
HON 499 Honors Thesis or Creative Project

Honors

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Her Burning Namesake

Alison Hooper

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Her Burning Namesake
Alison Hooper

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Her Burning Namesake
By Alison Hooper

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struts to the crumbling
edge, not yet knowing
what awaits *the spirit*
in search past the reach
of the sun face turned
away from its stretching
rays and poised
in his pose he easily
hoists a satchel on a light
pole and pinches the slender
stem of a white rose his token
from a love unknown throws
his head back in an anxious
moan feet prancing
dog dancing,
chasing his
fate

THE FOOL.

I

conducts a court we cannot
see and divines
infinity with cool intent
in the air above his brow

wand raised like a lightning
rod stance charged
and focused on the sword,
cup, pentacle, and staff

ouroboros
a serpent-cincture
round his waist roses
and lilies sprawl across his feet
and hang from the corners
of the sky

THE MAGICIAN.

II

questions your presence
in her stark temple
halls, her robes pooling
round the resting moon
as she claims it from
a simple seat in her
hands the *Tora, the Greater
Law, the Secret Law* a tapestry
bearing fleshy fruit, seeded
centers screaming Life
against the stillness

THE HIGH PRIESTESS.

III

sits tall amongst a crop of summer
wheat and raises a short sceptre
to catch the golden sky, waving
it over her bounty and blessing
the earth she created *his inferior*

Garden of Eden a waterfall
flowing round her form
pools in the stream past
her feet, her forest floor
sprouting trees higher than
the twelve spots of soft light
anchored to her laurel crown

stretching past the stars
the symbol of a woman
carved into stone

THE EMPRESS.

IV

braces himself against
a ram-adorned throne
and draws his power
from the gold etched
mountains at his back,

the blood orange sky
reflectecting his rage
as he contemplates
what wisdom he has
stored in his crown

and his armored feet
unrest on his brow

this is fantasy

THE EMPEROR.

V

gaudy red robes contrast
his secular ways as he raises
his hands to the heavens and delivers
a cool sermon to the balding
monks below albs embroidered
with palms and heads bowed
between stone pillars atop a red
stage *the leader of salvation* sways
under a heavily laden crown

THE HIEROPHANT.

VI

appear not without their hesitation
as they walk towards one another not
yet *contaminated by gross material desire*
their palms upturned and questioning
the burning branches and curling
snake, the volcano red and waiting

as an angel with a serene face
placidly gestures, her grey robes
billowing under her own strength,
and her hair a cackling flame

they are ready to do all
the things that lovers do
with or out without
her blessing

say
you do

THE LOVERS.

VII

lifting her eyes
a black sphinx stares
in bored envy at the sky
and sets her paws in the earth
to rest beside her white mate as
they drag a sturdy box with blue
star specked curtains behind them,
leading a prestigious king from
his kingdom, his armor too clean
and heavily adorned with *the Urim
and Thurrim*, the sinner and saints,
she wishes to grow wings like those
uselessly painted on the chariot's
face and escape

THE CHARIOT.

VIII

scratches at
the toothy muzzle
of a rust colored lion
as his tongue lolls
and his body drops
in casual submission
to *the sweet yoke*
and *gentle burden*
of her grace he meets
her gaze, unperturbed
by the infinity she carries
perched atop her crown

stooping she makes
me weep

STRENGTH.

IX

raises a lone star
trapped in the glass
restraints of a lantern by
the *knowledge of the profane*,
as if to be guided
by their light

but plants
his feet and staff
in a snowy peak instead

THE HERMIT.

X

a golden dial rests in the Devil's ass crack,
its magnificent weight supported
by his lean red back

a blue sphinx balancing
on fate grips a sword by its steel
commander of the winged

watching while the bull
and griffin paw at open
books and the eagle
caws and claws at pages

looking up from his research
an angel meets his eyes and thinks
common fortune telling didn't
prepare me for this

round the wheel they whisper as it turns
and no one's eyes are on the Serpent's
as it slithers gold body floating
adrift and pressing
ever closer to the devil

as if meaning to tickle his toes
with his serpentine tongue
and set him free

WHEEL *of* FORTUNE.

