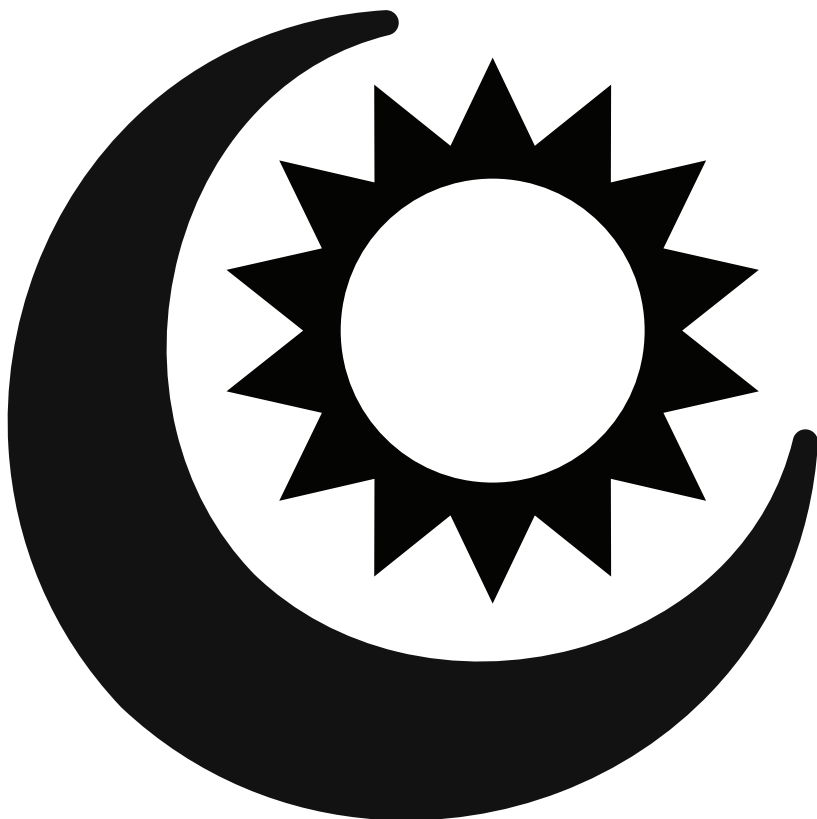


Mark Lamoureux

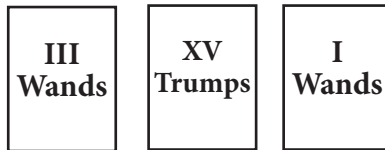
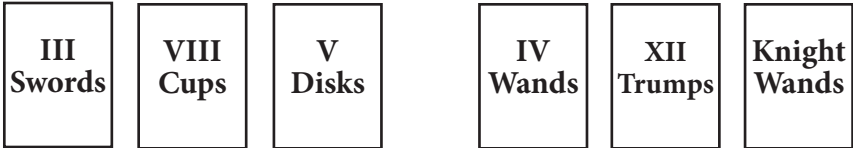


