

Coal Miner's Soothsayer

Soot, patience, and the dim whirling of stars
make a destiny for even you,
the sole heir

to all of histories sunken steam ships,
tomorrow's breaking sunshine,
and from darkness, a diamond cut
to the inward shape of mystery:
so clear, brilliant, rare.

Indestructible soul kaleidoscope.

Upon the anvil, the hammering
hand of fortune casts
an oroborus of tergiversation,
binding your lucky hand
to *giving all away*.

One sun, and even you,
blazing upon a horizon of no facet:
so clear, brilliant, rare.

And caverns of diamonds above.

—*Michael Gaio*
September 29, 2003