

When the gypsy read my palm,  
She traced down some line's crease,  
As it splintered and divided,  
And then looked me in the eyes:

"Your future is a bell curve,  
which the same as hers and his and hers  
and if you do not stress it  
it will not swerve.  
It will remain but a bell curve  
with a singular ring,  
nothing more than a ding.  
Whereas if you attempt to hold it back,  
blockading its track  
it's timbre won't crack,  
just course into a cauldron  
whose call drones a cacophony of strings"

And so I looked her in her eyes  
and to her earthen surprise  
I said: "Yes,  
yet you sit in this seat  
and live through others' lives  
then take your pennies to the teller  
to calculate the size.  
Another seer who's a eunuch  
and every eunuch lies.  
What's the other option  
for a bosom that denies?"

"I see you point. I understand,"  
she said still holding my hand.  
And thus I anointed Lady Jesus  
with my oils from the sand.