

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.