

MARGARET GIBSON

*Noh Robe*

Slip it on, and learn

how the mind fabricates  
itself in leafy  
bamboo and young pine

how a woman

for her lover unpins  
a silken tent  
her night-black hair

Slip it on, and follow

the one thread of her many lives  
dwelling no-where—  
with no prayer to lift into the night

yes, borne along

*through the worn-down  
mountains,  
into depths of the human heart*

wearing only

the rain song silence in the pines  
along the river  
Wearing only the verdant

brocade of bamboo

*(Karaori, Edo period)*