

Back Home

Two feet of snow
yesterday
in New York City,
the *International Herald Tribune* tells me.

I think of loved ones, buried.

Riding *Die Bahn*
between Cologne and Oldenburg
there's just a hint of white
sprinkling the winter-brown fields
that pass by.

When I get to my destination
I will talk of the coming war
and the people who marched in protest
the Saturday before the blizzard.

Bombs do not fall like snowflakes.
I wonder: When it begins
how many will notice even a hint of red
sprinkling the streets of New York?

I think of loved ones, buried.

Steve Bloom
February 2003