

OUT IN THE OPEN, 1989

“There is an old Sufi riddle, the answer to which is, ‘Someone whom no wine consoles.’ Like Gertrude Stein, I don’t know the question, but I feel Margaret Gibson is phrasing it in this book. The longing here is the desert longing, or soul-clarity, a transparency that accept no winy consolation, not even from the night sky, but does find water, finally, and love, a way of being ‘at rest in the visible’” —Coleman Barks

The lyric and meditative poems Margaret Gibson gives us in *Out in the Open* are works of contemplation and self-inquiry. “In the long journey to be other than I am / I have struggled and not got far,” she writes. Sometimes the journey takes the poet literally out in the open—the mountains, the desert, the fields, the wood. At other times, the journey, the search for vision and for truth, begins a moment’s notice in more familiar, domestic surroundings.

“These poems are not gospel, but to my sense of humanity they are holy . . . Poems full of light and with silence, glad to be seeking light and silence. On terms very much her own, Margaret Gibson is a poet profoundly empowered.” -- Philip Booth.