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CAROLYNE WRIGHT

Clairvoyant's Reading

Unlock the Sphinx, she tells me, there's
a yellow scent for miles.
Roman sculptures cluster on the hills.
The Archer draws his crossbow
over the observatory dome.
At the field's edge, an Arab pony
paws the mustard flowers. Pyramids
glisten in blood-begotten light.

Mustard flowers at the field's edge,
centaur over the observatory dome.
Sandalpaste and turmeric, she tells me,
from the sacrifice of fire. Pyramids
glisten in blood-begotten light
where the Archer draws his crossbow.
And the woman you once were
poises at the casement, listening

for the Arab pony's neigh, a message
from the sacrifice of fire.
Where are the sculptures that crowned
the Palatine? The Bronze Age guides
who walked among us with their javelins,
their granite, anachronistic lions?
Their yellow scent clings, their blood-
begotten mustard flowers glisten.

Listen: the woman you once were
hands you keys to unfamiliar doors.
The guide to the Bronze Age leads you
to the waterline mirrored in hemlocks'
downward shadows, where the Centaur

and the Arab pony graze. Sandalpaste
and turmeric—runes on the observatory
dome, foretellings from the sacrifice of fire.

Stone lions on the steps, the Alexandrian
Library burns to the waterline, weathervanes
stop spinning. The woman poises at the casement,
hands you her keys and parasol. A mustard sun
sets over the Adriatic. Have you been reading
Plutarch's *Lives*? The Bronze Age hemlocks
wrap you in their shadows. What is behind you
is forgiven. Now go, unlock the Sphinx.