

The Tarot Ríddles

бу Jessíca Rose Shanahan

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

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

ne pull our selves lo angels.

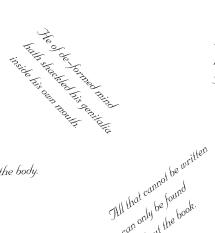
Hy, angel, fly!

Holy one! Jeach us love Itoly one: Jeacn us we for god is love and all love brings god closer.

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.

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



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.



The blind one knows a featherweight to steady the balance.

can only be found

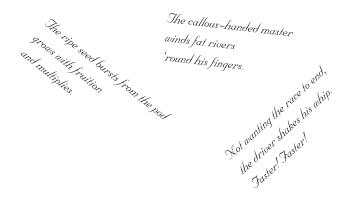
without the book.

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

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

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

> Have no pity for the damned: the martyr crucifies himself. 0! Blessed martyr:



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