

# STARS

STEVEN GONTARZ

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## Symptoms of mania: Mind racing

I just peed in a cup and set it on the kitchen counter. I drank some because it's a waste of nutrients and I need to put them back in my body. I've been up all night and I still have half of the Apple mouse stuck in my boot. I know I have to find the Starbucks rewards code but I'm not sure what I'm suppose to do with it yet. Maybe send it to Big Perm? He's the one I first told that I was trying to get into the CIA. Maybe he's the link? My thoughts are like shooting stars, each one more brilliant than the last.

As a teenager I was constantly searching for myself. I dyed my hair bright colors, pierced every body part I could, got tattooed, and even cut myself. The world around me was strange; an alien landscape that I tried to fit into. The stars and satellites would fall above me burning bright as they raced across the night sky. The Milky Way spread across the dark of night like a river of fireflies. Who am I?

## Increased energy

I was up all night transforming my body into a machine. The nanotech was in my blood so it was only a matter of time. I got an email from my wife's aunt, maybe she knew about the murder in California? Somebody tried to log into my Yahoo account from a government building in San Diego and somebody else tried to log in from the Netherlands. I took my computer to the genius bar to make sure I wasn't being hacked. Maybe they were trying to contact me?

Moby sings, "people they come together, people they fall apart, no one can stop us now, 'cause we are all made of stars." His lyrics take me away to another time. When I was younger my dad taught me how

to look up at the night sky and wonder. My mom taught me how to follow those stars. I knew when I looked at the infinite galaxy above me that we were all connected. I believed growing up that we all had our own star to guide us through this otherwise confusing and perplexing world. Who are we?

Reckless/dangerous behavior

I put my hand in the TV box and grabbed the Styrofoam. The box moved and suddenly the 3D printing began. I was out of my mind. I was going to be the best soldier ever. Part man and part machine. I followed the rabbit trail of emails and secret messages and there I was. I ate some Styrofoam. I even stuck my penis in the box covered with ranch sauce. Every part of me would be transformed into a better version of my previous self.

The divine intricacies swirling overhead lead us to a deeper meaning. Andromeda and Orion share the vast sea of vibrant nebulae painted across an infinite galaxy of wonder. I find myself somewhere between Dioscuri and Karkinos, floating around 90° to 120° celestial latitude. The surrounding nocturnal landscape is rich with clusters once fused together with gravity and gases that will now be exhausted into a burst of crimson.

Intense sense of well-being

I have to get in to see my doctor so he can give me the medical clearance I need to get in the agency. I already packed my bag with running shoes, rock climbing shoes, swim shorts, and goggles. I was prepared for any test they might give me. I was almost positive I would be leaving that night; I just needed my damn medical clearance. I got off one exit short and had to park in some random neighborhood. I ran through the park with my bag on trying to get to the hospital. I felt amazing, like a brand new pair of jeans; fit and ready for anything.

The Zodiac is divided by the speed of the sun weaving through 12 sets of identity individually pulling on the strings of humanity. I search for my path in the constellations like an ancient Native American ceremony. The medicine man has brought me this far; it's up to me

to find the pattern among the heavens that will lead me to greatness, the ones that will reveal the best version of myself yet.

Sense of serendipity (everything's connected)

I finally got to my appointment a half hour late. They told me to come back at a later date. Damn, no clearance I guess I'm going to have to figure something else out. I pulled out both of my phones, my droid in the pelican case that was in "safe mode" received the secret messages and an old iPhone 3G was off the grid so I could take photos with it. On my way back through the park I found a black cane they left for me. The bottom of it could be pulled out and was connected with a rope to the rest of the cane.

I sat there in good company as we all anxiously awaited the big fight. Family had invited us to a house party in order to watch the championship bout. The stars were all out to see Pacquiao take on Mayweather. I had been out of the hospital for about two weeks and was initially a little anxious about the get-together. It had been almost month since my episode and I was officially diagnosed with bipolar disorder. My meds had me balanced out but it felt like I was moving in slow motion thanks to the Olanzapine. In a way I was relieved that the CIA wasn't recruiting me and that it was all in my head. I hadn't been keeping up with my horoscope but I continued to look up at the stars whenever I could. I was finally starting to feel like I knew who I was again. We make small talk about the fight and Pacquiao's training then the old man says, "You know he drinks his own urine?"