

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.

