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From the Gypsy

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FROM THE GYPSY

Your borders break the sky into ceilings
and this, your walled house, I enter
as a stranger enters — with eyes open,
pockets I draw my deck from,
my knowledge of your deeds, the written
words you carry as weapons:
the forest, even your face, pressed
into paper. I read aloud your secrets,
that snow tracked into newsprint
and you, surprised, would know more:
Gajo, I tell you, when I take my hands
from my pockets, I have only hands.
Do you think I can speak
what I have not seen? A wife
in the front yard, framed by a window,
a father on the mantle: these are your cards.
And always, as if life were not fire
and the future, ashes, you ask of the stars —
those first flames to burn through.

Gajo: Romany word for a non-gypsy