

And Then for Something Completely Different

bumblebees swarming in the purple loosestrife,
untamed ivy climbing an abandoned wall,
cars on the George Washington Bridge at rush hour,
ants responding to an invasion of their nest,
snow blowing in a blizzard,
people in Times Square on their weekend quest,
bats departing the cave at sunset,
flies around a racoon's lifeless roadside eyes,
colorful fish in a tropical reef
mourners when it's time to share their grief,
wild flowers after a desert thunderstorm,
grains of sand in your shoes when you walk on the beach,
blueberry bushes, on blueberry hill,

you and I, higher on the mountain still,
alone except for the scattered
dwarf shrubs shrinking in the wind wherever
the rock's cracks embrace a bit of fill;

Steve Bloom
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