

For a Song

It feels like a sexual climax.
Well, at least in one respect:
No matter how often
it has happened before,
this time I am thrilled
all over again.

You do not invent any chords
for the mandolin or guitar.
Twelve tones remain the total
in our musical scale. And not
a single new word has entered
the English language this evening.
Yet as you weave these elements
together in a way I have never
experienced before, that feeling
comes over me: an at-peace-
with-my-humanity, connected,
wondering-how-you-managed-
to-do-it-to-me-again and
can-I-write-a-poem-to-express-
the-way-I'm-feeling kind of feeling
that happens when a song
seems exactly right.

And, after the music,
as our applause fades
a question comes to mind, the same
that silently I ask each lover,
in the moments when my climax
has receded but the heart continues
to race: Just how did you manage
to do that to me again?

Steve Bloom
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