

## Obsession

When wounded daylight spills  
its death-blood across the Western hills  
I find you strolling by my side.

When the heavens fill with jewels  
which fail to hang upon the stalking owl  
you become my lover, dark-eyed.

As nighttime's turning stuns  
us with its first embarrassed blush of sun,  
waking we can count our tears, uncried.

And while the morning, brightening, burns  
its way through scattered mists and minds in turn,  
speaking we may blunt our fears, unbound.

When the noonday thermal raises  
up a hawk in nature's swirling praise  
you and I may share that tide.

And as the shadows reach us, late,  
remembering the coming evening's fate,  
we listen, close, to hear their sound.

Yet as we journey, thus, the day around,  
I do not know if you—from far away—  
have any inkling of these things we do.

Steve Bloom  
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