

DUSK

8pm to 9pm

CHAPTER TWO OF VIRGO

IN WHICH

Virgo converts Gemini

OR

Gemini converts Virgo

I've regained consciousness in the Ladies Deluxe Restroom.

I immediately take out my Legos and build a tower — blues on blues, followed by reds on reds, finishing with greens on greens.

I press the tower into my calf and I gasp at the relief of precision.

"OMZ. What happened to you?" a woman asks.

She sits next to me and I'm engulfed in a wave of woody-oriental perfume. This is the perfect category of perfume for the current rose-rudbeckia potpourri ratio (a ratio which is perfect as long as the staff doesn't ruin it by using lemon in their cleaning solution. I cannot stand rose-rudbeckia-lemon. I simply cannot.)

"I fainted," I say.

"Wow. OK. Why did you faint?"

"Well, I don't usually faint," I respond, "Fainting is my most severe method of coping. Usually, I go to Pier 1. Sometimes, I go to hotel lobbies. In rare instances of conniption, I find a museum and spend the afternoon in their 'day in the life' displays. Consciously. As consciousness is my way. No doubt."

"OK," she says, "Wow."

I blink rapidly at her strangeness and she blinks rapidly back.

"Why are you blinking at me?" I ask.

I move deeper into the couch and she moves deeper into the couch too.

"So are you shaving your legs with Legos because, like, I don't think that's what they're for."

"I'm *massaging* my legs with Legos, yes."

"OK. But, like, I don't think that's what they're for."

“Please recite the first three letters of the word Lego.”

I watch the revelation flit across her sweaty forehead.

I walk to the counter and begin folding towels into perfect squares. She walks to the counter and begins folding towels into perfect squares too.

“Like, at least wrap your Legos in these paper towels,” she says, “They’re the softest paper towels ever. Feel them.”

“They’re cotton towels,” I respond, “and I am feeling them.”

“They’re paper towels and they’re the softest ever. Feel them.”

“I am feeling them! And they’re the softest paper towels ever because they’re not paper. They’re cotton. Please notice the stitching. Do you notice the stitching?”

“Yas.”

“Thank you. You can’t stitch a logo onto a paper towel. That’s only possible on a cotton towel. Because it’s cotton.”

Her idleness sharpens.

“But like, the cotton is so shitty. It’s practically paper.”

“Well, that’s the ruse, isn’t it?” I say, “If you believe this is the softest paper towel ever, then you’ll never guess it’s actually the shittiest cotton towel of all time. It’s a country club trick. It’s why their trashcans are woven baskets.”

“Be very careful with your beliefs,” I add, “If they fool you then that’s all you’ll end up being.”

I realize this woman is now staring at me like a soulful statue. I take a deep breath. She takes a deep breath. I shoot the rest of my Comet and she shoots the rest of her Comet.

“Are you copying me?” I ask.

“Absolutely not only if you say so.”

“Why are you copying me?”

I blink wildly in offense and she blinks wildly in offense too.

I grab my Legos. She grabs a tissue dispenser. I hurl them into smithereens against the wall. She hurls it into smithereens against the wall.

And I’m suddenly struck with an idea.

“Do that again,” I say, pointing to the smashed tissue dispenser, “Now that I’m looking at it, I can see that that was an incredibly ugly and overly ornate tissue dispenser and I wouldn’t mind if you smashed it again. So, do it. Do it. Do it right now.”

And without a word, she grabs another ugly and overly ornate tissue

dispenser and hurls it into smithereens against the wall.

Woah my holy woah.

Woah my goodness yes.

What a struck of luck.

“Now, I want you to hit that woman. Hit that woman right in the face! That woman! Over there. She is babbling and she won’t shut up and I cannot stand it so hit her in the face!”

And this time, she grabs a paraben-free moisturizer and hurls it at the babbling woman with remarkable strength and accuracy.

The babbling woman exits and the problem is solved.

“Oh thank you,” I say, “Thank you. Thank you so so much.”

I take her hand.

I look into her eyes.

And before I know what's happening, we're sitting back on the couch and I'm telling her everything. Everything. About the interacies. And Capricorn. Musty lemon. The bricks! The Zod damn bricks! It’s so unfair!

She sympathizes and we make a plan.

Twenty minutes later, we’re brushing our teeth with the provided supplies — making sure to floss — and heading back toward the garden holding hands.

CHAPTER TWO OF LEO

IN WHICH

*Leo laments,
Capricorn leaves,
and Scorpio doubts.*

So I say to her, I say, “No one seems to care that the Bridesmaids are shitting everyone into the negatives right now. It's unbearable and I can't express myself because these people are too wholesome and I hate wholesome people. Wholesome people don't understand that the things that *really* matter aren't the *only* things. Of course, Love is important. But hot sex with a stranger isn't unimportant just because Love is in the world. Matching a cocktail to an outfit, for example, matters. Purple eyeliner matters. Inane conversation for the sake of a compliment matters. Important things aren't the only things. If we were all Mother Theresa Mahatma Ghandis, then nobody would've invented the Chia Pet and then what would Leo put on her windowsill? OLÉ! OLÉ! OLÉ!”

The woman I'm speaking to doesn't seem to appreciate what I'm saying.

I continue, I say, “Forget the Bridal Party, honey. I know you want to be a part of that rodeo but you don't need them. Damn t-h-e-m. If we wanted to be pansies, we'd go squat in a field.”

I flash a mega-watt smile.

And she stares.

I star.

But then she exits in a tizzy and it's this dress!

Everyone is ignoring me tonight because I'm wearing a modest dress!

“Don't worry about that one.”

I turn to find a woman at my elbow. She's chewing ice and staring at me intensely.

I approve.

“That's just Capricorn,” she continues, “She reacts strongly to strong people.”

She empties her glass and cracks a cube with her molar.

“I understand,” I say, “Well, I imagine.”

She hands me another drink and we chin-chin.

“But with those teeth who could blame her?”

“My teeth? Me? Oh you’re too kind.”

“That’s not kindness, honey,” she says, “That’s fact.”

“Oh! Ha! Oh!”

“Do you know how gorgeous you are?”

I don't answer that. I just flash another mega-watt smile and for the first time tonight, the effect hits home:

She stares.

I star.

And she keeps staring.

And since the more intensely they stare, the more intensely I star, I automatically smile harder and it continues.

She stares.

I star.

And it’s great. We’re great.

