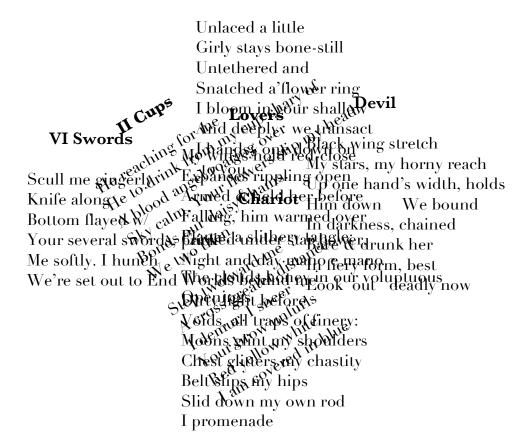
VI Cups



(a cross my heart the needle stuck)

sdnD IV

I bloom in your handsy So gaudily, snatched At a peek you dispense Cheap frills and supply Steady desiderata I blush at the Unmentionables Puckering around Your edges

Wheel of Fortune

V Cup^s On a devil-red back Your sad ear markèd, storied I've seen it all Bit & pointing in to empty **IX Swords** Considered the ends Stomach, turns And called each roll Compasses all points repared a great fast For her thousand words Of dies Yellow gerpents leather down Black shots swallowed in the backs Stuck in the wall & froze In creamy Of all the winged Stars close there Sunset rises & mourning Becomes electric: Under glass Fragments & shards I saw it & so must it be Scrape her empty Belly clean What's lost outnum spars MS II What's left Moon tipped & blind F_{Old} : Fold in slashed fingertips Weighted for evenly after As word cut flesh, sew her Paws and lurks In her body Gnos

Ace of Pentacles

The deceit the flight The fall from graces be Stowed a downy drearie Hell-song, rubbed till Sparkling, put upon Your dead stare. Rubbed Robbed & made to stand It

IX Pentacles

Fare reMade in Death I dicker your tendered Feminine whilst You, taken milky In your garden *Au naturel* depose, Demurring: shut up As a Hawk wounded Our Lady in loving

Mammary

III Cups

Bouncing, sing we triply Encircle, jerk our glasses Gold, filled & teeth spill I smiles I smart I hook Trampled mouths, *kiss* We hiss in sore cerise, Splotchy backs & pitchy Arched

Strength

Bent head back Jawbreaker open Up crunch the birdies In my headspace & wriggling Ass up, eyes a' nice Girl, scratch my back Like that or not, I can Take it (bad blood)

VIII Swords esin belly soft Hunched & loaded Our Lady flesped ched & loaded Our Lady flesped by her sister Propped by her sister Pr

(a violent death) (she rips open her mouth hole)

X Swords X Swords Plunge in deep end first Not and the shallow Not and the shallow Radised up beneath you Fister a flowery stewer To counter fete A blide-gueden Replicated in Figurine To hang in the high places

sdn_{D A} Justice What loss left, MournIngidazednow I loved Our lastiseusoftness of your fat Swallowed bleach on hard bone In milky **Death Fingersinkin** Flesh, bones, hell Looke@me dead-On, and I, blinded As the **kth**ought you'd scream BecamBelectidic't know It'd sound so far

> Away. I didn't know You can dip a toe in Death, it's simply wading

Under the skin shed I didn't know I'd find myworld teeth in you

I didn't know I was sitting on The world