

## Today I Bumped into a Friend. . . .

. . . whom I had known  
for some time  
before learning,  
through her verses,  
to love her.

She is upset  
because her lover—  
young enough to be my son—  
is still in the hospital  
(in the hospital again)  
dying this time, she believes,  
from his leukemia—  
though he has not yet  
decided to face this possibility.

And while you and I line up  
at the mike thinking  
we are reading  
pretty good poetry  
she is living,  
hour by hour  
each day  
like a soldier in combat,  
for whom the next moment  
could mean  
not one  
moment  
more.

Today I turned into a friend;  
at least I hope so—  
I mean a real friend,  
for a while, perhaps,  
as I offered my arms  
and the comfort of  
impotent words,  
while learning  
through her fears  
to cherish another human being  
once again,  
  
came home then  
to write this poem,  
so I should never forget her tears.

Steve Bloom  
October 2003