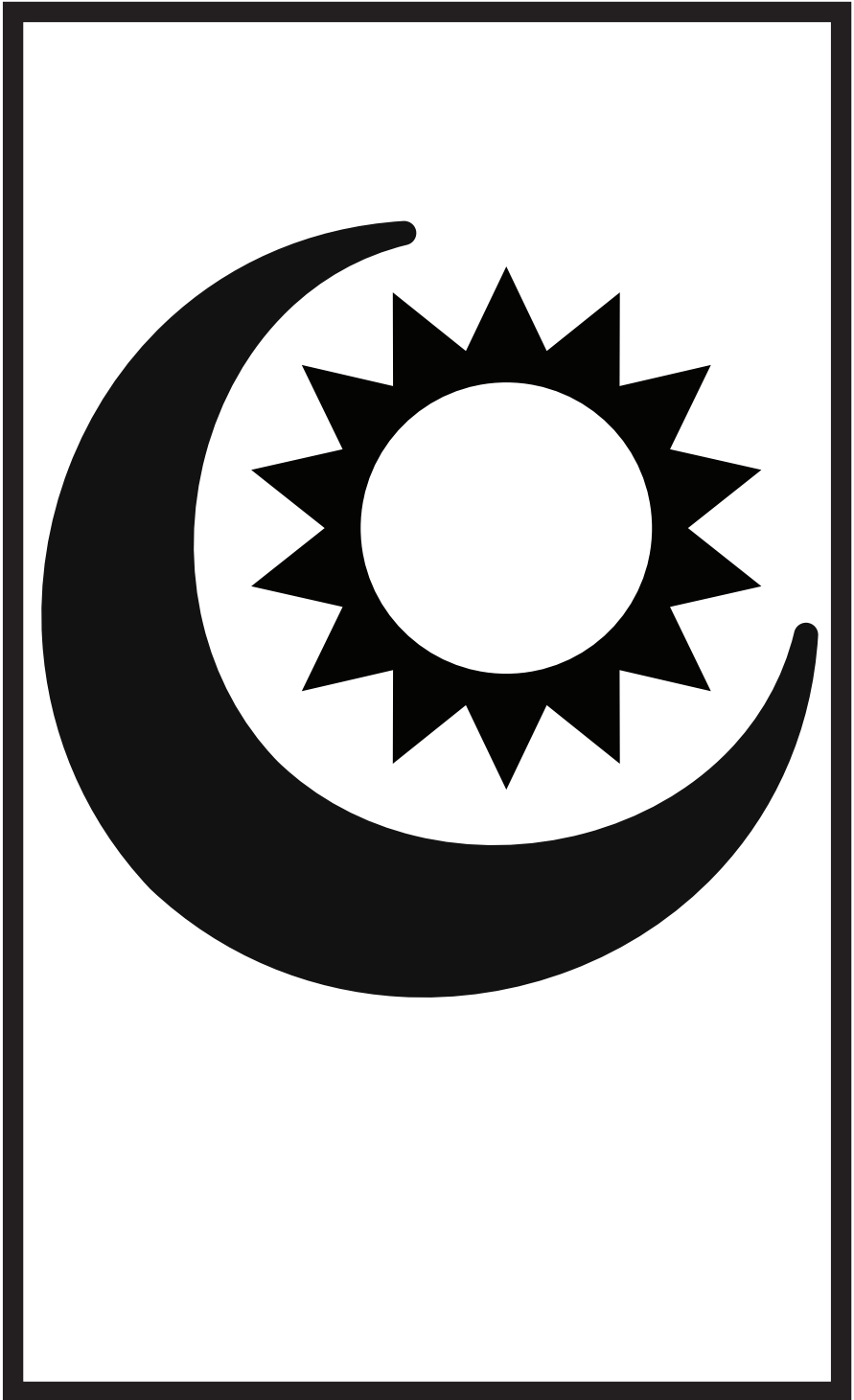
A READING

for Marthe Reed

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

Cards should be laid out as follows:





XV The Devil

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

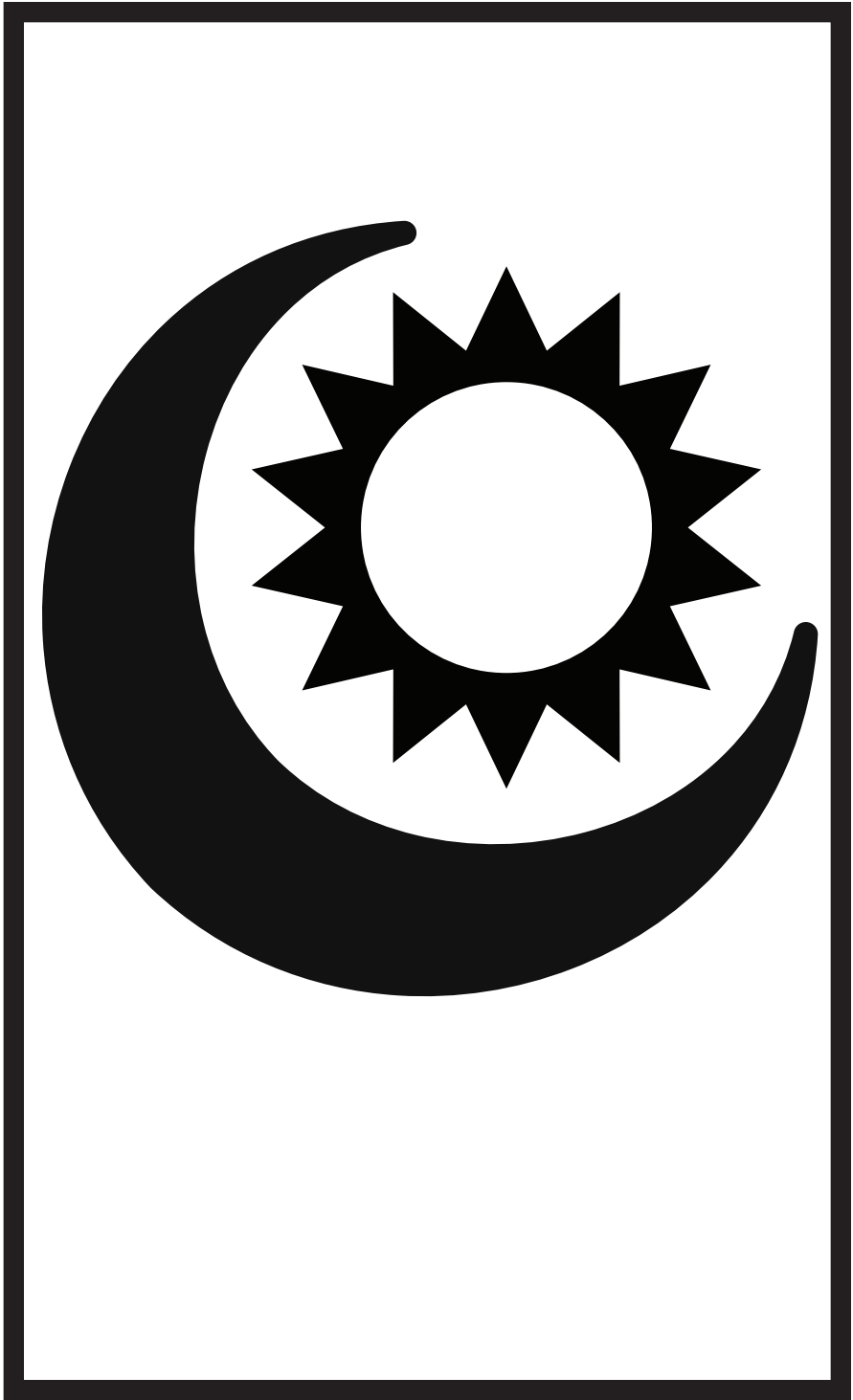
soundlessly across the expanse
of frozen mirror upon mirror upon

