

MOONFLAKE
press.

astroflakes.

volume three



dear reader,

another year and another issue, we hope this year has treated you well. if so, then may it continue into the coming year and if not, may your stars re-align.

anxiety and anticipation are normal when a year is wrapping up with a fresh wave of adventures on the horizon. we must endeavour to channel the zodiac and keep dreaming like the **Pisces**, balance like the **Libra**, hold steadfast in our values like the **Taurus** and, if need be, fight like the **Leo**.

we hope you enjoy our issue

Cyrine Sinti, Marcella Haddad,

Fran Fernández Arce, Shay Kaur

it's all bulls.

It seems my star sign's of the earth
a bullish one with hooves and horns
that likes to laze around on lawns.

The signal that describes my birth
is cozzied up with love of life
and a hot temper causing strife.

Yet still it may provoke some mirth
as bulls do like a life that's swell
and yearn for comfort so they tell.

As comfort is a thing of worth
like real silk sheets and warming fires
and lots of food, which could conspire

in helping to expand my girth.
So I must exercise like hell
perhaps some bull could chase me well.

sunlit shadows.

Child of the sun, born of fire.
I was crafted to illuminate with brilliance, yet all I know is how to burn.

My hands are singed from clinging on to those who want to leave,
I tread with blistered feet towards a path made by people I want to please,
My lungs weigh heavy from the ashes of unspoken words,
And still, people ask for more.

What more can I possibly give?
I've kept silent while yearning for empathy's gentle touch.
I've let go of those I've begged to stay.
I've surrendered my dreams to fulfill the ones imposed on me.
Though, it's not in vain, for they stoke my fire and fuel the flames
With wet, soggy logs they feed me,
Before complaining about the smoke that dims their sight.
I've hidden beneath the mask of resilience.
But after burning for so long, the wood beneath me bends and strains.
Echoing sighs, as if bearing pains.
I crave to let go and crumble into vulnerability's tender embrace.

Amidst the clamor of expectations, I find myself
Branded as excessive, deemed too proud.
I've reduced myself to dying embers, yet my intensity remains
Too much to bear, too much to hold, too much to see.
Still, I'm summoned to dance with boldness, to embrace the daring like a lioness,
In a world where lions are made to be hunted.
They are admired from afar but brought low on the ground.
Too bold, and they're led to those who seek to see their spirit bound.

I'm tired of the flames that consume me, yearning for the gentle warmth I'm told to possess.
Yet, what warmth can I claim when all I've known
Is an old lover's embrace who has turned me away?
The companionship of those who've grown weary of my presence?
And a family that only sees my faults, not my essence?

I am a child of the sun, made to stand alone in the vast universe,
With no other stars to illuminate the darkness beside me
Or offer warmth in the cold embrace of the galaxy.
I am a child of the sun with golden rays that cast light on others
Who can't even tolerate my flames.
I am a child of the sun, only in my absence, my worth is proclaimed.

francia poma

me & the sky.

The sky is made of the same stuff I am made of
but it takes up a lot more space. Or less.

Is space a part of the sky? Is the sky in space?

How much of the sky can be contained
while the rest of it remains?

My hands are made of stardust, too.

The sky holds the thing that made it.

The sky has hands that I can't hold,
but I can hold the sky in my hands.

I can hold the thing that made me.

Once, I loved an air sign.
She ignited my fire,
but together too long, we became explosive.

The sky needs fire to erupt.
And fire needs the sky
like earth needs to shoot its hot insides out—
all at once, then not at all.

