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In one sense each of us is an intriguing, intricately unique individual, justifiably proud of and in love with our own personal story. In another sense, we are all one body, descended from the same primordial mother and made of identical stuff -- the calcium in all of our bones and the iron in all of our blood originally forged in a red giant star that died billions of years ago.

Rotating slowly in a clockwise direction, look down at your belly as you imagine that at this moment, everyone in the world is breathing along with you. Then face east and say this: "From the east, I lubricate, pollinate, consecrate, and emancipate this sacred space."

Now it's time to confess the truth about who you really are.

Gaze upward and stretch your arms out high. Say the following: "I am a genius."

And say this: "I am a lucky, plucky genius."

And say this: "I am a lucky, plucky, good-sucking genius."

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Thank you for finally confessing the truth. It's about time you admitted that you are a miraculous work of art.

You came into this world as a radiant bundle of exuberant riddles. You slipped into this dimension as a shimmering burst of spiral hallelujahs. You blasted into this realm as a lush explosion of ecstatic gratitude. And it is your birthright to fulfill those promises.

I'm not pandering to your egotism by telling you these things. When I say, "Be yourself," I don't mean you should be the self that wants to win every game and use up every resource and stand alone at the end of time on top of a Mt. Everest-sized pile of pretty garbage.

When I say, "Be yourself," I mean the self that says "Thank you!" to the wild irises and the windy rain and the people who grow your food.

When I say, "Be yourself," I mean the rebel creator who's longing to make the whole universe your home and sanctuary.

When I say, "Be yourself," I mean the dissident bodhisattva who's joyfully struggling to germinate the seeds of divine love that are packed inside every moment.

When I say, "Be yourself," I mean the spiritual freedom fighter who's scrambling and finagling and conspiring to relieve your fellow messiahs from their suffering and shower them with rowdy blessings.

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Now let's move on to the next stage of your confession.

Squat. While patting and massaging the ground or floor in front of you, say this: "I am insane."

And say this: "I am an insane hurricane."

And say this: "I am a highly trained, entertainingly insane hurricane."

Thank you for finally confessing the truth, which is that you are constitutionally incapable of adapting nicely to the sour and crippled mass hallucination that is mistakenly called "reality." You are too amazingly, blazingly insane for that.

You are too crazy smart to lust after the stupidest secrets of the game of life. You're too seriously delirious to wander sobbing through the sterile, perfumed labyrinth looking in vain for the most ultra-perfect mirror. Thank the Goddess that you are a fiercely tender throb of sublimely berserk abracadabra.

You will never get crammed in a neat little niche in the middle of the road at the end of a nightmare.

You refuse to allow your soul's bones to get ground down into dust and used to fertilize the killing fields that proudly dot the ice cream empire of monumentally demeaning luxuries.



VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22): The ancient Greek poet Sappho described "a sweet-apple turning red high on the tip of the topmost branch." The apple pickers left it there, she suggested, but not because they missed seeing it. It was just too high. "They couldn't reach it," wrote Sappho. Let's use this scenario as a handy metaphor for your current situation, Virgo. I am assigning you the task of doing whatever is necessary to fetch that glorious, seemingly unobtainable sweet-apple. It may not be easy. You'll probably need to summon extra ingenuity to reach it, as well as some as-yet unguessed form of help. (The Sappho translation is by Julia Dubnoff.)

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22): Is there any prize more precious than knowing your calling? Can any other satisfaction compare with the joy of understanding why you're here on earth? In my view, it's the supreme blessing: to have discovered the tasks that can ceaselessly educate and impassion you; to do the work or play that enables you to offer your best gifts; to be intimately engaged with an activity that consistently asks you to overcome your limitations and grow into a more complete version of yourself. For some people, their calling is a job: marine biologist, kindergarten teacher, advocate for the homeless. For others, it's a hobby, like long-distance-running, bird-watching, or mountain-climbing. St. Therese of Lisieux said, "My calling is love!" Poet Marina Tsvetaeva said her calling was "To listen to my soul." Do you know yours, Libra? Now is an excellent time to either discover yours or home in further on its precise nature.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21): Have you entertained any high-quality fantasies about faraway treasures lately? Have you delivered inquiring communiqués to any promising beauties who may ultimately offer you treats? Have you made long-distance inquiries about speculative possibilities that could be inclined to travel in your direction from their frontier sanctuaries? Would you consider making some subtle change in yourself so that you're no longer forcing the call of the wild to wait and wait and wait?

