**A Palm Reading**

Grant Chemidlin

I gaze at my fingers’ little windows—

pink shades drawn, the silhouettes

of people

gliding past.

The tips of all ten digits—the little

apartments of those I’ve loved,

all those I’ve touched

with my hands.

I never see them, only

feel them

walking

up & down the steep stairs

of my index, or

late at night,

gathering on my

smooth, frozen palm to skate in moonlight,

to carve our grief

in bittersweet movements.

Where else

would these deep grooves

come from?