

Wild

Dwell where wild blueberries grow
and, as season turns to season, live fruitfully.
Discover secrets you were meant to know.

Wade with me through early river's flow
that can, if winter's fall is high, too lustily
swell where wild blueberries grow,

because on any mountainside green gusts that blow
inflate our senses and, like poetry,
mother secrets you were meant to know.

Walk beside a dawn-streaked glow;
listen to the summer's songbird wistfully
trill where wild blueberries grow.

Resolve to never leave, although
such knowledge must be guarded, carefully,
with other secrets you once meant to know

and then, at last, as we surrender to the undertow
a memory may linger, still, of this mortality,
with all its lovers' secrets you were meant to know
so well, where wild blueberries grow.

Steve Bloom
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