03/11/2022

My grandmother shuffling cards with her arthritic hands. Then handing me the deck and her cupping my hands and deck and I was overcome with warmth and affection and remembrance of my grandmother and then the inverted absconding card and the solid yellow background, the yellow mise-en-scene of my fleeting memory. I’m beginning to believe all of my own bullshit-- it leaves me in fits, riled up just for the fun of it-- dwelling in solme cellar with the special jelly swelling up through the sutures-- reading you coffee grounds for your unclear futures-- Dow Jones closing down after another rough day in Jonestown, pour a round of cult juice, let’s wash the pain down, call the rain to the plain in Spain.

03/07/2022

VII of Swords inverted

*Why so much Yellow? He asks.*  And its truly all three cards are awash in yellow. Are they all like that? And all three cards has a river running through it-- this connects him to his yellow river in a silent mysterious way that sounds sort of bizarre and kind of schizo when he expresses it, but there in the cards he feels his yellow river, this river he has been following for almost two years now.

Wish, hope, dream, following good advice, but bumbling…

IX Cups -- Concord, satisfaction, feasting to contentment, success, victory, physical bien e tre

Ace of Wands

Creation, invention, enterprise, a new beginning, a source, principle, mingle, the self revealed in our relationship to other people, inheritance, *victims of our past* rising above, the river leading me from the Queen’s castle, now away behind us in the distance to new growth, the phoenix rising.

A hand descending out of a cloud grasping a stout wand.

V of Cups

Turned inside, imbibing, boots and black hair, addiction, you must protect your health, don’t waste you. The girls are your yoga. Relationships are your yoga. Other people are your yoga. Toppled cups colliding. But a bridge in the distance. We have a way over and across. Back to the home. The castle. Our life.

I’ll follow the river, my boots brown and low-heeled

Queen of Swords (inverted)

The past, mourning, privation, artifice, bigotry, the abortion, my procedure, vulnerability, distance from my spouse, widowhood, feminine disappointment, separation, feeling overwhelmed, lack of wherewithal.

Reflecting on betsy giving birth to the girls. The lost pregnancy. The unplanned pregnancy, the unwanted abortion.

The birth canal, the child’s head birthing out. The snipped vas deferns. The river in the lower left hand corner. The desert in the lower right.

The butterfly queen, stern and demanding, matter of fact and exacting, an omen of change for the good. A symbol of the raw commitment required by change. The caterpillar makes itself extremely vulnerable when if hunkers down to make its metamorphisis and there is no going back, and she is terrified, but she knows this is her change to fly and so she takes it.

After the queen’s stern warning, I hesitate in my crossing over from the cross.

03/17/2021

X of Cups : repose, perfection, country house, two girls, town, country, village

The High Piestess II (reversed): attractive, luxurious, disorienting

X of Swords reversed

* Obsidian stone
* Labyrinth of wounds
* Advantage, profit, success, favor

I am 1500 pages behind. Buried in life beyond of being fully dug up ever again.

01/15/2021

Knight of Cups ®

Devil ®

The Fool ®

Knight of Cups reversed. Sand becomes stars above the river flowing between the mountains and the desert. I have traveled a great distance in the past 4 months from September until now. I have visited the mountains which is the center which is everywhere and I have crossed the desert to the source. I am the source. It is my responsibility to bear the water. I am the vessel. The liquid is spirit and the overflow of spirit is the ultimate affirmation of life… which is love.

The Devil ® : released from the immortal beaver—blood and torn flesh where once our hired hand plowed. The horned beast (yang) emerges—male and female. Born with the awakening to the SUBTLE BODY, the SUBTLE MIND(pentagram illuminating forehead)

The Fool ® : I am falling into the sky. I fall from the mountains in to the sky, ascending, too ignorant to know I cannot fly, much less fall up, too intranced by the expanding landscape to descend. I hold the white rose to the road. Jolly canine of mine run before me where I go. Feather, flame, wings, singing

12/17/2020

**The Devil**:

Ravage, violence, force, vehemence, efforts, fatality, extraordinary efforts, that which is pre-destined, but not for this reason evil

**Knight of Cups:** arrival, approach, advances, proposition, demeanor, innovation; reversed: artifice, subtlty, swindling, duplicity, fraud.

