

Gazing

The alarm clock spoke at 4:00 am,
so I could shower with the night:
star-streaks punching tiny
wounds in scar-streaked armor,
left over from my yesterday—
carried with me here to Riis Park
in the Rockaways,
and during moments when
the dogs neglect to bark,
and children take a rest from screaming
at each meteor sparkling
across their eyes,
I stand upon the beach, as if
alone, to feel
my care-streaked universe within
begin to seep
from every punctured pore,
to seize its chance to dance
with an outer self once more.

I linger, then, a little
longer than I'd planned
until, surprised, I feel the autumn chill
as dawn-streaked sky grows brighter
than these shooting stars can understand.

Steve Bloom
November 18, 2001