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King's Court (Artwork)

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Mystic Truths

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

