

Becoming

The day before I was born
I was unborn, and the transition
between one state and the other
is so noteworthy that we
celebrate it, on its proper day,
each year.

After six or seven of these
celebrations I picked
my first berry on a mountainside,
felt its taste explode and,
from that moment was never
the same human being again.

I can remember the night
I first understood what drunk was,
and how to get there,

the morning I awoke,
no longer a virgin, and knew
for certain what had taken place
the evening before.

I can name books read,
speakers heard, moments marked,
to cement a philosophy
of human liberation.

And when I became a father that
January afternoon, it was not hard
to note the how, or the why.

But try as I might I cannot tell you
what changed from one day
to the next when, for the first time,
I introduced myself to someone
as a poet.

Steve Bloom
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