

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.