

MOONFLAKE  
press.

astroflakes.

volume two



dear reader,

each new year brings a period of finding oneself, trying to better oneself or wanting to reset one's entire life, but have we ever considered that it's the universe who made us this way. the stars who have written you and those habits you try to erase each year...

come with us for a jaunt in the skies. lets hear from fellow star-beings with their own tales of embracing their star-dust, maybe our resolution for this year shall be; *to live unashamed*

Marcella Haddad, Cyrine Sinti

Fran Fernández Arce, Shay Kaur



*zodiac* - alphonse mucha  
1869



# earthgirls are hard.

Birth on the cusp of Leo and Virgo can be brutal in some, blending as it might an inflexible, fatalistic rigidity with the expectations of an unfolding life having an ego that cannot comprehend the least notion of human fallibility in any situation, real or delusional.

But embracing the worst of the stereotypes is what my mother excelled at most; all the neighbors were sore impressed, as if she'd shared a previously unknown recipe for apple pie that would prove to be so popular at bake sales that several local churches prone to trouble could be saved from ruin.

# in a china shop.

Because I am a Taurus I will never forget  
how you pushed me to be what I am not  
how I tried to adapt, pinwheeling  
to the needs of your society,  
changing like the seasons,  
never quite enough,  
never quite right.

Time moved on,  
I could barely move  
for fear of breaking your  
precious “shoulds” and “oughts”  
you tried to trap me in this lifeless place,  
a china shop full of propriety and decorum  
Well, my dear, you ought to know that I will not

alex grehy

taurus

# helvetica, bold.

(diplomatically)  
daddy's girl come cry to mommy  
you know that everyone is  
dead set on backtracking money  
(not unironically)  
you know that's just your star sign talking  
you are such a Taurus daughter,  
moon in Aries like your father  
(Mercury, too  
and Saturn  
but the rising sign is)  
mommy's girl come cry to daddy  
it's all familiar, proxy  
war in deposits, nothing  
personal, you shouldn't not have picked a side,  
you chose to leave mine,  
on to the next life,  
and I remind them so (of years ago)  
the fact of the matter is not at its  
heart, can't you just  
prove your worth, Switzerland? Switzerland!  
(angry girl come cry  
to granny)  
her head is uncanny valley  
can't turn into my parents,  
I'm not turning in my parents  
Got no money, but I'm neutral  
It's not easy  
being Switzerland  
richest country, all of Europe

beatriz seelaender

taurus

*astrology*

- frans floris

1519 - 1570



# ten of cups: seabed.

What if I told you that you're a fishbone,  
my backbone formed from ancient times,  
that your slippery fin and tail are adored  
more than any over-gazed rainbow or sunset,  
that you wear fluttering seaweed best,  
and I don't even look at suited wo/men.

What if I told you that your love is water,  
I don't sip on it, I gulp it down with thirst,  
that it flows into my soil, doesn't stick or stale,  
so easy even for someone who doesn't like easy,  
that I long for your gills to wrap me in soft bubbles  
like a weightless coat, thicker than my own skin.

What if I told you all that, would you think  
I'm a capricious water sign, quite smitten  
with you in my own weird way, or that I'm  
a lunatic, because I'm not, I'm a Virgo sun  
and rising in fact, and you just taught me  
how to float in your waters.



# reversals of fortune.

“Pluto is transformational, and oppositions are rough. Saturn in your eighth house signifies the death of someone close to you, and means learning the limits of your resources and the degree to which you need to depend on others.” –Bonnie Van Hall, comments on my horoscope.

An ominous duo, Pluto and Saturn:  
Hades and Cronus, a son and his father.  
One rules the dead, the other the passage of time.

With Saturn in my eighth house,  
a transiting Pluto opposing my natal Pluto,  
I'm hurled into underworld gloom.

No surprise, the astrologer says: a husband's death,  
resources stretched to the limit,  
dependence on others made clear.

Small comfort that neither the gods  
nor the planets who carry their names  
can avoid reversals of fortune like mine.

Pluto, for one: second largest planet of nine  
reduced to the status of four other dwarfs  
and demoted to dubious fame as a Walt Disney dog.

Or Saturn: though royally robed in his rings,  
he was also the god who castrated his father  
and met the same fate at the hands of his sons.

We seek meaningful shapes in the clouds,  
look for patterns in random events,  
find ways to account for significant loss—

so whether or not the movements of planets  
created, or merely confirm, my misfortune,  
that which I never believed still rings true.

sharon whitehill



*the zodiac in a round dance around the world* - jj grandville 1847

# robin elise hamilton

Robin Elise Hamilton (she/her) is a newly-septuagenarian, newly-out queer trans woman retired after a half-century offstage in live performance. She is also newly-returned to writing poetry, and her work has recently been presented (as R.Hamilton) by Boats Against the Current, Bullshit Lit, Caesura, Crab Apple Lit, dadakuku, Dollar Store,



# beatriz seelaender

Beatriz Seelaender memorized her birth chart by attending a liberal arts university and reading that one Olga Tocarczuk novel. She used to write a parody horoscope column for the literary magazine Maudlin House, which you can still find on their website. Her novella "All According to Norm" (Black Spring Press, 2024), will come out later this year. It's about a neurodivergent boy who sets out to prove the conspiracy theory that Justin Trudeau is Fidel Castro's biological child. Seelaender has recently been to Switzerland and was shocked at the price of Chicken McNuggets.

# alex grehy

Alex Grehy's sweet life is filled with narrowboating, rescue greyhounds, singing and chocolate. Her work has been published worldwide by publishers including Gnashing Teeth, Red Penguin Collections and Capsule Stories. Her words are also available via a global network of 'word dispensers' run by French publisher, Short Edition. She is inspired by the natural world around her, her imagination making unique connections expressed in vivid prose and thought-provoking poetry.

You can read more of Alex's words via her blog:  
<http://idealreaderblog.wordpress.com/>



# christina hennemann

# sharon whitehill

Christina Hennemann is based on the West Coast of Ireland. She's a recipient of the Irish Arts Council's Agility Award '23 and she was longlisted in the National Poetry Competition. Her work appears in Poetry Ireland, Poetry Wales, The Moth, York Literary Review, Ink Sweat & Tears, Moria, and elsewhere.

[www.christinahennemann.com](http://www.christinahennemann.com)

The poem will appear in my forthcoming chapbook, *This Sad and Tender Time*, memorial poems in honor of my husband, Jim Meloy, who died suddenly in August of 2021.



