Rondeau For My Weaver

If only she was brave enough to know her own moral courage, and see her foe as she sees the finest weave at once, then a fair human fabric is Adrienne, Penelope's daughter learning to sew.

Raised in a school where to think is to hoe alone in a weed-choked garden, the slow witted women leaving thinking to men — if only she was,

and yet, thank God, she's not. And I to show how much I love her singular heart, low with self-loathing, give her Parnassian tribute to chide, raise her sad brain again so high, heaven will see her from below. If only she was.

— Greg Gatenby