

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*