THE GYPSY'S CASTANETS

By Gladys Seidelhuber

The spikenard is stone, and the rye-grass frost
starched and dark.

The olive grove no longer
lisps of webbed wings and
new wind; only mist
moving
and darkness.

Yet a
laughter lingers near, pale
castanet laughter, as on the nights
she danced here
rousing rivers in the men's throats
rushing a bonfire blaze with
furious skirts and fierce, fierce little feet;
with glint at her ear and glitter
in her eye and her heart shut fast in her
finger tips telling me
telling me
in castanet
laughter.

O luna, luna
where do they hide their
laughter,
where do they sleep when
the sun is high—
here in the mounds of
ash, or yonder
among the broken
wagon bones