

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

# ATTICUS

A surreal illustration of a woman's silhouette floating in a sky filled with birds and a crescent moon. The sky is a mix of purple, pink, and blue, with a large, glowing crescent moon in the lower right. The woman is in the center, her hair blowing in the wind. She is surrounded by a large number of birds in flight, some of which appear to be flying towards her. The overall mood is dreamlike and ethereal.

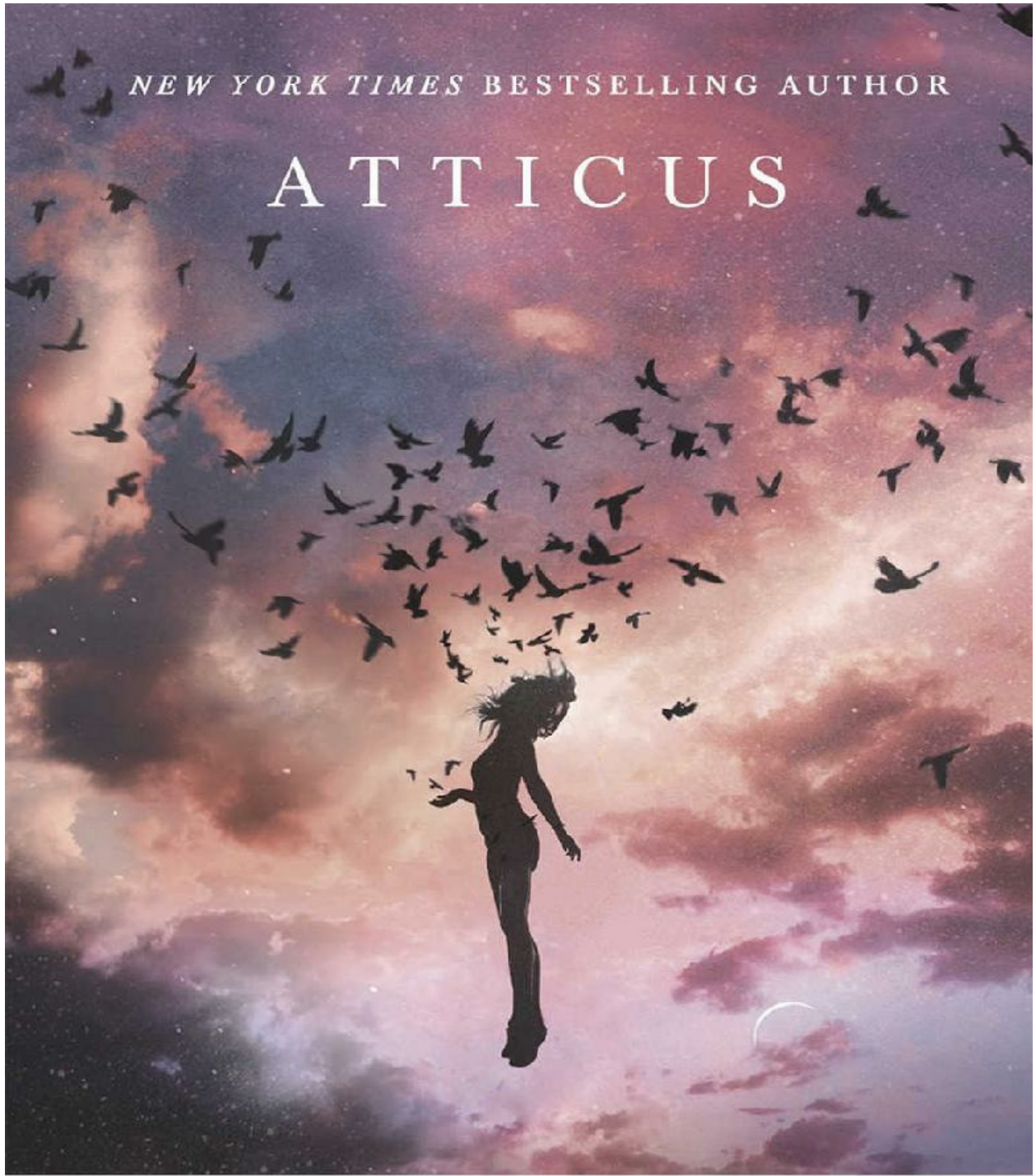
THE TRUTH ABOUT MAGIC

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POETRY

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

ATTICUS



THE TRUTH ABOUT MAGIC

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POETRY

THE

TRUTH

ABOUT

MAGIC

ATTICUS

*poems*



HEADLINE

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## Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright Page](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Praise for Atticus](#)

