The Riddle Of The Sphinx

Peter Wortsman
Sometimes, sound asleep, she lets out cries, foetal and almost unutterable, rousing you into sudden listening. The riddle of the sphinx must have been posed like this—howled—moaned—wept. You listen intently for an instant, try to decipher the unconsolable hieroglyphs, then embrace her without thinking. Shadow of a bird of prey passing, the unnamed sadness dissolves—in silence—or sometimes is repeated in the deafening howl of a delivery truck stalled in early morning traffic.