

PEACH MAG

SEASON 2 YEARBOOK

Fluid Astrology

I am affected by the bodies I have heard of
floating in heaven. They are spheres
drawn through space as if by threads
arranged in paths to look like light
but that are interpreted more correctly
as information. I am affected
by their instructions sung
into my ears, which function because
the ear is filled with fluid. There is no earth
in my chart. There is water
in my midheaven. I unravel from my beliefs
and find new ones. I must weep
for the tide in my veins' blood—
it is blinded by its search for more blood.

Love Poem with No Music

I am there as you lean in to me
in the dark, a small space
between two songs that begin
and that end with their voices
slipping briefly into an interval
of almost nothing, a still event
in which distant bodies
of water record on their surfaces
warm rain. What am I doing.
I thought I left this feeling with
the person I also called Jonathan,
painted into the mirror of
each one of my past apartments
in old towns. When something
is so important, it leaves.
This is the law
that touched my previous faces
and they did not know.
I still don't know. But I do
know what to do with this moment,
that its wording will escape
me to describe it. Your hands
out of the dark recover me
into the mute static
surrounded by all I thought
there was, the normal music
that ends and that begins for our
other selves, and they forget
what we are.

JONATHAN APREA LIVES IN NEW YORK CITY.
HIS CHAPBOOK DYSON POEMS WAS RELEASED IN
MARCH FROM MONSTER HOUSE PRESS.