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The Pescetarian Tilts

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The pescetarian tilts

her face down, as if nodding asleep, to drink red wine from a glass filled too high. Rising, her eyes open and she explains celestial cartography, her tracings of movement through color, spicules, muon passings over a screen and sparks of divination—she is pointing her blue eyes at mine and then to the constant scatterplot at night. Have I lost you? She continues with her research on star birth and interstellar clouds. I now see the haze she is referring to, stenciled from astrological charts, her mind also into arcs of speed and momentum. She stops talking, bows her head and drifts into the soul of the space where the rest are now standing talking over the band, eating crabcakes under a white tent. A segment of sky flashes.

Through lenses of industrial telescope, a man blinks like foil shaking back. A tenured man spills his wine, laughs more and tips forward, stops, tips and falls into the pool. Ripples throw light but for an instant there is nothing then people laugh and a woman says oh, oh, oh! and then it is as if nothing had happened.

So what do you do. I am looking up, the sky is twitching, she is beside me again, carefully unwrapping a piece of bacon from shrimp. So, what do you do? she asks again, then closes her lips tightly. Inorganic synthesis, I say, and then, light-activated molecules. She is studying my face, pupils scrolling back, forth, then upward, filtering a signal from noise to discern a constellation as I stand talking, talking on the grass.