

What to Think

When you think of me
think blackberries, not
the kind you find
on a supermarket shelf,
but growing wild
at the edge
of a mountain meadow.

When you think of me
think blizzards
that paralyze the city,
making everyone stop,
and finally pay attention.

When you think of me
think a quartet
in the last act of the opera:
seduction, suspicion,
vengeance, heartbreak
harmonizing before the storm.

When you think of me
think countless numbers
angry enough
to make the others—
who currently imagine
that they hold power—flee
for their lives.

When you think of me
think asters, because
this flower has never
before appeared
in one of my poems.

When you think of me
think an entire universe
small enough to fit
inside a quark, waiting patiently
for the human species
to develop instruments
sensitive enough so that it
might be discovered.

When you think of me
think a universe, inside a quark,
big enough to contain all
the blackberries and mountains,
blizzards, cities with opera houses,
and multitudes so angry
that they do not notice the asters,
or the lovers inside of this poem
waiting to be discovered
as soon as we develop
the necessary sensitivity.

Steve Bloom
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