

WHAT THE TAROT LADY SAID

Mitchell LesCarbeau

Leaning over her cloudy crystal ball,
the cards laid out in a Celtic Cross.

Tiny stars glittered in her hair.
I wanted to drink them like champagne.

She could have been Tunisian in the candlelight,
she could have been from Indiana.

Her mouth was a black pout.
She said dogs sniff you

and run away snarling,
shivering with hunches.

I only wanted to sniff her skin:
dove-scent, droplet of patchouli behind silver hoops.

She said my love card
was crossed with ten bloody swords.

Make yourself invisible.
Wring the neck of the first hunchback you see.

The Fool is jumping off a cliff
with a heavy bag of gold.

Avoid Sante Fe,
she said finally with a shudder.

The coyotes will mistake you
for the moon.