

Palmistry

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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.