

# THE PSYCHIC SAYS MY HEART IS TOO BIG FOR THESE HANDS

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Tell me you're touching all the stars in your kitchen faucet.  
Sparkle like water spirits dancing to Britney Spears.  
You embody every blink of hope in the sky.  
I look out my window,  
And I wish someone in this town knew  
How to translate your face into graffiti.  
They could never get the color of your eyes right.  
My fingers keep tracing the outline of your smile  
In the opposite palm.  
This, too, can never be right.  
God, I hope I never stop trying.



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