

STUDENT IN TIME CAPSULE

On Page 23, in illustrations, she watches them
scrubbing beetles off a kicking god
in houses before Aryans.

Book archaeologists startle this metal dance
spinning on; back on itself.

Pausing in pages tight with pictured-relics
she's not afraid to die.

Long-shouldered workers, their limbs nude,
draw pyramids on lithographic sand.
Oases creak.

Hieroglyph and cuneiform,
faces dead which seem awake,
consort to god with peach for breast —
while by her face from page through chapter
till society clusters silence.

And she takes notes, seeming to understand
how the infinite dance ran backward from tomorrow;
how yesterday will crack in birth again;
Jesus, Confucius stagger across his path,
and Summerian galleys slide through shells
of space-capsules till nothing broke.

Not dying, solid or at ease
she's placed her hands through words, in books,
to time out of mind
where begins ends.