

RICARDO PAU-LLOSA

Manifold

The trowel of rain levels the road with puddles,
mirrors that tame the now-filled depths.
Some pools rim crevice and potholes,
but straight down the center of the lane
two rails shimmer to denote the width
a world of tires has faulted into tread.
Could keep the car on course by habit alone.
All direction asks is precedent.