

Sometimes

Sometimes

I am the colors of the sky:
orange-red to violet of sunset
the many blues
oh so many blues
on a sun-filled day,
or else
that joyful
pinkish hue
in snow-drenched clouds.

Sometimes, however,
I am just an overcast
of gray
on gray.

Sometimes

I am the music:
a jazz trio
a string quartet
the grand opera
or Grand Ole Opry
a solo guitar
serenading beneath
his lover's balcony
or perhaps the chorus
lifting every voice.

Sometimes, however,
I am simply out of tune.

Today, therefore,
I distract myself by contemplating
the reason d-sharp and e-flat
are not the same note,
and why this was obvious
to everyone
until J.S. Bach came along.

Sometimes

I write a poem.

Sometimes, however,

I just want to sit
and listen to yours.

Steve Bloom
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