

## Except You

Today the forest is greener than it has a right  
to be. Everyone is color blind.

All of our answers could have questions;  
but in school we were taught by rote.

I pace inside my prison cell.  
There is no lock on any door.

The raindrops evaporate  
before they reach the ground.

She is not seeking to enter my heart.  
There is no lock on any door.

It is so hard to find others  
who care about poetry—  
    except you.

Steve Bloom  
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