

## Hear! Hear!

I hear the rhymes of a thousand poets  
toiling at verses which will end up  
like gift wrap the day after Christmas  
(or maybe like the broken toys under the tree);

and the babble of those who choose to pursue  
lives as designated drivees, assuming  
that surely, just this once, the camel will pass  
through the eye of the needle for them  
(since they can purchase anything else);

and the cries of too many others, discarded  
like the tailings from an old mine after  
the work is done, with such stories  
that will remain buried and unknown  
(except perhaps to a few loved-ones and comrades);

and the questions asked by future children who  
will have trouble comprehending what their teachers  
tell them of this strange, almost biblical time,  
when some people actually worried  
about the relationship between camels  
and needles' eyes, while others were discarded,  
and not everybody knew that they were a poet  
(and a loved-one, and a comrade).

Steve Bloom  
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