

We can't see that wind

for Pilgrim nuclear reactor

**We live on the side of an invisible
volcano of poisonous energy, never
able to guess the moment it will
come to our homes to kill us.**

**It could overheat, blow up.
Could leak. Could release a tainted
cloud drifting over the Bay.
Enter us through every trusting**

**portal, filter into the precious
water table under us shaped
like the hull of a boat. Color
the soil with its intangible dye**

**till every tree soaks it up, every
squirrel and chipmunk and deer,
every coywolf and cat and dog
eats it into their wasting genes.**

**Our children will bathe in it,
will consume it for breakfast,
will sleep in its silent waves.
The decade of cancer comes**

**the next time a worker is sloppy,
when the earth quakes hard, when
a hurricane or terrorist strikes
at that aging factory of death.**

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