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Gypsy Eyes

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Gypsy Eyes

My hand lies here, inviting description.
Its jagged lines run this way and that,
darting.

Why do I see only lines
when mysterious women with
dark complexions and rings
see so much more?

Do straight lines mean I'll ace my chemistry test,
or do they mean I'll be hit by AIDS at age twenty-four?
My palm is uncharted territory,
craggy mountains with deep, dry gorges and gullies-
my gaze is drawn onward.

I pause to peek into the lake that is my birthmark,
but I see only brown.

I search the furry meadows of my knuckles
for a sign of life, but all the animals of my future
wish to hide.

Bill Kreamer