

Magician

—a tarot card

At the tall of his head a joint of ovals.
At the long of his waist a sliding snake.
His robe goes into the brim of the dark,
white and sentient, root-cool.
He is thin as a candle, yellow at the hair,
and unfolds in his long, clear hands
the casual edges of the middle,
the wilderness of changing forms.
One hand up and one hand down.
A sky of weather raveling like a rose
where goes, ribbon-smooth,
the taller, wilder palm.
There is a wand, a winding of lines.
A trick, loud and loved by children.
His face like the candle and the flower
leans away from the quiet shadow.
His face of curving shapes
ambiguous among the changes,
almost symmetrical, yearning forward
like the markings of hounds.



Patricia Nelson is a former attorney who has worked for many years with the Activist group of poets in Northern California. Her most recent book is *Spokes of Dream or Bird*, Poetic Matrix Press.



The Pangolin Review; Issue 9, March 8, 2019