

Q: What will the ecology of North American poetry be, 50 years from now, when the planet is collapsing under runaway global warming?



Kent, the situation as shown by the cards is both elegant and gaunt. But that is of course a *humanist* point of view. From an animal point of view, the ecology of North American poetry, 50 years from now, looks, well, pretty good.

We have LE PAPE, who is reciting some verse to a small audience of acolytes; followed by LE BATELEUR, who in an institutional sense, is a definite step down from the previous card; and then LA LUNE and poetry is non-human. The reappearance of Ghost Tantras.

Life gets harder. From the Pope to the Hustler, we lose finery, crown, followers. We present poetry to the mob, out of doors, and it's only one of the several cures we peddle to ameliorate the harshness of the new reality. Note the face of the Bateleur: he looks absently towards the past, perhaps dreaming of when he thought that he too would be able to attract a word-cult. Then the table turns into a pond (solid becomes liquid) and the duo below the Pope turn into dogs (the apprehending mind loses its intellectualizing motives) and the small circular item in the Bateleur's hand shows up in the claws of the crayfish (what was a common truth or trope now lies sunken at the bottom of the pool).

& Yet the Moon, its setting out of doors and in the middle of the night, presents us with a situation for poetry that might be hopeful, 50 years hence:

“My men like satyrs grazing on the lawns / Shall with their dog paws dance an antic hay”

(with apologies to C. Marlowe)

Also, [this](#) is just one incredible book whose subject is the symbolism of the moon