Now that you have found my unfaced place

in the census count

and pulled me up as a person,

and thus have heard my heartbeat,

and had a glimpse of the interior of my soul,

How will you deal with living a life

that includes rape, murder, bigotry,

bombs, beatings,

and the stoning to death of children,

among other things that cannot be re-presented

as numbers in a survey?

And if you cannot empathize with these things

slicked up wet by floods of blood and tears,

how will you ever deal honestly

with the enthrallments

and ecstasies of life that erase the pain

reported so dutifully by your local poet?

Am I you?

Can you find yourself in me?

What is my number now?