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Nonrockaboatus

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Nonrockaboatus

Bill Elgersma

I'm sorry.
I looked you in the eye
when we spoke
you were intimidated by my expression
a passion my culture exudes
in tone and energy
gesticulating, animated
I did not intend aggression

I'm sorry.
We did not stay.
You cooked the meal;
hours of planning, cost, energy
A thank you in your best skill.
Concerned with expense
We left for lunch
—to help you—
denying your gratitude.

And I'm sorry.
I yelled when you cursed at me
Bending the rules
pushing the limits
a world of gray.
Survival has been your life,
cheating and lying your tools.
Breaking those tools threatened your survival,
you reacted.

But I am not sorry for my culture:
speaking the truth,
clearly, plainly, honestly,
an opinion not in accord.
Denying culture to appease cultures
Results in no culture.