



Five years ago I started drowning. That's how long it takes.

Like all practitioners of magic, I am an expert with water.
Erosive, potent, slow pharmakeia.
It wears you down. (An expert
means someone who tried.)

So let's begin. Today you have drawn the Queen of Cups,
who was made royal by accident.

Drowning is a change of state.

The card is not a mirror and we won't find ourselves in surfaces.
(Don't koi suffocate when the meniscus freezes?)

*What kills most people who fall in ice water is panic. The trick is to hang on for sixty seconds.
If you survive that, you have ten minutes to save yourself before your brain starts switching off
all non-essential muscles.*

Instead, ask why this Queen wears whitefoamed
waves that spill on a stony shore. Should every woman

find a beach of her own, a place
to set up her chair and wait for angels?

*It's a lot harder once your body betrays you. Even then you've got about twenty minutes
to be rescued by somebody else.*

We are alleged to leak, to flow
in degrees of light, medium,
or fuck you. Reflection tends to turn us
blue, which brings me to responsible use of technologies
such as the Tarot.

Five years ago I started drowning but I was only diagnosed last year.

It's comfortable to die confused,
embraced by prisms. The Queen is like me:
born analogue, but fully immersed
in this digital situation. We are the Queens of Cusp.
Now water on heavenly bodies
renders them real estate, new homes
for when we've drained this one.
Water will always be a welcome,
which means it's never safe—stare too long
and it crowns you, pronounces you
a prisoner like all queens. Our time
is up. This card suggests
a soul is more for looking out of
than for looking at.

*When I was done drowning I wasn't blue but invisible.
The trick, still, is to hang on for sixty seconds.*