

Maps say Brazil -- Tocantins, perhaps.  
But that's not how you'll find it.  
You'll recognize Cristalândia by your experience,  
by the marks you've made on it.

Walk slowly, though,  
because marks are small and elusive.

The marks we make are often only as permanent  
as an elongated shadow and as private  
as the discoveries made in this mutated form.

Marks are awkward at first.  
Painful.

Marks fall to the ground, accumulate under your feet,  
and are pressed into the history of the earth.  
So that when the rainwaters rise,  
your toes can sink down into the mud  
and rearrange the generations.

But all this is obvious to the people of a mining town  
whose daily business is to commune with the soil.  
The big machines exhume ancient mountains,  
sift through their secrets  
and stretch them out on the hillside to dry.

It's a good business, when business is good --  
when the big machines come.

For now, the grass grows and the grass burns,  
wrapping the marks in green  
and guarding their vestiges with sheets of ash.

The grass wraps your marks, too.

And they'll find them,  
when the big machines come.