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Ethics Magazine Horoscopes

A different writer every week takes on the stars...

Week of September 8-14

By Holly Coleman

Aries:

Ambition has you clawing at locked doors. The racket's impressive, but it won't turn the key. Pick one target and stalk it in silence. Frenzy isn't glory. Arrival is. Show up unannounced.

Taurus:

Patience is your specialty, but it curdles if you leave it out too long. Trade comfort for appetite: eat dessert first, kiss before the apology, rearrange the furniture mid-party. Ritual feeds the clock. Appetite feeds the flesh. Jump while you're hungry.

Gemini:

Conversation is your party trick, but lately the room looks tired. Indulge in one good sentence, then let it hover. Ask one question you actually care about and stop talking while the answer happens. Editing is foreplay. Don't skip it.

Cancer:

You've upholstered every surface with feelings and now the room can't breathe. Rip a seam. Let something leak. Tell one unglamorous truth to someone who can take it, then walk away. Depth isn't lost in the spill. It's proved by the stain.

Leo:

Audience fatigue is real—yours and theirs. Put a cover charge on your attention: fewer favors, fewer pep talks, fewer free encores. Save one gleam for yourself and let the rest dim. Mystery earns more than martyrdom. Keep them begging.

Virgo:

Perfection is starting to look like taxidermy. You've polished the life out of it. Leave a smudge, miss a step, let one drawer stay messy. Control isn't intimacy; it's display. Nobody lusts after glass. They want fingerprints.

Libra:



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Scorpio:

Desire has teeth. Quit sanding them down. Make one move and skip the riddles. Not everything requires a trapdoor. Sometimes you just need to turn the knob. A bruise is proof, and proof is sexy.

Sagittarius:

Your grin is doing manual labor for a body that wants mutiny. Cancel one caffeine-induced plan and lie down without guilt. Let boredom press until the truth leaks out. Honesty is hotter than stamina. Lick your fingers and touch the flame.

Capricorn:

You keep auditioning for a future self while the present rolls its eyes. The crack on your phone, the stain you missed, the smile you let slip—imperfection is where you get interesting. Let it seduce you. Control isn't the kink. It's what you fixate on when you lose it.

Aquarius:

You've been orbiting your own body like it's disposable space junk. Try re-entry: work it, stretch it, let it sweat. Ideas aren't revolutions until the flesh can bear them. Your body is the engine. Keep it hot.

Pisces:

Memory isn't a refuge; it's a drug cut with nostalgia. You've been dosing on old scenes. Pull back an inch. Say one thing you mean and let it stay ugly. The future doesn't want tidy. It wants you, dripping and awake.