

“So, What’s Your Sign?”

by Tiel Aisha Ansari

"So, what's your sign?" My kinship is: with boats that race to scarlet drums, their oars like legs on water-centipedes; with kites afloat above forbidden cities; pearls or eggs encysting essence; rulers of the flood; wardens of temples and pavilions; source of a pigment that resembles blood which painters use, and call vermilion.

The zodiac's a bracelet hung with cryptic charms called constellations, symbols worn like ruts into the path of the ecliptic, to which Western horoscopes adhere. My heritage is elsewhere. I was born in nineteen sixty-four: a dragon year.

