

# Quill & Ink

## Madame Fortune Teller

Madam could look in your hand  
Never seen you before  
Tell you what you want to know-  
and even more.

She could tell about love  
money and such  
She wouldn't  
charge that much.  
A fellow came one day  
Madam took him in  
Treated him  
Like her own kin.

Gave him money  
Baked him bread  
Let him sleep  
in her walnut bed

Friends tried to warn  
Dave meant her no good  
She could've known it  
if she only would.

Gambled her money  
Beat her up bad  
Went off, left her  
Stole all she had

Tried to find out  
What road he took  
No trace found  
Whichever way she looked.

That woman who could foresee  
What your future meant  
Couldn't tell, to save her  
Where Dave went

me

## To Mary

Barefoot,  
blond (definitely blond)  
squeaky  
And by the way  
It is the size  
that counts.

I walk with you,  
apologetically,  
As you go to  
seek another...

The one who makes  
your eyes glow.  
I talk with you,  
hesitantly,  
As I know his name  
will come up...

The one who makes  
your voice shake.  
I would lie with you,  
regretfully,  
As I know you would  
be thinking of him.

The one who makes  
your heart race.  
I leave you,  
reluctantly,  
As I know he  
will leave you.

The one who makes  
your tears fall.

I saw from my window  
a small boy  
who walked along  
the sidewalk in  
stutter-steps.  
I mean to say,  
long strides,  
and short steps.  
Humming contently  
to himself,  
as he avoided every  
crack in the pavement.  
Becoming enthralled,  
I strolled contently  
behind him.  
Inconspicuously tapping  
every crack  
that he eluded.

same author