

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)