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Fortunes
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FORTUNES

Tell the truth about the bloodworm's chances to survive. Tell the horse all about its clumsy dance partner who lives very happily inside an enlarged intestine and the copperhead who slithers on the floor frightening old horses to the very end of their tether, to the very rear of their cage. Tell the poor creatures not to worry about who it is that crawls about in the dark cavern to avoid a fisherman's rusted hook, a trout's sharp teeth, while the poor host kicks at the dirt and repeats its last meal. Tell the cautious fisherman the story about the one who ran into the lake chased by a snake that rolled over the water like a magic wheel from one side to the other. Tell the truth about hoop snakes and copperheads to all the children who need to be warned and to all the fishermen who don't believe in magic, to all the wives alone now that the snake has come. Tell me how to fend for myself in the dark; how to stay out of the lake, out of the horse's midsection. Who has the talisman that can protect the innocent? Who has the wafer that can redeem the fallen? Tell the truth about the bloodworm's chances. Tell the truth about mine. I can take it.