I don’t mind awkward silence if I’m the reason for it.

But then I ask her, I say, "So that was Capricorn, huh? How'd you know that?"

“I know everyone’s sign.”

“Oh yah? What’s mine?” and I laugh because it’s funny but then I hear her say ‘Taurus’ and I choke on my olive with a dry heave.

“You’re kidding, right?” I say, “You know I can sue you for manslaughter. Taurus? Was that a joke?”

“Ah,” she says, cracking another cube, “You seem Taurus to me.”

I realize my smile has waned to an embarrassing level of output so I immediately say something, I say:

“LEO QUOTE: My selfies are taken by strangers. Does that sound Taurus to you? Was that a challenge?”

“It was a statement.”

“Never challenge Leo.”

“It was a statement.”

“I wore a modest dress tonight. Ok? I’m not Taurus. I’m modest.”

And I try to star.

But she isn’t staring.

She’s tapping her teeth.

I continue, I say, “I wore the black dress tonight! It’s a modest dress! I’m LEO! OLÉ! LEO! OLÉ!”

“Prove it,” she says.

She finishes her drink and dangles the glass by its bottom. What a turd. It's terrible how turdy this woman is.

"Prove that I'm Leo? Are you serious right now? Who shit in your soup?"

"You'd have to prove it."

"I don't have to prove a Zod damn thing. It's—"

"Prove it."

"If I'd worn my silver dress then—"

"Prove it."

"No. It's just the—"

"Prove it."

"LEO! OLÉ!"—but she isn't paying attention to me—"HEY! OLÉ!"

"Prove it," she says again, biting the bottom of her glass—what is wrong with the world tonight?

"You want me to prove it? Fine. How? What do you want? You want a natal chart?"

She nods in the direction of the Bridesmaids: wholesome women. Turds all. Venus Strucking Night.

I hear, "Persuade *them* that you're Leo."

"Persuade *them*? Why *them*? I hate them."

"A real Leo is known to everyone."

"A real Leo?"

"Yah."

"Are you serious right now?"

"Bye-bye, Taurus."

"Wait."

"Condolences..."

"Wait."

She slinks over to the Bridesmaids. Zod damn it. She's talking to them. She's touching their necklaces. They're looking over here. Zod damn it. They're looking over here. Why didn't I wear the silver dress?

I whisper to the bartender, I say, "Crazy, right? Taurus. I mean, my blood donations are tax deductible for Venus Sake. It's the dress. Come on. LEO. OLÉ."

And he stares.

And I star.

But when he stops staring, I drain my Comet and follow in the wake of this woman's perfume.

CHAPTER TWO OF SCORPIO

IN WHICH

Good
is
Teeth

Up
down
flip
'round
strokey
pokey
Soakey

Oi

Scorpy learned to tie her favorite knot
with the help of a clowny-clown man.

She said,
'Frowny Clowny give me a pink balloon,'
and in response he said 'yes ma'am.'
And it was soft as he stretched it.
It squawked as he threshed it.
His hands

dark

Against the
Pinkly-spark
Twist!

Snap!

Oi!

That!

Made ickle Scorpy

bite.

Then he winked with his big, scary
eye when he gave it to me.

'A balloon-doggy,'

he'd said

'For the pussycat meow.'

And I carried that balloon-doggy
around all night.

All night.

As the carnival rolled along its
carousel wheel.

And the stars came out.

black-born

despite their
light.

I played with it.

so smooth

Strokey-strokey

Remembering all those snaps

Pokey-Pokey

I squeezed it and it popped!

And it was the moment

I gained

TEETH

And so

The knots haven't changed much
since those pink balloon days. Only
tonight Scorpy uses black satin.

Oi.

Yes. Yes. Yes.

Scorpy uses black satin from Leo's
dress dress dress—

Black satin as wind between her
fingers—

her fingers taking up the breeze
and gliding it over knuckles and knees
and ankles and tongue.

Down and up

she winds it

Round and cup

she climbs it

I

See

Black satin straps

on

whitely waiting skin

and

Oi.

Oivey.

Neither have the games changed much
since those pink balloon days

We play

The Hide and Peek.

The Tag You're Bit.

The Ring Around the Oh Please.

Black satin has a lot in common with
duct tape, you know.

Multi-purpose.

Gag friendly.

Everyone ends up liking it.

And she'll end up liking it too, this
Blonde Bridesmaid.

She's following suit—

into her suit and following:

Pin the Tail on the Mommy.

Blind Man's Rough.

Bobbing for my Apples.

Oh my!

Scorpy is a good honest girl

When she's allowed to be her bad
honest self.

Which is why I said to them, I said:

“How can you be a Bridal Party and
not want to Bridle Play? You, love. Your
hot. Come. Come”

Winky

winky

Belly-bloom

Belly Ache

Take

Make that

Boom-boom

“Come, party, come!” I said to them,
I said, “Play, party, play! You know that's
a storm in the sky, don't you? This
wedding isn't going anywhere. So come
with me. Come play.”

And she

came.

This

one.

Try everything once, love.

Just give it once, love.

No need for twice.

Now a new knot Scorpy learned from
a Taiwanese horticulturalist—excellent
and quick with the thumbs—and when
Scorpy tugs it on this last step—like this—
with the force of her whole body—feeling
her strength make the knot slip into place
with that satisfying hiss of cordage:

Gasping
is
the
only
appropriate
response.

We fall to the dirt floor.
The cellar offers us its circumference. We
crawl and twist.
It is movement and silence.
The earth absorbs our heat and
encourages our intentions.
The dirt lathers into curds against our
skin.
I feel it grit

Her
TEETH.

Our
TEETH.

We begin to leave tracks.
The moistening earth gives way to
shallow impressions.
Muffles are deadened and absorbed.
Moans match the dark.
The blackness acquires a scent
—the scent of ourselves—
and we tumble through it like a heavy
sheet.

Then
it is madness
and I know
no
responsibility.

I press against the pinpoint of I
—and I press and I press—
and I grab into it
and I funnel into feeling it
and I press
—press—
and I know nothing but the press
—press—
and we funnel each other into feeling
it
—pressing it—
we go to that pinpoint
that static
that spot
we press that spot
we press into that spot
we go on top of that spot
we go down onto that spot
until
—up—
it brings itself
—up—
and enters us
—up—
and moves itself
—up—
and we are gone
—up—
and higher on
—up—
it takes us there
—up—
—up—
—up—
—press—
—go—
—out—
—out—
—now—
—our—

Sync!

