

# GOATS OF GRAN PARADISO

MARYANN MARTIN

When you ask about the wedding—should  
we invite anyone else, do we have enough  
dishes, credit, time, how will we manage  
it all? I think of the alpine ibex  
climbing the dam brick  
by brick to lick years  
of gathered salt—hooves scuff the cliff  
of current and courage, horns, hinges to open  
sky, and I remember the frozen wild rabbits,  
skinned, not yet thawed to serve.