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when you become a mine instead of a field

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when you become a mine instead of a field

the high priestess, holographic
on the card, tells me that hell

is made of gold, is scarier
if you don't believe in it, is

not so bad once you get used
to inhaling steam, the coal-tears,

the formaldehyde. you get used to seeing
the lungs of the lovers on a spit. the high priestess

*says, show me the queen of you,
written in sneering stars, and i'll show you*

your canary heart. already too
dead to sing, too ripe and yellow,

engorged. hanging from the
ceiling like a burnt out bulb.

the last time you see tulips,
she says, you'll feel like spring,

your body shaped like a kiss
descending into the ground.

the sinners, they love sex.
the miners, they love cigars:

*those tarot-breathed people
always believe the bell is chiming for them.*

lines of soot in the shaft:
snort your way back into the light.