[Also by Atticus](#)

[About the Book](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Magic in Youth](#)

[Magic in Love](#)

[Magic in Adventure](#)

[Magic in Her](#)

[Magic in Darkness](#)

[Magic in Words](#)

[Magic in Stars](#)

[Acknowledgements](#)

## **About the Author**

Atticus is a storyteller, observer, and an amateur winemaker. He is the author of *Love Her Wild* and *The Dark Between Stars* . He loves the Pacific Ocean, the desert, and playing with words.

Visit him on Instagram at [@AtticusPoetry](#)

### **Praise for Atticus:**

‘A modern day Byron.’ *The Times*

‘In the simplest way, Atticus captures those little things that make life magic.’ Karlie Kloss

‘The entire read is the feeling of a soft summer love song – full of lust and longing.’ CBC News

***By Atticus and available from Headline***

Love Her Wild

The Dark Between Stars



## **About the Book**

The third collection of poems from Instagram's most mysterious poet.

In his third collection of poems, Atticus takes us on an adventure to discover the truth about magic. Through heartbreak and falling in love, looking back and looking inward, he writes about finding ourselves, finding our purpose, and the simple joys of life with grace, wit, and longing. Whether it's drinking wine out of oak barrels, laughing until you cry, dancing in old barns until the sun comes up, or making love on sandy beaches, Atticus reminds us that magic is everywhere – we simply have to look for it.

This book is dedicated to Alina.

A girl I never knew  
who died in my arms.



This book is for  
the day dreamers,  
the night thinkers,  
the summer skinny dippers  
for anyone who ever said  
'the night is young'  
or watched the sunrise  
on a beach  
far from home—  
but mostly  
it's for you  
the quiet ones  
at parties  
looking out of windows  
wondering about the stars.

*XX Atticus*





MAGIC

IN

YOUTH

*Children see magic  
because they look for it.*

*—Christopher Moore*







'I don't know many things  
with any certainty,'  
she said  
'but snuggling feels important.'

Our lips barely left each other  
in those first few weeks  
only enough breath  
to gasp for life  
and then back  
into the tangle of it all  
the unlockable knot of new love  
and that faint perhaps  
of the forever-be.



*She wanted what every young heart wanted  
for something beautiful to find her beautiful.*

Love exists  
somewhere between  
a girl pretending  
she can't open a jar of pickles  
and a boy pretending  
not to know she could.





We reveled  
in the sweet taste of each other's names  
as if honey was a sound  
and we were thirsty  
for its song.



*We tangled in bedsheets  
skateboarded in rainstorms  
and rode subways to jazz clubs  
you were an actress  
and we were a film  
and like all good movies  
we ended in love  
credits down kissing  
to sunsets under Brooklyn bridges.*

She fell for the idea of him  
and ideas were  
dangerous things to love.



He was one of the bad boys  
the smoldering kind  
that smokes cigarettes  
and drinks whiskey  
right out of the bottle—  
the kind  
you can't keep past sunrise  
and you don't really care.





We just want  
the world to love  
the little monsters  
that we are.

