

You and I

You worship neatly processed lawns
in row upon their endless row—
with well-trimmed shrubs
exactly where they ought to grow—
 while I find beauty in a patch
 of lightly-tended springtime weeds.

You hail azaleas, brimming,
each flower stroked by an eager sun,
 while I prefer to look in shady places,
 where blossoms sprout more modestly—
 well worth each color won.

You mistake good fortune for wisdom
as gentlemen prolific win your prize,
 while I seek the unknown genius
 who waits tables in the night
 until it's time to weep the world to sleep—
 yet chooses not to share the garden
 sprouting in her mind
 until she knows she has it right.

Steve Bloom
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