

MARGARET GIBSON

*In the Poet's House*

More than the Philokalia or the small brown cross on the white-  
washed wall,  
the kitchen light switch is the teaching.

One puts aside the ache of ambition. The hurry of hunger one  
puts out the door  
into a dish for the cats. One must stand there

and slowly turn the switch—it is round, like the sun—until a faint  
hitch in the turning  
says *now*, and the light flickers on.

Each moment is like this—a genesis in the Gospel of Gentleness.