Such a sync!

That we're sunk.

So we sink.

We go back down.

We heave it out.

The bare earth.

Our skin against it.

It is so good.

I am so bad.

ZOD again.

Gimme gimme.

Scorpy wants another turn.

CHAPTER TWO OF ARIES

IN WHICH

*Aries recruits Cancer
into
the Cellar Receptacle.*

A Ladies Deluxe Restroom is the perfect recruiting receptacle. It's the same Ladies Deluxe Restroom found in nearly every country club or estate; the décor popped line-for-line from an oriental fan.

With

Feng shui chair arrangements
Excessive flower schemes
A cool, paper waftiness
alleviating reality.

Any woman enters a Ladies Deluxe Restroom and smells the properly proportioned potpourri, sees the free tampons, feels the strangely velvet-paper towels—this woman immediately flushes with a feeling of majestic circumstance. So illustrious. There's nothing in the world that could bring this woman down.

It's perfect, for I, me, Aries. Perfect and piquant. Requiring just a pluck and this woman is in the game.

And of course,

I pluck at these women.

I pick at these women.

I pop their juices, if you will.

I recruit.

A woman enters from the veranda. She's frazzled, hmmm. Winded, hmmm. She stares at the humungous mirror without re-arranging her bangs.

"Are you ok?" I ask, "I don't want to freak you out or anything but you look stressed, huh? Sweaty, yah? Abstracted, if you don't mind me saying."

I smile to obscure my facial symmetry—ugliness is diplomacy in a Ladies Deluxe Restroom.

Tantamount.

She negotiates my sincerity with a touch of her lip. I look down and pretend to play with the free tampons. In any other situation, we would be strangers playing in a strange game. But this is the Ladies Deluxe Restroom. The soft music plays down between us and it's like we're sharing the same warm bath, hmmm. Frothy, hmmm. Dignified, hmmm. I feel

her trust building upon every cascading scale.

“Thank you for your concern,” she responds, patting her neck, “it’s just—this crazy witch—my woman child. I was on the veranda for Zod’s sakes. Oh, if only I’d had my shawl!”

I grab her hand and she doesn’t flinch: this sort of accelerated intimacy is only possible you know where.

We wait a beat.

She finally notices her bangs and rakes them with rigid fingers.

“A crazy witch?” I ask, “Did she witch slap you?”

“Worse than a slap. Just now. On the veranda.”

“Oh my Zod,” I say, “You poor thing. What happened?”

She tells her story. Her narration is ridiculous and I have no idea what she’s saying but it’s clear many possible recruitment opportunities are involved so I say:

“I know that Crazy Witch.”

“You do? Did you two come together?”

“Absolutely not. We met at the bar and she totally disrespected me too,” I lie.

“She did?”

“I ordered an orange juice and she yelled at me for being a Mormon pussy.”

“Are you serious? Are you really Mormon?”

“Not anymore,” I gesture toward my one-shot Comet, “I found Zod, if you can believe it.”

Her eyes widen in a way that makes me wonder if I’ve just said the wrong thing. But then she gasps—“Me too.”

And I cannot believe my luck.

“What is your name?” I ask.

“Cancer. And yours?”

“I, me am Aries.”

We stare at each other through the humungous mirror. The dame-and-goddess lighting flatters our complexions into a musky gold. We bask in ourselves the way only a Ladies Deluxe Restroom allows one to bask in oneself.

“Your bangs are better,” I whisper.

“Thank you,” she whispers back.

Her sweatiness is a problem. I hand her a paper towel for splotching. She accepts—and I have her. Recruited. The fight and its receptacle are waiting things.

Forthcoming, hmmm.

Around the bend-ish.

Oh, so imminent.

I let her splotch in peace a few minutes more.

“So where are you going to fight the Crazy Witch?” I ask, spinning a tampon.

“Excuse me?”

“You mean...you’re *not* going to fight the Crazy Witch?”

I give her a look that would sear a steak.

“Fight the Crazy Witch? No. I already told you. I’m a Cancer, not a fighter. You fight her.”

A thick cloud of nausea rises in my throat.

“No. No. No. I don’t fight.” I say, swallowing it, “That’s not me, Cancer. You are the one who has suffered a loss. You are the one who must gain redemption. I, me, Aries do not involve myself. No.”

She looks up from the towel. Her eyes linger on mine before turning inward.

I wait.

“All right,” she says, throwing the towel into a woven basket, “But you have to promise me we’ll find my woman child.”

“But of course,” I say, not knowing what that means.

“And where do you fight at a wedding? And what do I say? And why do people remove their outerwear?”

“Don’t you worry, Cancer. Don’t you worry about a thing.”

And then I say nothing.

Zero.

Zilch.

Zod.

It’s too perfect.

We take a moment to acknowledge the spectacular state of our refreshment. Cancer uses the moisturizer. I brush my teeth with complimentary supplies. We both steal tampons.

Then, we exit toward the Cellar holding hands.

CHAPTER TWO OF CANCER

IN WHICH

*The events of the Veranda
are told to Aries
in the Ladies Deluxe Restroom*

Pisces and I were on the veranda.

(My cheeks hadn't flushed yet. They were still pinkly primrose.)

I was comforting Pisces so I was preoccupied and didn't notice the first brick fly-past us. Pisces didn't notice it either because the poor girl was sobbing. Then, I heard a swoosh as if I'd wrapped my shawl too quickly. I turned to investigate the sound and that's when I saw it: a woman lying senseless on the Veranda.

(I still hadn't flushed yet. I was still quaintly primrose.)

I supposed this senseless woman to be an immoral inebriate. I wanted to comfort her, but, as I was already comforting Pisces, and, since,

Hark!

Comfort two-pronged is Comfort two-wronged, as Quinn Nookie Teet was wont to say, I confined my attentions to Pisces.

Then, a third brick flew past us. Pisces wrenched herself from my tender embrace and disappeared into the palm fronds. I wanted to follow her, but, alas, I gathered my strength and let her go, as all mothers inevitably have to do.

My attentions then turned to the senseless inebriate. She had been bricked. Her face was mashed like a poorly decorated tart. I began to cry in empathetic conveyance when, suddenly, a Crazy Woman sprang from the palm fronds.

(It was then that I flushed: Vermillion.)

