

## Four Ways of Looking at a Crossroads

The cart slowly rumbles through ruts  
Towards the crossroads.  
A figure hangs, crow-pecked and tattered.  
*Daddy, why is that man...?*  
The driver reads milestones...  
*He stole bread.*

...and drives right through wraiths  
Of ceilidh seekers  
All wondering where the craich is tonight.  
As many as the spokes of a wheel are the choices  
A man can make, he muses.

In time of war they take away the signs.  
It is good to pause at a crossroads:  
Feel for the safety of the lights,  
The flavours of terrain,  
See the trodden, watch the birds' flight,  
Mark your cautious hesitation... to be sure...

For there is no map of paths  
And all these destinations are the same.  
More than twice the count of stars in the sky  
Have I split – sent my body this way and that;  
I dangle, gently swinging from a wire;  
Dance and drink *usquebaugh* in a neighbour's croft.  
The cart turns left and it turns right.

**Clive Donovan**