

BLOOM

It is *carelessness* to give and retract the first four
Many sing them, shining, meaning:
Me, not You; Us, not Them; When You Are As I Wish
Small letters to be stolen from hopeful hands

Despite the wind's cries, more snow never came
We waited, the crows and I in our tattered black dresses
But it is easier to walk in the rain towards Nothing
Than to struggle through drifts with the hunger

On the corner another soul goes without
And I want to ask him how he lost the within
Or whether it is stronger now, nearer a divine Home
Than it ever was in some former and warmer abode

A woman is laughing at him and his anger
But he gives her his place, this dull roadside place
And she says: *I am robbing those saints - Peter for Paul!*
While the child is elsewhere, waiting and wanting

The friend to my right sounds the purest of notes:
This time, he heard a voice I did not
Knew that we four are starving, each in his way
Yet we give until empty, for then we are full

Her radiant smile belies the disaster:
We might have been kindred, home by a fire!
She is the one who sees far beyond it
For already the flower has shaken the snow.