

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.