

Portrait of the artist as Cassandra

His snakes licked my ears and lo!
I know. And not just the language of
the animals.

At the bar, I spilled out all
the spiked drinks. I played
the market. I played the lottery.

But I can't stop the seeing— the asteroids
trajectories.

I'm feverish with all the knowing. Full.
I've gained ten pounds, easily.

I see the man who will overpower me as I
pray, and before, when he eats the marble
steps with his stride, where it will rest, the water bottle
he gulps from and tosses in the grass. Where
it will rest, and rest, the plastic that will
outlive my song, my house,
Troy itself.

I see the jailhouse beam he will hang
himself from, your toddler this morning
playing patty-cake, burbling
the word *love*.