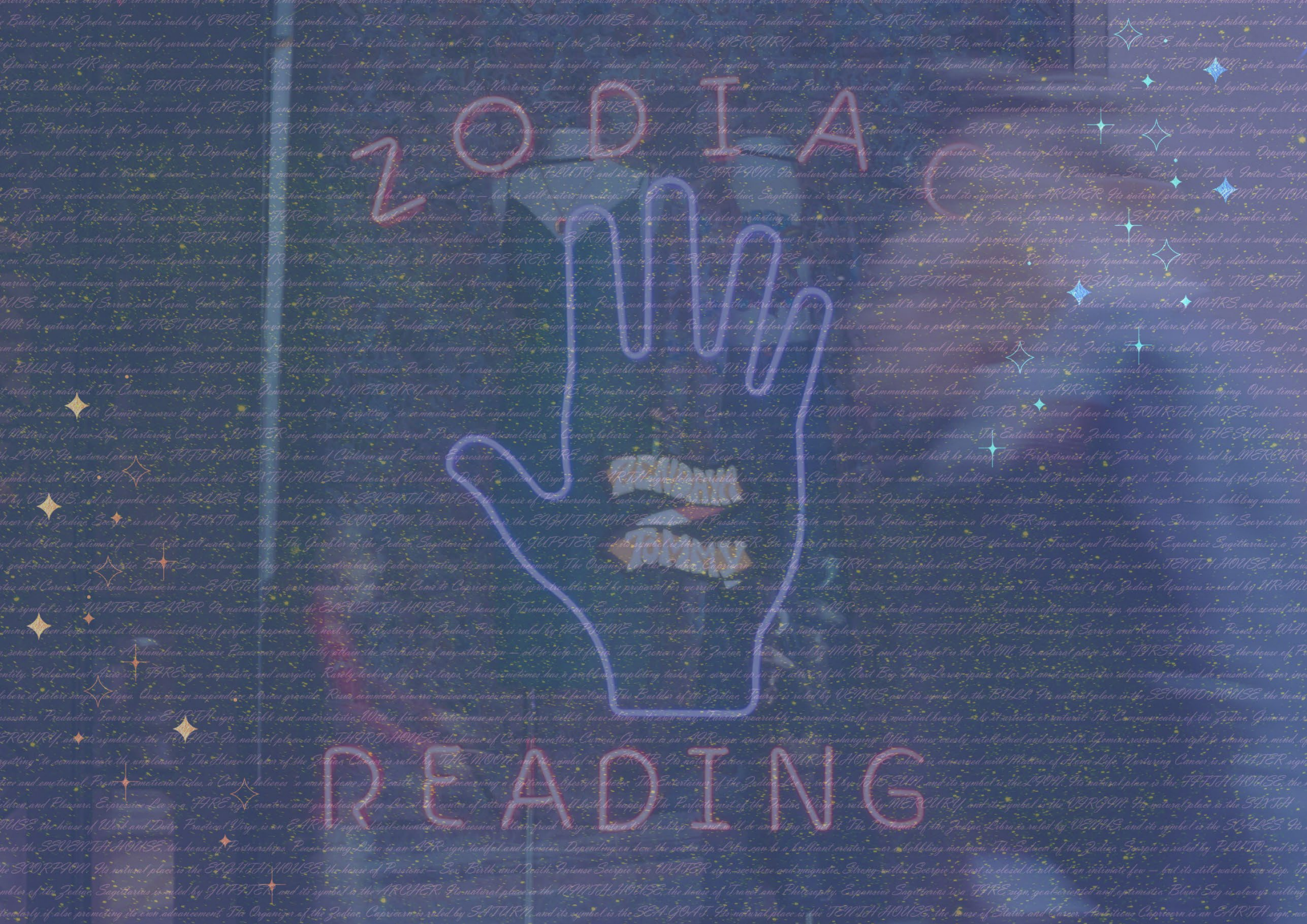
I love an earth sign, now.
He keeps me tampered,
just enough to warm the hands of the sky
without burning anything else.

But all of us come from space,
take up space,
look for space between us,

when really the only space there is
is the space within us.

