JB or L

**Past:**

**A picture containing text

Description automatically generated A picture containing arch, old, building, white

Description automatically generated**

Ace of Swords--

Triumph, the excessive degree of everything, conquest, triumph of force, a card of great love and hatred.

3 -3

Things being balanced, but inherently leaning towards the left. It looks like it is coming from the right, but its actually coming from the left. It looks like that is where the wind is blowing form.

**Present:**

**A picture containing text

Description automatically generated .A person in a suit and tie

Description automatically generated with low confidence**

V of Cups--

A card of loss, but something remains, three gone, two left, inheritance, transmission, patrimony, it may be a card about marriage, but not without bitterness and frustration.

Decisions to be made, channels.

**Future:**

**A picture containing text

Description automatically generated A picture containing text, vintage

Description automatically generated**

King of Cups (inverted)-- short scepter in left hand, great cup in right.

Dishonest, double dealing, injustice, vice, scandal

Some semblance of control.

Inconveniently curious

Repeatedly railroaded by the mysterious

All my logic trees dry rot uprooted

Wiped out by unforeseen diseases,

A weaponized Jesus.

The flame thrower of nostalgic releases.

Gather round his hidey hold

Hang him high and pray for his soul

Some say freedom is just letting go

But most accept this hell

For just a modicum of control.

Dear Iryna,

I am so damn sorry. I have often thought about you and your mother and your life in Ukraine before you came here.

Urkanian Village and Little French Girl telling reassuring me about the checks and balances in our county. And then going to the art show and the images are so dark and our friend is so fun and quirky and warm. And her husband is strange and kind of awkward and canned. Distant. We find out later that for the past year he has been in an emotional and physical relationship with a Young Polish émigré in Berlin. She has a child. It all came out when the Artist pointed out an ice cream shop they should go to. Our friend didn’t know it. When does Dave get ice cream without me was her fleeting thought. I had the pistachio her continued and then he trailed off. I had the pistachio… and, and what did she have? Where did that voice come from? She didn’t want these thoughts. She didn’t need a fucking autofill function in her brain. She was already unnerved by a whole host of verifiably shitty aspects to her current circumstance, she didn’t need to be autofilling paranoia into the artists naturally drawn out professorial, thoughtful or pompous depending on the finesse of the delivery. But she’d filled it in and she’d been right. Later that week when the artist had passed out drunk again she took a look into his email, the artist doesn’t use a smart phone, abhors it, only paints in black. Paints elaborate fantasies of what artists saw in the black of the night when they case their eyes into the black of night at various key and poignant points in their lives. The blackest black. But there it was in black and white email after email between a G and her artist. He was a con artist. A two bit criminal. And my life is the loot. What a fucking disloyal piece of shit. What a cravenly bankrupt, deranged pissant of an existence. He was on his path, god bless him, but he’d taken the path of extraordinary loneliness. He couldn’t maintain his personal commitments. Had to trim back. Go superficial. Abstract and push out. Even our friend. There was no room for the real. The unreal would buoy him through and around the bend. We’ll bruise the rules a little bit, just until we can turn the corner.

Population 9.7 billion 2050

Population 7.7 billion 2019