

The Tarot Riddles

by
Jessica Rose Shanahan

*The hand that spins the spiraled path
holds still the pole star
in the northern sky.*

*Up from our graves,
we pull our selves to angels.
Fly, angel, fly!*

*Jaws wide, the woman waits.
Sometimes, she has teeth
between her legs.*

*My child lies with wolves,
for wolves are kind to wolver-kind.
Pray, what kind of child is she?*

*Neither emptied nor filled,
life is poured
from one vessel to another.*

*Holy one! Teach us love
for god is love
and all love brings god closer.*

*Joy springs from synthesis
of the dynamic.
The essence of life springs from joy.*

*Shining in the basket's bottom,
beauty's jewel lies below
the monsters of destruction.*

*At midnight,
on the path to the temple's gate,
a mother consumes her own child.*

*He of de-formed mind
hath shackled his genitalia
inside his own mouth.*

*A bubble of happiness
in a lazy sky. A kite.
A bobbing cloud. A boy.*

*Oppression swallows
faerie haunts and civilization.
Houses of the gods crumble.*

*Adrift on legend,
the worm consumes the body.
All birth is rebirth.*

*All that cannot be written
can only be found
without the book.*

*He who thinks he is something is nothing;
he who wishes to be nothing
knows he is still something.*

*He who opens his eyes
to give to others
gains his own self.*

*The blind one knows
a featherweight
to steady the balance.*

*Hold now, behold!
Eternal existence!
Behold, behold!*

*In his dance through four dimensions,
Old Man holds aloft
the lantern of illumination.*

*The ripe seed bursts from the pod
grows with fruition
and multiplies.*

*The callous-handed master
winds fat rivers
'round his fingers.*

*Have no pity for the damned:
the martyr crucifies himself.
O! Blessed martyr.*

*Not wanting the race to end,
the driver shakes his whip.
Faster! Faster!*