lisa hartsgrove

sagittarius



MODIA

READING

Builder of the Zodiac, Taurus is ruled by VENUS, and its symbol is the BULL. Its natural place is the SECOND HOUSE, the house of Possessions. Productive Taurus is an EARTH sign, reliable and materialistic. With a fine aesthetic sense and stubborn will to have things its own way, Taurus invariably surrounds itself with material beauty — be it artistic or natural. The Communicator of the Zodiac, Gemini is ruled by MERCURY, and its symbol is the TWINS. Its natural place is the THIRD HOUSE, the house of Communication. Curious Gemini is an AIR sign, analytical and ever-changing. Often times overly intellectual and unstable, Gemini reserves the right to change its mind, often forgetting to communicate the unpleasant. The Home-Maker of the Zodiac, Cancer is ruled by THE MOON, and its symbol is the CRAB. Its natural place is the FOURTH HOUSE, which is concerned with Matters of Home-Life. Nurturing Cancer is a WATER sign, suggestive and emotional. Proud to emotional sides, a Cancer believes "a man's home is his castle" — and exercising a legitimate lifestyle choice. The Entertainer of the Zodiac, Leo is ruled by THE SUN, and its symbol is the LION. Its natural place is the FIFTH HOUSE, the house of Children and Pleasure. Expressive Leo is a FIRE sign, creative and grandiose. Keep Leo at the center of attention, and you'll both be happy. The Perfectionist of the Zodiac, Virgo is ruled by MERCURY, and its symbol is the VIRGIN. Its natural place is the SIXTH HOUSE, the house of Work and Duty. Practical Virgo is an EARTH sign, detail-oriented and obsessive. Clean-freak Virgo wants a tidy desktop — and will do anything to get it. The Diplomat of the Zodiac, Libra is ruled by VENUS, and its symbol is the SCALES. Its natural place is the SEVENTH HOUSE, the house of Partnerships. Peace-loving Libra is an AIR sign, tactful and decisive. Depending on how the scales tip, Libra can be a brilliant creator — or a babbling madman. The Seducer of the Zodiac, Scorpio is ruled by PLUTO, and its symbol is the SCORPION. Its natural place is the EIGHTH HOUSE, the house of Passions — Sex, Birth, and Death. Intense Scorpio is a WATER sign, secretive and magnetic. Strong-willed Scorpio's heart is closed to all but an intimate few — but its still waters run deep. The Gambler of the Zodiac, Sagittarius is ruled by JUPITER, and its symbol is the ARCHER. Its natural place is the NINTH HOUSE, the house of Travel and Philosophy. Expansive Sagittarius is a FIRE sign, goal-oriented and optimistic. Blunt Sag is always willing to help, particularly if also promoting its own advancement. The Organizer of the Zodiac, Capricorn is ruled by SATURN, and its symbol is the SEA GOAT. Its natural place is the TENTH HOUSE, the house of Status and Career. Ambitious Capricorn is an EARTH sign, very precise and straight-laced. Come to Capricorn with your troubles, and be prepared for married — even meddling — advice, but also a strong shoulder to lean on. The Scientist of the Zodiac, Aquarius is ruled by URANUS, and its symbol is the WATER BEARER. Its natural place is the ELEVENTH HOUSE, the house of Friendships and Experimentation. Revolutionary Aquarius is an AIR sign, idealistic and inventive. Aquarius often meadshippings, optimistically reforming the social structure and minute, then disappointed at the impossibility of perfect happiness the next. The Mystic of the Zodiac, Pisces is ruled by NEPTUNE, and its symbol is the FISH. Its natural place is the TWELFTH HOUSE, the house of Sorrows and Karma. Intuitive Pisces is a WATER sign, sensitive and adaptable. A channeler, sensitive Pisces can powerfully attain the attributes of any other sign — all to help it fit in. The Pioneer of the Zodiac, Aries is ruled by MARS, and its symbol is the RAM. Its natural place is the FIRST HOUSE, the house of Personality. Independent Aries is a FIRE sign, impulsive and energetic. Rarely looking before it leaps, Aries sometimes has a problem completing tasks, too caught up in the allure of the Next Big Thing. Lower-priorities deter all most, aggressive outpacing still, and its renowned temper, even labors of dolere magna dolere. Quia ipsius suspensio, a lites gravide. Resis commode nivera macecos accuans laos, vel facit. The Builder of the Zodiac, Taurus is ruled by VENUS, and its symbol is the BULL. Its natural place is the SECOND HOUSE, the house of Possessions. Productive Taurus is an EARTH sign, reliable and materialistic. With a fine aesthetic sense and stubborn will to have things its own way, Taurus invariably surrounds itself with material beauty — be it artistic or natural. The Communicator of the Zodiac, Gemini is ruled by MERCURY, and its symbol is the TWINS. Its natural place is the THIRD HOUSE, the house of Communication. Curious Gemini is an AIR sign, analytical and ever-changing. 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hermitage.

