

Tarot Horseman

By John Graham

Sociology, Senior

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.