

I Have No Need to Curse You

you, who live in the elegant
house, with a big-screen TV
in every room.

I have no need to curse you,
you, who worry so intently
whether the color on your walls
is properly coordinated
with the upholstery.

I have no need to curse you,
you, who believe that life
in New York City
is defined by Park Avenue
or maybe by Broadway, do not
know what it is like to walk
under the El on Westchester
next to the projects
in the South Bronx.

I have no need to curse you,
you, who are too fearful
to remove your shoes,
let the soles of your feet
come in contact with the earth.

I have no need to curse you,
you, who live in the elegant
house with its big-screen
TVs, have not a single book
of verse among your possessions.

I have no need to curse you,
you, who act as if
everyone in the world
speaks English.

For you are condemned
already, to a lifetime
in which you will never,
not for a single instant,
be allowed to comprehend
the meaning of this poem.

Steve Bloom
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