

ALL GUTS NO GLORY

issue #12
08/2019

LEO SZN COPING MECHANISMS

love to my fixed fire and all, but my lilith is in leo and shit is too real for me. if you need me, i'll be in my storm bunker waiting for virgo season.

aries: this is the first fire season since yours, so get off dudes. get to table dancing.

taurus: start writing letters. if you're not feeling especially wordy, postcards will suffice.

gemini: if something is on your mind, consider researching it. a library card would be good in this endeavor.

cancer: get in the pool. stay there. if you don't have a pool, stock up on some sea salt and bath bombs.

leo: drop trou and live deliciously. i'm not sure if there's anything i can do to stop you.

virgo: you heard me. storm bunker. or, if you're a freak, jump into the hurricane.

libra: enact a little change, even if it's to your coffee order or your skincare routine.

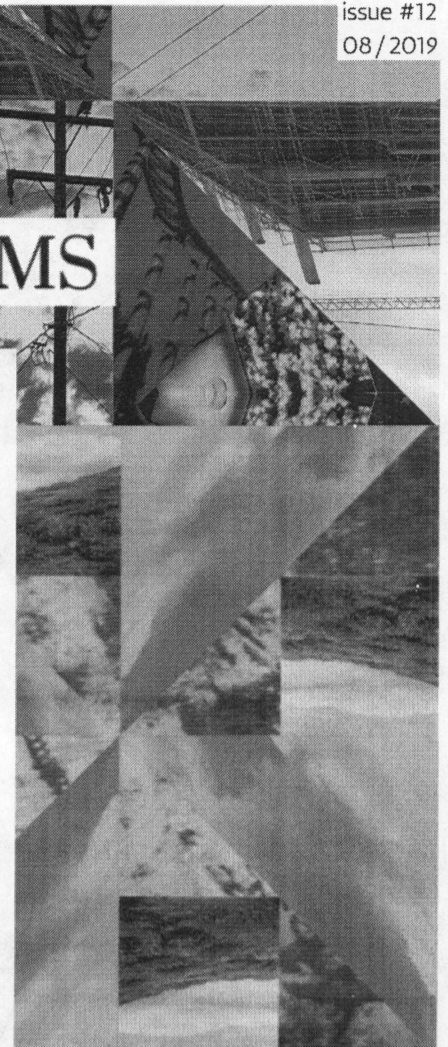
scorpio: now feels like a good time to call your ob-gyn and get tested.

sagittarius: be patient, and use your anticipation to rethink your presentation.

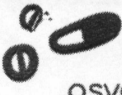



capricorn: find a radical way to engage in your community.

