

ANITA BARICKMAN ROBERTS

## Mustering

The past can't help me now.  
I've dug until the shovel's broken,  
My hands tired. The roads are closed,  
Those white powdered, sometimes  
Gravelled paths I can't find, though  
I smell honeysuckle, grapes heating,  
Hear crickets and still see grasshoppers  
Jump ahead. There's nothing to map  
The countryside for me. I've got waking  
And the same old covers. What we were  
Is stored in boxes. I've so much  
To do with stiffer bones and family gone,  
And a dog, slowed down beside me.