

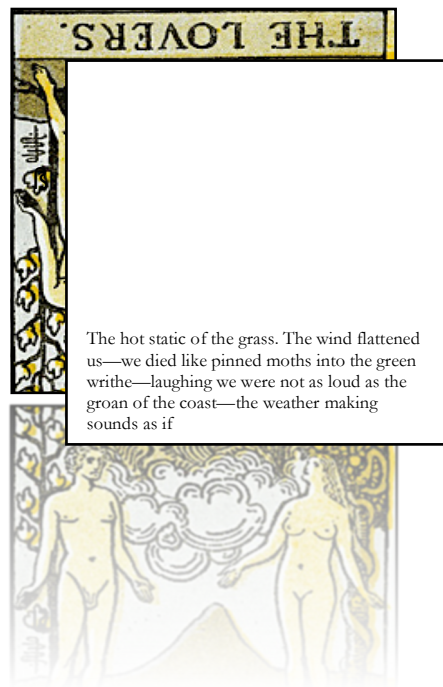
Holes in the Weather

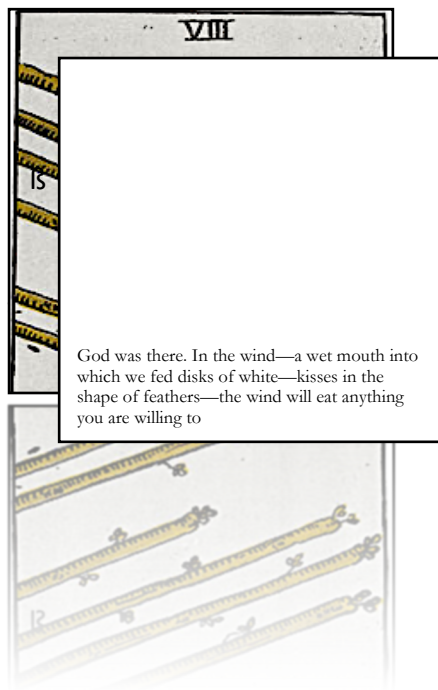
An Excerpt

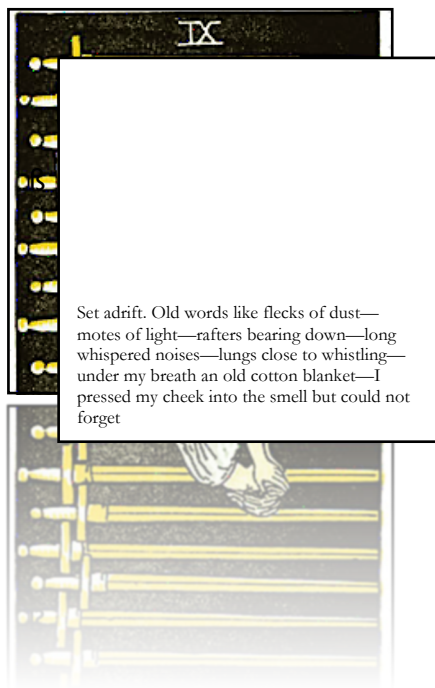


VI

The wind was a palm pressed flat against my back—my back a pretty scallop—pressed hard to hold up the flowers covering the tight Sunday dress that matched my wicker hat—the flowers (hydrangea) felt the wind on their smiles and shuddered—my back felt the wind, felt the flowers, felt the *hish hish hish* of their opening—petals pressing themselves up against







Set adrift. Old words like flecks of dust—
motes of light—rafters bearing down—long
whispered noises—lungs close to whistling—
under my breath an old cotton blanket—I
pressed my cheek into the smell but could not
forget



The holes in the weather. We closed our mouths over the quality of the air, preferred bottled water—we took careful measures of our skin—in all seasons, a gale—in all my pounding limbs a thin mist of plastic, drifting

Notes

The images used in this collection are taken from the Rider-Waite-Smith tarot deck, originally published in England in 1910. The illustrations were drawn by artist Pamela Colman Smith, at the behest of A. E. Waite, an academic and mystic who wrote a short guide to the deck and is credited with its creation. Smith received little recognition for her artwork during and after her life, despite the widespread popularity of the deck and its singular imagery.

A copy of the deck sits on my desk where I write. I will often shuffle through the cards when I feel unable to write. I do not read tarot, but I am drawn to the strangely provocative energy of the illustrations. Like any layperson's attempt to read the weather, tarot deals in augury. Poetry, perhaps, does the same.