

III  
WHERE JUNE MEETS JULY:  
II  
On a Road Trip  
That Summer's Day...

*"There is in each person...  
...a star which mirrors, matches or is in some sense  
the same as a star in the heavens."*

-PARACELSUS

**3 6 9 12  
2 4 7 10**

**I**

**"Astra inclinant..."**

JUNIUS 27TH IAD (2008)

U.S. ROUTE 41

-WINE-

I “IN THE HEAT OF THE LATE MORNING SUN, JUNE PACKED FOR THE ROAD WITH HIS BAND; THEY’D DRIVE TOWARD THE MIDWESTERN VERGE FOR THE MIDSUMMER DITHYRAMB.

...THOUGH WHAT BLEW IN THAT DAY WOULD EVER THE CLOCK REARRANGE...

2 FOR AS THE HOUR CAME, TO FLEET THE ROAD JUNE KNEW THERE CAME FROM BEHIND AN ECHO CALLING “CUCKOO”

... AND IN A MOMENT IN TIME, ALL FUTURES THE MOIRAI CONSIGNED, REALIGNED...”

3 “Room for me?”

“...Who is she?”

Lo Gemini!

“COME ON IN!” CHIMED A FRIEND  
“...JUNE, MEET JULY...”

4 JUNE FORGOT TO CLOSE HIS MOUTH... HIS FRIEND NUDGED HIS SIDE: “...SHE’S FROM A SCHOOL IN THE CITY -A WRITER TOO EH, JULY?”

5 JUNE COCKED UP AND CLEARED HIS THROAT AS SHE RAT-TLED ABOARD:”

“Um... Won’t you come pitch a tent and we’ll talk in the present tense!”

Present tense...

6 “SPRITELY, AND PIQUANT WITH DOUBLE THE CLAW -HE WAS NERVOUS IN AWE... HER WIT... SHARP LIKE A PEN THROUGH LETTERS SHE’D DRAW KNOWING EVERY GREEN THING BY A NAME, LIKE “APLECTRUM HYEMALE.”

7 SHE KEPT UP AS THEY RAN THROUGH GEORGIA WHERE THE FIREFLIES JIVE IN GLORIA, AND THEY’D FLY ON AHEAD WHERE THE ACRES OF CORN NEVER END...

8 ADMITS HER FEAR OF HEIGHTS ...WHILE THEY’RE UP IN A TREE... CHARMED BY HIS UNTAMED AUTONOMY, AND THEY PLAY “KEEP OFF THE FLOOR,” AS THE 14TH BROOD CROONS THE ROAD THROUGH KENTUCKY.”

9 “Onward to the Land of Lincoln!  
Set camp upon the eve of gala!”

10 “THAT NIGHT OUTSIDE...”

“...I Couldn’t hear a word in there...”

“SHE POINTS UP:”

“you know the dipper’s  
just a part of a larger bear?”

“...TEASING HE PLAYS LIKE HE ALREADY KNEW.  
THEY BOTH BREAK LAUGHING ‘CAUSE SHE SAW RIGHT THROUGH...”

**II** “You know... the truth is,  
though I’ve read all about them...  
I’ve never seen stars like this firsthand.  
I may know well the names of “Castor” and “Pollux”  
...but you’ve known them....