

On the Road

Like an aria on the stage, well-sung,
after which applause breaks through,
or a painting in a gallery, well-hung,

we live for moments when the sun
may shine upon our secret truths
to light an area on the stage, 'til now unsung.

A beast escaping from the trap, ill-sprung,
a soldier who emerges with the living few,
or a portrait in a gallery, well-hung,

recall that road which, once begun
must keep its faith until we rise anew.
An aria on the stage, well-wrung,

can taste the past to tantalize my tongue
with all the whys I've tried to do—
like some parting from a gallery, well-stung.

And so I found this path which, once begun
has led me here—to now, where you
can be the aria on my stage, well-sprung,
the only portrait needed, where galleries once hung.

Steve Bloom
November 2001