mirror, communicating
as braided wire or the warzone

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

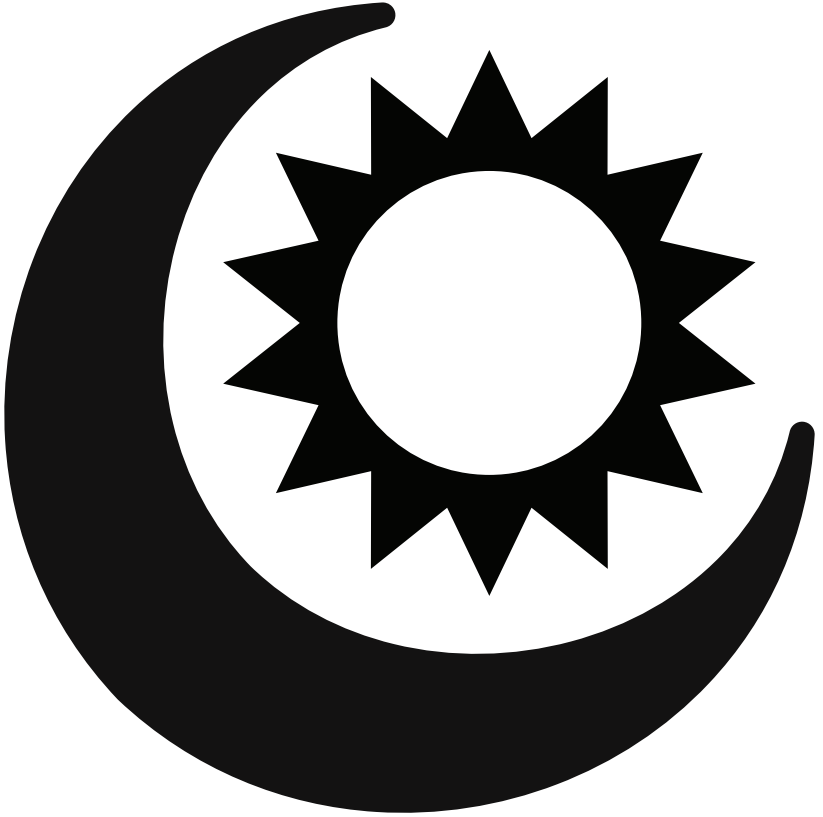
of things shall be undertaken
under the full stop

of the unjoined caduceus.
Open thy arms
& receive



I Wands

In flames
the script
of breath
& death t
he negati
on of dar
kness tha
t harbors
potential
ity; eatin
g away t
he bier, c
hanging
the cold
but for a
moment
only, the
dream o
nly of su
n on fles
h, the da
wn impr
isoned in
a rood, v
ain arbit
er of nig
ht. Flora
of pande
monium,
destroye
r & heart
h-friend,
never sti
ll, but st
ill burni
ng in the
desert &
the noon
like the r
evenant o
f midnig
h t .

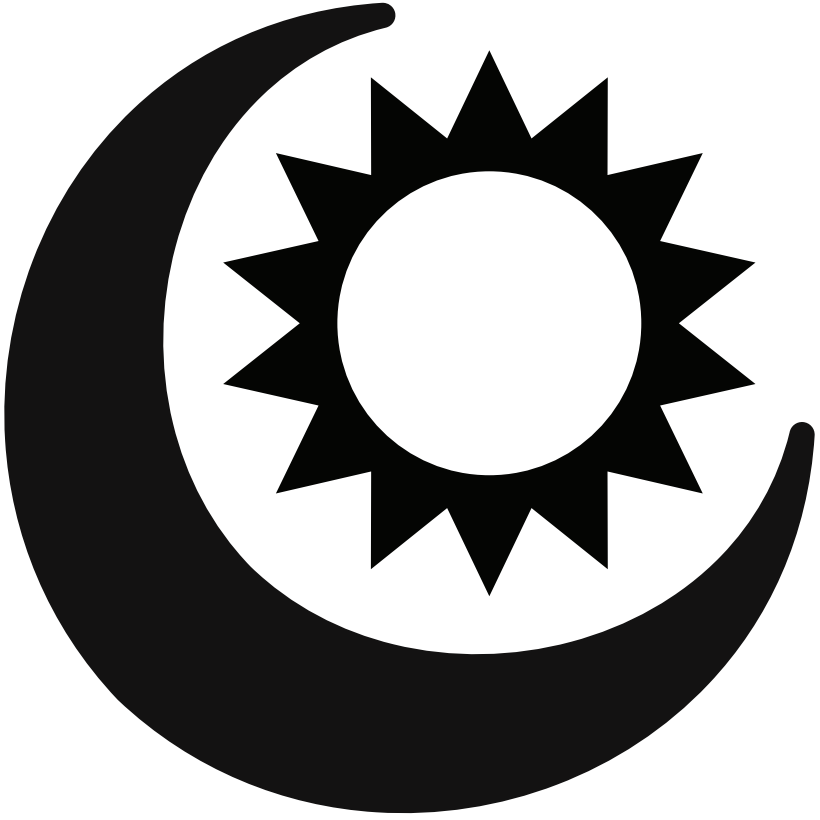


III Wands

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

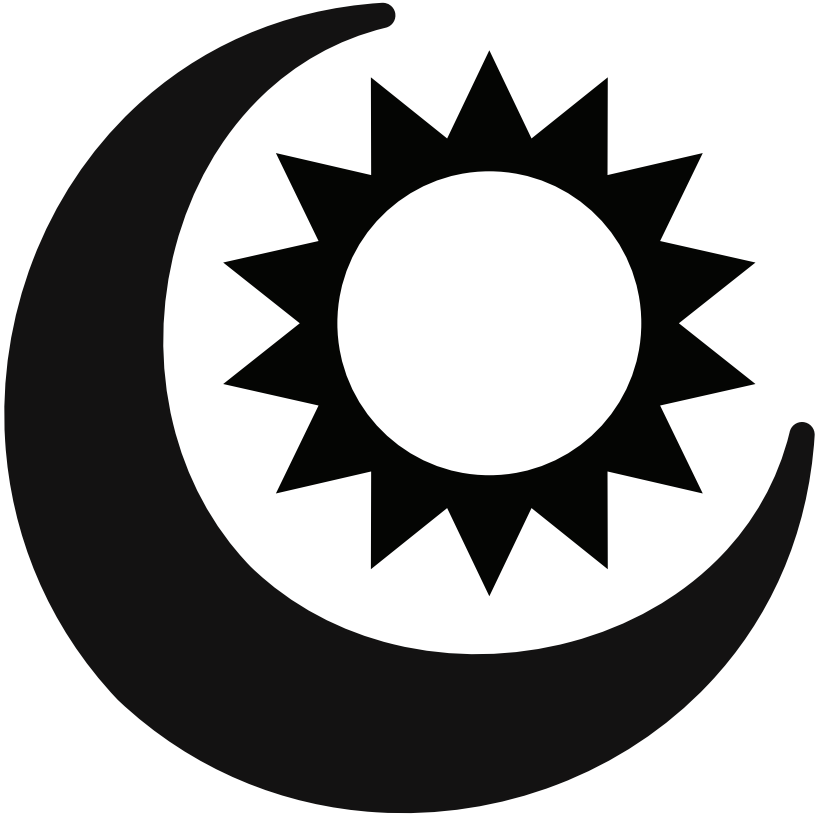
eclipsed by the word
 A fleetly pulsing heart inside
the package of fronds, dear pearl

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



IV Wands

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.