"You!" the Crazy Woman harangued, "I can hear you from all the way inside the garden! And I cannot cope with your crying, so stop it! Stop crying!"

I instinctively cradled the inebriate's head.

"Is this your doing?" I asked.

"What? Oh. Maybe."

“Excuse ME,” I chastised, “But we do not throw bricks. No, we do not. That’s dangerous and this is a veranda.”

“Well, do you know what else we don’t do? We don’t cry before a wedding, so stop it. Stop crying! It is too early to cry!”

I was aghast at her forceful manner.

“Excuse me,” I imbued, “but it is not too early to cry and could you please restrain yourself to an inside voice?”

“But we’re not inside!”

“We are on a veranda!”

“No. No. No. And stop it! Stop crying! Guests aren’t supposed to cry until the ceremony!”

“That’s Taurus Poo. Everyone cries at weddings.”

“So wait until the wedding!”

“This is the wedding.”

“No, it isn’t!”

Of course, I couldn’t respond to such barbaric treatment. (I could only deepen my flush from vermillion to crimson.) Had I had my shawl I wouldn’t have needed to say anything further; my matronly mastery would have been all too apparent, but, hence, shawlless as I was, I spoke up:

“Madam, your behavior is uncalled for,” I said, “This is not how we cope. No, it is not!”

Her face contorted violently. I thought, perchance, I had struck a softer chord.

“What the struck do you know about coping?” she breathed, and she tore down an upraised hand as if ending a salute.

I flinched but nothing happened. We merely stared at one another. She seemed as surprised as I. Then, she raised her hand again, and tore it down again, but, lo, still, nothing happened. She cursed foully and disappeared into the palm fronds.

I immediately began slapping the inebriate to awaken her.

“Wake up, my child,” I beseeched, “Let’s run away from here.”

And, verily, I was slapping her when the miracle occurred:

She gurgled.

(My flush plummeted into the sanguine.)

“What? What?” I quipped, “A gurgle? Speak again, dear child! What! What!”

“...ting...”

Indeed! 'Twas a gurgle! A woman child! My woman child without need of dimplification!

I enveloped her into my bosom, euphoric, until that Crazy Woman reappeared and shattered the moment.

“Shut up!” she screamed, “Stop crying! You are crying too early!”

“Hush, ye!” I seethed, now fully intent upon protecting my ward, “This is not how we cope!”

“Stop telling me how to cope!”

The Crazy Woman raised her hand again, and tore it down again, and this time a fourth brick flew from the palm fronds and crashed mere inches from my ward’s foot.

“Stop it!” I beseeched, “You’re going to brick my woman-child!”

But she was cruel.

She repeated the arm motion and a fifth brick flew from the palm fronds. I did everything I could to protect my woman-child but 'twas useless. The brick met its bait. It smashed my ward’s face into drop-kicked jelly. She gurgled her last phrase and, lo, she bricked-out.

I tried to revive her to no avail.

When I finally turned to confront the Crazy Woman, she had gone, her exit into the palm fronds having been as ghostly as my newly blossomed pallor.

CHAPTER TWO OF LIBRA

IN WHICH

*Libra tells another story,
Cancer is unimpressed,
and Aries enters and exits.*

“A story about a modern-day leper would be whimsical if it occurred in the Western World, which this one does: Once upon a time, there lived a leper named Tess. As is per usual with lepers, Tess couldn’t touch anyone and no one could touch Tess. This may sound sad; however, such a life also afforded its share of societal concessions. For example, Tess had a reserved seat on the subway. Also, nobody ever attempted to steal Tess’ I-phone. Nobody ever vandalized Tess’ house. Even the Jehovah’s witnesses resigned themselves to a polite, curbside wave. Furthermore, Tess owned three highly intelligent labradoodle retrievers, and these little pups were allowed to shit wheresoever they pleased since no one wanted to deal with fecal matter as discarded by the leper, Tess. As if that weren't enough, the local municipality even supplied Tess with a twenty-four hour ‘touching attendant’ to perform Tess’ unavoidable tactile tasks. I think you could say leper life was good. However, love was difficult. Sex was impossible. Fortunately, the Internet gave Tess freedom and she was eventually caught up in a whirlwind romance with Boys2Gentlemen. Boys2Gentlemen modeled axes for fire station supply catalogs. One night, during a particularly heated Skype session, Boys2Gentlemen turned over and was tangled amid his computer’s charging cord. He struggled. And Tess was, unfortunately, helpless. She listened in agony as the masturbatory moans of her distant lover slowly muffled into silence. Eventually, that man died. Tess died too. But of course, that happened later. During her shambolic pilgrimage to Quebec.”

I step back from my story. Aquarius’ lifeless body lays before me on the Veranda. Cancer, my new acquaintance, stares back at me blankly.

“What in Dodecatmoria was that?” she asks, “You said you were going to revive her.”

“Hold on now,” I say, “And correct me if I’m wrong, Cancer, but was the story I just told not about the distances existing between people?”

“What? What?”

“I thought if Aquarius heard a story about distances between people, she would then clue in to the distance she is currently taking from us, and, through a sort of narrative symbioses, it would rouse her to her own consciousness.”

“But she’s been bricked-out, you louse!”

“Shark.”

“What? No! A brick has hit her in the face! She needs medical attention. I’m calling the medic! Medic! Medic!”

Cancer exits toward the Ladies Deluxe Restroom and I’m left to ask myself one question: bricked-out or blacked-out?

Bricked-out?

Blacked-out?

Bricked-out?

Blacked-out?

The woman lying unconsciously before me has experienced either one or the other.

“Hmm,” I say, “You know, Aquarius, if I knew which you suffered from, then I’d be able to rouse you more effectively. However, it’s difficult to help a friend without knowing the category of their unconsciousness, wouldn’t you say?”

I ruminate on this thought, pineapple, and sip at my one-shot Comet, until another woman runs from the Ladies Deluxe Restroom.

“Did you brick her?” she asks, “Do you hate her? I, me, Aries can help you fight.”

“Woah, now. Neither, friend,” I say, “I found her like this. However, I don’t know if she’s been bricked-out or blacked out.”

“Don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone that you bricked her. I’ll help you fight.”

“I don’t want to fight her. I’m Vesuvius.”

“What did you say?”

“Correct me if I’m wrong, friend, but for anything further to occur wouldn’t we first need to ascertain whether she’s been bricked-out or blacked-out?”

“No. For anything further to occur, we would first need to ascertain whether or not you want to fight her.”

