

Major Arcana: Judgement

During hurricane parties, beer
foaming on the curb,
we prepare for the inevitable

return of glass bottom boats,
trawl nets, and oil cans—
all we've cast into the water.

Jade oak leaves quiver
and clouds wing
from the bay. It's not unfamiliar

to see bodies rolling in the water
after flash floods. Clothed
in tuxes and paisley dresses,

it's as if they'd brazenly decided
to swim. If you stared
long enough they would stand

tall and flat like the horizon's
oil rigs. Instead they rest
in slick loam

beside bricks and shattered cedar,
dreaming of moss
on cypress knees.