Left the mountain like a fool and met the devil in the desert. Then arrived upon these banks my holy grail before me

Graceful, not warlike, riding, quelling, wearing a winged helmet referring to the higher graces of the imagination which sometimes characterizes this card.

I have gone to God for grace and his reply was heretical.

11/21/2020

My conservative Christina mother would be shocked to learn that Tarot cards have been an extremely positive influence on my life— so very sobering don’t you know?

11/17/2020

**Intention:** love triangle, three violent deaths, gloomy atmosphere. Removal absence, delay, division, rupture, dimension, are all the design of three swords piercing a heart, cloud and rain behind signifying rationality.

**The stakes:** the empire has come unhinged and is wobbling.

**The resolution: 成就:** a golden youth arrives with heretofore ununified allies, the triumphalists and the Cyclists. How he united them is another story entirely. Providence, war, triumph, presumption, vengeance, trouble.

**The Emperor** (reverse): obstruction, immagturity, confusion of enemies.

11/12/2020

**The Chariot**: division, dualism, flex point

**The Chariot** (reversed): division, indecision, conflicted feelings, riot, quarrel, dispute, litigation, changing course, changing destiny. How does your destiny change so abruptly and now leave you scrambled to figure out where the ground is?

**6 of Pentacles** (reversed): taking from me smug justice.

**VIII of wands**: speed towards an end which promises felicity Reminds me of my sleep walking nightmares— lines aggressively running through my skull, blinding my field of vision with manic textured and static images. Typically occurring when I feel asleep watching television and hasd to be woken and coaxed up to bed, and then attempting to make the trek not quite fully awake.

11/11/2020

*Old Father, Old Artificer, Stand me now and ever in good stead*

**The Star** speaks of the SOURCE; the humble pass this way, but not the proud.

**X of Cups** (reversed): repose of the false heart, indignation, violence, running as a kind of violence

**The World** : route, voyage, immigration, flight, change of place; inertia, fixity, stagnation.

11/10/2020

**VIII Swords** (reversed) bound and hanging river at root (feet), the river is all blood in my head.

**The Devil** Holding fire back with one hand, reaching for life/fertility/beauty with ither body in the middle. Fire: force, extraordinary effort; violence.

**The Magician** (reversed) Physician, Magus, mental illness, disgrace, disquiet, solution => considence

11/09/2020

**Page of Cups:** *(reversed): duplicity*

**The Emperor:** *stability, reason, power.*

**King of Cups:** *creative intelligence, art*

11/09/2020

**IV of Cups**(reverse) Novelty, Omen, new instructions, new relations

**IX of Pentacles**: The source spoke of, woman with bird, emblem of grapes on her heart chakra, Grand Dame prudence safety success accomplishment, certified discernment.

10/14/2020

**Empress(III)** -R- : light, truth the unraveling of matters. Opening up. Moving into a new era. This is our direction. This is our hope. Our lead. Our pushing. Our purpose. Feeling the gyre dilate and the city shift beneath me. Overcoming my distrust of narrative.

**Death**-R-: inertia, sleep, lethargy, petrification, somnambulism. BPD. Looping negative thoughts and feelings leading to compulsive drinking and smoking. The challenge. The emotional disharmony. The lack of trust and confidence and drive. How far would you push a foolish idea? What if your idea is foolish? You don’t want to push it too far do you?

**IV Wands**: Country life, response, concord, harmony property, peace, the perfected work of these.

The four wands laden with wisteria and fruit and two togo draped figures wave auspiciously raising bouquets in an exuberant greeting or warm hearted, sincere sendoff. And yet, despite the lack of discipline and the strung out moods and the emotional reckoning and external tensions, we have a very clear vision of what we are moving towards. Confronting the chaos and the unsettled nature of my creative mind and confronting my distrust of it as having something to do with my guilt of distancing myself from my family. That pain and that distance has created the opportunity though. There it is that duality of crisis- risk and opportunity… future pleasure and solidity peace and the price of short term pain, alienation, FOMO, neglected relationships. At some point it is about finding your lane, finding your place, your home, your project, your passion and finding a way to engage with it without placing undue pressure and work on other people.

