

All that work we have done,

cutting the lifeline in our palms shorter, carving those mysterious creases and crevices that only Madame X at the carnival can read. She keeps things from us, we know. Perhaps she thinks we are better off not seeing, so she keeps it to: Yes, you are headed for a change. No it will not involve money. But we walk away feeling she has just seen our soul, wondering what the lifeline etched on its opaque hand looks like, how stooped are its transparent shoulders, and is that its left leg dragging just a little? Yes, she has probably seen thirty or forty of us today, our gray and slumping souls tagging along for the rides, the side shows, and the cotton candy. Yet she offers no clues as to how we should proceed, has no comments even on the grand finale under the Big Top tonight, or which games we should try our luck at next.