

Oncolomancy
by Jeremy Luke Hill

They read the future in her blood,
the thin red lines – how slowly veins
empty if they are opened just
so. Perhaps a slight incision
behind the ear, where heartbeats will
echo when they hang her head down
and let the drops cast a spattered
prognostication in the dust.

Perhaps better to auger the gut,
entreat its entrails to tell her days,
let intestinal knowledge
uncoil between their fingers,
trace the veining fates that river
and embranch her organs to enumerate
the years her heart may have known.