Cape Code:

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I went to your home. Year after year, 
in summer and winter during the target 
zones of spray and feathering erosion, especially 
on vacation, on break, at rest I come to see more clearly 
my place in the priorities of such a strip of a spit. 
A slip of a shape, constantly evolving under pressure 
of being landscape, being weather, living 
the life of a true outsider. Outside of land, 
on the margins of a plan drawn by a disinterested 
cartographer. I grew up on a road. 
The road has an odor, to this day, of wet sand and caterpillars 
in blackberry bushes, of ruts and favorite spots 
to squat and urinate. A clipped impetus 
for taking a walk starting there, going one of several ways, 
relinquishing its quality more and more every day 
of being memory.