A READING
for Marthe Reed

Mark Lamoureux
Cards were drawn, one a day from 6/6/19 to 6/21/19.

Cards should be laid out as follows:

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III Swords     VIII Cups     V Disks
IV Wands      XII Trumps    Knight Wands
III Wands     XV Trumps     I Wands
0 Trumps      V Swords     Prince Cups
VII Swords    II Disks     II Cups
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Looping horns akimbo, high
as a gloaming bat above

the avenue where the roots
of trees push up flagstones

like the lids of coffins, outside
of time:

within the lit windows is what happens
in secret—reverse

mitosis; the ascending spirits
pluck the harp of the spindle:

night & day conjoined
in the mystery of their

origin. Indigo stains are the braille
of foxglove’s open-

throated hymns as the one sun
is ringed by melancholia—

godhead rides the trap groove
spinning around

the ruby of the third eye.
A hoof steps quiet upon the black

ice & radiates a crackling bloom
of unrealized timelines, walks

soundlessly across the expanse
of frozen mirror upon mirror upon

mirror, communicating
as braided wire or the warzone

of the splitting allele. All shall be
well & all manner

of things shall be undertaken
under the full stop

of the unjoined caduceus.
Open thy arms
& receive

XV The Devil
I Wands

In flames
the script
of breath
& death the negation of darkness that harbors potentiality; eating away the bier, changing the cold but for a moment only, the dream only of sun on flesh, the dawn imprisoned in a rood, vainarbiter of night. Flora of pandemonium, destroyer & heart h-friend, never still, but still burning in the desert & the noon like the revenant of midnight.
III Wands

Bright star
bright star
bright star
  of the lotus
  loosing tendrils out the mouth
  of the laughing sun

eclipsed by the word
  A fleetly pulsing heart inside
the package of fronds, dear pearl

held aloft on brittle stalk   xylem
  & phloem hoist &
lower the billowing flag
of katabasis               emblazoned
  with the sun sign
a goggling eye
or breast
that sees into the cold core
  of shadows
Chaos star tilts & occludes
the velvet sun partitioned
& blooming
  ram & dove
are spokes that spin the wheel
that propels the plow
along the sward  The blue eye
of Venus takes heed  all parties
blur in revolution
V Disks

Cracked star over
The stoked furnace.

Pyramid: an offering to
The cruel sky.

Cube: cage of lightning &
The key of lack.

Sphere: but a stage of
Grief, conductor of elegies.

Horns of the moon: the call of
The entombed god.

Black lozenge: the bitter pill
What resolves.

The wounded wheel is a cog in
A clockwork tragedy.

Tears behind the mask &
Tears in the solemn shroud upon

The proscenium, shattered coins for
The bedight throng.
Prince of Cups

It’s true I rode a green bird into the ocean in the rain next to the amusement park & its haloed lights, grey whorls of clouds reflected in the indolent surf.

The wheels of my emerald car dug grooves in the sand & my winding path in the shape of the Oroborous snake could be seen from the air, along with the fallen petals of the bouquet I clutched & at last threw into the sea.

Willow, weep for me; I lay down beneath the willow tree, its limbs bent like wings, went to sleep forever & woke something new.
VII Swords

The lunatic stars
shatter the blade the week
long; Mother of our sorrows
pierced by barbs
of ice.

The rules change
as you play. Your move
meant
nothing yesterday.
Stay home
tomorrow.

So it was written
on the hilt
buried in your breast.
This too shall pass
for free will, for free
except the price
everyone pays.
A black cross
or a sword; I see
with the eyes
of nails. The coiled cobra
of the horizon is home.
The dark roads lead
to the shrinking point,
the black, collapsing
star over still waters
where I will be
taken. The ghost sun
will shine on all
the hidden bones
under the skin of things—
crinolines for the funerary
gown. Reverse
the flow of gravity,
see the sky as it is,
an angry sea, be
lowered to the frozen
earth, a secret number,
a casualty.
The nectar of storms
& the blood of
the lotus runneth
over the murky sea
pocked with green
leaf-forms. The rhizome
floats below flotsam
of brass, adrift
in these still waters
in the green rain
light.

Reading the script of the rain
on the rim of the chalice,
the air thick with mist,
the coast thick with leaves, nowhere
to land so sink down
with the kelp so gently
swaying like someone’s hair.
V Swords

Teeth of the pentagram
& the Nagasaki doves

nesting on a whirlwind
with spokes of light.

Not born but summoned
out of grief like a revenant.

Hung your hat
on the blasted elm

& it flew away
to the empty crossroads.

No service.
Hold the line.
II Disks

The crowned serpent
completes the lemniscate.

Blue rings of smoke
blow out the eyes of the bedsheets
ghost. Polywogs
of light & dark twist in

an authoring conflagration.
New to full, old
to new. Old & new
like a new crack in the watch
crystal; the air will get through
to the hands

at last. More change
falling from the holy pockets

like a tiny tinkling glockenspiel
in a dead poet's parlor.
Knight of Wands

They ride the black unicorn with a horn of flame, reach out for a red right hand emblazoned on cinder-blocks beside the train tracks, from which gushes ivy in a great green coal-hearted aster smoldering to diamonds.

They carry a torch & sing a torch-song outside the tower of blood. Shoes of iron tap a breakbeat on the desiccated turf, the pulse of a dragonfly tumbling toward burning earth, sky & flames making a mandala of gold & grey.
III Swords

Spikes the heart
of the white rose
in the hen of the woods, the woods
dumb with garish
humidity. Bats’ wings
cleave the summer night,
an overripe fruit
bleeding sweet
on the forest floor.

This is home, I creep
silent along the loam,
peer out from blank black
spaces among the dark
trees, my face wet
with what might have begun
as tears.
0 The Fool

At the center of the gnomon
the Green Man wakes & sleeps, angel
with butterfly wings
twisting the rainbow
in a lover’s knot
while the infernal beasts
lie at her feet. God
of the grain rounds the four
corners of the circle of death
& life seeps out the hole
in his blasted head, eyes
red with the fruit of the vine.

A dove alights on a burning bush
in the ruins of Thebes, a severed head begins to sing of the time before birth as the sun sets in the west. She tears a hole in the firmament & laughs in at himself. The white rose eclipses the moon & the new day begins to end.
II Cups

The braided waters of the fountain held still in a black & white negative, collecting dust in a box in another box in a basement. A photo of another life.

The sky is blue with the love of the dead, the green waters of salt from their flowing tears.

The lily floats precariously on its boat of leaves, the roots descend into the mud where ships & bones lie forgotten.