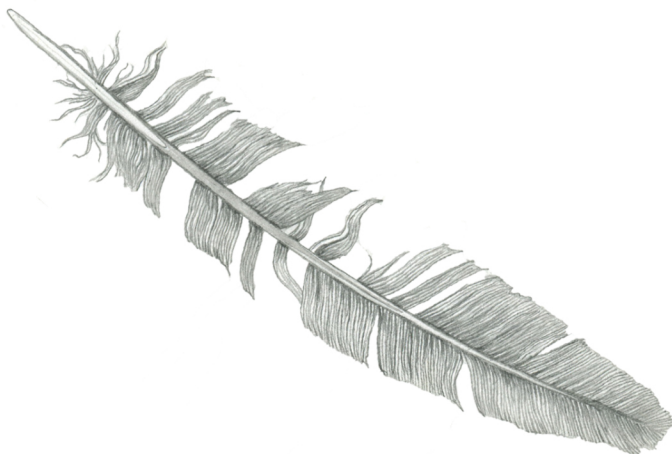


A T T I C U S



Chapbooks

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A T T I C U S

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A T T I C U S

I told her I was lost in this world,
and she smiled
because she was too.
We were all lost somehow,
but we didn't care..
We had, in the chaos,
found each other.

A T T I C U S

I fall in love everyday,
with *ideas and sensations,*
people I see.
I hold them long enough to let them go,
but I keep them in my heart
and *in my soul.*

A T T I C U S

And there it stood,
a flower on a rock,
where nothing else lived
for a hundred miles in every direction.
This flower was life,
bold and true,
standing proud to the sky,
lapping up sunlight,
digging her roots into the ground.
She was living,
no matter what the world told her she couldn't do,
she just went on,
chin up into the sun.
And I realized then
that life,
by its very nature,
was brave.

A T T I C U S

Find the one you love
and let them burn you,
let them burn you like the sun,
let your love and hate fuel your fire—
until you become weak and vulnerable,
and the more vulnerable you become,
the hotter you will burn,
until you are nothing but molten ash—
and when that fire cools,
your love will be a hard cool steel,
and nothing will break you—
for together you have seen the sun.

A T T I C U S

She was the most beautiful,
complicated thing
I'd ever seen,
a tangled mess
of *silky strings*,
and all I wanted of life
was to sit down
cross-legged
and untie her knots.

A T T I C U S

We always talked in riddles;
it made more sense to us that way.
For love to us was madness,
and somehow,
the riddles explained it
better than we ever could.

A T T I C U S

Do not fall in love with me,
for *ill break your heart,*
long before you realize,
you were going to break mine.

A T T I C U S

Does the sun promise to shine?

No, but it will,
even behind the darkest clouds it will,
and no promise
will make it shine longer or brighter,
for that is its fate,
to burn until it can burn no more.
So, to love you is not my promise,
it is my fate,

to burn for you
until I can burn no more.

A T T I C U S

I aspire to be
an old man
with an old wife
laughing at old jokes
from a wild youth.

A T T I C U S

I sit on clouds
and obsess with angels,
when I should be obsessing
on the fact I can fly.

A T T I C U S

Ho ho,
a pipe and paper
is all the love I need tonight.
I am feeling brave,
and the stars are awake for me
and I for them.
So let's dance,
in tin shoes,
on tin roofs,
and jig to the gods.
We are alive,
and we have tonight
this love we need.

A T T I C U S

He had stolen her todays
but not her tomorrows.
those were hers,
and one by one
she *stole* them back.

A T T I C U S

Break my *heart*
and you will find yourself inside.

A T T I C U S

The streets were alive—
warm to the music and the moon,
a city's heart
fluttering in its own footsteps,
creatures of the night,
Venetian eyes left to the lustful moon,
and the water glowed and lapped
to the cadence of our beating hearts,
our blurry faces, gleeful ghosts.
We were alive,
sparkling our minds awake once more,
forgotten princes.
with crowns of silk,
looking up,
at the universe opening to us,
in yellows and golds and stars,
swirling together like champagne.
And so we drank them up,
the stars—
and as they bubbled in our mouths,
we kissed girls so pretty they blushed the sky.

A T T I C U S

She was powerful,
not because she wasn't scared,
but because she went on so *strongly*,
despite the fear.

A T T I C U S

She
conquered
her
demons
and
wore
her
Scars
like
wings.

A T T I C U S

That was her magic:
she could still see the sunset,
even on those *darkest days*.

A T T I C U S

Don't ask her to be a rock for you to lean upon,
instead, *build her wings,*
and point her to the sky,
and she will teach you both how to fly.

A T T I C U S

She was just
another
b
r
o
k
e
n
doll,
dreaming of
a boy with glue.

A T T I C U S

I look at her
sometimes
and wonder,
out of all the faces
in the world,
how did I find one
so *perfect*
for me.

A T T I C U S

She always loved the things
that the rest of the world forgot,
the snails and slugs and the broken flowers.

I think that's why she loved me,
I was just another *broken thing*
that the world had left behind.

A T T I C U S

Don't find her
and lose you.
Find you
to find her.

A T T I C U S

We let our lives
mix with our dreams
like two colored paints,
until we didn't know
which was what,
and we didn't care.

A T T I C U S

She was looking for a boy,
who would one day be a King,
who could slay the dragons,
that *guarded her cave,*
and make her remember,
that she was a Queen.

A T T I C U S

She was a tall drink of half-drunk whiskey,
my gypsy.

pigeon-toed

A T T I C U S

She couldn't see *her wings,*
but I knew they were there.
So I built her stairs
that led to the sky,
and when she reached the clouds
she *remembered* how to fly.

A T T I C U S

There wasn't
a predictable thing about her,
and it was that chaos
that made her *interesting.*

A T T I C U S

I love her because she steals my socks,
I love her because when I find her,
they never match,
I love her because they are too big,
and the gray part for the heel sits far too high,
I love her because she wears them to sleep and
one always falls off,
I love her because she wakes in the night and
cant find it, and her foot is cold.
That's why *I love her.*

A T T I C U S

A sky full of stars
and he was staring at her.

A T T I C U S

When I die,
I want to fall in my bed exhausted,
covered in scars,
stories buzzing in my head
of memories and inside jokes
from a lifetime of misadventure—
my broken bones barely healed,
my weathered skin and matted hair,
a body running on fumes—
And I want to lay there,
a room full of grandchildren,
minds alive with curiosity

for a world begging to be explored—
and a beautiful wife
with soft hands in mine,
who will look at me
and smile
because she knows me best,
and as her tears
sparkles in my eyes,
she will squeeze my hand
as I leave
on one last adventure.



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