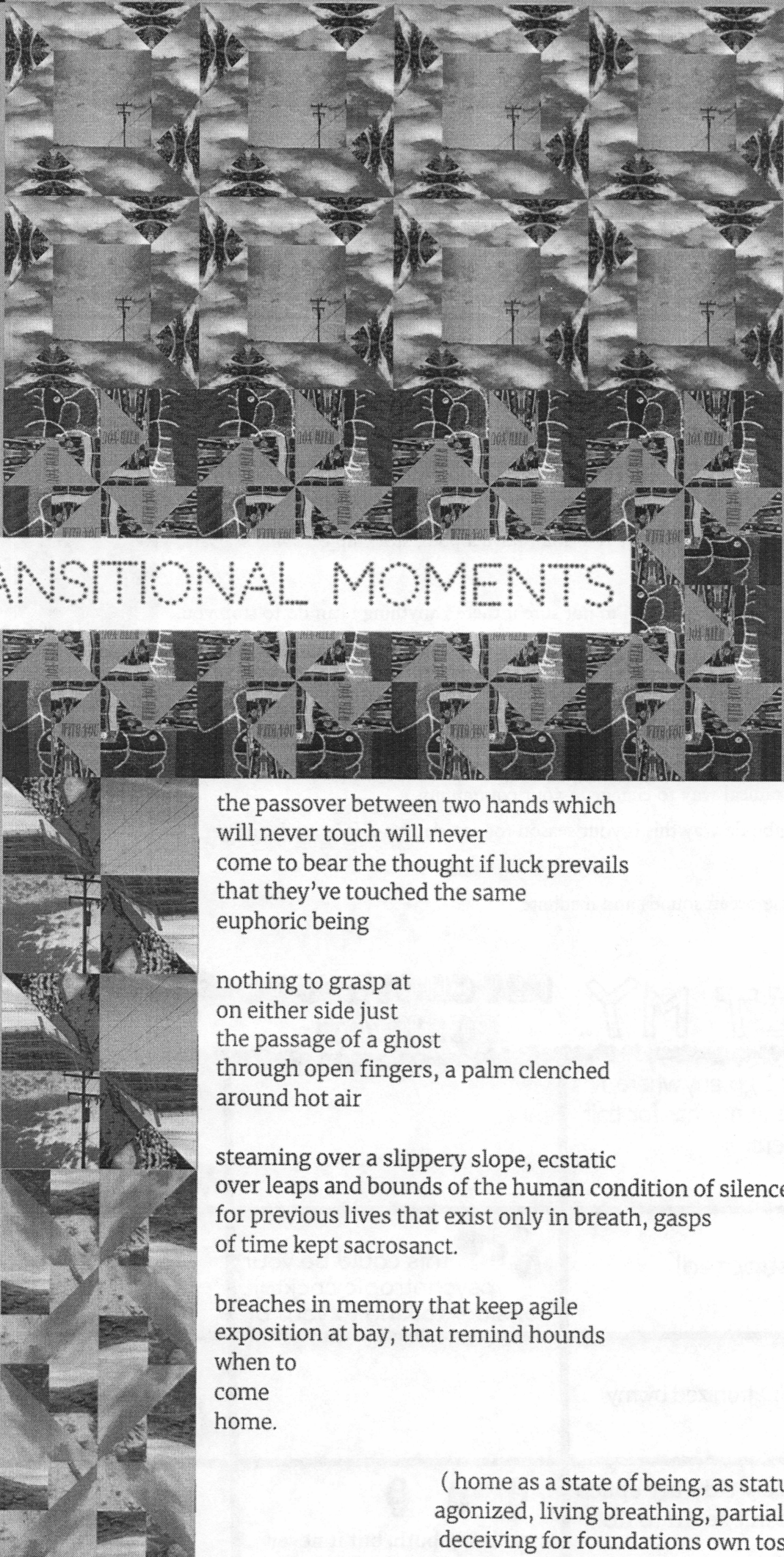
aquarius: in a symbiotic way this is your season too, so slap on a face mask and get some enya going.

pisces: put on some ocean sounds and meditate.



IS IT MY... PSYCHOTROPIC OR STAR CHART COCKTAIL

whenever I go anywhere I sit outside in my car for half an hour before!		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ★ this is probably your chart but ★ maybe consider calling your psych. there's no prize ★ for white-knuckling.
I'm constipated!	 <p>this could be your psychotropic cocktail. consider talking to your dr.</p>	
I'm feeling patronized by my peers!		 <p>check mercury placement for today and yourself - it's retrograde until 8/2.</p>
I obsessively tidy my space but it doesn't seem to do anything!	 <p>probably both, but it never hurts to talk to your therapist.</p>	
I'm ferall		 <p>that's in the stars, baby.</p>



TRANSITIONAL MOMENTS

the passover between two hands which
will never touch will never
come to bear the thought if luck prevails
that they've touched the same
euphoric being

nothing to grasp at
on either side just
the passage of a ghost
through open fingers, a palm clenched
around hot air

steaming over a slippery slope, ecstatic
over leaps and bounds of the human condition of silence
for previous lives that exist only in breath, gasps
of time kept sacrosanct.

breaches in memory that keep agile
exposition at bay, that remind hounds
when to
come
home.

(home as a state of being, as status
agonized, living breathing, partially
deceiving for foundations own toss
and turn. the tide
risen and fallen but always
leaving home untouched. come
in, stay out ...)