

I Think of You . . .

. . . today in kind and gentle ways
in laughing ways
in rediscovering-the-meaning-of-lilacs ways.

I think of you today
in picnic-by-a-mountain-stream ways
in water-falling ways
in walking-barefoot-on-the-rocky-ground ways
in empathy-for-the-unhappy-toad-in-the-jaws-of-the-snake ways

I think of you today
in springtime-green ways
in harvesting-onion-grass ways
in swaying-pine-trees ways
in taking-pictures-of-tiny-flowers-along-the-trail ways.
in hiking-uphill-more-than-originally-planned ways

Today I think of you
in being-pleased-we-therefore-reaching-sunset-ridge ways
in discovering (on-our-descent) the-trail-we-had-missed ways.
in crossing-the-swollen-stream-on-stepping-stones ways

I think, today, of you
in carrying-home-ferns-from-the-forest ways
in just-being-comfortable-with-who-we-are and
exploring-our-humanity-with-each-other ways.

And then, in that stopping-to-make-
another-cup-of-tea-before-
finally-returning
to-the-city way

I think of you again.

I think of you today
in the best-good-bye-hug-ever way

and decide
I will compose a poem
to let you know
of all these warm
and loving ways

I think
of you

today.

Steve Bloom
May 2017