

Growing

Walking down a long-neglected block
in a long-neglected neighborhood
of the South Bronx I spy—sprouting
through the sidewalk's cracks in front
of a seemingly abandoned warehouse—
weeds, so long-neglected that they
have reached a height of one or two feet.

“That's kind of tall for weeds sprouting
through the sidewalk's cracks,” I think
to myself, decide that I should stop
for a moment, contemplate their struggle.
Bending down to listen I expect
to hear complaints about how life
has treated them so unfairly, perhaps
an expression of jealousy for
their cousins who grow more easily,
not far away, in that tree-pit
strewn with random debris.

Yet the only sound which reaches
my ear is the gentlest chorus
of voices murmuring, repeatedly:
“Thank you for this space to grow.
Thank you for this space to grow.
Thank you
 for this space to grow.

“It may not be much,
but it belongs to us.

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 But it belongs
 to us.”

Steve Bloom
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