

# Reading Ancient History in the Evening

*by* XXXX

In my dreams I am cremated in the burning Library of Alexandria.  
Can you inhale the knowledge of late antiquity?  
I will try to remember that the Earth is a spheroid nonetheless,  
and that the world is composed either of fire, water,  
or numbers.  
Much of this I do not understand,  
but the Egyptian sky is so beautiful, as I see it  
from the collapsed ceiling of this ancient monument.  
I realize why they built it  
and why they burn it down.  
Papyrus smoke smells so sweet.  
I wish you could smell it with me,  
before I am crushed  
by debris.

