

## Reading Between the Names

There are twenty-one along the aptly-named  
“Falls Trail” in Ricketts Glen State Park, PA.

Each of the waterfalls has its name too, of course,  
since human beings give names  
to things we notice.

We also (allow me to point out) then  
tend to notice the things we name,  
and this is our theme for today  
as well as a challenge  
I would like to pose:

What else might we learn  
to notice?

I have written about this place before  
and will, perhaps, again. Indeed,  
it's hard to return for another visit,  
without feeling the urge  
to share my sense of being here  
(the here being of me, too)  
with each of you.

Seven-plus miles—I can traverse them  
at a modest pace in three or four hours  
of somewhat rigorous hiking.  
Should you decide to do the same one day  
be sure to wear proper footgear,  
carry water, some fruit and/or trail mix,  
perhaps a lunch. I suggest  
the acquisition of a walking staff  
early in your journey for it will be  
a significant aid.

There is, of course, no need  
for me to remind you to stop,  
because stop you must  
at each of the named falls.

During our present visit, however,  
please notice, as they merely flash  
across your field of vision  
while I arrange for a pause, instead,  
where we might contemplate

those truths which dwell  
in between the names,

and during such a moment  
I ask you to imagine—  
along with me—a world  
in which each of these  
stops-along-the-way  
becomes as worthy of our attention  
as the waterfalls themselves,

as worthy  
as all of the places  
human beings have, so far,  
seen fit  
to name.

Steve Bloom  
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