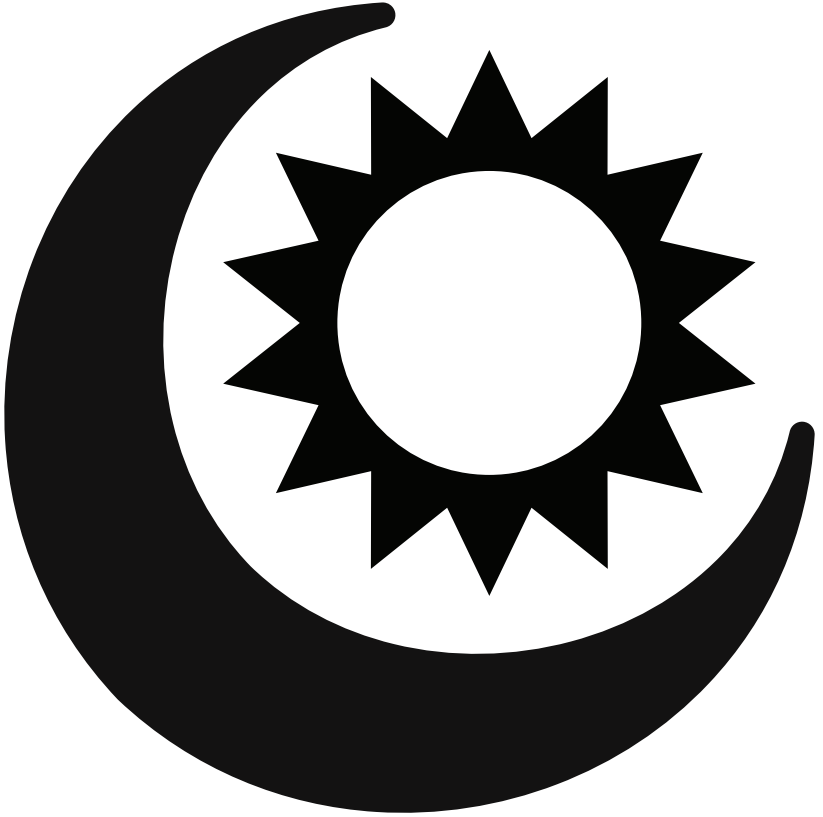
Horns of the moon: the call of
The entombed god.

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.

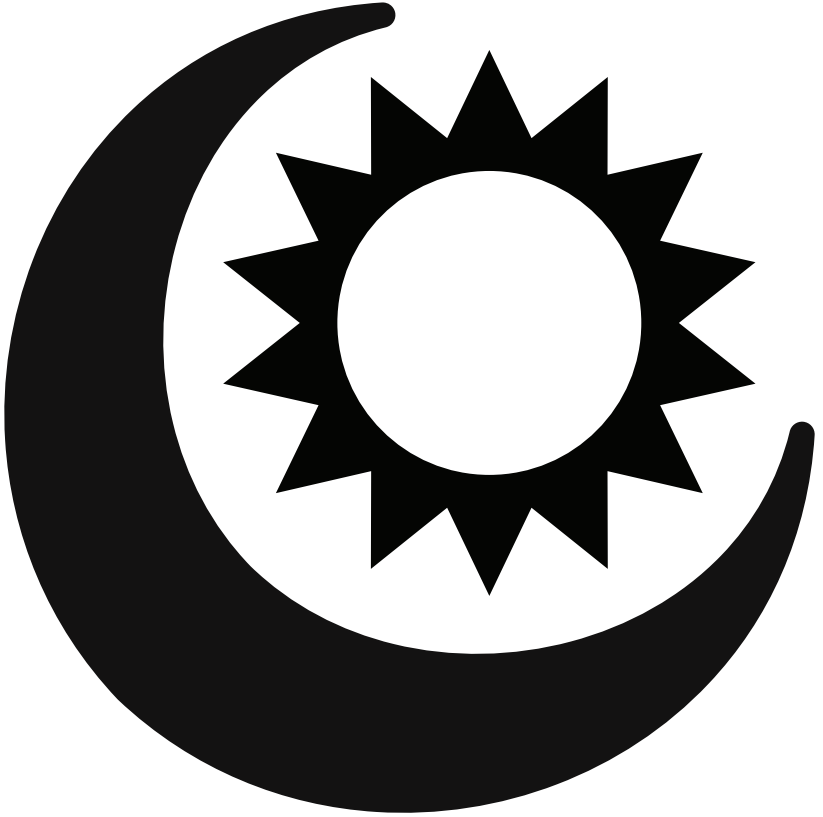


Prince of Cups

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.

