

## Chutzpah

I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood,  
I see that the elementary laws never apologize.

--Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*

Do you truly think you can discover  
my names? Encompass me in a man-made word?

Predict the parameters of my rage,  
gathering power from Atlantic waters

warmed by industry and exhaust? diminish the lovely  
destructive offspring of my disdain?

My spark drives protozoa  
and homo sapiens who merely

measure and nominate.  
I never measure.

I tolerate your sly earthworks  
knowing the least of my incarnations

can whirl them away with a wish: good girls, Kat and  
Rita, outdid impetuous Andrew and Cam

freeing floods those silly levees hold back  
like cobwebs in a downpour.

I strike where I have been most dis-  
regarded, where fine houses like eyeless fleas

dig into tender shorelines  
while hoi polloi perch on frail selvages of land.

But the nameless woman of the wheelchair  
shoved away in the astrodome

chaos, blanket tossed over her limp form  
at the end, I called her--softly

stayed till the instant she  
passed over. At the end

we were  
one in great stillness.