*If I'm honest,  
very little in life  
has compared  
in immensity  
or magnitude  
before or since  
to the electric  
and wild feeling  
of the first time  
I kissed  
a girl.*





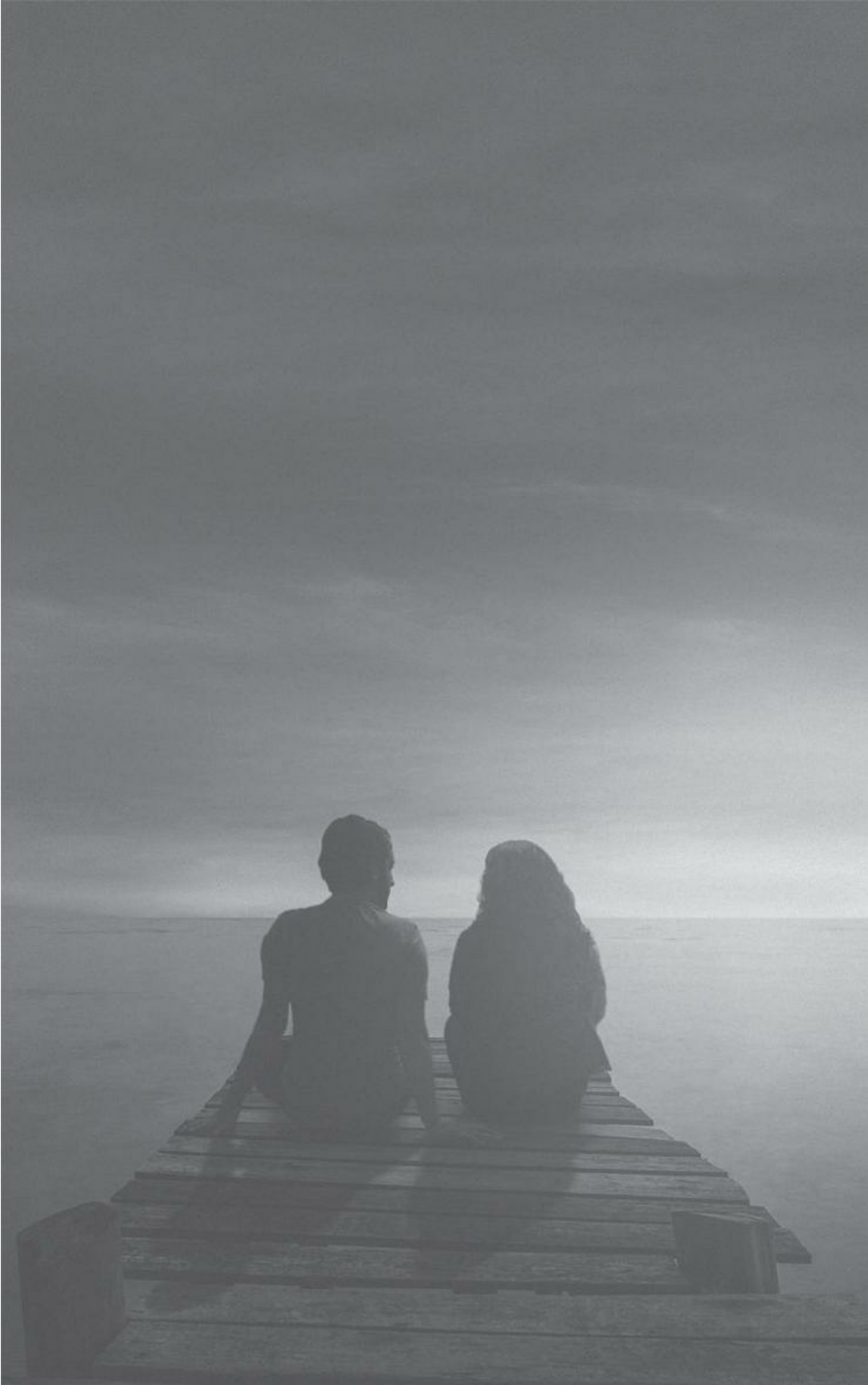
One of those forever kinds of friends  
where anything can happen  
and nothing will change—  
they just always are  
and forever will be.



We were all born to live  
born to love  
millions of years  
perfecting the art of it,  
and yet still,  
somehow,  
it comes so unnaturally  
to most of us.

All I dream  
is for our shadows  
to spend  
a little  
more forever  
together.





