Palmistry
Michael J. Pagan

Those eyes that gaze back, seem to erode the face, like a clam burrowing into a detached head of coral.

Those eyes, weighed down by reflection, musing. Why does she choose not to sleep with you, anymore.

Those hands that mire the skin of her breasts, like silt. The filth that fills the slit beneath the nail, like tile grout molded over by soiled bath water.

Or maybe, the queer mosaic that is my palm; the palmistry. The fate line that abruptly tears just above the wrist, into two.

She’s always loved my hands.