

## One Sided

Brooklyn,  
driving west,  
during a golden early--  
the sunlight  
illuminating the bottoms  
of the clouds,  
and just the tops  
of buildings and trees.

Later, as I travel  
home perhaps I  
will have the chance to revel  
in a reciprocal glow  
on the opposite side  
of the same buildings  
and the same trees.

The clouds, on  
the other hand,  
will have taken on  
a new persona,  
still too secretive, however,  
to reveal anything  
but their undersides.

Steve Bloom  
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