, this space is called the French & Indian Territories,*
this space is called the Western Province—& this space is called *Before*,
 this muddier area is called *After*, & neither of them can be purchased

but both of them can be overthrown,
 neither of them can be settled but both you have claimed as your own
 none of the aboriginal tribes speak our tongue

but one language needs no translation:

A Fist is a Fist is a Fist.

this is the universal language of blood

& we have beaten back the natives,

we have clear-cut the forests & strip-mined the land,

we have killed off the buffalo & elk,

we have skinned & gutted everything & called it our own

& then we wonder why nothing bends but with enough brute force, everything yields.
 stab a bloodied pike into the swampland & you can call this *La Florida*,
 pave a road through the mountains & plains & call it a highway, call it progress,
 call it *Manifest Destiny*. stream packets of digital information through underground
 fiber-optic cabling or flood it into the invisible sky & name it *The Internet*, call it progress,
 call everything progress—

This is the American Dream, isn't it? —the very thing conquistadores & cowboys

dreamt about, shivering under animal pelts, breaking bones & drawing blood to chart out

things that could be owned,

people who could be driven out,

resources that could be used up,

waters that could be dammed & re-directed,

things that could be taken—

So what are we so afraid of?