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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.

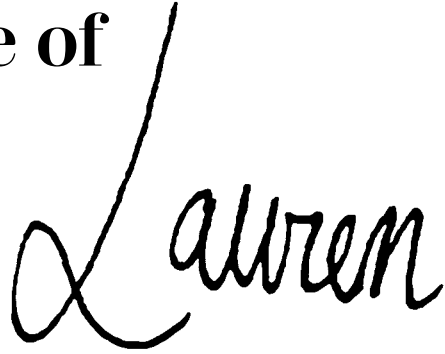
we loyally chart the course of celestial bodies,  
not out of respect, but self-interest:

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?



# Williams

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?