**When the Locust Read My Palm**

Lorrie Ness

Clear as starched air,

wings lined with gossamer veins

unfold threadbare shadows

across my palm,

pulsing along my fate line.

She lights here, borrowing shade

below my upturned fingers.

I am spellbound.

Antennae trace my folds,

read my hand like braille—

plumbing my heart line

deep as lover’s tongue between my lips,

tasting my stories.

Compound eyes see more than simple,

more than me.

This locust divines by nature,

dowsing for tender crops.

Her swarm descending

like a wall cloud wrung from the sky.

Mandibles rake the horizon.

Her prickly legs dredge my lifeline—

tell the fortune spilling on my wheat,

written on my hands:

*My creases*

*are deep as the furrows of the fields*

*denuded before my eyes.*