

Self-examination

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [February 12, 2008](#) issue

This is the last outrage, what women do
in secret, slipping their fingers under bras or nightgowns
on wild, moon-driven nights, needing to true
the circle of their breasts, wanting to lunge
below desire, beneath arousal and beyond
the sweet milk-happiness of feeding children
to find the nuclear godawful contraband
their bodies might be hiding—the refrain
danger, danger, singing in their minds.

At dusk I slip into a pew, enthralled,
alert, combing through the week to find
what might destroy me, to send it away.
Lawyer, accused, bent to root out scandal,
my hands judging. And also, maybe guilty.