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.