She’s a Pisces; No Wonder I’m Capsized
by Rob Carney

No wonder I’m out here doing the backstroke, floating on this soft black water from reflected star to star. No wonder I’ve half-forgotten how to spell boat or shore or Coast Guard. No wonder my heart feels splashy now instead of smart.

A Capricorn would want a surer plan. An Aries might meet me in the door, saying “How come you’re late? And why are you ... what the hell?—what is this, salt?”

No, she’s definitely Pisces not Gemini; Gemini girls will be skinny dipping one day, toweling off and off beyond the dunes the next. She’s definitely Pisces, and I’m long long gone from any lighthouse, and I can’t say I’m much of a fisherman. But I think I can learn to sink. Then a better way to swim.

Centrailia
by Michael McLane

call it chiaroscuro – the scene from above – or say we live in the loins of an Earth that is straying with itself organic nymphomania, there is no joy most times, a tepid love between the surface and what chafes it, until the rejection of landfill gifts and highways, the definition of mine and taking back, reclamation like cave-in or black lung or what the satellite shows – forty years post-coital cigarette burning down to filter.

In films, men burst into flames – grasp wildly at everything, as if life were airy explanation, to pull it down to blanket or feed the fumarole of flesh and hair – they know nothing of heat, a slower scandal, when a tongue of wind whips the ground into a frenzy, perfumes of smoke and glistle, taking dirty to the empty town.