

Horizons

The indigenous forest dweller
who has lived an entire life among the trees,
never seen a television set, backyard barbecue,
or SUV
will have no word in his language for "horizon."
Take one of these by the hand,
lead him out onto the ledge
of a mountain to gaze
over the top of the jungle,
and s/he will be unable to understand,
retreat, frightened, to the world
s/he has always known.

You, who live today in a forest
of televisions, backyard barbecues,
and SUVs,
who have never developed a vocabulary
to converse about your own humanity,
take my hand, walk with me out
onto the ledge of this poem,
where we can gaze at a horizon,
that stretches beyond your imagination.

I do not know if you will believe it,
but there is no need to be frightened
except, perhaps, of the urge
you may be feeling to retreat,
back into the refuge of the jungle.

Steve Bloom
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