

Wild Things  
Judith Steinbergh

What is it that makes us love wild things?  
That after long patience and a kind of thirst,  
after speculating on the slap of water,  
    whir of wings,  
out of the grainy dusk, some wild  
    creature bursts

from the forest. Before we focus on its shape,  
almost before it can be named,  
it twists back, leaps, makes its escape.  
Whatever it was, we know it can't be tamed.

Do we want the whole deer quivering  
    under our gaze?  
The fox frozen as a statue in its track?  
No. Only the glaze of eyes,  
    the lightning bolt of legs.  
the otter's wake. We want the power to attract.

Wildness to be skimmed, sensed, no faced.  
We want to love wildness,  
    to feel that we've been graced.