

## Refuge

The guerrilla fighter  
takes refuge in the mountains—  
hiding in hollows and caverns  
created specially for those who rebel.

There she may rest,  
restock her supply of weapons,  
heal wounds, make love  
with the kind of passion  
known only to those  
who truly understand why  
we make love.

Let these words be your mountain range  
a place to take refuge.

And after you have spent an hour scheming  
about how to blow up the Starbucks  
in the shopping mall,  
after you have figured out a way  
to pour water into all of the gas tanks  
of all the chain saws  
and bulldozers so that they cannot  
clear-cut the next tract of forest,  
after you have worked out a plan  
to enter the employ of the landlord  
in order to embezzle  
tens of thousands of dollars  
which will mysteriously return  
to the bank accounts of tenants,  
or else take a job at the supermarket  
checkout line in order to wave  
other guerrilla fighters through  
charging only pennies on the dollar  
for their food,

you and I will reread these lines  
and then make love—  
with the kind of passion  
known only to those  
who truly understand why.

Steve Bloom  
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