

## Maureen Alsop

### Magastromancy

*divination of the future through astrological calculations and speculations.*

Mathematically wrong, the constellations were weakened  
by new probabilities held in the blooming  
of elm, in phlox petals. You read the cues  
as you walked through the house. The sun's equation is the moment  
a stone becomes visible under water. These are not patterns held  
by dreamers that vanish after dreams.

Scrim of oil on glass,  
these are visions  
addressed the moment your fingertips  
no longer restrain inchoate map lines. You press your lips  
onto stone, onto water, onto grass.  
Your hands are an algebraic falling  
full of augends and remainders.

You love the body. You love the middle  
of a sheer cloud. If  
when I am attached and calculated from the otherside,  
death being a kind of fifty percent belief system, like a letter you might  
open, tearing  
through though the envelope as an act of understanding. You wrote  
your own sky beyond the meadow closed the light  
wrote a new twilight.  
Stranger, let the shine move about. I believe  
the horse is my equation. I am to ride a thing called horse.

I am to ride beyond salt lakes at the empire's boundary. Snow  
drifts under lanterns. Spine white strands. I put your mind into the hand  
of my other hand's heart. Guided by the voices dwelling in other voices.  
One mind placed into another. A woman  
in the mirror turns her back to the mirror.

## Radiesthesia

*the science of using the vibrational fields of the human body to  
access information often using specially calibrated instruments*

His voice entered where it entered  
Framing my isolation there      in between      the pointed oasis  
as I call him back into the calm      into the too late

Oh please know—feeble I am in telling,  
    as I go now with my assassin—the prairie  
settles in my thumbnail as if a story could be scraped  
and traced back up  
    by meditation.    A child stranger arrives in my hand

as a circle of grass dispersed, molding  
a small shave where the gauze of the old trees  
broadly sluice the sky. All this  
in my palm. Were I kissed  
by the memorialization of snow I would slow  
into immeasurable margins.      By the rumor  
you would not go back, I was made.

Were I the indecipherable names. My father  
in the analogous map of all fathers. His voice rose  
through the window. Now I  
    like a stranger hold my ear      pressed to the eye  
    of my heart, incognizant, uncareful. I was  
intimate with his request that he might die. Since we were once

walking together beneath the interlaced spruce, fir, pine, since we were  
    now walking  
into the near spark      his short fibrillation  
and it is my third time back, under those needles

amid pots of geranium musk, as frankincense  
warms the parameter.    Christen me  
by measures of dusk. Midnight, part pantomime, is a blade  
leveling metallic flames across the lawn.