We grow old chasing the truths  
we knew as children.



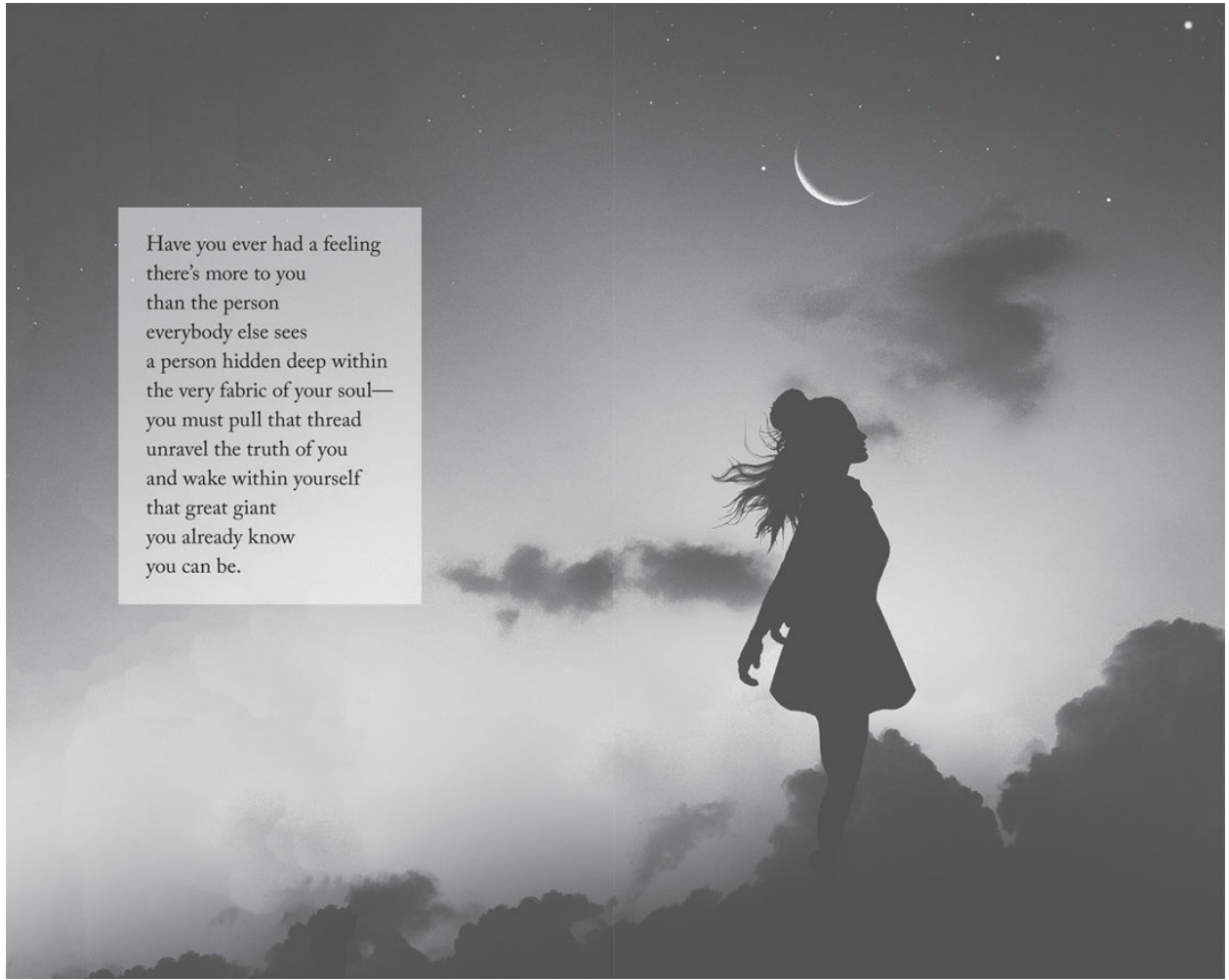


*I love you  
he said  
to the end of all things  
and on—  
and she smiled  
soaking  
in the infiniteness  
of it all.*



We aspire  
only to live  
our lives well,  
to fall into the gentle to and fro of life,  
and the refrains of seasons and tides  
rocking us slowly & finally to sleep  
as old and loved  
as we can possibly be.

