

Sheila Murphy



When I offered a cot
you sought the high
dive board I divined
for you to love
our leap into the blue
deep pool beneath
a mirror sun

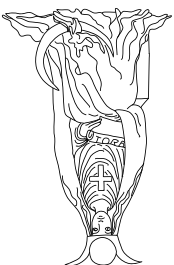
THE FOOL

Kortney Garrison

For an hour and a day
Crow Woman labored
under the green corn
moon, working to birth
the holy child.
Her daughter arrived
still radiant and sliced
with medicine
from the secret world.

THE MAGICIAN

Merridawn Duckler



Last night you dreamt
of the devil
at a round table,
with a knife and an air
of injured innocence.
You dined on each
Other. A feast for kings.

THE HIGH PRIESTESS

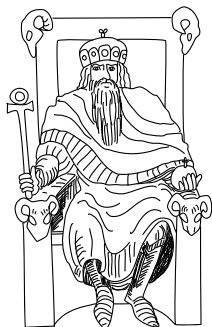
Rachel Turney

Let me
be laden with
pomegranate halves
and the feeling
of your heartbeat.
thump, thump
If I were the origin
of the wind, I would be
the coolness you so desire.
rush, rush
Sonorous bellows
brought to you
through whispering reeds
and trickling water.
I love you, I love you

THE EMPRESS

THE EMPEROR

The throne's ram-heads
support the Father's hands,
power his gentle plaything.
Great King, empower my day
with my own self-authoring.



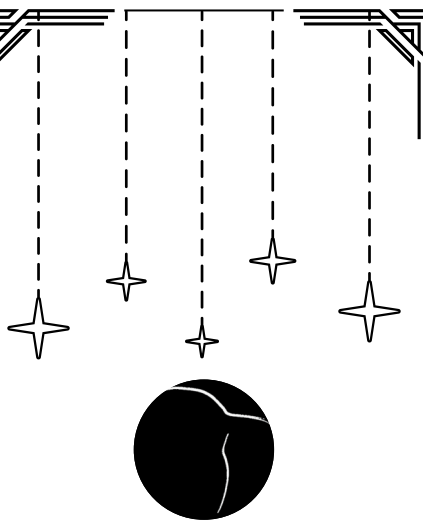
Robert Allen

THE HIEROPHANT

i live in adornment
and my days remind
me of death. i wash the
stale ache from my hair.
i braid in one prayer for
the wailing, one prayer
for the praying, one
prayer, they say, no
matter the wailing,
to keep on praying.



Violeta Woolywhisp Joy

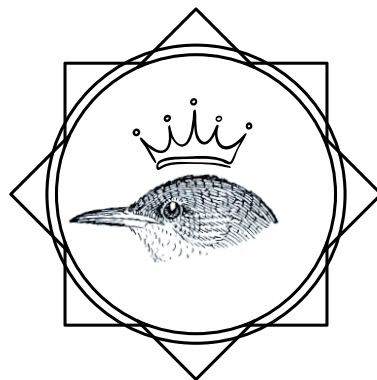


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TINY WREN LIT

The Major Arcana



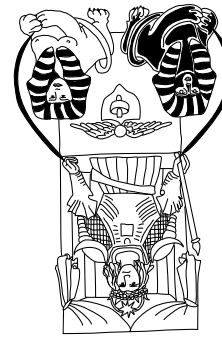
Issue 10.1

Louisa Schnaithmann

Their bodies a mark
of everything beautiful,
their bodies a bright light in
even more light. Body of light,
body of love. I speak to no one
about what it means to love –
all that is circumstance. I make
meaning out of love; I turn it
over in my mind like a brilliance.
When I look back, years from now,
all this will be aglow.

THE LOVERS

Samantha Garner



I am held together by
the bow and arrow
that pierces the heart.
I spiral into flame,
the shape of my want.

THE CHARIOT

Guy Gramer



it's only fair
as we divide
our things
you get first dibs
not being
the bigger one
i'm starving
for a piece of myself

STRENGTH

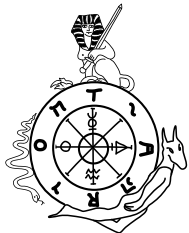
Kip Knott

It could be a captured star
he holds within his lantern,
or someone's misplaced soul
he found when he lost his way
home for the first time in his life.
Whatever its source, the light
inside guides him through a forest
back when he was a younger man.

THE HERMIT

WHEEL OF FORTUNE (reversed)

Control is an illusion, like how
the light tricks you in the mornings,
its movements across the floor
sly and slippery. There is trickery
in most things, but you don't have
to buy in.
Let's spin the wheel again.
I'm trying to change my life.