You never saw me. I wasn't here.
This lone wolf, sneaking through
underbrush on a word-smithing retreat.

It's neat to be in the seat of creativity,
hiding inside and sliding —
biding my time with nature filling in the blanks

I was going somewhere, anywhere
but here. Now, the trees, the bees, the
knees of brush and foliage, rest with the

doe and the deer mouse, breathing life into
each other, into me. All I see
surrounds my senses with fresh new growth.

The match that lights my past;
its brilliance illuminates the presence — the past —
the future of my existence.

Birds contest territory with a great river of chatter,
along with the breeze through
the trees, the sigh of the water over rocks—

molecules sticking together and letting go.

annette gagliardi

gemini

throw away your golden mask.

Its pale amber glistens in
moonlight falling across
the bed we used all winter.

The pace of city life — its rush of hours,
took away those silent colors
we cherished while we were together.

I am the still, falling rain — the silent,
glistening snow now settling into
darkness; hiding behind my tarnished mask.

In the city, we let others look
at our pearls and gold; we gave our
selves away like so many coins —

One of my wishes is that those twinkling
skies we saw from our bedroom window,
might gather us together again —

away from the rise and fall of city life.
The sapphire-colored sky is why
we grasp each other in the shadows —

the far-flung moon is why we clung
to each other as if our very lives
depended on the masks we hid behind.

annette gagliardi

gemini

peacekeeper.

I am the Peacekeeper
the balanced scales
with an open heart and softened pretense
the Seventh Sign in the Southern Sky

I am filled with harmonious empathy
and plant idealistic thoughts
while manipulating good intention
to tip the scales in my favor

Feel my breath and breathe my air
as I touch your thoughts and soul
stirring temptations and desires
as only Venus can

I can see your inner passion
and beguile you with my charm
tempt you with my flirtatious style
smile and move on

Look up into the night sky
I glow as only a woman can
with divine justice and objectivity
evoking the aura of a Sylph

Stand with me
and be blessed with beauty
mystical radiance heavenly magic
a world without conflict

I am Libra
the brilliance of Autumn
generosity of spirit
unwavering hope for Peace.

cathy joyce lee

libra

francia poma

Francia Poma is a nursing student with plans to minor in Creative Writing. In her free time, she loves to read, do pilates, and bake! She has written multiple short articles on social issues for the Journals of Justice and had an article published for the Palisadian Post and newspaper.

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glenis moore

Glenis has been writing poetry since the beginning of the first Covid lockdown. She does most of her writing at night as she suffers from severe insomnia. When she is not writing poetry she makes beaded jewellery, reads, cycles and sometimes runs 10K races slowly.

Find her on Facebook; Poetry by Glenis Moore



annette gagliardi • lisa hartsgrove

Gagliardi's poetry has been featured online and in printed journals and anthologies in Canada, England, Sweden and the USA. Her first full-length poetry collection: *A Short Supply of Viability*, was published through The Poetry Box, in 2022. Her historical fiction: *Ponderosa Pines: Days of the Deadwood Forest Fire* won the PenCraft award for literary excellence in 2023. Her second Chapbook: *Caffeinated*, released by Island of Wak-Wak in October 2024.

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Lisa Hartsgrove is program coordinator for Project Write Now, a creative writing nonprofit. She's been published in *Discretionary Love*, *Poetry Ink*, and *The Pitkin Review*. Lisa is currently working on a novel-in-verse. You can read more about her at lisahartsgrove.com.

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cathy joyce lee

Cathy Joyce Lee can be found forest bathing at night
and paddling the rivers by day. The connections she
feels with the natural world inspire her words. She

has been published in

7th-Circle Pyrite, Young Ravens Literary Review,

Pure Slush, Passager, the dionysian public library

and NightWriter Review/The 805.



