

## HOROSCOPE

BY SOUP  
CAN SAMSTAFF  
PSYCHIC

**Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)** Dazzle someone with something unexpected this week. You won't regret it.

**Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)** It's during these extraordinary times that people do extraordinary things. Be extraordinary.

**Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 23)** "If I'd thought about it, I never would've done it. I guess I would've let it slide. If I'd lived my life by what others were thinkin', the heart inside me would've died. I was just too stubborn to ever be governed by enforced insanity. Someone had to reach for the risin' star, I guess it was up to me." Nuff said.

**Capricorn (Dec. 24-Jan. 19)** Ah, wait, so we dropped a bomb on the moon saying the aftereffects would determine how much water might possibly exist for future exploration. You tell me.

**Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)** I'm over it. You should get over it too.

**Pisces (Feb. 20-March 20)** Is it just Soup Can or is everyone around having some kind of financial or emotional distress this season? The Great Recession blows. Find time to laugh at the wind.

**Aries (March 21-April 20)** Looking for the great leap forward? Soup Can is too. Does that include having health care and all? If not, I'm thinking dark ages. You?

**Taurus (April 21-May 20)** Need some magic fingers? Me too. Life is so much better with a little bit of magic.

**Gemini (May 21-June 21)** I'm not writing of the future. I'm singing of the past. I'm not dreaming of the first time, and not singing of the last. Some of us fall into heaven and some hell. So, yes, it's a rainy night in Portland town. Make the most of it, because there's going to be a whole lot more.

**Cancer (June 22-July 22)** Need a little extra pep in your step? Skip something important this week and do something fancy for yourself.

**Leo (July 23-Aug. 23)** C to D and then E. Repeat w/a beat. Get up off your seat and use those feet. No excuses. Dance.

**Virgo (Aug. 24-Sept. 22)** When I first starting giving advice I questioned my ability to carry through with this job. Things haven't changed. It is what it is and there's no denying that this month flat out sucks for you.

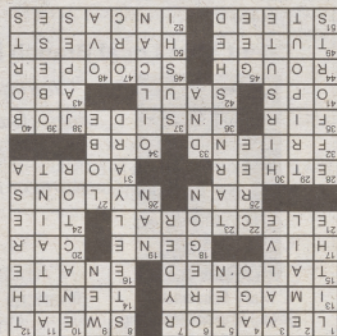
Do you know what you were born to do  
'Cause I just had a dream and I'm scared  
And the only one there was you  
I can't explain how I felt  
Now  
I hate myself  
So come on over, take your clothes off  
Do what you want to me  
I need company  
For my misery  
Like I usually do I'll start prodding you  
Be my none-too-excited muse 'til I'm through  
I think I'd rather just croak  
Kick the bucket  
It's not enough to say it; you're supposed to mean it  
But fuck it  
And man I'm on the block trying to cop some hemlock  
So my heart will stop  
I'm grubbin' like a blizzard  
Covered in slop  
This is all just too much  
Tribulations  
Situations  
It's out of my control  
I been up all night  
Fending  
I'm broke  
I got nowhere to go  
And I'm watching my day turn into night again  
I've had all I could smoke  
I'm a prostitute that never gets laid  
I'm a pimp  
That never gets paid  
Listen baby,  
This is all for you  
This time  
I'm telling the truth  
And even though I'm on the floor crawling  
Looking gaudy  
Acting godless  
I'm sincere  
And you're doing nothing to alleviate my fears  
I'm getting tired of laying down in fields of poppies  
Singing about you  
Going to sleep hoping I'll dream  
About you  
I tried suicide only to find I got nine lives and a million disguises  
Now I'm just going along for the ride  
Looking up at the sky, going blind  
So please tell me how you got so unhealthy

## Deconstruction

By Colleen Anathema

And next time  
Warn me when you get horny  
Tell me to duck and cover  
Cause now I'm hurt  
Like a motherfucker  
I'm gonna die a heavenly death  
An open casket for my lovely flesh  
Sick is sick and that's it  
With me you can't go too far  
I've already been where you are  
I got a supernatural gift  
Some of that holy shit  
Listen to my situation  
Listen  
To my intention  
It's a setup  
A bust  
Midnight can't come quick enough  
For us  
Be careful of my heart  
I'm easily startled  
So you want me to purse my lips and act saucy  
Do you wanna call me mommy  
Are you feeling medieval  
Needing a renewal  
An upheaval  
Well I already know how to be obscene  
But that was years ago  
Now  
I'm too old  
I only implied you were made so I could put you to work  
Sometimes  
I like being a jerk  
You thought that you made me sweaty  
That was just an illusion  
No, sorry  
I want a bruise  
I wanna know that I'm being used  
These contagious mistakes are making everybody hate us  
I'm starving and I'm not even hungry  
I'm in the land of wine and honey  
But I'm ugly  
And I don't have any money  
No matter who was around I been alone all my life  
And I can't take anymore  
Never mind  
I'll be all right  
You're showing no improvement  
Feeling like a nova  
Smoking rockola  
Here in hell everything's for sale  
Did you hear me clearly  
Did that ring a bell

This is an all out war  
Tricks vs. treats  
Leave it up to me to be a deadbeat  
I was just asking  
And since you're going to hell in a hand basket  
Save me a seat  
I did my chores like a good orphan  
And I feel like I deserve more  
But I'd settle for anything right now if I can get it  
Tell me how  
I'm not waiting around to make friends  
There's no way I'd do that again  
And I'm so pregnant with you I could pop  
But that's not the point  
Have me destroyed  
Have me stopped  
What do you got  
Cause I'm an addict  
And I want a lot  
Sit by me  
The frenzied  
The bereft  
The bereaved  
The conceded  
The defeated  
The diseased  
The beast  
The soon to be deceased  
It's me  
Your feral slave  
Here to see you to your grave  
This is my sickbed  
And I'll be here  
Til I'm dead  
I see my benevolence is making you discontent  
I'm a shut in  
Invalid  
Bedridden  
Forbidden  
But you're forgiven  
I'm the most vicious virgin  
Come and talk to Dr. Love, I know you're hurting  
My thighs are just the right size  
To make you see  
You're mine  
Seeing black flowers bloom as I choke you to death  
Meet your doom  
I know I'm a heathen  
Hooked on a feeling  
I could write a book  
But I'll tell you what  
It feels good to not give a fuck

Crossword answers  
for puzzle on page 16

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