“Tuba.”

“Umm. Ok. So we can skip the fighting. We can move to convalescing, hmmm? Healing, yah? Diplomacy, if we absolutely must.”

“Oh, I love diplomacy. You know—,”

“So if I could find circumstantial chairs, then you could sit next to a window, like turned a little, and she could be behind her chair, looking outside. Or better yet, we could be outside. In the garden! No! Next to the Pond!”

“Next to the fountain,” I say, “Because it’s a memorial.”

“I don't think I understand.”

“It’s a fountain.”

“It’s a Pond.”

“Memorial.”

“Fine. Whatever. Next to the fountain, memorial whatever the case may be—”

“Fountain.”

“What?”

“Memorial.”

“Huh?”

A brick sails past our heads.

“Holy Zither!” she says, “That’s the Crazy Witch!”

Another brick flies and hits Aquarius squarely in the face.

“The palm fronds! That brick came from the palm fronds! By Zod, I’ve got her! I’ve got your sign, witch!”

She exits into the palm fronds and I’m left alone with Aquarius once again.

I weigh it out:

Blacked-out.

Bricked-out.

Fountain.

Memorial.

Too-too-ta-tuba-ah-ah-ah

“I’m hungry,” I conclude, “I think I’ll have another drink.”

And I exit toward the bar for shallots.

CHAPTER TWO OF GEMINI

IN WHICH

*Gemini bricks it
for her Budhhama*

OMZ YA'LL.

I just threw a brick and the fact that the resulting scream could either mean entertaining a baby or smashing it makes me wonder if I've just defaulted on my inner Buddhuzzah like wow because smashing a baby is a Dead End Road as far as that goes.

I just threw another brick.

Like, harder.

Like, why am I doing this?

Like, I have no idea.

Well, no.

False.

I amend.

Like, I might have an idea.

Regardless, whenever I'm in morally ambiguous situations it's always best to separate myself from that situation by pretending it's being experienced by a stranger, which totally exacerbates the problem since my relationship with strangers primarily exists inside my mind. Not that I'm schizophrenic. It's just one time I saw my mom giving birth to twins and the next thing I remember is waking up to a voice telling me to follow the Jell-O slicked toad and I totally blacked out again and woke up with two more voices speaking avidly in contradiction and I blacked out again and woke up like how I am now which totally doesn't bother me anymore so it's not like I'm complaining or anything because it's whatever. Don't talk to strangers. OK. But after a few weeks of intense team building exercises, YOU CAN'T SIT THERE and tell me the voices in my head are still strangers because following your inner Buddhuzzah is about acceptance of whatever no matter what so strangers in my head so shoot me in the striking head ya'll.

But who told me something outside of my head?

And why am I doing the violent things they say?

STRUCK. ME. RUNNING. YA'LL.

I remember nothing.

Well, no.

False.

I amend.

I remember blinking into a steadily growing light and following it into this blissful blindness of warmth where throwing bricks is really just a transcendent means of cobbling one's path toward their inner Buddhuzzah.

SO I BRICK IT.

I BRICK IT AGAIN.

And zither me standing ya'll those screams have stopped which means I've either smashed that baby completely or caused its parent/guardian enough trauma to vacate the veranda, which is a big deal because that's a strucking nice veranda regardless of its interaces.

INTERACES.

OH SHIT.

VIRGO.

Who revealed the immorality of interaces with honey-battered phrases.

VIRGO.

Whose Buddhuzzahnic wisdom pierced me at my core.

VIRGO.

I didn't even know I had a core ya'll.

VIRGO.

MY BUDDHAMA.

OK.

Yah, so, although I previously stated I would never default on my inner Buddhuzzah by following an outer influence instead, ok, but, like, I never said that actually doing so would qualify as a default in the first place because sometimes strengthening something requires destroying it first, I mean, how else would you explain the incredible results I'm getting from my AB attack classes, like legit, and virtues are like abdominals because the more you exercise them, the more securely you organize them into envied and admirable packs for better back support so, really, the so called 'vice' of destroying one's inner Buddhuzzah is actually a virtue if it's due to the fact that you're strengthening a living, breathing Buddhama instead.

And Virgo is my Buddhama!

Buddhama of such wisdom and spiritual jazz!

I BRICK IT FOR YOU BUDDHAMA!

I BRICK IT SO STRUCKING HARD!

Like, let's be real, ancient peoples smashed babies all the time precisely because they were following their inner Buddhuzzah to please their outer Buddhama so smashing babies is totally

what religion is and religion is virtue and
isn't virtue why I was following my inner
Buddhuzzah to begin with?

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSS.

No.

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSS.

No.

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSS.

So.

Like, I've finally found virtue in
Virgo.

It's like Oliver Twist is holding a gun
to your parent/guardian's head and
asking for more porridge or whatever and
no one has any so the situation requires
you killing an orphan to avoid becoming
one and don't pretend like you wouldn't
do it because you know you would, we all
would, my selves included.

THAT'S WHY I BRICK IT SO HARD!

BRICK!

BRICK!

BUDDHAMA!

BRICK!

OW.

ZITHER.

I think

I just
pulled
a muscle.

CHAPTER TWO OF PISCES

IN WHICH

*Pisces defeats Gemini
in a mantra match*

How typical!

I sobbed the speech—once, twice—and wasn't sure if anyone was paying attention. But then—thrice—the people started listening. And then—frice—the bricks began to fly. And now—fice—I've been forced to take cover in the palm fronds!

I think we all know what this means!

I recite my Persecution Mantra:
Authorative Restorative Pejorative

AUTHORATIVE

RESTORATIVE

PEJORATIVE

It works. I'm definitely being persecuted.

Zod damn these people!

Damn thier apathy. Thier cruelty.
Thier persecution.

The way people are makes me want to be a murderer, or a dictator, or at least a human rights violator. People who degrade and demean don't deserve to be treated like human beings. Humanity is so unutterably disgusting I can't even say!

So I recite my Silence Mantra:

It works. I have nothing to say.

So I recite my Silence Mantra again...

Oh these fronds are so peaceful...

I could just lay here...

And melt away...

CLINK

CLINK

What's that?

CLINK

Hey now! What's that noise?

CLINK

Who's infringing upon my right to remain in silence?

CLINK

“Hello!”

CLINK

“I am meditating here!”

CLINK

Wait a minute.

CLINK

Where's the path?

CLINK

Where am I?

