



when I still lived at home

when mornings still  
meant French toast  
and FM radio

*“the morning hits!”  
the morning hits!*

full of static, the orgasmic  
afterglow of the universe

saying hello

my mother flipped open the

paper, to the

horoscope column,

and pointed at

prophetic messages,

tiny oracles wrapped in

sentences.

supposedly sagittarius

and aries

have great compatibility.

unfortunately aries is a stubborn motherfucker