

ORANGE PEEL DIVINATION

Oranges had to be peeled
in one long, snaking ribbon.
She showed us how to do it,
one fingernail slipped under the skin
and the fruit turned steadily
in the bowl of the hand.
Thrown over the left shoulder,
she told us that when it landed
it would form
the initial of our future husband's name.
A sinuous 'S' for Simon,
the boy with the dark curtain of hair.
The curve of a 'C' for Connor,
who had a gap between his teeth
through which he tunelessly whistled.
We giggled coquettishly behind our hands
when we next saw them at school,
even though we told each other
we didn't really believe
in this citrusy fortune telling.
The high priestess of our fate,
she'd never conjure her own future.
Haunted by secret visions of her husband
falling from the sky in flames.
His initials taken to her grave.