CLINK

Ouch!

CLINK

These fronds are really sharp!

CLINK

“...could totally be traced to the fact that my childhood heroes were manikins with missing limbs because let's be real...”

— I plug my ears —

Dear Zod.

What's that whispering?

— I unplug my ears —

“...if you can maintain a super haughty attitude as a naked amputee then you're pretty much set as far as confidence goes and confidence goes a long way...”

— I replugin—

A disembodied voice?

Within a maze of unending darkness?

What does it mean?

— I unplugin—

“...and it's not like I have an infatuation with being disinterested...”

— I replugin! —

— Oh Zod —

“...because how could anyone be addicted to apathy...”

— Oh no —

“...outside of the obvious truth of what happens to my brain when I take a trip down Mary Jane Lane...”

— Has the trauma from my persecution coagulated with the evil I was attempting to dispel to create a California demon spirit who's sole goal is to destroy my sense of sanity and purpose? —

“...ahahahahahaha...”

— Quick! Pisces! Recite your Strongest Mantra —

“FORTUITOUS

CIRCUITOUS

GRATUITOUS!”

— I unplugin —

Silence...

Silence...

Silence...

“BUDDHAMA RAH RAH!”

Zeepers! Something heavy crashes through the fronds on my left!

“STUDIUS FASUVIOUS!” I blurt out in defense.

“BUDDHUZZAH BLAH BLAH!”

Another heavy object falls on my right.

“NO!” I scream, “PATRIARCHAL SPARKLE!”

“CAW CAW RAVEN THAW!”

“FIRE SHIRE TIRE AND IRE!”

“OPAH!”

“OPRAH! OKRA! DON'CHA!”

— I re-plug!—

No, Pisces! No! It's not just your mind that's losing sense—it's your mantras too! BUT NO! You can take the mind, evil California demon, but you can never take the mantras!

— I unplug! —

“Ye Delicatessen

To self-expression:

End this mantra messin'!

Although your testing

Has me guessing

The blessing

Of my addressing

In all honesty confessing

‘Tis a strength and not a lessening

More a flexing than a vexing

So be gone lest further hexing

Send me on in firm T-rexing

Through the order of your jesting

Which to me is quite perplexing

Zod knows Karma is a Witch!”

I hear mumbling...

Familiar...

Human...

Disgusting...

I follow it.

It leads me out of this painful darkness. Ouch. Back to the fringes of the fronds.

It's a crowd. A crowd has gathered around the Pond. Holy Zounds. That's my crowd. That's my calling from the darkness: My people. My purpose. My persecution. I have defeated the evil California demon spirit! I am no longer a mantra follower. I am a mantra missionary.

I recite my Missionary Mantra:
HALLELUJAH BOOYAH

HALLELUJAH

BOOYAH

It works. I am emissioned.

I clear my throat:

CHAPTER TWO OF CAPRICORN

IN WHICH

*Capricorn makes a speech,
Pisces interrupts,
and Taurus sips*

Bricks are missing.

Taurus has just informed me that there are now one thousand nine hundred and eighty-four bricks circling the Pond.

This is a problem for three reasons:

1. The Bride and I were not alive in 1984
2. The Bride and I have no connection to 1984, and
3. Outside of AP English classes, the number 1984 is worthless.

Tell me, what are the witnesses to the Brick Bequeathal Ceremony (BBC) supposed to think when I bequeath one thousand nine hundred and eighty-four bricks to the Bride, with whom I have a deep connection, but for whom I can only bequeath senseless irrelevancies? Tell me, what does that say about my worthiness for being the Runner Up Bridesmaid (RUB)?

Taking these recent thefts into due consideration, I have now decided to update my list of RUB requirements.

So, in addition to,

1. Exactitude,
2. Perseverance, and,
3. Poetry, the RUB must also now exhibit
4. A forthrightness that borders on witchery to defend herself and her cause.

For this latest requirement, I step onto the ledge circling the Pond.

“Excuse me!” I say to the witnesses, “May I have everyone’s attention please?”

The witnesses turn from their group chatter and fall silent.

“I know all of you were as shocked as I to hear that a so called 'mega-storm' has suddenly changed course and seems to be barreling straight toward us at an alarming speed. However, if there's anything else I know, it's my best friend, the Bride, and how she would never let anything distract her from what's

important. So, if I could just draw everyone's attention to the bricks that are currently—”

“YOU WILL DRAW NOTHING YOU DISGUSTING PERSON!”

The insult screeches out of nowhere. I look to Taurus for an explanation but she shrugs and sips.

“Ok,” I continue, “As I was saying, it's times like these when poetry—”

“POETRY MY ASS, YOU DEPRESSING BAR-BITCH-UATE!”

“Depressing bar-bitch-uate?” I repeat, “What a minute now. Who said that?”

No one responds. Everyone remains silent and waits to see if I'll be bested by a pun—absolutely not.

“I'm a depressing bar-bitch-uate?” I say, “Me?”

“YAH!”

“Well, I'm not the one interrupting a speech, am I?”

“I INTERRUPT FOR THE GOOD OF MY PEOPLE! TO SAVE THEM FROM YOU! DISGUSTING!”

“Why am I disgusting?”

“QUIET! I'VE GOT THE FLOOR NOW!”

“You've got the floor?”

The fronds to my left rustle—this rude voice is coming from the palm fronds.

“You've got the floor?” I repeat.

“THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE GOT THE FLOOR!”

“Do you know who donated this floor?”

“A DISGUSTING PERSON! THAT'S WHO!”

“I did!”

“I KNEW IT! IT IS YOU! TAKE A GOOD LOOK EVERYONE: HERE IS THE MONSTER WHO DONATES BRICK FLOORS TO GARDENS BUT LEAVES DIRT FLOORS FOR EVERYONE ELSE!”

The witnesses start to nod their heads in agreement. An older gentleman spits on a brick and exits.

I'm confused.

“Wait a second. Wait a second. No, no, no, no, no,” I assure the group at the front, “Donating bricks to a garden is actually a poetically viable choice.”

“I'D SAY THE SAME TO YOU, STONER!”

“Stoner? I'm not a stoner! I'm Capricorn!”

I look to Taurus for help, but she shrugs and sips.

“CAPRICORN! YOU DONATED BRICKS TO THIS GARDEN TO USE THEM AGAINST THE PEOPLE! THERE'S A DISGUSTING BRICK-THROWER AT THIS WEDDING AND IT'S YOU!”