Have you ever had a feeling  
there's more to you  
than the person  
everybody else sees  
a person hidden deep within  
the very fabric of your soul—  
you must pull that thread  
unravel the truth of you  
and wake within yourself  
that great giant  
you already know  
you can be.







MAGIC

IN

LOVE

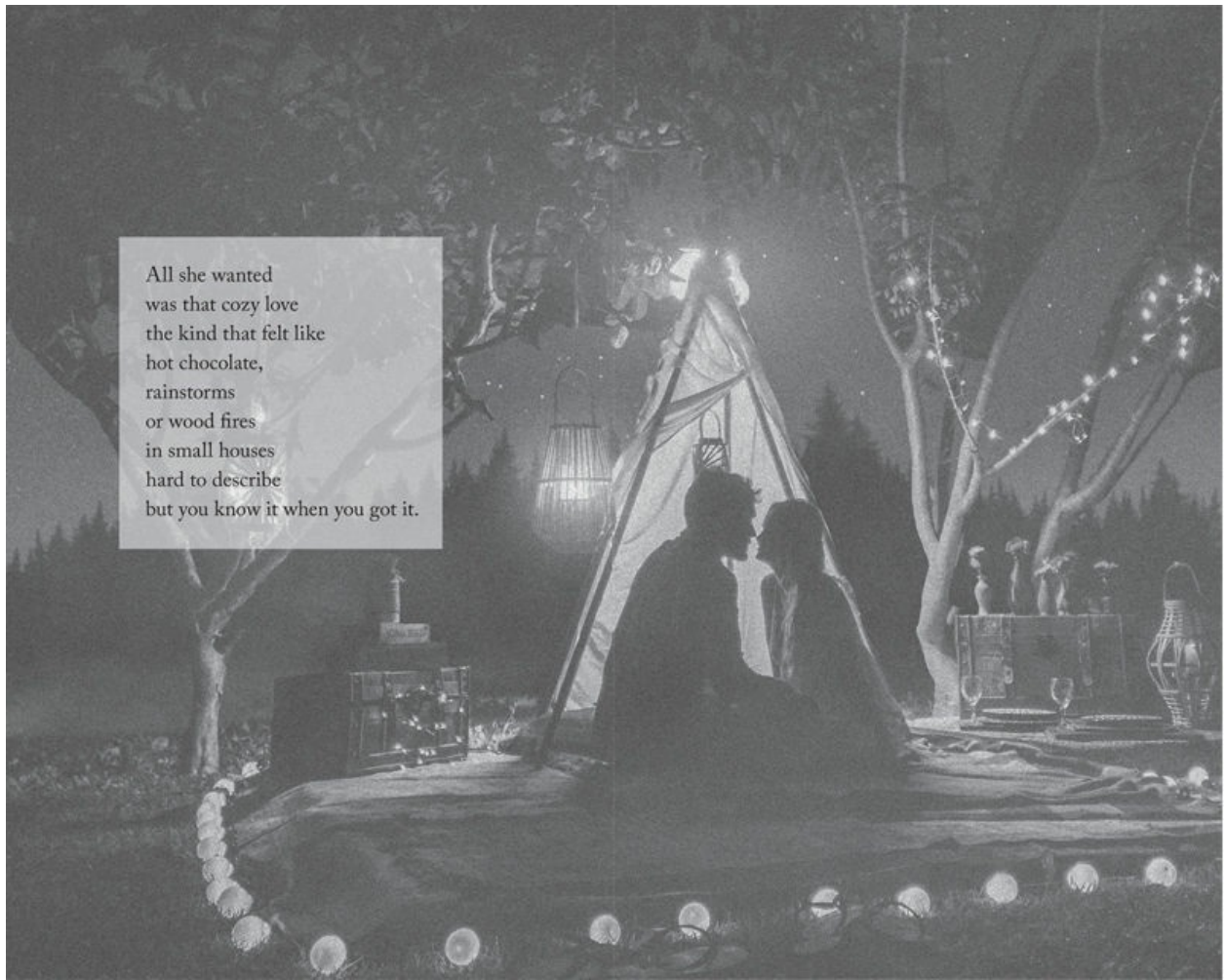
*Magic will find those with pure hearts,  
even when all seems lost.*

