

Sharing Poem

When the society of misfits
makes it clear that you
will never fit in;

when the purple loosestrife
growing by the highway
sears through your eyes
reminding you that there
is no one in the next seat
to share it with;

when you look around
at all you own and wonder why
it ever seemed important;

when you realize there was nothing
you could have done to save
that infant, from the country
you never think about, who died
of dysentery yesterday, but
you chose not to do it anyway;

when you prepare *coq au vin*
and set only one place
at the dinner table;

when you lie out under the stars
calculating precisely how much
each human being contributes
to the total energy of the universe;

when your last love affair
was too long ago, perhaps
not even something you care
to remember;

and there is no one who
wants to listen to your poetry

let me wrap you in a tapestry
I weave with these lines, share
whatever comfort they might offer—

Though it isn't much, I understand.

Sorry.

Steve Bloom
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