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the moral code of horoscopes

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LAUREN WILLIAMS

the moral code of horoscopes

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the moon's ethereal beauty reduced
to a pixelated misrepresentation,
an amorphous splotch
against a navy-blue backdrop.

its misguided worshippers elevate their phones high
in a doomed attempt to deify,
failing to recognize the footsteps of their ancestors
who also propped up gods in the sky.

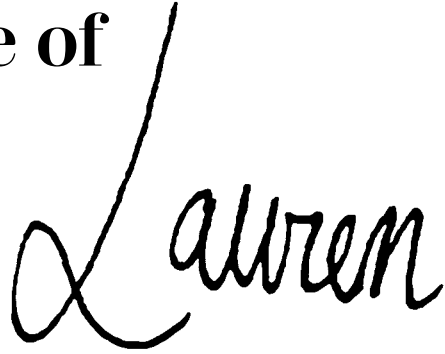
we loyally chart the course of celestial bodies,
not out of respect, but self-interest:

which of my sins could i prosecute the stars for?
what responsibilities can i saddle the planets with
rather than cast the stone of accountability
at my own reflection?
which mistake looms large enough to blame
upon the milky way?

horoscopes have become a weekly court summons
issued to the universe:
money-hungry stargazers with
a surface-level understanding
of space and the movements of its inhabitants
act as judge, jury, and executioner.

"you overslept? no need for regret,
saturn was spurned by mars."
"you committed vehicular manslaughter?
don't sweat it, mercury's center of gravity was offset."

heavenly bodies must bear the brunt
of the punishment for our crimes;
weighed down by guilt,
how do these empyrean things
remain aloft in the sky?



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soft, the cosmos rain our own pain upon us,
hands stained with blood we shed in their names,
reaching low just to reach us.

in compensation, we capture blurry pictures
to send to friends that couldn't care less.
"such a lovely sunset," we sigh,

unsympathetic to the sentiment
that not only will our planet die,
but we are its assassin, hundred-handed
with fifty heads, a greek myth risen
from the dead to take life.

goodnight moon.
adieu to the sun and its many hues.
farewell stars, bid goodbye to mars
for me.

even when we kill the sky,
we cannot concern ourselves
to administer the message in person.

where will we look to for answers
when there is no horizon left to implore?