

LAUREN SCHWARTZMAN

AQUEDUCT IN SEGOVIA

Arcs swing down to press earth—
heavy footsteps,
repeating shadow cast over
fresh tile roofs, and babies.

The wide stone blocks
don't fit inside my head—
between them, no mortar,
only the tiny bones of words
sifting silently to dust.

The speakers are dust,
flickering notions I grab at—
my hands come away empty.

In the museum I search for
consciousness
between basin and urn

but I am trying to turn cold marble
into living flesh.