

Curriculum Vitae

You thought it would all be better
when you moved to the big city,
far from friends who
had you pigeonholed—discovered,
however, that the pigeonholes
just traveled along with you.

You thought it would all be better
if you could only identify the proper
substance, but eventually realized
that no matter how high, or how long,
you still had to come down sometime.

You thought it would all be better
after you met her, and it was—
for a while, until that afternoon,
walking up Second Avenue,
where it dawned that once again
you were counting how many
women who passed by would never
become your lover.

You thought it would all be better
when you were able to look
at your bank balance and not
have to worry, yet even now,
as you pay others to do most
of the real work, a voice
nobody else can hear continues
to insist that you are a fraud.

You thought it would all be better
if your life were condensed
into a poem, taken to the local
open mike, shared with me
and everyone else—if you learned
to understand our words too. And
although you're wrong again, at least
here there is an opportunity for you
to find out that you aren't
alone.

Steve Bloom
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