

In the City

There are so many doors
that open no more
than the crack allowed
by a security chain

because the last time
someone came in the place
got cleaned out. So

I do understand. Still
I ask if you might open
just a bit wider tonight. I

promise to remain outside,
allow only my poem
to enter, and I have
engineered it specially so
these words are unable
to carry anything away, simply

leave a bit of themselves
behind to keep you company
should you feel the need one day.

Steve Bloom
October 2005