

And You Thought

We arrive—three of us at
the appointed place
only to discover that it isn't
the appointed time.

“The reading is next Saturday,
not tonight.”
Eric tells us from his post
behind the bar.

A trio is playing: Clarinet, drums, bass.
They're good, too,
I think to myself. A lone young woman
sits close, listening.

In another corner a couple snuggles together
on one of the sofas,
talking, laughing. They are the only other
people in the bar.
A few minutes pass and their arms are wrapped
around one another.

We order wine, beer, exchange thoughts
about this space
how congenial it seems to be for
a poetry reading.

When we decide to leave the sofa couple
has departed
(gone, I assume, to spend the evening
in each other's arms.)

“Turn around” I suggest after we step out
the front door.
Through the glass we see Eric at the bar, grading
examinations (day job).

The jazz trio still plays as the lone young woman
sits close, listening.
“And they're good, too” one of my
companions says.

“Yes,” I reply, “and you thought it was hard
being a *poet*.”

Steve Bloom
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