

5-1-2009

## Bless Me ...

Susan Blick

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### Recommended Citation

Blick, Susan (2009) "Bless Me ...," *Forces*: Vol. 2009 , Article 74.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2009/iss1/74>

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Bless Me ...

**Erratum**

Featured Poet

**BLESS ME...**

Susan Blick  
Featured Poet

From my baby brother when I was five  
I took a lop-eared nubby bunny  
His constant companion had only one eye  
an ear with an end worn to threads  
and a tail that was mashed too flat  
It even smelled like him  
I am a thief of security

One time I borrowed my best friend's sweater  
I never gave it back  
It was soft and pink and when she wore it  
her cheeks were always flush,  
her laughter rang like a bell  
and her hair glimmered in the sun  
I am a thief of beauty

At seventeen I met a boy  
and when shyness sailed off the edge of the earth  
I explored all of him  
Between the tip of his tongue and the tips of his toes  
I found the bright new land  
He ended and began  
I am a thief of innocence

From my neighbor's garden  
on a lazy day  
I plucked two big bell peppers  
I sat on the stoop and ate them raw  
to see what tended tasted like  
I left their seeds scattered on the cement  
I am a thief of patience

I was twenty-five when my grandfather died  
and how delighted I would have been  
to dance upon his grave  
but in her grief I left my mother alone  
although funerals are for the living  
I didn't go home  
I am a thief of solace

When I finally met a man  
who wore his heart out on his sleeve  
I was so enticed  
I know he would have given it to me  
but I took it - it was easy  
I have everything  
I am a thief of love

Then by chance I got a note  
Folded it held a hand  
I read it  
over and over again  
and stated I no longer waited  
instead I wrote this  
I am a thief of inspiration

**...HAIL MARY**

**UNTITLED** James G. Robinson