

Crack and Crevices

They say our palms tell the stories of our lives.

As we put our trust

Again and again into the unexplainable.

Searching for the truth dancing among the spider-webs of

Cracks and crevices.

I have old hands.

The backs of my hands are eternally covered with blue ink and blurred reminders,

Leaving only smudges behind.

As if to say, "I was here."

But, still, my palms have seen more.

They have wiped tears from my eyes,

Brushed fingertips with faces that have become faded memories,

Become tingly after hours of trying to create something beautiful with

Only 26 letters.

They remember that the slash stretching from pinky to index finger

Means that heartbreak is just around the corner.

But not to worry,

They can catch teardrops even better than the last time.

They remember that the line reaching from thumb to wrist
Means that during my life I will be hospitalized.
And every time they remember,
They will fondly brush the scar stretching the length of my knee.

They remember that although the deep crease vertical across my palm
Means that my life is heavily dependent on fate,
That fate is never set in stone.

Because scars fade and teardrops can be brushed away.

And no matter how many rough drafts it takes,

Our potential is endless and eternal.

We have only a split second to craft something beautiful

With those 26 words, to create ourselves.

Ready. Set. Go.