

Candles and Lists and Rats

It was the day I started wishing
that candles had three ends
when I suddenly remembered
that I had forgotten to look
at the list of all the lists
I had to remember to look at,
and every singer in my car
seemed to yearn for their return
to Texas or the Blue Ridge—
where they probably
didn't really come from—
so I asked myself why the hell
they kept on moving to Nashville?
And then I heard the news:
Nine rats for every human in New York City!
which made me wonder:
How did they count all the rats
who walk around this city on two legs?

Steve Bloom
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