

**RICARDO PAU-LLOSA**

**Bethany Man**

From afar it looks like the bus is stranded  
by a field, the tourists mulling about with cameras

and binoculars, waiting for the replacement bus  
to take them into town. But actually this is

the place they want to be, empty field only  
to empty minds. They gather in stillness

and listen for a special birdsong, or the creak  
of a cricket, and train their lenses on where

they think it came from, the wind stirring up  
fuzzy seeds from weeds that spring here,

combing then uncombing sprigs  
and whipping blooms, a moth cartwheeling

irreparably in the jostle, falling  
to waiting beetles, lizards, and ants.

They too are on the watch for what feeds them.  
They too do not believe in escape.