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): If a down-to-earth spiritual teacher advised you to go on a five-day meditation retreat in a sacred sanctuary, would you instead spend five days carousing with meth addicts in a cheap hotel? If a close friend confessed a secret she had concealed from everyone for years, would you unleash a nervous laugh and change the subject? If you read a horoscope that told you now is a favorable time to cultivate massive amounts of reverence, devotion, respect, gratitude, innocence, and awe, would you quickly blank it out of your mind and check your Instagram and Twitter accounts on your phone?

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#### BRAINSTORM ABOUT THE BIG PICTURE OF YOUR LIFE

with my Expanded Audio Horoscopes for the Second Half of 2018 and onward into 2019.

In the coming months, what areas of your life are likely to receive unexpected assistance and divine inspiration?

Where are you likely to find most success?

How can you best cooperate with the cosmic rhythms?

What questions should you be asking?

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After you log in through the main page, click on the link "Long Term Forecast for Second Half of 2018."

You can also listen to your short-term forecast for the coming week by clicking on "This week (July 3, 2018)."

The horoscopes cost \$6 apiece. Discounts are available for multiple purchases.

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CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19): A typical working couple devotes an

average of four minutes per day to focused conversation with each other. And it's common for a child and parent to engage in meaningful communication for just 20 minutes per week. I bring these sad facts to your attention, Capricorn, because I want to make sure you don't embody them in the coming weeks. If you hope to attract the best of life's blessings, you will need to give extra time and energy to the fine art of communing with those you care about.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18): Allergies, irritants, stings, hypersensitivities: sometimes you can make these annoyances work in your behalf. For example, my allergy to freshly-cut grass meant that when I was a teenager, I never had to waste my Saturday afternoons mowing the lawn in front of my family's suburban home. And the weird itching that plagued me whenever I got into the vicinity of my first sister's fiancé: If I had paid attention to it, I wouldn't have lent him the \$350 that he never repaid. So my advice, my itchy friend, is to be thankful for the twitch and the prickle and the pinch. In the coming days, they may offer you tips and clues that could prove valuable.

PISCES (Feb. 19-March 20): Are you somehow growing younger? Your stride seems bouncier and your voice sounds more buoyant. Your thoughts seem fresher and your eyes brighter. I won't be surprised if you buy yourself new toys or jump in mud puddles. What's going on? Here's my guess: you're no longer willing to sleepwalk your way through the most boring things about being an adult. You may also be ready to wean yourself from certain responsibilities unless you can render them pleasurable at least some of the time. I hope so. It's time to bring more fun and games into your life.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Twentieth-century French novelist Marcel Proust described nineteenth-century novelist Gustave Flaubert as a *\*trottoire roulant\**, or "rolling sidewalk": plodding, toneless, droning. Meanwhile, critic Roger Shattuck compared Proust's writing to an "electric generator" from which flows a "powerful current always ready to shock not only our morality but our very sense of humanity." In the coming weeks, I encourage you to find a middle ground between Flaubert and Proust. See if you can be moderately exciting, gently provocative, and amiably enchanting. My analysis of the cosmic rhythms suggests that such an approach is likely to produce the best long-term results.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): You remind me of Jack, the nine-year-old Taurus kid next door, who took up skateboarding on the huge trampoline his two moms put in their backyard. Like him, you seem eager to travel in two different modes at the same time. (And I'm glad to see you're being safe; you're not doing the equivalent of, say, having sex in a car or breakdancing on an escalator.) When Jack first began, he had difficulty in coordinating the bouncing with the rolling. But after a while he got good at it. I expect that you, too, will master your complex task.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): From the day you were born, you have been cultivating a knack for mixing and blending. Along the way, you have accomplished mergers that would have been impossible for a lot of other people. Some of your experiments in amalgamation are legendary. If my astrological assessments are accurate, the year 2019 will bring forth some of your all-time most marvelous combinations and unifications. I expect you are even now setting the stage for those future fusions; you are building the foundations that will make them natural and inevitable. What can you do in the coming weeks to further that preparation?

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Homework: Is there an area of your life where your effects are different from your intentions? Testify at [Freewillastrology.com](http://Freewillastrology.com).

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#### NEED TO CHANGE YOUR EMAIL ADDRESS?

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Once you join, check these points to ensure you'll actually receive the newsletter:

1. Add my address, [televisionary@comcast.net](mailto:televisionary@comcast.net), to your address book so that the newsletter won't be treated as spam and filtered out.

2. Adjust your spam filter so it doesn't treat my address as spam.
3. Tell your company's IT group to let my address pass through any filtering software they have set up.
4. If my newsletters don't reach your inbox, look in your "Bulk Mail" or "Junk Mail" folder.
5. Problems could originate with your email provider. It may be using a "content filter" that prevents my newsletter from reaching you. If you suspect that's true, complain. Tell your email provider to stop blocking my newsletter.

P.S. I totally respect your privacy. I'll never sell or give away your address to anyone.

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