

At the Saturn Poetry Reading . . .

. . . this particular Monday evening
there are 30 or so present,
mostly to share their words—
a few just to listen. I wonder,
count, find it takes about two minutes
for that same number to walk past
on the other side of the glass door.

A rough calculation—assuming
just 10-12 per minute (since later
in the evening there will be
fewer pedestrians)—suggests
two thousand, give or take,
during the three hours or so
our gathering can be expected to last.

And, monitoring further, I notice
that perhaps half a dozen times
someone actually stops for a moment,
peers through the window with
a quizzical look, before
continuing into the night—as
the poet at the mike
continues reciting.

Steve Bloom
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