

Tarot-Teller · *Nathaniel Mackey*

The
backs of her
hands, whose
thin bones
quiver,

thick lips
twitch, come
telling
Hanged Man,

Hermit, Mage

And what they say
is what you
see, is what
they
get you lost
in,
looking

What they sow (her
hands do) say

Let all else
go

Let all else waver,
waste away to bones
or be blown away
blind to what we
say we'd see

Say we see without
looking,

embrace but not
touch, know the
feel of skin we've
yet to know or
may never
caress

Weird ragged edge
of the absolute world
at her feet,
deserted
by whose desert
look you so love,
the coming down
of whose undone
hair