

As for the directness recommended by the noble Romans: I do not see eye to eye with their approach. It is a fool that kills the fatted calf with a blunt weapon like a typewriter. Never trust a man, especially a statesman, who promises to save you pain by lopping off the head of the first intruder. I myself prefer the winding ways of my fond ancestor the wrinkle-headed turtle and his best of friends and guide, the meandering line in Paul Klee's early middle etchings.

John Batki

THE HANGED MAN: *Tarot Key XII*

*Who is the Hanged Man? Golem.
Who is Golem? Ask Judas.*

*Is he standing on
a Tau? on a toe? upon
a bough before a tree's bole?*

A rope suspends him
by an ankle, from a bar,
his legs crossed before the Tree.

*Does he think of Death?
Is this, then, the dance of blood,
the wind's breath shaking his bones?*

His arms are water
in a triangle, hands held
behind him. His eyes are clear.

*Who has hanged this man?
What does he see, how does he see it,
when will he tell how he sees?*

We have hanged him. We
gave him his aureole. Look.
He will tell us when we see.