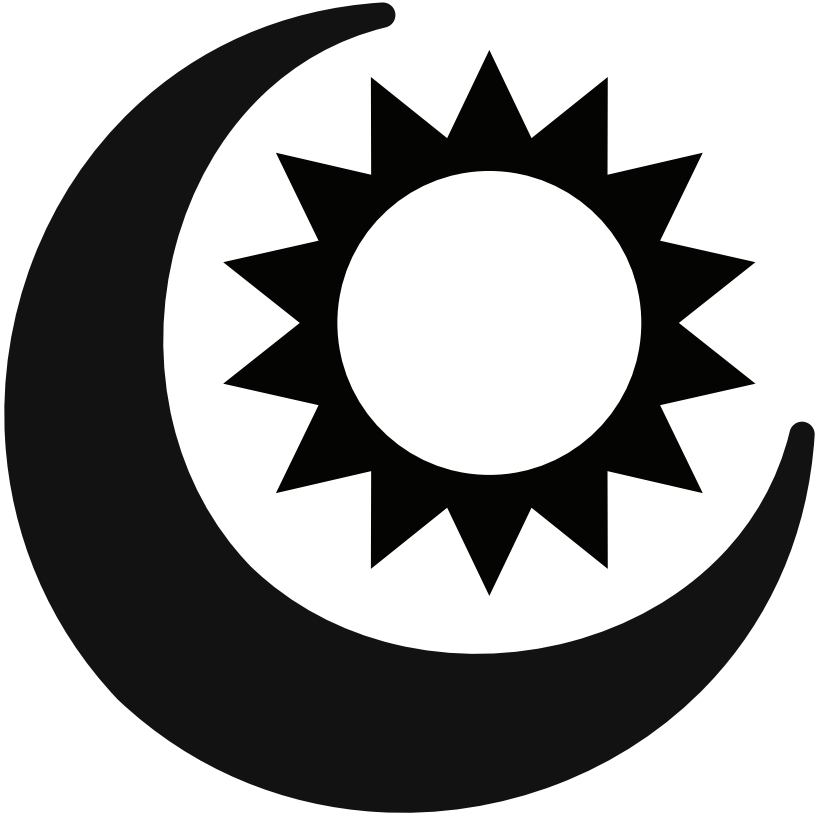


VII Swords

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

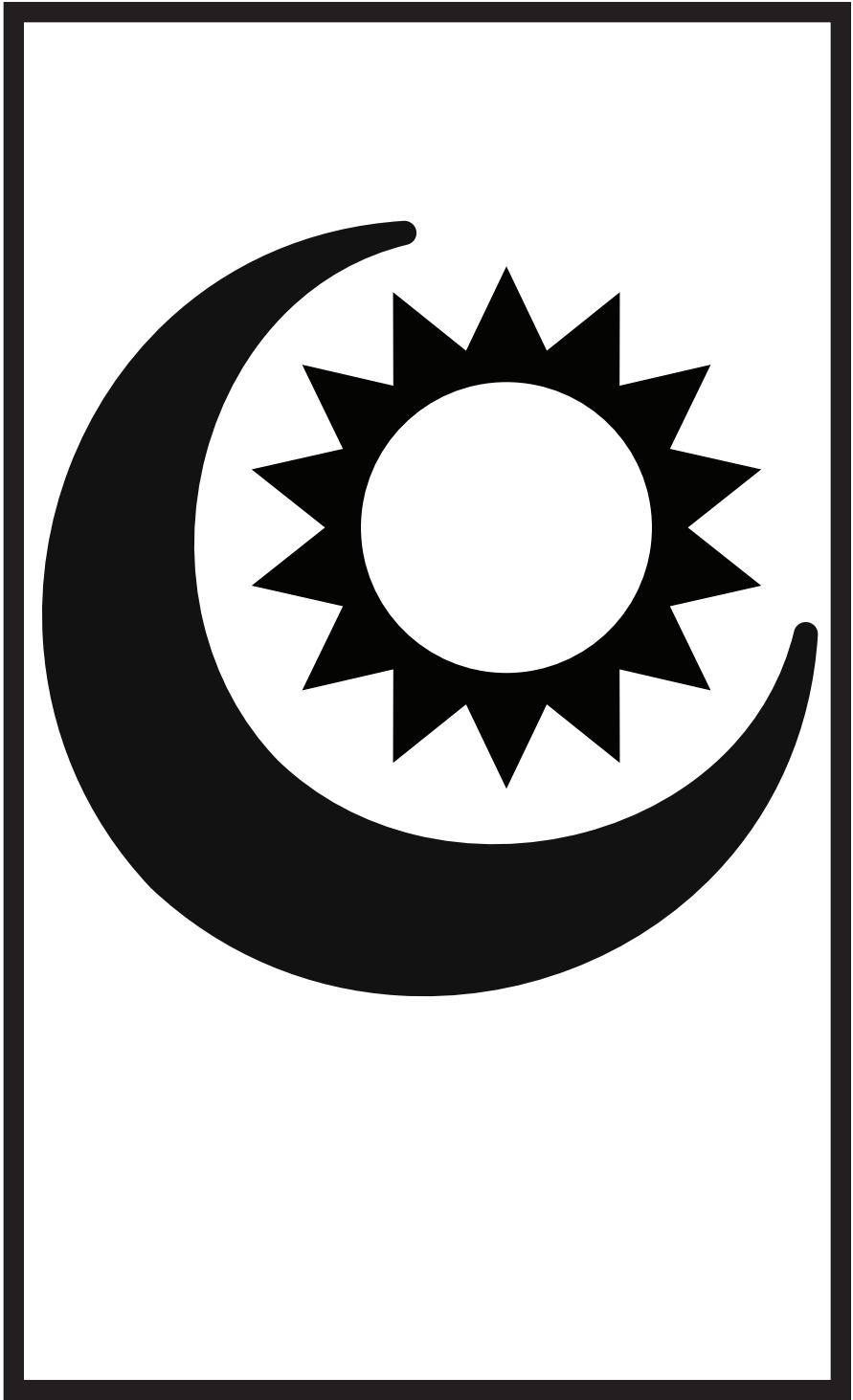
The rules change
as you play. Your move
meant
nothing yesterday.
Stay home
tomorrow.

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.



