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Tell Me My Fortune

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Endnotes

Tell Me My Fortune

Margaret M. Maag, MSN, RN

An isolated presence with an empty audience
Sat the bowed woman with a brown-ponytail braid.

She craned her alabaster neck
As she reached over the side of her lawn chair to say:
"Tell me my fortune with those cards!"

What fortune may this gentlewoman have?
Destined to be alone on a cool, concrete patio with
Scalpels of luminous light scattering through the fronds of a Phoenix palm.

Rocking nervously in her latticed-alloy chair
Hands gnarled like the rugged roots of a Banyan tree
Not knowing where she might be.
What time of day?
What time of year?
But curious to know what waited her beyond this timeless moment
In those charcoal and ruby-red cards I held in my soft, damp hand.

I reached out to her with a shy glimpse and a germane smile
Unconsciously dictated not to respond
Emotions fluttering in the tropical-summer breeze.
Afraid to Listen
Suspiciously Watching
Nervously Waiting
Anxious
While the hunched gypsy limped sideways in her polyester slippers,
smoking her Chesterfields.

She highlighted the moment on this tepid Tuscany summer day
Behind the chain-linked fence in L.A.
"Tell me my fortune with those cards!"
She stammered with a sad smile in her sienna-hued eyes.

Oh...I will prison your bare misfortune
In my heart
Carefully forever.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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