

THE PSYCHIC WHO MADE PASTILLE FOR EVERY SOUL SHE EXPOSED

Is this a poem about her,
or each card she flipped?
each card | a capsized barque
the casting eclipse
tapping fingernails
studying
absolution as an historical
event that ripped its fever
from the rivulet and
burrowed a sickness
across our timelines
stuff chime of teeth clinking against
aguaymanto pastille | syrup boiling
in a pot above kermes oak
perishing
in a full fire | this was you
The Lovers spun upside down
on her table | cut in half, with
Death | crowding our helpless
palms with 1 pastille for every
life where we loved | and died

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