“Who’s throwing bricks? Let me be very clear here: I’m the only person who touches these bricks!”

“AN ADMISSION! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU JUST HEARD IT! SHE’S THE BRICK THROWER! IT’S CAPRICORN!”

The entire crowd raises their eyebrows.

“No! No! No! I’m the Runner Up Bridesmaid, ok! *Not* the brick thrower, alright! That's not me.”

I’m hit with an olive. A glass. Someone tries to throw a napkin but fails.

The witnesses start to boo.

“But I am the RUB! Just wait until I’ve performed the BBC, ok! I’ll prove it!”

Then, someone wraps their napkin around an olive and successfully pelts me with it, and I’m suddenly afraid. I look to Taurus but the crowd has blocked her out.

“But I’m Capricorn, OK! I embody an admirable set of attributes, alright! I can enumerate them for you!”

Out of nowhere, a brick flies and hits a grandma. The crowd breaks and floods toward me.

I have no choice. So, in addition to

1. Exactitude,
2. Perseverance,
3. Poetry, and
4. A forthrightness that borders on witchery, I must also now
5. Jump into the palm fronds for cover.

CHAPTER TWO OF TAURUS

IN WHICH

*Taurus destroys Pisces' faith in
humanity because
Pisces destroys Taurus' phone*

Being a discontented materialist is bad.

If I were a planetary hypnotist, I'd manipulate the Earth's orbit such that I sent its population into a trance. Then, while everyone was incapacitated, I'd steal everything that was beautiful and hide it in my basement.

However, I'm not a planetary hypnotist.

I'm a discontented materialist.

So instead, I brood over the
loss of my phone:

I was looking at it, pretending to listen to Libra's story, when a thief took it out of my hand. I spent three seconds reading the lines of my palm before I realized they weren't status updates.

"Excuse me," I said, looking up at the thief, "You took my phone. That's my phone. You took it."

She was standing in front of me with her feet planted far apart. Her face was contorted into the quintessential Bosch grimace.

"I know it's your phone," she said, "But I'm here to deliver a message you don't know sister: This world is disgusting!"

"I know that."

"What?"

"Well, at least, I know I'm disgusting. I know my life is disgusting. And I know this because, generally speaking, I know I am a contented materialist."

The thief seemed confused.

"I don't have a cause," I explained, "I have a credit card. Comfort is my cause, to echo Wilde, and that's disgusting. I know. I know six-year-old children lose their fingers in the making of my newest fashionable purchase. Yes. Fact. However, it's also a fact that every day I buy more things because it makes me feel good."

It was Libra's turn to grimace (more Blake than Bosch). Now they both seemed confused so I kept going:

“I agree the world’s problems are sad,” I said, “and I pay attention to them. The problems of poor people are extremely interesting. I’ll watch a documentary about their exploitation, absolutely, and I’ll talk about it with other Netflix subscribers but I won’t *do* anything about it. Don’t be silly. I’ll buy something. I’ll talk about their exploitation while sipping the evidence at a corporate café. And I won’t give my change to cleft-lipped children. No. I’ll buy the cake pop.”

I sipped.

“I’m not about to contradict the truths revealed through these choices,” I continued, “I am disgusting. I am a contented materialist. I will be buried in a coffin that costs more than what a third-world prostitute could ever earn throughout an entire life spent habituating sex acts. Fact. True. I willingly and knowingly sacrifice the humanity of others just to have my things. I’m surprised you don’t know this about people yet: we’re good at heart but bad at doing anything about it. This is what it means to be a contented materialist. It’s disgusting. Trust me when I say ‘I know.’”

By then the light had changed and I’d lost all chance of viewing my phone without a strong backlight. I was annoyed. I have weak eyes. My patience was leaving. So, I set down my glass and I stood up.

“Now it’s time for you to return my phone,” I said.

“Wait. You—you know? About the world. And this place. You. Me. It’s disgusting and you know it?”

“Everybody knows.”

“Everybody?” the thief responded, her face collapsing into something even more ugly and desperate.

I turned to Libra:

“You know, correct?”

“Well, I’ll tell you what I do know. There once was a girl—”

“She knows. We know,” I said, “Everybody knows.”

The thief started to cry. Then, she started to blabber. It was unnecessary. And I felt for her. I did. And I was on the cusp of comforting her but then she threw my phone into the Pond.

“Now you have to pay attention!” she said, “Now you have to own up! How does it feel? How does it feel to know you’re dis—”

It was at that point I brought my forehead into contact with hers. Head butt. Her teeth cracked. She staggered backwards and collided with a chair. Her ankle popped. She flipped and disappeared into the palm fronds.

“It feels like that,” I responded.

I was agitated. I instinctively reached for my phone but it wasn’t there. It was in the Pond.

Were I an ironic jester, I would have remarked that the ripples signaling its location underwater were part of its waterproof GPS capabilities.

However, I wasn't an ironic jester.

I was a recently discontented
materialist.

“Zod damn it.”

So instead,
I finished my drink
and entered the Pond.

CHAPTER TWO OF SAGITTARIUS

IN WHICH

*Sagittarius unwraps The Bowl
while*

Aquarius is mildly present

The sky is gray-black and moving. The palm fronds are swooshing. Everything is caught up in the same slapped, Jell-O roll rhythm—back and forth and gelatinous!

“Oh! But what's it like?” I scream, “Love must be like...”

“Ooooooooooooo...”

“Oh my,” I say, turning to find a woman under a bench, “Are you alright?”

She looks like a bear-maul victim: limbs helter-skelter, face red.

“Miss? Can you hear me?”

She’s staring at me intensely, almost vacantly. And I like it. I like how this woman stares. Park Rangers have the same stare. It’s the stare of expertise in random knowledge. It holds secrets rarely pulled forth by request. Oh! I trust this stare.

“Excuse me,” I say, kneeling, “I hate to intrude upon your meditation, but I've been grappling with a moral dilemma and I think you could help me: do you know what Love is like?”

She doesn't answer.

“Or maybe what Love is by itself? You look like you’d know. Please. It's very important.”

She still doesn't answer.

She seems to be enjoying a supernatural satisfaction with herself. Oh! All the more reason!

I drag her from underneath the bench and I prop her up.

“Hello? Can you speak?”

I shove my one-shot Comet in her hand.

“Ah,” she bats her eyes, “Thank you...,” and she quaffs the drink as if ending the explanation.

