

How to Look at Mexican Highways

BY MÓNICA DE LA TORRE

1. You are not going anywhere.
 - 1.1. No one is waiting for you.
 - 1.2. In case someone is waiting for you, you can always explain the delay later.
 - 1.3. Blame it on the traffic, no one else knows that you chose to walk.
2. Don't look at the pavement, look at the things that you don't see when you're indoors.
 - 2.1. Water towers.
 - 2.2. Cables.
 - 2.2.1. Cables bringing other people's voices and faces onto TV monitors.
 - 2.2.2. Cables bringing electricity to light bulbs and refrigerators.
 - 2.3. Laundry on clotheslines.
 - 2.4. Empty cans of food.
 - 2.4.1. With flowers growing out of them.
 - 2.4.2. With cactuses growing out of them.
3. Feel the waves surrounding you.
 - 3.1. Waves bringing other people's voices to the speakers of your sound system.
 - 3.2. Waves of street sounds.
4. Measure how fast you can run up and down staircases; compare that to the speed of the cars driving by.
5. When you tire, stand in the middle of the overpass.
 - 5.1. Look down.
 - 5.2. Try to look ahead, attempt to delineate the city's skyline.
 - 5.2.1. If there's too much pollution, look down again.
 - 5.2.2. Hold on tighter to the rail.
 - 5.2.3. Stay there a bit longer; remember no one is waiting for you.
 - 5.2.4. You're not going anywhere.
6. Through the rails you will see stories unfolding on the street.
 - 6.1. Pay attention.
 - 6.2. You are not they.
 - 6.3. They are not they.
 - 6.3.1. They are one plus one plus one, indefinitely.
7. You're surrounded by monads going somewhere.
8. There is a purpose to their movement.
9. Desire is a Federacy.

Tell the Bees

BY SARAH LINDSAY

Tell the bees. They require news of the house;
they must know, lest they sicken
from the gap between their ignorance and our grief.
Speak in a whisper. Tie a black swatch
to a stick and attach the stick to their hive.
From the fortress of casseroles and desserts
built in the kitchen these past few weeks
as though hunger were the enemy, remove
a slice of cake and lay it where they can
slowly draw it in, making a mournful sound.

And tell the fly that has knocked on the window all day.
Tell the redbird that rammed the glass from outside
and stands too dazed to go. Tell the grass,
though it's already guessed, and the ground clenched in furrows;
tell the water you spill on the ground,
then all the water will know.
And the last shrunken pearl of snow in its hiding place.

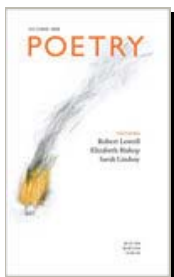
Tell the blighted elms, and the young oaks we plant instead.
The water bug, while it scribbles
a hundred lines that dissolve behind it.
The lichen, while it etches deeper
its single rune. The boulders, letting their fissures widen,
the pebbles, which have no more to lose,
the hills—they will be slightly smaller, as always,

when the bees fly out tomorrow to look for sweetness
and find their way
because nothing else has changed.

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