

Still

Like a single drop of rain in a thunderstorm,
like a lit match tossed into the bonfire,
or a grain of sand, picked up by the whirlwind, blown
half-way around the world only to settle
 on another dune,
like the prayer for survival from an embattled soldier,
a pedestrian, Times Square, saturday night,
or the lover who pledges forever,
 then walks away a few days later,
like a single ear in an August cornfield,
my poem enters the world.

I am, however, still expecting you to notice.

Steve Bloom
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