Sharpen not the knife that slits the belly
of the kicking lamb; have no bowl ready
for spilled entrails, wherein to seek some truth.
The belly of a stone knows more of worth.

True divination is learned in the light
glancing off rock and roof at setting sun,
when lovers feeling need embrace. It is
the skin tarot of teeth and tongue and eye

that knows the length of life. It pities none.
Look at this human face I wear and ask,

When shall I die? *In time*, the tarot says;
*in time*. No flame or scrying glass or rune

nor hopeful prayer or spell knows otherwise.
Tear up your lying cards of Marseilles.