

Jill Magi's text-image projects document border-crossings between the body and public space, and between ideologies inscribed and experience as it is lived. Her projects combine research with the following forms: poetry, fiction, the essay, drawing, photography, and collage. She is the author of *SLOT* (forthcoming, Ugly Duckling Presse), *Torchwood* (Shearsman), *Threads* (Futurepoem), as well as the chapbooks *Furlough/Die for Love* (Ed. Press), *Poetry Barn Barn!* (2nd Avenue), *Cadastral Map* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs), and numerous small, handmade books. Her essays have been anthologized in *The Eco-Language Reader* (Portable Press/Nightboat Books) and *Letters to Poets* (Saturnalia Books), and visual works have been exhibited at the Textile Arts Center, the Brooklyn Arts Council Gallery, the International Meeting of Visual Poetry, apexart, and Pace University. She is currently an artist-in-residence at the Textile Arts Center in Brooklyn, New York, and was a writer-in-residence with Lower Manhattan Cultural Council in 2006–07. Jill teaches at Goddard College and runs Sona Books, a chapbook press. For her small press work, she was recognized by *Poets & Writers Magazine* as one of the 50 most inspiring authors in 2010.



# Cadastral Map

Jill Magi

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*This book is for my mother*





# Cadastral Map



shadow cast by text  
or shadow-text come to light

pushing our paved roads  
through the last silence then

What is Missing in the  
Picture?

a whole world lying outside  
the brackets returns to

haunt the narrowed  
page

a white thin cloud  
at both ends of the book

numbers of pages have been  
cut or torn out            flying

sunshiny shower my heart  
originally

our hearts  
and interleaved

thin pink  
blotting paper still

there eighteen times  
in odd spaces the word amen

Dear Sir,

The tree nodded to its fall  
and the bird was flung from

her nest; and, though her  
parental affection deserved

a better fate, was whipped down  
by the twigs, which brought her

dead to the ground!

(Letter [            ])

foreboding dark melting  
the mind produces

movement at the wildlife  
viewing area over meadow

soft is the songbird  
foregrounding a pregnant

forest (dusky conditions  
being best)      Why Look at

Animals?      our wild mirror  
nature written never

to return  
to the soft illegible

[[        ]] initial  
letters of

seventeen lines  
left on the

stub  
of the cut-out

page  
[[        ]]

substantially  
used

D.'s night-sky  
description

in his poem [[            ]]  
& [[            ]]

two or three  
preliminary amens

to test the sharpened  
end of her quill pen

timber vs.  
trash-trees

roots  
thatch

underbrush  
vs. balance sheet

bedding  
vines

row crops vs. weeds  
saps for resins

kindling  
hop poles

prose map      many pages  
cut

a door and window tax  
leads to fewer openings



a word  
drops

to the bottom  
into the central fold

of her notebook beneath  
fodder mosses

Waldsterben  
he has

omitted this phrase and  
the entire entry

if possibly I could escape  
all other animals

I could not those of the  
human kind

not knowing the way I must  
perish in the woods

thus was I like the hunted  
deer

hearing frequent rustlings  
among the leaves

I at length  
quitted the thicket

Dear Sir,

But the most abject reptile  
and torpid of beings

distinguishes the hand that  
feeds it, and is touched with

the feelings of gratitude!  
(Letter XIII)

for fructification  
havock among you

a border life  
rabid and howling

cleare sunshine  
of the gospel

fiery  
flying serpents