XII The Hanged Man

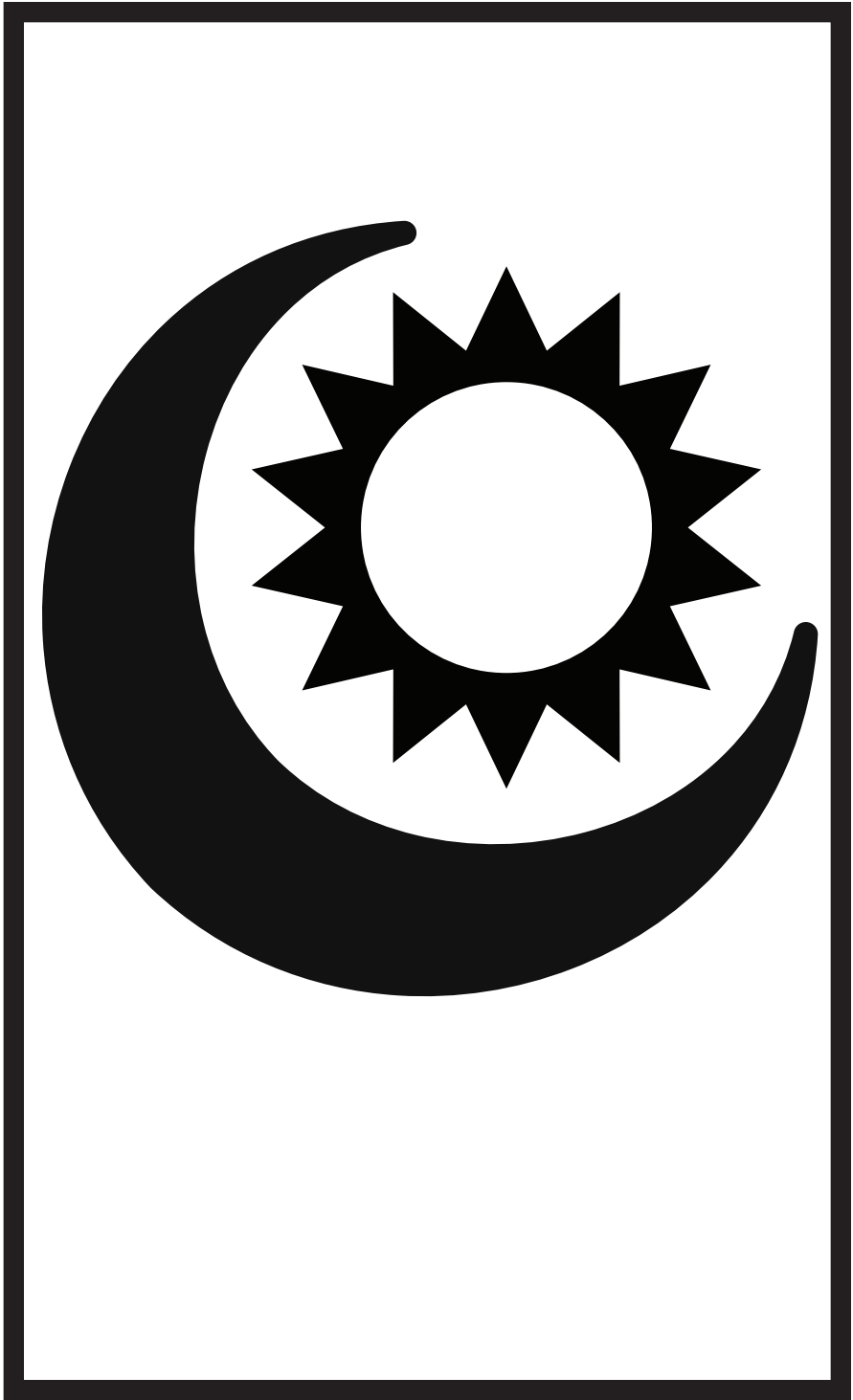
A black cross
or a sword; I see
with the eyes
of nails. The coiled cobra
of the horizon is home.
The dark roads lead
to the shrinking point,
the black, collapsing
star over still waters
where I will be
taken. The ghost sun
will shine on all
the hidden bones
under the skin of things—
crinolines for the 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.



