

# Unforgettable

There are more than a few  
such moments in my life.  
Not so many, however, that  
I actually care to remember.  
Too often events I  
am unable to forget  
evoke regret whenever they  
return unbidden, as they  
    most often will  
    in the middle  
    of a dark night.

Yet right now I am thinking  
about the time my very first lover  
(a few days before she became  
my lover) ran across a room  
full of people and leapt into  
my arms when we saw each other  
again after an absence of months,  
    as if there was  
    no one except  
    the two of us present,

because I am reminded of this  
while I am remembering you,  
singing your song in a more recent  
room full of people, yet looking  
into my eyes as if there was no one  
except the two of us present.  
And then later, when I told you—  
    the way your eyes  
    sparkled at me  
    once again.

I do realize, of course,  
that this memory of your song  
and of your eyes  
cannot possibly last so long  
as the one of my first lover,  
if only because she  
    has all those decades  
    that you may never  
    catch up to.

And yet I will cherish it still,  
and in much the same way, as  
one of those rare unforgettables  
which I may take refuge in  
whenever the regrettables  
    arise unbidden  
    as they most often will  
    in the middle  
    of a dark night.

Steve Bloom  
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