Tarot Horseman

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Abstract

Not I, not I. Not I to listen for the Rider’s horn. Not I to wait to grow so old ’till only the cat jumps soft upon my lap...
Not I, not I.
Not I to listen
for the Rider’s horn.
Not I to wait to grow so old
'till only the cat
jumps soft upon my lap.

Who is that Horseman
With the mystic rose,
Riding white stallion
Toward twin pillars
Guarding everlasting light.

No, not I.
Not I to grow gray whiskers
with wrinkles and scabby skin,
waiting for the wheelchair
and ankles so thin
the veins show blue

But rush blood through the centuries
with song and dance and drink,
and pound out each moment
hard, harder against the passing year
to beat the steady burning
of the year end candle’s wick.

Each day the throb, the surge, the need
to keep my arms around the ladies,
fill my glass up full to brim,
and speed to race and reach each minute
before the wax melts thick
about my bones.

Not I to sit and slip back,
move into static memories and dreams
of seasons fresh and flowered once
before my shriveled eunuch life
makes me babble toothless garble
from grown old smoldering coals.

No, not I.
Not my time nor desire
to sit dumb-rocker
and witness the Rider’s
bony skull and listen for
the Rider’s horn.

Who
Is
That
Horseman

Not I to grow old
wrapped snug inside a blanket,
glass eyes focused straight ahead,
to click my gums
and feel the cat
jump soft upon my lap.

With
The
Mystic
Rose.