

Catharine Lucas

A PRIVATE RIGHTNESS

When it seemed I was wrong—or so they all said—
I refused to argue. I'd never harm the forest at dawn.
Instead, I leapt to change my daily life, fit it to
My private rightness, while millions took the other leap,
Badgering their child god every night and twice on Sunday.

To be wrong and happy is to listen to mist and to the sound
Of trees sleeping.
Don't tell me trees don't sleep. How else would they
Dream? Haunt me?
In this, I can only be right.
(I would give anything to be right in this.)