

THE TWO STREET MAPS  
*by Moira Roth*

Walking through the streets at dawn,  
The City Criers called out,  
"It is the Day of Naming,  
The day the streets are named."

No streets could be called anything at all  
Before the Day,  
And no maps could be made  
Before the streets were named.

Until then, the city had always been  
Traversed each year with fragrant colored ribbons—  
All the children, as soon as they could walk,  
Learning its criss-cross patterns by heart.

"I will meet you where the pale green crosses the lemon-green,"  
A father would promise his young son.  
"I will meet you where the mauve-purple crosses the dark red,"  
An old woman would assure another.

From dawn to dusk  
On this Day of Naming,  
Street after street was easily named  
Until only one remained.

J. and A., the last of the Namers,  
Deliberated, hour after hour . . .  
Until, at dusk, pronouncing their choice,  
"The Street of No Name."

That night maps were issued,  
Each citizen possessing two.  
One of the named streets,  
The other charting only the unnamed one.

And flowing even now  
Throughout the city,  
Are ghostly trails  
Of colored fragrances.

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