

faulty fortunes

Kiala Givehand
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An airplane ride is soon in your
future sending you to fun!

12 15 18 42 31 32

driven by propellers she hurled her lunch at him

projected thoughts of airborne amusement, of pleasure to come

asked him if sending love notes/memos/texts might change
his life's trajectory

he didn't answer—instead gave her fighter pilot stares hovered
around her chair her food her future—hoped to distract her—
entertain her—scramble all incoming messages

delayed by idle failure she hurled her lunch at him—played along
with his plan for impending sonic booms—then divulged her dreams

there is power in sharing—in truth making—the two agreed—a solo
flight was not the answer—an unquestionable drawback

You have an active mind and
a keen imagination.
Apply your ideas.

2 6 11 14 20 35

we are

the sum of you and i

a calculated fantasy zipping in out up down streams of consciousness

hectic and alert the incessant current rouses the next thought
the next fleeting idea

each thought lasting one shift before the next thunderous blip the
next inaudible storm
who decides which raindrop becomes a puddle

which snowflake becomes a ball? multiplied and sped up but never
silent never still zipping in out up down streams of sentience
beings of one imagination filled with the spirit of a doer
a tinkerer

You have a keen sense of humor
and bring out the best in others.

2 5 11 14 33 37

UOI

ONE

how funny?

the things we never notice

subtle merriment on the faces of strangers; witty comments and silly giggles from the booth behind us laughing at us with us or for us
energy surrounding energy creating energy from wisdom we cannot see like power we do not understand but feel experience
power we dare not harness; it lives in the things we see and do
a babies coo, a bride's blush, a father's approval; a dollar loaned,
a meal shared – these intangible acts entangle our humanness with
the spiritual the ethereal submerges us in vitality endures expiration
and generates stomach-cramping laughter

You will never need to worry
about a steady income.

11 29 35 39 45 46

it's the fretting
the frigid distress looming

non-essential longing wilts into an obligation
a hankering for angst continual concern
swollen nerves

pulsing memory of momentary stability
potent atonement required
 it is the yearning
the bothersome wanting of things

old baggage claimed but unopened deliberate dealings
with poverty's staunch aura promises are for suckers
opened and not expecting latent trickery

it's the gain the point of knowing what has accrued
the interest means proceed to profit avail yourself
your future net will catch you secure you to broken bonds
from your past dealings with fate

assumed privilege promotes a faulty fortune tellers can see
your future in the balance of your account
what have you left hanging there?
a bundle of chance?
a pot of luck?
a wad of fret?

COLOPHON

Faulty Fortunes is a chapbook collection of poems written while dining at the same Asian restaurant over a period of five months. The name of the restaurant and what I had to eat are unimportant factors, but the fortunes from the end of the meals were inspiring.

This is a Dusie Kollektiv chapbook created for Dusie #5, 2011. The fortunes were digitally scanned and printed with the poems, which are in size 10 Abadi MT Condensed Light font. No MSG was used in the making of this chap. You are reading the PDF version.

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Kiala Givehand is a poet, educator, and book artist originally from Florida but now writing and living in Oakland, CA with her husband Damon. Her writing has appeared in *Calyx: A Journal of Literature and Art by Women*, on deadpaper.org, in the Bella Vista Art Gallery in Chicago, and in the *Campanil*. She received her MFA in Poetry from Mills College and is the founding editor of *Generations Literary Journal*. Kiala is a Cave Canem fellow, a Voices of Our Nation (VONA) alum, and a proud member of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc.



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