

## Will it Ever Get Old?

How many times  
can I drive along a country road  
    like this one,  
feel the thrill  
    once again?

Will it ever get old?

Steep slope to my left—  
    almost a cliff—  
mountain stream stumbling its way  
over and around rocks and fallen logs  
    on my right,  
both sides of the road pocked  
    with purple, white,  
blue, orange in places where the sun  
peeps through the forest  
for enough minutes  
    each day  
to nourish the wildflowers.

Like spying the first sprouts of crocus  
in my front yard after  
    a long winter,  
like finding a blackberry patch  
lush with ripe fruit alongside  
    a mountain trail,  
like reaching the summit,  
looking down into the valley  
where I began my climb.

Will it ever get old  
I wonder—this country-road-  
wildflower-and-mountain-stream rush  
that I am feeling  
    at the present moment?

Well, at least not today  
    I tell myself.

At least  
    not today.

Steve Bloom  
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