

City Life

When the water puddles
on the concrete, filling up
your sewers, you turn an umbrella
to the sky in self defense, discuss
endlessly—with anyone who
is willing to listen—how bad
the weather is
today.

When the water soaks into the earth,
filling up streams and lakes,
the Lakota mother, living
on her sacred land, turns her face
to the sky, smiles at the rain
which brings water—the source
of all life—blessing her,
her children,
all of their relations.

I cannot say that this difference
answers each and every one
of the questions you
have been asking yourself
about what is wrong with your life.

But it might be someplace
for you to begin your search.

Steve Bloom
June 2013