

Is it really such a fate

by Jacob Budenz

But does the sky widen with him
or do the walls crowd closer? You:
oracular diva with diaphanous skin
regifting moon-shaped incense
sculptures from exes and a dish
for keys shaped like two open

palms, painted with astrology, that
reads, "Your fate is in your hands."

Is it? you ask. Is it really such
a fate, a cosmic goodie bus of
abundance called with the open-
palmed Law of Attraction? Is it
your taste in men that binds you
to a city with a hard crystal

ceiling, or your fear of clusters of
dots & the backs of hands, heads?

Swallow something for me: a pill,
perhaps, a handful of craft gems,
or a notebook lined with empty
treble clefs before you blame
a cleft chin and an irresistible,
low laugh for your own tenure

at the bottom
of an empty well.