

Jackleen Holton

No, I Never See Anything Bad

Except perhaps that one time
at the café when my friends,
newly married, opened

their palms to me, both life lines
bisected by matching arrows shot
from the Mount of Luna,

markings that might have once foretold
untimely death involving
a horse-drawn carriage. I caught

my breath and spoke instead of children,
predicting the three strawberry
faces I've since seen beaming

from Christmas card windows.
My friends have moved back east.
We've fallen out of touch.

It's important that you understand
the lines on the hand can change.
Yet, sometimes I wonder

if they're still headed
for that tragedy. Or were
those imprints merely proof

of a union that had to be written
in flesh? On my own hands,
I can't divine the nature

of my disasters. I've never seen
the skittish children playing
hide and seek. And I have yet

to find that twin palm
with its identical etchings, a mirror
in which I can foresee

a lake and a bridge, a night
with no moon, hands pressed
together, marked like lightning.