

spacecraftprojects

we are all astronauts

transmissions
kristin prevallet

Solstice Dream Solaces

“your spirit has departed and strays like a free citizen among the people of a shadowy world.”
-Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Haunted Mind*

jade, pretty as all that
sentences end in cherries
dogs curl in puddles
flowers grow aslant
peas angle birdsong
yellow yarrow sweet
ink-stain water pen
pocket charmed amulet trance
dance green magenta contradictions
fatigue out of candles removed
sync with music
mosquito tutelage
acorn lessons
solstice attention
sorrowful breeze
eyes foot reflex hurts

an astrologer who has his office at the top of a building looks at my palm and rolls a tiny square gold die over it, where it rests, he reads. He tells me that my body is aching, that every bone hurts and it will only get worse unless I start drinking a particular green juice. He tells me that the one I love is never coming back to me because he simply could not give up his shadow life. The astrologer was very animated and I had the sense that he was the real thing. At one point he tried to kiss me but I resisted.

in tranced fixation dreaming of floating into an object
& finding in it the talisman of deepest desires, that crusted bark
rings are those hidden in the trunk of a tree where branches reach
towards the sky, the space between the sky is blue
that's entranced vision, floating up there, above it all, looking down
through peripheral vision-eye, feeling breath
comes only when floating
comes through big toe tip
catching the visionary tics and the vibrating photons of interplanetary light as if fire
neurons ignite a-synchronic symphony