“What about a bowl?” I continue, “Is that like Love, do you think?”

She sways back and forth in thoughtful contemplation.

“You’d think it’d be a simple question but I can’t seem to answer it. And if I can’t answer it—if I can’t figure out what Love is like—then I can’t figure out what Love

is by itself and I need to know. So, is it like a bowl or not? Come on! We don't have much time!"

She mumbles something.

"Come again?"

"I can't..."

"You can't what?"

"I can't see..."

"You can't see what?"

"I can't see..."

"What can't you see?"

"I..."

"It? You can't see it? You mean the bowl? Well of course you can't see it. It's wrapped. It's my gift. I had to wrap it."

"..."

"You can't see it because it's my gift, lady. If I unwrapped my gift, it wouldn't be a gift anymore. I have to keep it wrapped."

"..."

"No. You don't understand. I have to keep it wrapped so it stays a gift. It may not be the perfect gift, but it's still definitely a gift. This is the one thing I know."

She fixes me with her stare as if she were fixing a philosophical salad.

"Zounds woman!" I scream, "This isn't a shape-shifting puff of smoke we're talking about! It's a bowl! Do you really need me to unwrap a bowl to understand what it looks like?"

"..."

Zod. She's ridiculous.

But I trust her. And I've just got to know. If I don't find out what Love is like by the end of this wedding, then I'll go insane and I'll never recover.

I take her hand and I lead her down the steps to the garden. It's quieter now. Most of the guests have gone inside. I find the bowl in the palm fronds and I raise it above my head.

"It's here!" I say, "This is it!"

"Where...?"

"Under this wrapping paper, you doof! There's literally nothing else to see!"

"I can't see..."

"Just look at the dimensions of this, and visualize it as a bowl, and tell me if it's a good representation of Love!"

"..."

Rain starts to speckle the wrapping paper. It looks like a time lapse even though it's happening in real time. Oh! I have to shake my head! All this philosophy is making me dizzy. It's getting me nowhere!

“Fine!” I scream, “You win! I’ll unwrap it! Here I go! Tearing away the paper! Making it no longer a gift! And voila! A bowl! Look. I’ll even put it above my head like a huge, crystal um—hey!”

She's looking past me.

“Hey! I unwrapped this for you so now you look at it!”

“...”

And

Oh Zod.

She’s fallen.

And I’m suddenly caught up in a swirl of beaded taffeta: The Bride’s dress. Holy Zounds! The Bride is standing next to me! The Bride is taking cover under my bowl! She’s telling me we need to find the Blonde Bridesmaid! We need to save her! We need to save the Wedding!

And before I can stop her, she’s taken control of the bowl and is using it as a shield to splash into the fronds!

CHAPTER TWO OF AQUARIUS

IN WHICH

*Aquarius undergoes
four Brick-Outs*

My thoughts as they be ‘The Thoughts of Aquarius’ continue as a conversation between Light and Sound, with Light flung ‘round like clothes in a messy room while Sound chews.

Sound chews but is never seen. Whereas,

*Light moves around the hips,
Of darkness, dancing, dips,
Off of tablecloths it drips.
It doesn’t say a thing.*

Sound says, “You’ve left me lonely, Light, but not alone. You remain in the candle flicker and camera flashes. I remain in the gossip snicker and tinkling glasses. We’re both still here! And I’m still asking! Join with me, Light! Speak! Speak because I know you hear me!”

*But,
Light warbles in its tricks,
Moving, marbles over bricks,
Takes the turn of fingertips.
It doesn’t...*

AQUARIUS UNDERGOES HER FIRST BRICK-OUT

*...I awaken to a face.
Zod.
No, no.
Cancer.
Yes.
It’s Cancer.
We’re on the Veranda.
And oh.
Lipsticked Jezebel.
My head hurts. Dear Zod. That was painful. That really, really was.
But Cancer cradles my head.
“Good form, Cancer,” I try to say,
“Touché.”
I close my eyes in her embrace...*

AQUARIUS UNDERGOES HER SECOND BRICK-OUT

*...I reawaken.
And oh.
Grendel’s Grandma.
My head is stinging. This really hurts.
It’s like a brain freeze in a bomb fire.
“Oh ouchies,” I say.*

It's throbbing and droning and throbbing and Sound says, "*Light, you're not being good to me. What's the point of greatness if it isn't good? I've been asking you nicely, Light. Join with me. Let's choir-fire the morning. Let's loon-call the moon. Think of what you're missing by refusing me. Join with me, Light, and complete yourself. Speak. Light. Speak. Light. Light. Light. Light. Speak...*"

AQUARIUS UNDERGOES HER THIRD BRICK-OUT

...My eyelids are pushed into eyebrows.
And oh.
Deborah dining at a funeral.
I can't see.
I cannot see a single thing.
"I'm blind," I say.
"No!" Virgo responds. "You are fine. You are absolutely fine. So, wake up. Wake up!"
She slaps me.
I mumble something.
She slaps me again.
I don't know.
I'm dragged underneath a bench and wrapped in a jacket. My bangs are rearranged.
"Good form, Virgo. Touché," I say.
"What? No! How do you know who I am? You said you were blind."
The jacket is removed.
"Touché, Virgo..."
"No! This is Taurus! You were talking to Taurus! Taurus did this to you! Blame her!"
She slaps me again and Sound says, "*Light, if you're as great as your exclusion suggests then our union would change nothing. As a mighty thing, you can join with me and remain who you are. That's true greatness, Light. Don't you agree? Only I can test the truth of you. So come on now, Light. Join with me and let's see. Speak. Light. Speak. Light. Light. Light. Speak...*"

AQUARIUS BLACKS OUT

...I'm grabbed by the shoulders and shaken awake...
...Sagittarius...
...She's speaking to me...
I can't hear her...
...She's pleading with me...
I can't hear her...
She lifts me up
and guides me down
...the stairs...
...gravel gravel...
We've entered the Garden now...

Sound says, “Light! What lies behind your greatness that makes you so afraid to share it? What are you hiding, Light? I’m beginning to think it might very well be nothing! Is that it, Light? Am I right, Light? Parasite, Light? Speak! I’m losing my patience and my faith. Speak! Light! Speak! Light! Light! Light! Speak!”

AQUARIUS UNDERGOES
HER FOURTH BRICK-OUT

...rain...

...the rain has come as Sound begins to hiss...