VIII Cups

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

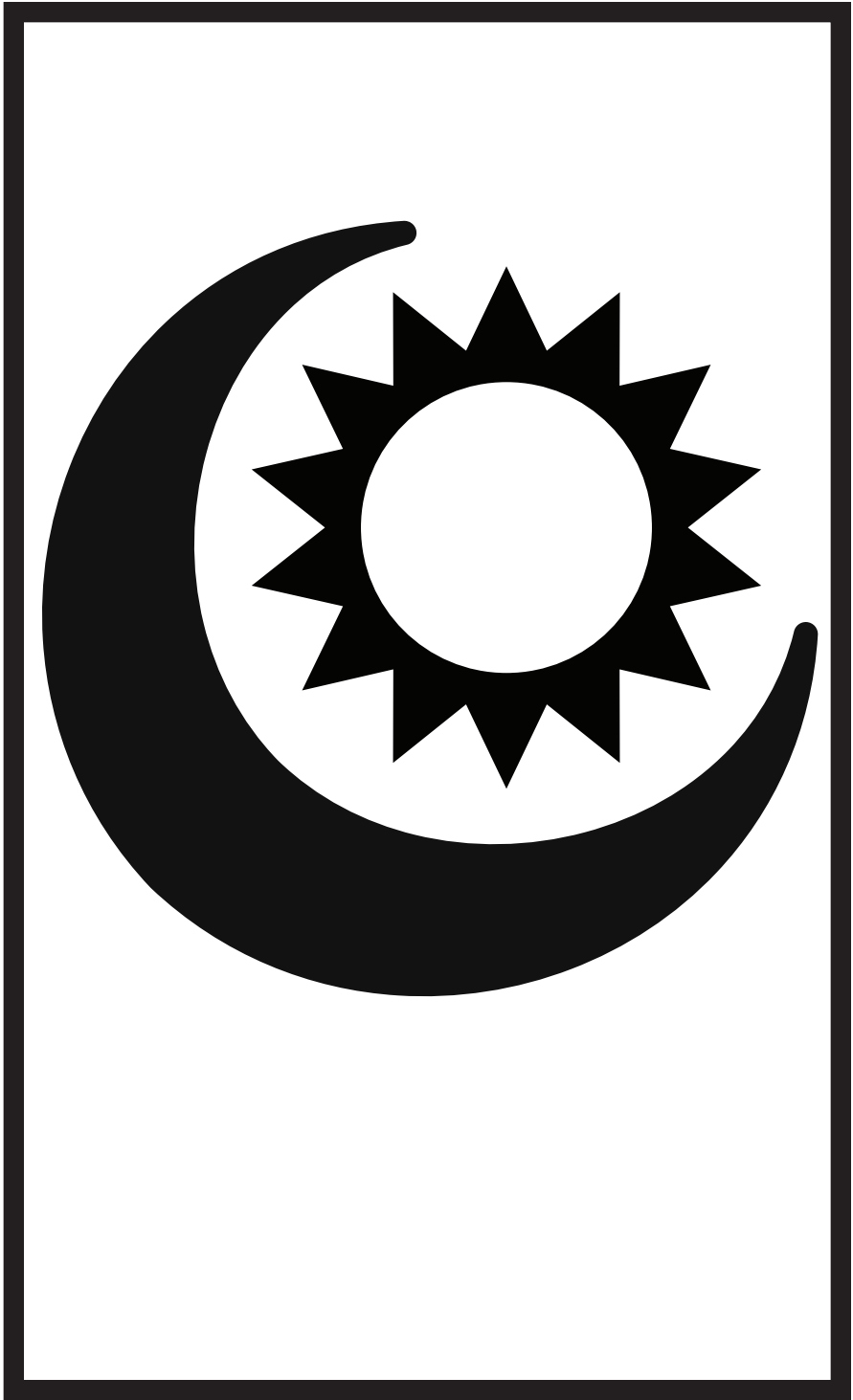
nesting on a whirlwind
with spokes of light.

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 bedsheet

ghost. Polywogs
of light & dark twist in

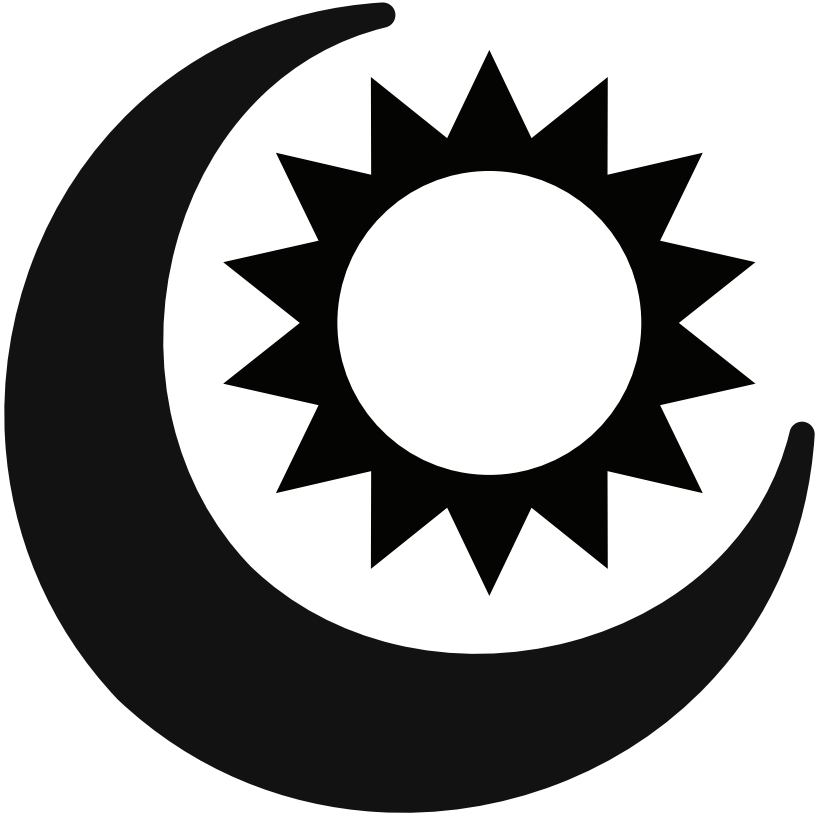
an authoring conflagration.
New to full, old

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

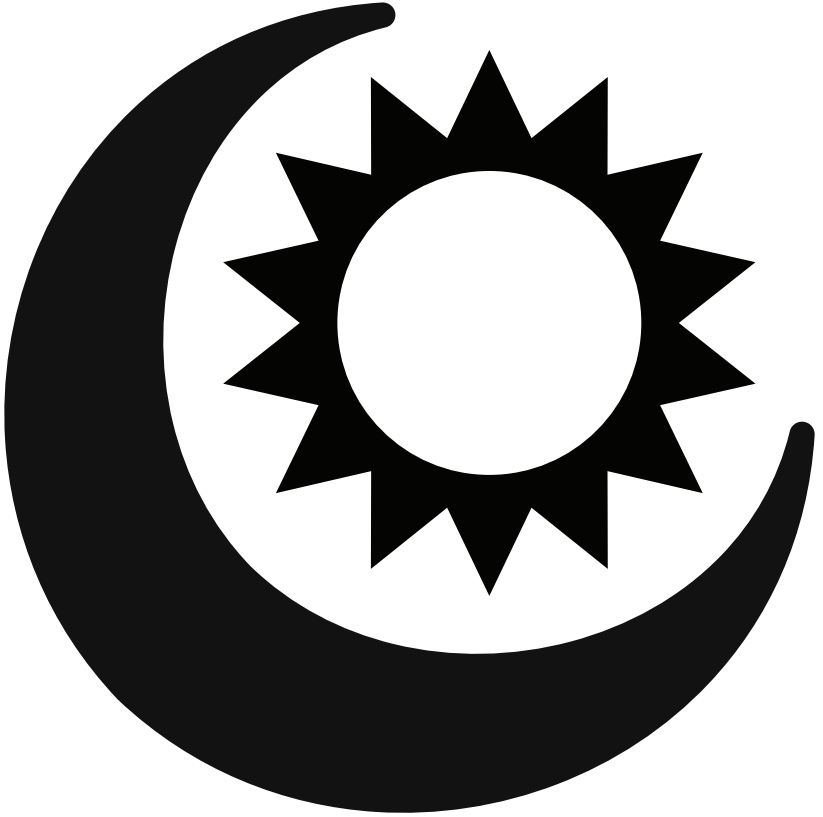
like a tiny tinkling glockenspiel
in a dead poet's parlor.



