

Pisces, Art, and the Cosmic Flow of Change

The End of an Era for us.



FHOVE AZEVEDO

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Here's something about the end of a cycle that feels like standing on the edge of a dream. You know you're about to wake up, but for a moment, everything is suspended in that liminal space—blurry, weightless, infinite. That's where I find myself now, caught between the dissolving tides of the past and the uncertain, thrilling momentum of the future.

By the time the Sun enters Aries, igniting the astrological new year, I'll be in Sydney again. Five years in Lismore are coming to an end, but in truth, it's more than just geography that's shifting. It's the end of an era.

When I arrived here, I was searching. For what, exactly, I wasn't sure. Answers, purpose, something to anchor me in a world that had already changed so much. In these years, I have unraveled and reshaped myself—becoming a mother, building a new career, forging connections that have deepened my understanding of life, spirituality, and the invisible forces that guide us.

It feels profoundly Piscean. This moment, this transition. Pisces is the sign of endings, of surrender, of merging with something greater than the self. It's the deep ocean before a new shore appears, the formless void before creation begins again. In Pisces, we dissolve—identities, attachments, old versions of ourselves—only to be reborn in Aries, carrying forward the essence of what remains.



Stargazing and Storytelling: A New Friend, an Old Sky

Amidst this transition, life has been weaving new stories. Joe's childhood friend, Max, recently moved to the Northern Rivers, and over

the past few weeks, we've had the joy of introducing him to this place—its people, its landscapes, its strange and beautiful energy.

Max is an artist, an illustrator with an eye for detail and a mind that lingers in the space where reality meets imagination. He arrived here looking for something too, though maybe he didn't realize it at first. Inspiration, direction, a reconnection to the things that once made his creativity come alive.

One night, we sat outside his new home as the sky darkened, binoculars in hand, tracing the constellations above us. The night was clear—one of those rare evenings where every detail of the cosmos seemed sharper, more present.

The Moon, nearly full, cast a silver glow over everything. Just beside it, we spotted Mars, its steady, reddish hue like an ember in the sky. Further up, Jupiter sat near Orion, grand and luminous, and through the binoculars, we could even see its moons. Venus, the eternal evening star, was setting in the west, radiant until the last moment before disappearing beyond the horizon.

Max was quiet for a long time, then finally said, "I don't think I've looked at the stars like this in years."

That night, something stirred in him. We didn't realize it then, but the next day, it all spilled onto the page..



Nimbin: A Portal of Inspiration



A few days later, we took him to Nimbin.

If there's one place that embodies the mystical, rebellious, untamed spirit of the Northern Rivers, it's Nimbin. It's more than just a town—it's a

living, breathing tapestry of psychedelic art, countercultural history, plant medicine, and spiritual exploration. It's a place where time bends, where stories linger in the air, where reality feels like it's made of something softer, more malleable.

The land itself hums with an ancient presence. The Nimbin Rocks, standing like sentinels in the distance, hold a kind of quiet, unknowable wisdom. The streets pulse with color—murals of cosmic beings, symbols of alchemy, images that bridge the gap between the seen and the unseen.

Max was captivated. I could see it in the way his eyes moved, soaking everything in like he was filing it away in some deep part of his mind, waiting for the moment when it would spill back out again.

And it did.

From Chaos to Cosmos: Creation Through a Piscean Lens

The next morning, Max sat down with his sketchbook, and something poured through him. A vision, an imprint of everything he had absorbed—the sky, the land, the conversations, the feeling of being here.



His piece is a visual tapestry of psychedelic symbolism, wizards, sages, the Nimbin Rocks, and the esoteric wisdom woven into the land. It blends his imagination with Joe's and the spirit of Nimbin itself, creating something that feels like a portal to another world.



Max's art feels like stepping into another world—rich, alive, and steeped in movement. His scenes are both familiar and otherworldly, like lost fragments of dreams and old stories. The way he plays with textures, space, and perspective draws you in, as if you're witnessing a moment frozen in time.

What I love most is the sense of story. His characters feel real, as if their lives extend beyond the frame. His fantasy settings—taverns, wizards, medieval details—pull you into a world of magic and mystery. Every tiny object, every fabric fold, every expression breathes life into his work, making it feel channeled rather than imagined. It's the kind of art you want to step inside and explore.

This scene has such a strong Pisces energy—it's like stepping into a dream, a space where reality and imagination blend seamlessly. Pisces is the sign of the mystical, the in-between, the places where stories,

emotions, and different dimensions meet. And that's exactly what's happening here.

There's a sense of nostalgia, like this could be a memory from another lifetime or a vision from the depths of the unconscious. The soft, intricate lines feel almost fluid, like waves pulling you deeper into the moment. Pisces is ruled by Neptune, the planet of fantasy and altered states, and this artwork embodies that—there's a subtle feeling that time doesn't quite work the same way here. Are these characters from the past, the future, or some parallel dream world? It doesn't matter. They exist in a liminal space, just like Pisces itself.



Even the setting—a warm, hidden tavern—has that classic Piscean symbolism. Taverns and inns in fantasy stories are often places of transition, where wanderers rest, secrets are shared, and fate takes a turn. Pisces rules over those liminal places, the crossroads between the

known and the unknown, where souls meet and part ways. The characters feel like they're immersed in something deeper than just casual conversation. Maybe they're discussing philosophy, magic, or lost knowledge. Maybe they're just drifting, enjoying the moment with no real need for direction—another classic Pisces trait.

There's also an undeniable sense of interconnectedness, like every person and object in this scene is part of a larger, unseen web. Pisces dissolves boundaries, and this artwork captures that feeling—everything flows together, creating a tapestry of mystery, imagination, and quiet magic. It's not just a drawing; it's an invitation to lose yourself in another world.

In so many mythologies, the beginning of the world is told as a story of chaos transforming into cosmos. The formless void giving birth to structure, meaning, creation. This is Pisces energy—fluid, vast, infinite—until it flows into Aries, where it begins to take shape.

In a way, that's what my own journey has been. When I first arrived in Lismore, I was in a space of dissolution, shedding old layers, stepping into the unknown. Over time, the pieces rearranged themselves into something new—a business, a purpose, a life built from passion and self-discovery. And now, just as the astrological cycle turns, I find myself at the edge again, about to step forward into another unknown.



A Farewell, A Beginning

Max told us we had inspired him—not just to create more art, but to look up again. To reconnect with that feeling of wonder, the kind that makes you want to draw, write, explore, dream. And maybe that’s the greatest thing we can offer each other—the reminder to keep looking, to keep seeing, to keep creating.

Soon, I will be back in Sydney. A city

I once knew, but one I will be returning to as someone new. The sky will be the same, but I will carry with me the echoes of these five years—the land, the people, the lessons, the quiet magic that shaped me.

Pisces teaches us that nothing is ever truly lost. It dissolves, yes, but only to become something else. And as one era ends, another begins, already forming in the distance like the first light of dawn.

So I step forward, into the great unknown.

Sydney, I'm coming back.



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