

Palm Reader

Underneath the roar of city rails and orange evening
A man with slum shoulders extended his palm out to me
And shook his cup of quarters like dice.

And I've often convinced myself that every man with an outstretched hand
Is out to scam me
As I bang through my life with impatient pockets
My lips like a locket
Feeding on greedy with fixed eye sockets.

This man without token wore a muted green coat
City steam massaged his slumped shoulders
Like they were begging to be morphed into mountains.
On his stiffened collar there sat a golden broach.
It had two gold arrows pointing North and South
Like his body was a compass misguiding his mouth.

So, I debated if every hand out asking for a hand-out
Was not a mindless machine, but a misguided dream?
Because you see, hope is the real currency
Within the winding currents of humanity.
Currently, we've mistaken confusion for insanity.
We've dotted every *i* in oblivion.
And crossed every *t* in our tongue's tollbooth.
And I've often debated if a quarter could move a wall
But I believe it is hope that will save us all.

Then blew in the Chicago wind-gusts full of ice and steam
Rocking cigarette butts and Styrofoam cups awake from their dreams.
And at the intersection of Chaos and Karma
His broach arrows were he and I-
Humanity dancing beneath neon signs.

By nighttime he'll sleep with his broach clenched tightly in his fist
By morning his dusted palms will hold the arrows' imprint
His hand now a compass kissing the fate realigned
With *purpose* scrawled across his fists
His lips lead to new land of a destiny unfixed.