

**Routine**

Window. Screen. Opening  
Worlds from the apartment balcony  
Where you eavesdrop

Choose your channel: War. A monarch's death, the latest  
In Myanmar, floods. You wash  
Clothing for another workday, doing it  
At the sink is consoling, it's one dress  
So no reason to use the machine

The balcony is wide enough to sit  
And have coffee, and see the desert in a distance  
Where snakes and camels live  
Where there are bones and time's indifference  
Grains of sand

You have to wash off the balcony twice a week  
Washing it down the way you wash your dress  
Gingerly, with happiness.