

# 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