

Guinevere, Meeting Lancelot at the Walters Art Gallery

Between mummies and saint's reliquaries, I hand you
my liver in a canopic jar. You give me a gilded
scrap of fingerbone in an NPR tote. We duck

under doorway slogans. *To virtue, add knowledge.*
Ha! –we snort at that one. And then, as a redhead
sways by: *Through such variety is nature beautiful.*

You gesture to an illuminated manuscript and say: *ink*
clings. Meaning, of course, me. I wince under a wooden
saint, holding his own head, dodge your eyes under

a marble madonna, baby god tugging her breast long,
then pretend I'm intent on the butterflies of Maryland,
the Baltimore Checkerspot and others, named for our

moods—Sleepy Orange, Northern Pearly-Eye, Clouded
Sulphur—while you handle a learned astronomer's lens:
Look at all I can draw close. Meaning, not me, but other

bodies, unbound by gravity. I demand my liver back, but you
pin me against the glass, say it's time we left, say I'm being
ridiculous. But the butterflies splayed beneath me

have long, tubular hearts and lack livers. They taste
with their feet, hear with their wings, have no need
for variety. The only color a butterfly sees: red.²

² first appeared in *Jabberwock Review* (Summer 2012)

Lancelot Questions the Clairvoyant

I've read sheep livers and intuited the yolk
of an unblemished egg. I've dusted off

my planchette and began again: *Spirits, what
should I do? Dress? Strip? Head west?*

Mystifying Oracle Ouija answers: *Yes. No. Yes.*
Did I tell you I signed the addendum? Shaved

my neck. Paid in full, three months early. Petitioned
the City Directors. Ginny said no more door-to-door

troubadours, no more serenades dedicated over
the airwaves. She said *go fuck Elaine.*

Madame Sosostriis, what do you make of this?
I filled out the forms. I signed the addendum.

I sweated through the exam. I was told I was suited,
I was sought after. Madame, please stop

alchemizing antibiotics—that sinus infection, still? –
and soothsay. Tell me if dying is just rewinding back

to when I could carry my twelve-gauge
on the streetcar and no one blinked, back to when

mom and dad slept in separate beds, and under
the basement's single bulb,

Mystifying Oracle Ouija trembled
in her eggshell negligee: *Yes. Yes. Yes.*³

³ first appeared in *Kenyon Review Online* (Spring 2013)