

Ants

1.

One climbs to the rim of her hill
carrying a single grain,
hesitates for just a moment
then darts one quarter of an inch
to the left before laying down
her burden, scurrying
back into the earth.

Why the hesitation? I ask myself.
Why the leftward jag?
Why not simply place this morsel
of soil at the spot where she
originally crested the ridge?

2.

Later I sit, examining the menu,
reading, then rereading its words
as if this will somehow help me
decide between a spinach-
and-mushroom omelet, or
the chicken souvlaki.

Only after I make my choice (at last)
do I start to count each variable
in this decision which can be tagged
with a name (price, grams of fat,
and all of that) until I get down
to the intangibles of appetite, and whim,

and think again about the ant,
carrying its tiny portion of the earth.

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