

Ron Atkinson

MAP OF FORTUNE

Destiny shivers to a fingernail.

No matter where I touch

an alphabet sprouts

the ruffle of its seed.

Look! A city of bejeweled strangers,  
salvations in a pearl covered with dung.

Contend with eyes of saints in cattle,  
see what I mean.

I invent a nose for every flower,

an age for every shape and color.

Rose epochs. Eras of bone and gristle.

I see crowds hurrying to be born.

I see lace showering from hammerheads.

All this time

I am following my own lines.

All this time

I am looking into a hand.