

May Day Trilogy

1.

They stand, not 20 feet away from me
at the Union Square rally:
seven people chanting something,
one through a bullhorn the others
obviously following her lead. But
I cannot make out a single word.
The amplification from the main stage
engulfs us in a tidal-wave of sound.
Still they chant on, undeterred,
because, I suppose, chanting
is what one is supposed to do
at a May Day rally.

Mentally I salute them,
and all of the chanters
at all of the rallies who
keep chanting their chants
despite the odds that are stacked
against them.

2.

Later I notice a pair of springtime sparrows
hopping about for a time among the throng
on the steps next to the subway entrance
near the Southwest corner of the park.
Almost as soon as I spy them, however,
they fly away, which makes me wonder:
Did they decide to depart
because not one speaker this afternoon
has mentioned sparrows
among those with whom
we must stand in solidarity?

3.

I leave early too, have an appointment
in Jersey City. But only later, as I
am driving through the Holland Tunnel,
does it occur to me that not one speaker
this afternoon mentioned poets among those
with whom we must stand in solidarity.

Steve Bloom
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