

TOM CHANDLER

## Another Satisfied Victim

We can't see electrons buzzing  
around their orbits in a piece of wood,  
can't grasp all that movement  
bustling toward decay.

They say the light from all the stars  
would flood the night if we could see it,  
but the universe is still too young, the most  
distant sparks haven't yet had time to touch us.

We cannot see the heart of the shark,  
who must keep moving to breathe,  
or understand the tyrant, who pets his dog  
and stares into the mirror,

or reason with the hurricane,  
which does not comprehend its lungs,  
or the years when rain decides to hide  
its face from the forest's flames,

the thousand ways to praise the unseen,  
the thousand ways to fall to our knees  
and kiss the visible ground.