

# They Are Coming Back . . .

. . . the quiet times  
when everyone will turn off  
the superamplified sounds,  
flashing lights, electronic  
dancers; even the rockets  
shooting off into the sky—  
    simply listen  
    to music again.

Remember where and when  
you heard this foretold.

And in these revolutionary days  
many will relearn  
how to just sit quietly  
by a stream, under a tree,  
    breathing in  
    the sound

of water as it surrenders  
to the relentless tug  
of the earth, of birds  
calling to one another,  
    insects lurking or  
    hovering nearby.

And there will also be  
a renewed clamoring  
as human beings flock  
to buy books of poetry,  
which they will open, randomly,

there to be ambushed  
by a verse written  
all those many years ago—  
perhaps this one, or another,  
that you will compose  
    one day  
    soon.

Steve Bloom  
December 2010