

## CHAPTER ONE OF ARIES

IN WHICH

*Aries considers receptacles,  
Leo considers herself,  
and neither considers Sagittarius, yet*

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The content of an event isn't nearly as important as its containment. Action needs to be contained. It needs surroundings, hmmm.

Settings, hmmm.

Housing, if you will.

A receptacle.

Yes. A receptacle.

Action needs receptacles. Otherwise, it's abandoned to randomness and nobody cares.

Now, I, me, Aries—caring foster parent that I am—I'm more than willing to adopt orphan actions, bring them into a home, and raise them into full-blown situations.

Flat-out developments.

Full-throttle proceedings.

Happenstances, in a  
word.

Except we're at a wedding.

The guests are already set in the matrimonial receptacle. They drink. They dance. They judge. They don't feel the need to do anything else.

So, what to do?

What can I do?

I, me, Aries, need to do  
something.

Zod.

Leo returns from the bar and slouches into her would-be cleavage. She's wearing the black dress. I can't believe it.

"You said black," I say to her.

"So I wore black."

"But you said black, Leo."

"So I wore black, Aries."

"But Leo, you said black."

"So I wore black, Aries! Venus Night! Is there an echo or is this the Wailing Wall? Zen off."

She quiets. Her silence falls like a curtain and she exits the scene.

Now, I'm not a violent person but a fight would be nice. Lovely. Conflict is perfect because it develops in stages that require various receptacles.

The pre-fight stage is delicious with ripening energy, hmmm.

Blossoms and buds, hmmm.

Beautiful, hmmm.

People need things to clasp in their anger. They need chairs to lean into. Ottomans. Senseless little candies to unwrap and suck.

Then, the post-fight stage is an entirely new set of energies in which people need space for reflection.

Medical attention.

Sex.

Chess, what have you?

Leo's curtain rises.

"Don't be pissy, pussy," she says.

"I'm not being pissy and don't call me pussy," I say.

She scoffs and her curtain falls.

"I'm not being pissy," I repeat to the curtain—I don't want to lose her involvement.

"You're planning," Leo slides the curtain back, "What are you planning?"

"None of your business," I say.

"You're always planning, Aries. Never playing. Here's a Leo Fact for you: the universe exists. Here's a Leo Option: be the sun or someone else's anus. Involve yourself. That's how you evolve yourself. Quote me, baby. I do."

She smiles and it's dazzling.

Now, with a fight, I could take one or more concerned persons into receptacles I've discovered, hmmm.

Rooms, hmmm.

Hedges, hmmm.

Maybe I could ask the staff for the keys and take one person to the cellar and the other to the Garden—for the first stage—and then switch it up when things get stale, or heated, or just change—when they change.

Then, I'd create a second receptacle for the second stage.

The bar.

Perhaps that Pond with the  
Statue thing.

The veranda, hmmm,  
hmmm, hmmm.

Leo straightens from her would-be cleavage as her curtain rises: the two Bridesmaids are approaching the bar.

"Why are they out here?" she asks loudly.

“Leo, hush,” I goad.

“I hate them. Why are they out here?”

“Leo. Tsk. Shh. Stop.”

“But they should be with the Bride, Aries. They can’t be out here. What rude shakalahkah does that?”

I ignore her and she quiets. Her eyes are fiery and unreadable as the curtain descends.

So, I’ll orchestrate a fight. Yes.

I’ll seek out separate entities with nerve appendages tapering in opposite directions, hmmm.

Coordinates, hmmm.

Latitudes, et al.

And I’ll grab these tapering nerve appendages and tie them to something greater—like the reins to a horse—but I won’t connect them to a horse—I’ll connect them to a receptacle that leads them *like* a horse into the even greater receptacle that is Circumstance.

Yes.

Brew-ha-ha must be elaborated and I, me, Aries am that elaboratour.

A fight.

An orgy.

An emotional ejaculation,  
if I may be so bold.

Yes. Something.

Recruitment must begin immediately.