

Half a Dozen Candles

On the day
when one day more
means one year more

in a year
when one year more
means one decade more

I extinguish them
with a single breath,
revel in the applause
earned with so little effort,
decide: From this moment
if anyone asks "How old?"
my answer should be "six,"
because like the child who
is offered a cake
graced by that number
of flames, I sit here today
looking forward to all
the world has yet to reveal.

Steve Bloom
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