*—Morgan Rhodes*

LOVE  
WAITS FOR ALL OF US  
QUIETLY  
IN THAT PLACE  
WHERE NO ONE  
IS LOOKING.

We were far  
too in love  
with being in love  
to care.

All she wanted  
was that cozy love  
the kind that felt like  
hot chocolate,  
rainstorms  
or wood fires  
in small houses  
hard to describe  
but you know it when you got it.



*It takes almost all of me  
not to always kiss you always.*



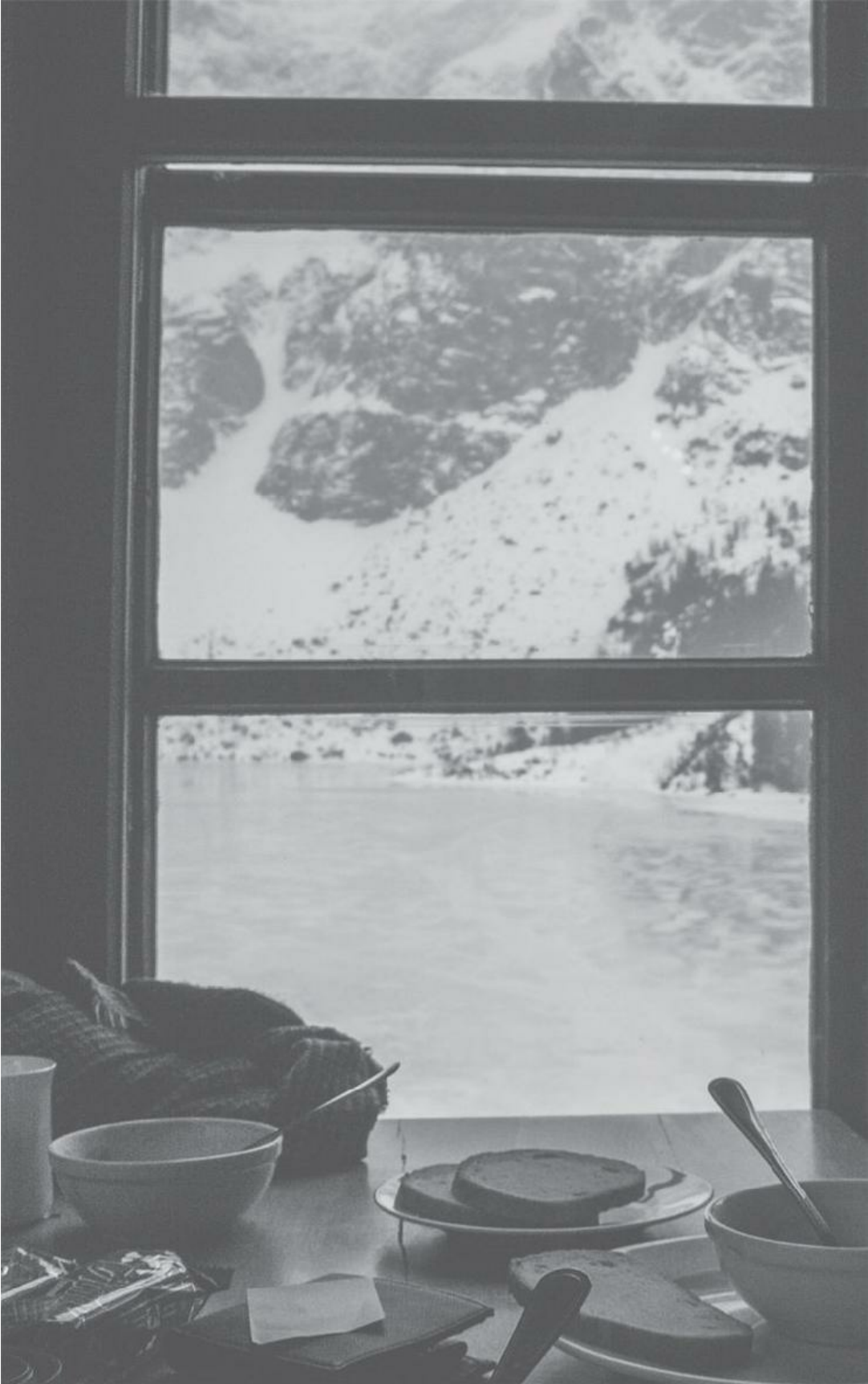
All I wish  
is for you  
to one day  
love you  
the way  
I do.