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.

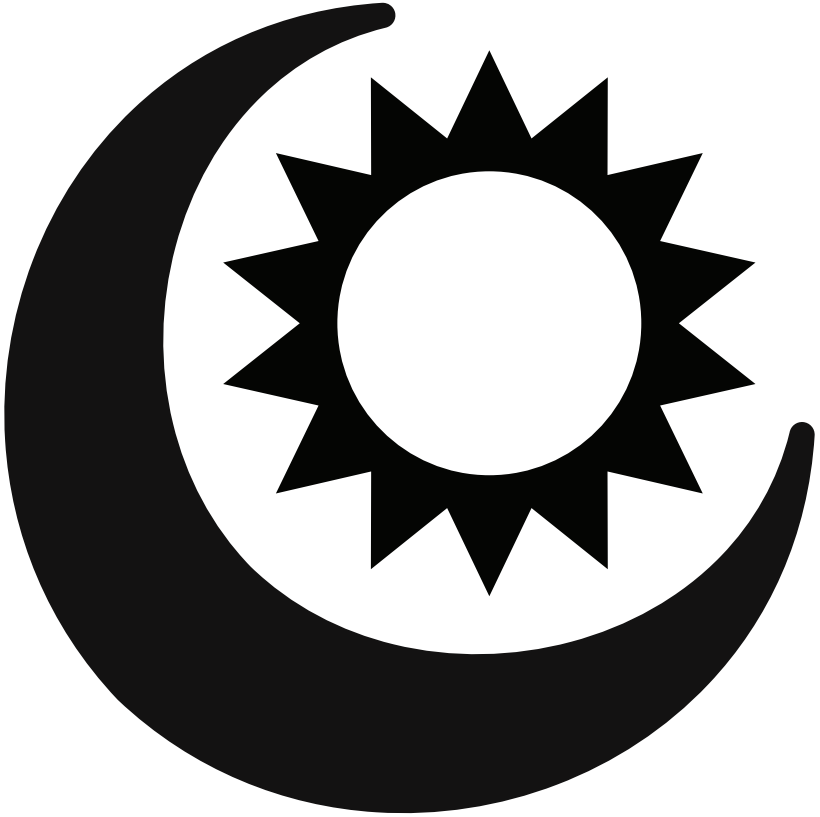
They carry a torch & sing
a torch-song outside
the tower of blood.
Shoes of iron tap a breakbeat
on the desiccated turf,
the pulse of a dragonfly
tumbling toward burning earth, sky
& flames making a mandala
of gold & grey.



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.

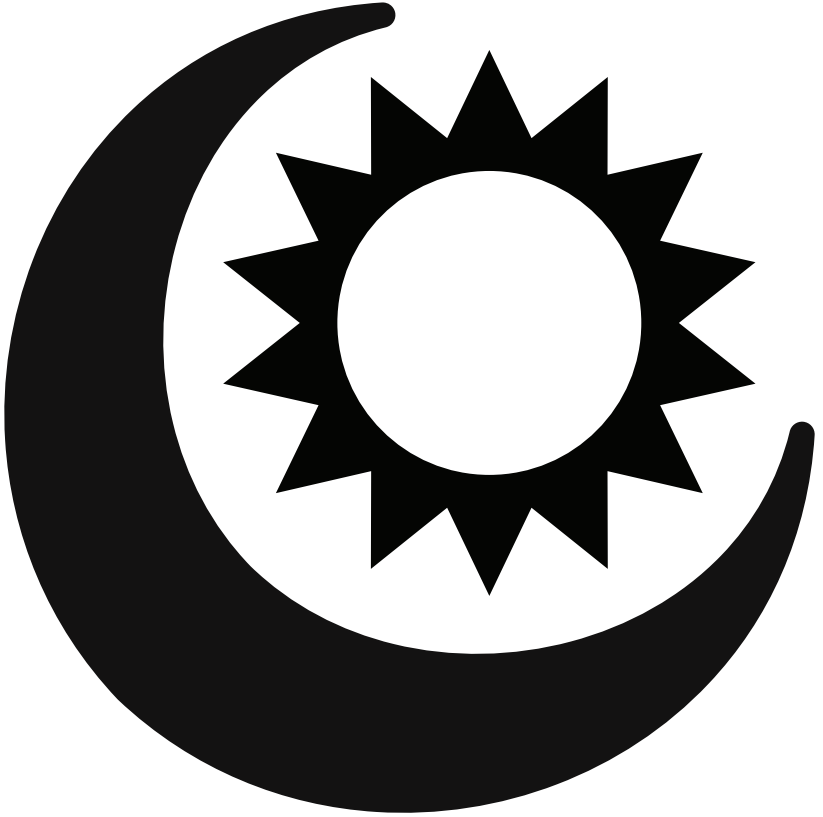
This is home, I creep
silent along the loam,
peer out from blank black
spaces among the dark
trees, my face wet
with what might have begun
as tears.



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.