

Attila

Giuseppe Verdi had not received word
as he worked away
that in years to come
this particular opera
would be less-often heard
than Aida, Rigoletto,
or La Forza del Destino,
and I'm glad because
in ignorance his pen moved, undeterred,
caressing each note
with that same care
to produce another score,
melodies tumbling
in waves, one
after the other—
like a torrent fed
by yesterday's storm
encountering a mountain fall.
And at its base I stumble
upon this deep and secluded pool
where I may undress,
and immerse,
and converse with the meaning
of being in this place.

Steve Bloom
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