

Alive

She speaks to me
 on intimate terms
as we sit across the table, (although
we did not know each other an hour ago)
describing the rush each time a horse
raises its back to meet her half way
as she settles into the saddle.

And I think to myself of the mathematician
at that moment when a proof decides to give up its secrets;

of a tutor, when his student understands--at last;

the diver, as she twists and tumbles in ways
you and I may never comprehend
before straitening to knife through
the surface of the water;

of a climber, cresting that final ridge before the summit;

the wine taster who discovers a perfect claret;

or the chef, as he gathers ingredients for his favorite sauce.

And then
 of myself,
at that moment when
the poem decides to give up its secrets,
so you and I may speak on intimate terms--
 at last.

Steve Bloom
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