

**KIM ROBERTS**

**Instructions for Use**

*Look at dishwasher.*

I admire instructions that start  
with the basics. The diagram

is like a cubist painting, showing  
all sides at once, each part  
given a letter, so the machine

has an alphabet infestation.  
I follow the letters into the maze.  
This is not a dishwasher.

It's a garden of tall boxwoods,  
open-air rooms leading one to the next  
and I am wandering,

unable to read the instructions  
I hold in my right hand, following  
a line of towering bushes.

I am always flying out of my body  
at inopportune times. And where  
do I go? Something else

takes over, twin brain,  
deep brain, primitive.  
The twin brain can't read,

or follow directions. But it has rules.  
It has power, like an animal  
whose business is survival,

the swarm of knowing, so I let go,  
give up the pointing alphabet,  
for once just give up the alphabet.