

A Different Point of View

Pink snow flaking
from a cherry cloud
to coat the ground below;

wisteria purpling
high in a pine tree;

spring birds
looking up expectantly;

scattered rain circles
offering their fleeting glow
on the surface of the lake;

keep company with thoughts of you
as I sit on the shore
across from where I wrote
a lonely poem once before,
and wonder whether then
 or now
will count as my mistake.

Steve Bloom
May 2003