ACCORDING TO THE STARS

By: Emily McLemore

You are mine, Gemini. I have chosen you

from buckets of constellations strewn

across galaxies. You won’t deny me,

my desire and red hair and Ram’s tongue.

Your halfling ways will not sway me,

cocooned as you are in fickleness

and strange riddles. I see through your

angelic skin, welcome your silver laugh

and impish grins. There are two of you—yes,

and I will have you both. You’ll be

one body loving mine until

the end of time, reveling

in baby lightning and shooting stars,

meteors exploding bright as red

desert flowers. You will love me:

you cannot forsake me, my golden hooves or horns.