02APRIL2020

* reading iii:
* **q: Where to?**
* m: Queen of Pentacles
* f: Seven of Cups (reversed)
* =: Two of Swords (reversed)
* m: Queen of Pentacles
* Security, liberty is all on the table. The offer has been made. You can either choose to accept it or reject it. 丰富盛意都等你。已经提供了。接受拒绝就看你。
* f: Seven of Cups (reversed)
* Terrifying. Twilight zone. Monochromatic 50s existentialism. 7 different offerings. The snake, the resurrected Christ. The face that launched 1000 ships, Phallus fort security, riches and treasures, achievements and commendations, fowl fate and disaster. A decision or a game of chance is at hand. You dear Querent are the pawn in play. Please step ahead.
* Fairy favors and images of reflection. Imagination and sentiment. Contemplation can lead you into this gambit. Consider and choose. You have the will and determination to complete your project. Keep grinding at it and find updated ways of working along the way. “The Three Languages”- the son learns useless knowledge (language of dogs, frogs and birds). His father banishes him, but he walks into opportunity and success at every step due to his years of study and knowledge. At the end of the story he still is unsure about how to proceed, but the doves are with him whispering the mass into his ears.
* 精卫鸟和女娃- 决心，重新支持
* 坚持就能胜利。
* =: Two of Swords (reversed)
* If I can persevere and bring my heart and mouth in line I can step into harmony with my life. With my wife. She kneels blindfolded and trusting to follow where I lead. But instead she is suspended as the hanging man. Caught in limbo, trusting, but running into my imposture, falsehood, duplicity, and disloyalty. The moon weighs me down and the night defeats me with each rise. I take flight, but am ultimately ground down. Binding my mind to false habits inhibits me from full embracing my body and the body of my writing, I am too cerebral and my senses overcome my sense. My appetites overcome my emotional acuity. If I can unite my heart into just one will, I can succeed, step forward and accept the bounty of her love and intimacy.
* The hoodwinked figure has already committed to trust and be faithful. Will you do the same?

“Into her arms.”

The reading is about to begin. They dim the lights and a spotlight you hadn’t noticed illuminates one corner of the café. The room is full, expectant. There’s a moment after the shushes and the clicking of glasses and shuffling of feet has settled. Silence, but for a soft, almost mechanical purr of some light material in manipulation. A golden youth stepped into the spotlight and we listened to a recitation of Mills’s *Door to the Sun*. The golden youth briefly said, This was dedicated to Kenneth Becker:

Clouds swollen with rain

Like a purple bruise

In the yard of a deserted house

Blue wild flowers wink tiny petalled eyes

Among weed and branches

The only light left under gaping windows

You have died

I hear weeks after

To think of our talks

And the shape of your hand

Something slips away with you

Back over trees and water

Through grains and leaf skeletons

Where the last drops suddenly glow

In one of your paintings

A northern forest and lake

Burn up into yellow sky

As if black bones of pines falling

Touched a door to the sun.

The room claps and even cheers. They are a good match. There is much to celebrate here. The room shuffles, then settles, and the second reader steps into the spotlight and reads… Knight of wands, Queen of Pentacles?

betsy has become the queen of pentacles. Snaking through this story. Making herself known. She is only known. And where does this story go without her. It goes nowhere. And I have been learning to layer on. I have to learning to stay sober and straight and fearless. Look me in the eye and say you are fearless. Look me in the eye and say that you have no fear.

It is not the Queen of Pentacles though. The final throw was the Empress (reversed). Which was proceeded by the Knight of Wands

* **ADD CONTENT- Knight of Wands and The Empress**