The Wild Heart

Robin Becker

*Deuteronomy 28*

Taught, like all Jewish kids, to curse a boast,

or any declaration of good luck, I refuse!

I bless the day we ran smack into

each other on Sixth Avenue.

I’ll let you *toi, toi, toi*, with my old bubbe. OK, I can’t—

it’s true—stop thinking I’ll pay for this:

renounce the gods of joy, betray my principles, recant.

Oh darling, I’d like to surrender my one-

wrong-move philosophy, the slippery slope,

the fears of unwed motherhood, botulism,

poor expense records, impractical outer garments.

Today I put my faith in our natural gifts—

good humor, good friends, the nick-of-time—

in your wild heart that inclines toward mine.