

“I confide my despair to the passage of birds”—Günter Eich

Shedding Light

Sometimes my poem feels like dark matter,
pervading the universe, affecting
planets, stars, galaxies, everyone
around me. Yet neither you nor I
can explain its essence.

Sometimes my poem feels like dark energy,
increasing the rate at which every tiny
corner of space flies away from
every other tiny corner of space—
whether we like it, or do not.

Your poem is dark too as
I sit on a bench in Union Square reading
the book a German visitor placed
so kindly in my hand before
she flew off into space.

Perhaps one day someone else
will sit on a park bench reading
the verse I compose today
forging, in this way, another link
in the great chain of darkness
that draws us closer and closer together
whether we like it, or do not.

Steve Bloom
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