

On the Bench

I sit down on a bench in Central Park
 which someone built for two,
someone who knew a scene like this
 should surely be for sharing:
ripples rippling through reflected maples
standing on a rocky shore where watchers watch,
binoculars obscuring faces—seeing something more,
I trust, than sparrows, starlings,
and the single red-winged blackbird
I can recognize as they go racing
across the lake, or wood ducks swimming
in front of wilting daffodils.

And wrapped inside a hint of mist
I can forget (for just a moment, 'til
I raise my eyes and see the city lurking
understated through its overcast beyond the trees)
that I sit here, upon this bench
 which someone built for two
alone,
 when I should be here with you.

Steve Bloom
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