

## The Love of Leaves

Driving down the Interstate,  
trees close enough to blow  
in the seventy-five  
mile-per-hour flow.  
Boughs bow to me;  
leaves wave their hello  
as if waiting the entire day  
by the side of the road  
just for this moment:  
"Look, there he is now,  
Steve Bloom—the poet,  
and human being."  
And though I know  
it is not true, still  
I catch a glow, return  
this imagined greeting  
with a smile.

If ever you might feel the need  
you, too, can travel here—any time  
between the Spring and Fall.  
For at this moment  
I am sure these leaves  
have love enough for all.

Steve Bloom  
August 2004