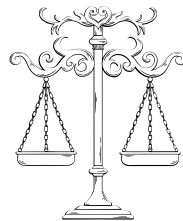


Louisa Schnaithmann

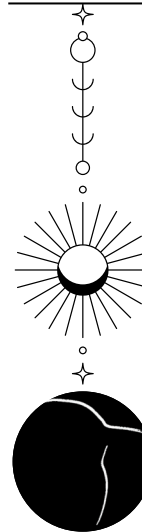
JUSTICE

Stares at me
eyes shrunken
disco balls.

I cannot recall
if mirror images
are reversed.



S.A. Greene



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TINY WREN LIT

The Major Arcana



Issue 10.2

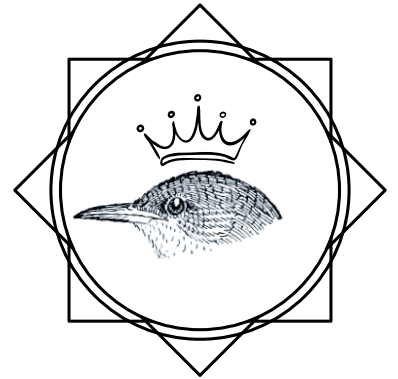
Daniel Gene Bartekamp

The oatmeal looks like flesh,
pink and bland
after a night in the fridge.
There's nothing past the pines
on the edge of town.
The dawn is barely blue
as I stand at the sink
and feel the draft caress my cheek
through the window I meant to fix
last year.

THE HANGED MAN

TINY WREN LIT

The Major Arcana



Issue 10.3

ML May

The next morning,
she walked to
the nearest body
of water
to smell the ocean.
In her hands, she held
what was left of him.
Where do you go
when you leave?
The waves answer
turning and turning.

DEATH

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Kip Knott



My life is always full
because I never drink from it.
Like a desert, I am always thirsty
for the rain that—should it ever fall—
would burst my desiccated body
into fragrant, fleshy blossoms
before drying to dust and finally
surrendering to the wind.

TEMPERANCE

THE TOWER

It leans as you climb.
You mustn't look out
the window. The view from
the window is anamorphic.
Keep moving. Don't twist
your head to make sense
of the world. Straighten
your stance. Listen
to your heartbeat
instead. There is another
stairway at the top.
Just for you.

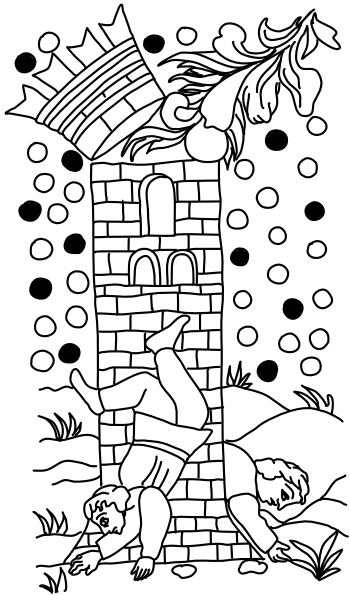
Debbie Robson

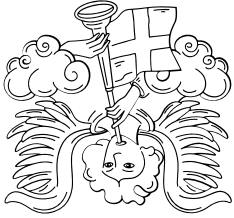
Lena Kinder



There's a maze inside
of you, and a minotaur
that shares your name.
It follows the path
along your living walls,
stalking, foaming,
starved for your center.

THE DEVIL





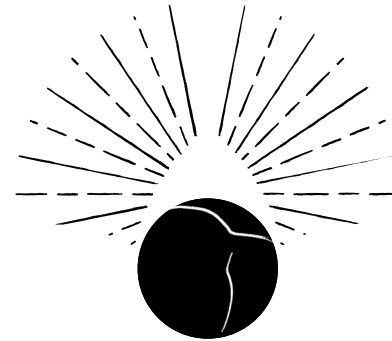
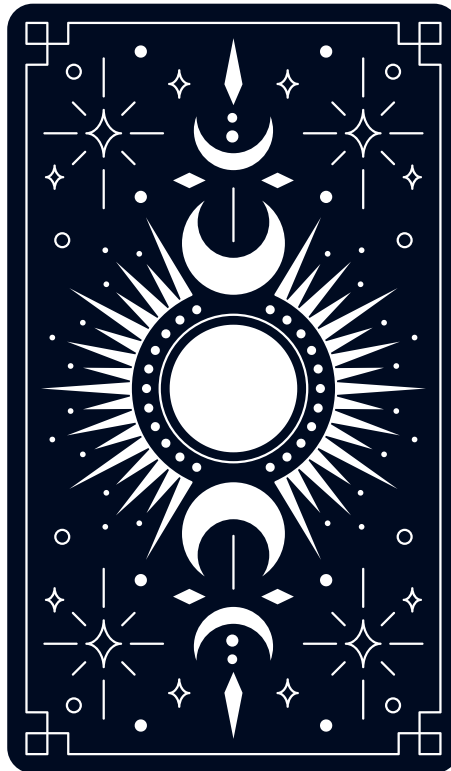
JUDGEMENT

THE SUN

THE MOON

THE STAR

Luca Fois



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