

CHAPTER ONE OF AQUARIUS

IN WHICH

*Aquarius thinks,
Gemini pelts,
and Libra talks*

My thoughts as they be ‘The Thoughts of Aquarius,’ are a conversation between Light and Sound, with Light being the voluptuous introvert while Sound yells; Sound yells but is never seen.

Whereas,

Light whinnies as it wanes,

Marionette of golden reins,

But never says a thing.

Sound wants to join with Light.

Light leaves the sky and people mourn. Sound leaves the sky and people cheer. It isn't fair. Sound wants to be cherished like Light is cherished. Sound wants that adoration too.

Sound says, “Light! Look how your leaving grieves the world! Look how they love you! I’ve never seen anything so loved! Light? Are you listening? I have something to say! Will you hear it? Light? Speak! Speak so I know you’re listening to me!”

But

Light does not respond,

Past dancing on the Pond.

It doesn’t say a thing.

Sound wants to join with Light.

Light is effortless and eternally young. Sound isn’t. Sound is old since forever. Sound wants to join with Light and be young too.

Sound says, “Light! Listen! I have an idea! Let’s join together! Greatness joined becomes more! Let’s join and grow, Light! What do you say? Speak! Speak, Light. Speak so I know you hear me!”

But

Light sparkles in its play,

As sparkling is its way.

It doesn’t say a thing.

My thoughts as they be ‘The Thoughts of Aquarius,’ are often interrupted:

Gemini has pelted me with an orange peel.

“Don’t hit me yet,” I say.

“I don’t hit people unless I’m hitting on them, you know that,” she smiles, “I never give violence except as a compliment.”

She pelts me again.

“Interestingly put,” I say, “Good form, Gemini. Touché.”

She pelts me again. I ignore her. She pelts me again. I ignore her. She splatters me with the remainder of her orange and *Sound wants to join with Light.*

Light is fast and free. Light can travel miles from its creator. Sound can’t. Sound is chained. Sound wants to join with Light and be free too.

Sound says, “Light! Are you listening? We both know I can’t catch you! But that doesn’t mean we can’t be together! Combination would be a complement! Light? Speak! Speak so I know you’re listening to me!”

But

Light slides within the sooths,

It washes as it woos.

It doesn’t say a thing.

Libra finishes circling the Pond and sits next to me. We watch the sun set.

“It will rain,” I tell her.

“Is that so?” she says.

“Yes,” I say, “And it will thunder. And there will be lightning, too.”

“Really?” she says, “You mean tonight?”

“Oh yes.”

“Well that is very interesting, Aquarius. I wonder what will happen.”

“I just told you what will happen, Libra. I said it will rain, thunder, and...”

“You are right,” she says, touching my elbow in a diplomatic way, “You are absolutely right, Aquarius. Thank you.”

She raises her glass and we chin-chin.

“Good form, Libra,” I say, “Touché.”

She exits toward the veranda and *Sound lives a thousand lives. It dies a thousand deaths. Light keeps eternal. Sound knocks. Light refuses entry. Sound loses patience, catches a rocket, booms into space and addresses the nearest star:*

“Light! I’ve traveled long distances to be here. I’ve left the realm of my fury. I’ve left laughter and bird song. I’ve suffered through cold spaces of feeble You, and I’ve done it to meet you at your

boldest, Light. So, now, Light, as boldly as you exist, act upon that boldness and accept me. Join with me, Light. We're the same. Please. Speak. Speak so I know you're listening to me."

But

Light twinkles as a little star,

As near to Sound as it is far.

And nothing happens.

Evening is landing like a bird, flashing its colors before settling into a bulk of gray.

"Good form, evening. Touché," I say.

I throw my shoes into the Pond and exit toward the veranda as *Sound weeps through violins.*