True love happens at the edge of all things  
a lavender place between wake & sleep.



We fall in love  
with the little things  
somebody loves  
about the world  
like music,  
rainy days,  
or peanut butter sandwiches—  
and it doesn't matter  
what they are,  
it's just that they love them  
and that makes us happy.







We all know the rules of love  
we know we shouldn't chase  
we know we should play it cool  
we know we shouldn't say  
those ridiculous things we say  
but we do them anyways  
because the truth is  
we can't really help it  
and we don't really want to.

To be honest  
you scare me  
I'm terrified of letting you in  
of seeing myself  
more clearly through your eyes  
wondering if I'm good enough  
or if one day I'll lose you  
but the truth is  
not having you at all  
scares me more  
than all the other  
truths of love  
and that thought  
makes me brave.



*Many of us are cursed  
to never let ourselves believe  
another person could love us—  
and we will slowly  
drown our love  
in that confusion.*





*I don't need to matter to everyone  
but I do need to matter to someone.*

She didn't make  
my demons disappear  
she made me  
strong enough  
to fight them.

*When I first met you  
I remembered you  
from a hundred different dreams  
and there you were  
for me to love  
all over again  
for the very first time.*







There will always be that moment  
when we look at someone  
for the first time in love with them.

*Indifference is a powerful tool of desire.*

What a grand  
and beautiful force  
the immense  
and wildly unappreciated  
power of  
human touch.



*'Your sweater smells like you,'  
she said  
'I wish it were a magic sweater  
so when I took it off  
and shook it  
you would arrive into it  
just like magic—  
I hate sweaters that aren't magic.'*

