

## Bottom Feeders

A mayfly with its single day of life  
if spent beneath an overcast sky  
cannot begin to imagine what it feels like  
to spread its wings in the sunshine.

A flounder feeding on the ocean bottom,  
detecting the light from above through a filter  
of waves, experiences only darkness while I  
can contemplate the heavens on a starry night.

You, who ponder the heavens, and who  
can name the planets for me—perhaps  
    a few constellations as well—  
yet believe our daytime  
    must always be gray  
because during your entire life  
an overcast is all you have been  
allowed to see in the daytime,

how many poems must I write  
before you can begin to imagine  
the possibility of a sun-drenched sky  
    that is filled with color?

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