

## Window—2

### An appeal to my fellow poets

1) My life is a window onto the universe:  
a particular stretch of time,  
a particular angle of view.

No one else looks out of exactly the same window  
as me—

no one.

When I write a poem I create a window for you  
onto my view of the universe.

2) Your poem is my window onto your view.

I think that's kind of nice;  
don't you?

3) So here is my simple request:  
Please, when you get up at the mike,  
speak to me of things that you see  
when you look out the window  
but I would never glimpse  
in exactly the same way  
without your poem  
to guide me.

Show me something I would never see  
without your words to guide me.

Steve Bloom  
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