

**Alternate Routes**

Well might you collect  
     your thoughts, the way  
 hives blend gathered nectars  
     so that haphazard  
     no longer sounds precise  
 Boulez' *Marteau* is the occasion, not the cause;  
     it's playing now and whenever it likes  
     in someone's head  
 Put a few things together for dinner  
     on your own, rice and some things  
     in the rice, sausage, some vegetables  
 Geoffrey borrows my telephone  
     to call home to ask where everyone is  
 Anna's father's died, she's over there;  
     also Larissa's uncle, she's en route  
     back from the funeral and her  
     holidays, and work to be done  
 The after-image of broken lines  
     when you've driven too long at night  
 and of leaves in basal rosettes  
     when you press your eyes shut  
     after weeding without a hat  
 The dog is old and blind;  
 we shifted the dining room furniture,  
     and sometimes she doesn't remember  
     and steps elaborately up  
     over the cross-pieces of the chairs  
     and the table, to get through  
 To drive to the drugstore for eyedrops  
     on the way to where you were going,  
 you have to think of how,  
     what streets connect  
 Collect, it's a prayer, or it might be.