

Wayside Shrines

by Paul Muldoon

I

Doomed as I was to follow a big rig
laden with pigs and a wrecker with its intermittent strobe
I was all the more conscious of piles of rock
marking the scene of a crash,
some with handwritten notes, others a cache
of snapshots in a fogged-up globe.

Even a makeshift mobile may see off one of Calder's
and the path among the alders
pan out like a prom-queen's occipital lobe,
yet nothing can confirm one's sense of being prized
like another's being anathematized.

From Plan B (London: Enitharmon, 2009)