

## The Widow's Mote: Rondeau Redoublé for Margaret Avison

by Mia Anderson

Dear Margaret, I never didn't know you.  
Mum's friend, then mine: the bondfast, poetry.  
You watched the young me dance flamenco for you—  
because you'd asked to see. That's friendship's way.

Later at Stratford saw the young me play  
Shakespeare, kin to your pen, iwis! And how you  
play, too! Hamlet's divine rump in 'Civility'—  
Ha! Margaret, I never didn't know you,

know "August, the tired emperor . . .", midges, do you  
remember? dancing "until our singeing day"?  
"the mirror mineral"? I owe such wordplay to you,  
Mum's friend, then mine: the bondfast, poetry—

your eyes, like bulbs rootling our brains of clay.  
We met Denise Levertov at Expo through you,  
and though from Sticks-&-Stones I've now gone hay-  
rick, you watched the young me dance flamenco for you.

Both of us pre-Church those days, pre-Tom. Now (you  
met him) I'm widowed, post-Tom—and post-Maundy  
Thursday-preaching of feet (you listened; it threw you,  
but you'd asked to be—that was friendship's way.)

The widow's mite is short and tart, *agley*  
perhaps, crossed by her own eye's mote, yet for you:  
an earnest of the debt she owes, would pay,  
would own, confess, halloo, bray what I owe you  
and Margaret, I never didn't.