

MARGARET GIBSON

*On Being Asked if the Anklet I'm Wearing  
Is an Old Charm Bracelet of Mine*

I reply

by stamping my foot  
until the gemstones and pearls are a fierce rush of fire,  
a dance called  
*taking the shortcut home . . .*

I reply by pointing to  
the cold moon's rim in the whirl and tumble-by  
river on whose ripples dove cry scatters . . .

I reply with the gesture  
the oldest and most purely naked of women would make  
to inhabit  
*the high wild notes of mountains by the sea . . .*