

The Moon (XVIII)

by Marie C Lecrivain

(Smith-Waite Tarot)

Here's another dream
where you wear armor
that's ornate and fussy.
You wonder how you
acquired it, or why you need it,
but the answer becomes apparent
as you emerge from the water
and see two canine cousins
howling at the moon,
drunk on its phantom nectar.

You hope they won't spot you
and decide you're dinner.
You remember,
in this recurring dream,

you've been the dog,
who wags its tail
in excited distress;

you've been the coyote,
who howls to awaken
the urge within the dog
to shed its domestic narrative;

you've been the moon
pie-faced and indifferent;

and you've been
the scorpion
ready to strike.

What you long to be
is the road,
experienced and open,
with no secrets
except for where
you're supposed to go.