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## Mystic Truths

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She touched my forehead with thin fingertips,  
so callused and chapped, that the intricate  
beauty of honey colored henna,  
the delicate pattern of Fatima, translating  
to love and luck, took me by surprise.

She had trained them to feel like butterflies,  
fluttering over my eyelids, my own hands, my belly,  
searching for the truth, the answers,  
seeping like osmosis through her palms  
to ultimately reach her soul.

Through dark orange and red horseshoe windows  
those hands had beckoned towards the smell  
of mint tea, while she spoke in a language  
my ears couldn't perceive, and enveloped  
me in what is the unseen heart of Morocco.

Upon ending, she brokenly muttered her quiet tale  
about me in my own native tongue as *I* then caressed  
*her* hands, explaining that I knew  
of the tattooed punishment for adultery  
and pleaded with her to recount her tragic story.

She looked at me then as if she truly could  
read my life—past, present, and future—smiled,  
and touched those beautiful, ancient hands to my heart,  
speaking longingly of beauty and a love so strong,  
it was obvious my meaning had been lost on her.

-Adrienne Binni '95

