

Death and Privileges

Rachel Corrie died yesterday,
under a bulldozer, in Rafah.
The driver said he did not see her.
This I think is true,
even if the eyes perceived
an image of this young woman
in an orange Jacket
on her knees
trying to stop his machine.
He could not see her—
any more than he could see
a home scheduled for demolition,
or the Palestinian family
that once lived there.

Rachel Corrie died yesterday.
A fellow student
at Evergreen State College remembered:
“She wanted to use her privilege
as an American to help defend
against the Israeli occupation.”
Today we find nineteen column inches
and a photo in the *New York Times*.
Two weeks ago, when an Israeli bulldozer
killed Nuha Sweidan,
in a Gaza refugee camp
and her unborn baby
this paper did not see fit
to let us know.
Rachel made page three.
That was her privilege.

Rachel Corrie died yesterday
a crushed body
merged forever with the rubble
of homes she tried to save,
her young courage
with a nation's struggle.

Rachel Corrie
died yesterday.
I have her story
open in my lap.

Rachel Corrie
was killed yesterday!
I tell myself there ought to be a poem here,
but cannot think of anything to say.