

# 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.