

## City Life

When the water puddles  
on the concrete, filling up  
your sewers, you turn an umbrella  
to the sky in self defense, discuss  
endlessly—with anyone who  
is willing to listen—how bad  
the weather is  
today.

When the water soaks into the earth,  
filling up streams and lakes,  
the Lakota mother, living  
on her sacred land, turns her face  
to the sky, smiles at the rain  
which brings water—the source  
of all life—blessing her,  
her children,  
all of their relations.

I cannot say that this difference  
answers each and every one  
of the questions you  
have been asking yourself  
about what is wrong with your life.

But it might be someplace  
for you to begin your search.

Steve Bloom  
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