

Four Stanzas in Search of

I began this verse
to speak of history, but found
the past had passed and, worse,
was quite indifferent
to my embellishment;

turned, then, to a poem
of here and now, only to discover
how little notice most
will take of my dissent
against what is establishment.

And so I slipped my lines
into a capsule, buried it:
“Do not open ‘til such time
as human beings realize
what I have meant.”
And yet still feel a discontent,

choose, therefore,
to share these thoughts
with you, as audience
and poet are forever joined,
and ask thereby for your assent
to what well may, one day,
become my testament.

Steve Bloom
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