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A wind rises, *tramontana*, *levante*, *ostro*, *poniente*, but the points come from the directions of the eight major, eight half, and sixteen quarter notes. The Chinese divide the compass by the signs of the Zodiac, *rat*, *rabbit*, *horse*, *rooster*, but for the more western apprentice, the first thing to know is the name. North is indicated by the spearhead above the *t*, but the *t* soon evolves into the lily-like fleur-de-lys. Then the *l* is replaced with a cross, linking east with the ambivalent direction of paradise, to the place where Christ was born. Colors on the compass are the result of the need for clarity, rather than a mere cartographical whim. So on a rolling ship at night, by the light of the flickering yellow lamp, the figure in the distance becomes visible as she

unfolds her body the same way some people unfold letters from their lovers who've set sail, slowly, with caution, minding the curled edges of the cracked pages, that fading blue ink of time. She unfolds herself from her middle, then opens her yellowed arms and legs, one by one, as if the letter had been folded in halves, quarters, and eighths. She unfolds herself, opens her eyes, and focuses on the blurred pages. Words still. Mind clears. She reads.

Because the color stands out, the eight principle points are shown in black. Half winds are typically depicted in blue or green. Quarter winds are typically depicted in ruby. So on a rolling ship at night, by the light of the flickering lamp, the figure in the distance unfolds her body the same way some people unfold sails, yes, minding the frayed edges of the fraying wind. She opens her canvas arms and legs as if the sail had been blown, *tramontana, levante, ostro, poniente*, but the wind keeps changing directions. Words still, mind clears, but the wind, *greco, sirocco, libeccio, maestro*, words still, mind clears, and she wants to be named by the lying down element, but it's her name that keeps changing, her body. She lies in a bed that measures four leagues by eight leagues, she lies in a bed that measures thirty-two leagues squared. This is the box in which she beds.

Between each point and the next are quarters, but even the careless observer will see that the first is dead ahead, followed by a point on the starboard bow, followed by two points on the starboard bow, followed by three points on the starboard bow, followed by four. Words still, and her soliloquy, her silhouette is framed at the frame, framed in the window, framed in this box, framed in the bed, framed in that well of sleep, that shell, that hole, the spell of the dream she had of assembling the petals of a well-known flower, *one one-thousand, two one-thousand*, losing her rows of teeth. Her rotation defines her orientation, *three one-thousand, four*, as she sits at the edge of her bed

now counting the bones in her mouth, *five one-thousand, six*, along with the cardinal directions that correspond to degrees. And here, there is no accomplishment more ephemeral than this image, here, and as she sits, frayed and framed at the well, at the hole, at the shell, not noticing through the window the new spring tree covered in bottle

Boxing the Compass / 9

green buds, counting again the bones in her mouth, *seven one-thousand, eight*, not noticing the white wings of an airborne plane against the bare blue sky, *nine one-thousand, ten one-thousand*, not noticing the uncommon occurrence of a silver dove now fluttering its wings on a branch of the tree, through the framed box window facing north,