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**RESISTANCE TO CIVIL GOVERNMENT,  
NEW YEAR'S, 1980**

*As they could not reach me,  
they had resolved to punish my body.*  
—Henry David Thoreau

When the clock stuck 12  
I wept  
“Why should a number matter?” I asked David  
All my lovers were named David  
Nice Jewish boys born in the 50s  
“Why discount your premonition?” he replied  
“A number is a symbol  
Like a word or a rose  
Of poison plutonium”  
He took my hand and stroked it—thin thin  
Fingers made tracks of emerald neon  
Across my palms—circled my wrists  
Like Chinese jade a woman wears  
For safety  
One on each arm—so the jade breaks—not her—if she falls  
He’d been in jail  
*As if I were mere flesh and blood and bones  
To be locked up . . . if there was a wall  
Between me and my townsmen  
There was a still more difficult one  
To climb or break through—he’d cut a fence  
At Seabrook nuclear plant  
Been beaten been gassed  
He was already thin  
When he went on a hunger strike  
There was a history and a gossip  
Which never circulated  
Beyond the walls of the jail*







Any David would do  
No it was more  
David was David—the one—the seven—the twelve  
The beautiful—the pure  
One hand stroking my hand's  
Innumerable cells and cells  
And cells as I touched him innumerable  
David—one hand cocked and grasping a stone  
One hip cocked  
The giant grotesque leering