

***After seeing Giovanni Battista Piranesi's Veduta del Tempio della Sibilla in Tivoli***

My bones crack, tremble  
not at the beauty  
but the ruin. History  
folds in on itself,  
strips away memory's

etched lines. I'm crying

in front of these frames  
not because I am reflected  
in these black strokes,  
but because for once  
I am not.