XI

dangling The Golden Scale from
her fingertips with the same precision
as she grips the golden hilt
of her weapon and grits
her teeth beneath a gold crown
sunk low on her frowning brow

*the fairy gifts and the high gifts
and the gracious gifts of the poet*
at her command, she rules
with a raised sword from a mock
throne, cloth hung between
stone on a platform just
a step from the ground

JUSTICE.

XII

greenery hangs
next to his dangling
form *the tree of sacrifice*
is living wood flexing
his toes he casually
sways, crossing
one ankle behind
his knee, his arms
resting or tied
behind his back
and out of sight
from the reader
as he moves
motionless
and dangling
from the noose
looped
round his foot
the light
from his still
glowing *nimbus*
illuminating
his young
face

THE HANGED MAN.

XIII

waits for me,
a child too close
to his mount's heavy
feet as he surveys the somber
scene before him *the reaping*
skeleton proud before a king
knocked face up,
crown rolling
over uneven ground,
the landscape fluid and blue
as the sun crests between two
grey towers a priest begs
and a mother swoons
while a child counts
the teeth in his
grinning jaw

DEATH.

XIV

dips their toes
into a clear pool
and *tempers, combines*
and harmonises in a white
dress shifting and shapeless

halo shining yellow, yellow
iris in the weeds, yellow disc
in yellow hair, grey mountains
in a paling yellow sky, hills tinted
by the yellow sun, waving water
between yellow chalices
as they pour

TEMPERANCE.

XV

fastened to It's perch
he converses with his companion,
making casual gestures and leaning
towards his tormentor as he burns

indifferent to the chain wrapped
round his neck and *sustained by the*
beauty that is her tail abundant
with fruit

not flame as she stands
tame and gazes back at him

neither acknowledging
the goatlike
batlike ramlike
thing between them

flouting It's false
kingdom in the face
of It's pentagram crown

sustained by the
evil that is blind
to him

THE DEVIL.

XVI

who are the living sufferers drawn
so large that their anguish
is plain on the face of the
card as they fall leaping
from the grey slate past flames
to avoid the shock
pointed like the devil's
tail and strong enough to knock
the golden crown off the building
spitting gold sparks into
the smoke of destruction

THE TOWER.

XVII

her arms do not shake
as she shapes the earth
under the watchful gaze
of her burning namesake

crouched low at the edge
of a blue pool, bare
she delivers the *substance*
of the heavens, pooling
and streaming at her feet

an orange bird watches
her perpetual pour
from his perch

in a lone tree

THE STAR.

XVIII

drawn in concentration
he furrows his pale brow
and glares at the creatures
below *the dew of thought*
falls on a skinny brown dog
with its nose raised in greeting
and his back to the jackal
as it bristles muzzle parted
in a howl and divided by a river
that tunnels through a mountain
pass and into a pool below
where a lone lobster clicks
its rusty claws and rises
from the ripples

in the distance
familiar grey towers
loom

and golden light
falls like ticker tape
on the turmoil

THE MOON.

XIX

leads me home
and lays me bare,
a naked child mounted
on the back
of a white mare
and paraded down
a Wildes Road
watched by
yellow flowers

THE SUN.

XX

presides with flaming hair
and smoking wings
over the pale upturned faces
of men, women and children, *the dead*
are rising from their tombs
with open arms and ears
to welcome his blaring tones,
relishing as his notes
hit their sallow skin
his followers float
adrift in eerie boxes
in a strange and fluid
landscape, glaciers reaching
towards their maestro as he wills
the clouds to unfurl

JUDGMENT.

XXI

is in my passenger seat
wrapped half modestly
in a grey silk drifting
on the breeze she softly kicks
her feet and turns a petite cheek
to gossip with the beasts outside
her wreathed protection, *the rapture
of the universe when it understands
itself* in her eyes

THE WORLD.