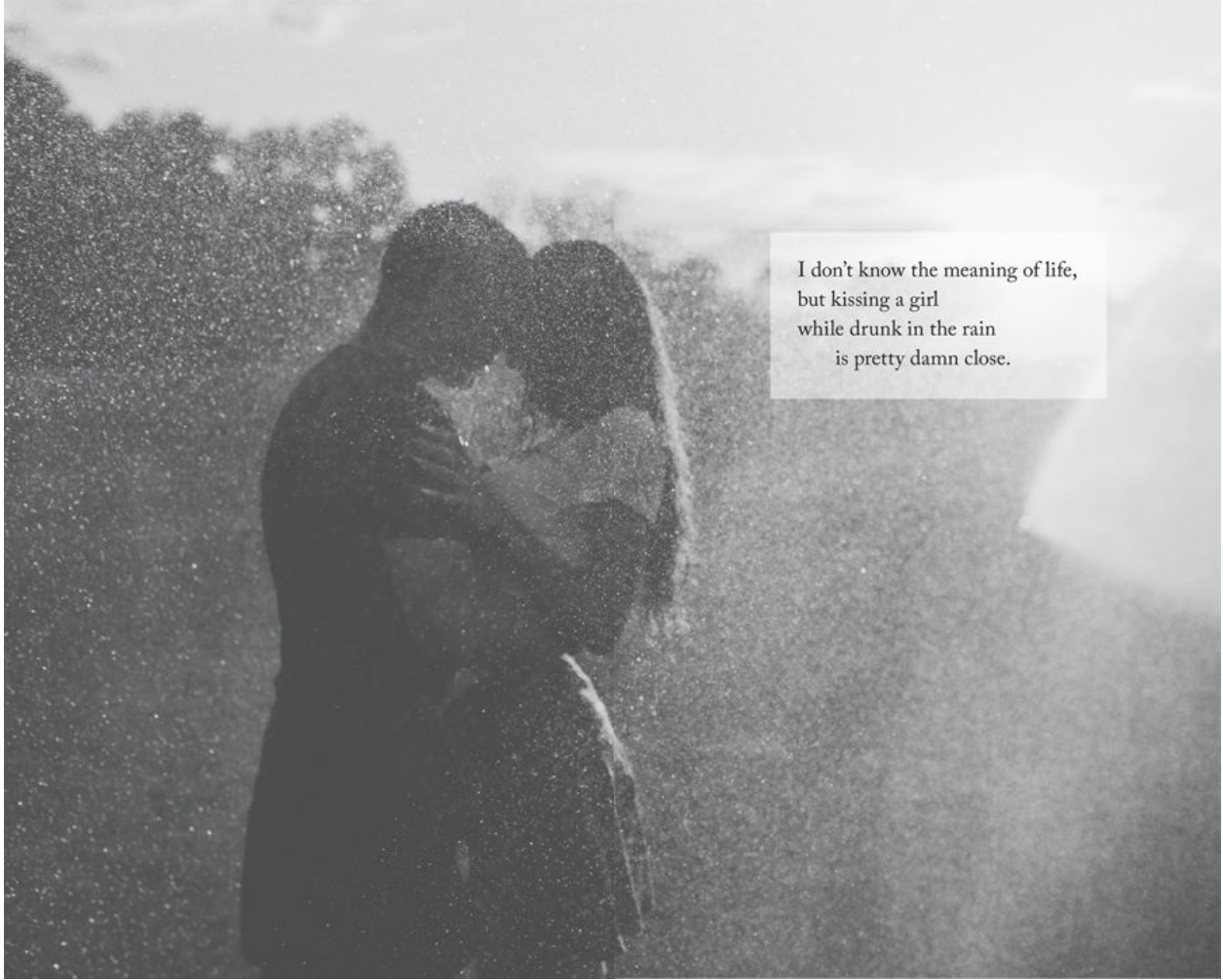




We've moved on now  
but if  
I'm honest  
I am still  
a little bit  
in love  
with all the ways  
we were.

Sometimes  
even great love  
is not enough.





I don't know the meaning of life,  
but kissing a girl  
while drunk in the rain  
is pretty damn close.

*The simplest truth  
is that we  
fall in love with the way someone  
makes us feel or doesn't  
and that's pretty well  
the all of it.*

You have robbed me  
of all heart & mind  
and I love you  
sweet bandit of my soul.




In the right love  
we will discover new love for ourselves.

IT'S ALWAYS BEEN HIM

SHE SMILED

OUR SOULS JUST *DANCE* THE SAME.

*I find more love  
in a storm  
with you  
than a thousand  
sunny days without.*



When they met  
they were old already,  
and so could skip  
all the awkward parts of love,  
realizing that neither was perfect  
and never would be  
instead they met as two old souls  
worn well from a life of true moments  
and together  
they lingered  
in each other's last few shadows  
soothing scars  
from a life well lived.

'What a beautiful thought,'  
she said,  
'that even death does not conquer love  
and sometimes even makes it stronger.'





A black and white photograph of a desk. On the left, a vintage camera with a strap is visible. A string of warm white lights is draped across the top of the desk. In the center, a map is spread out, showing a network of lines and some text. To the right, an open book is partially visible. The overall atmosphere is cozy and nostalgic.

MAGIC

IN

ADVENTURE

*Magical places are always beautiful  
and deserve to be contemplated.*

*—Paulo Coelho*



There's something magic  
about airports  
it's like standing in a room  
with a thousand doors.

*I like the way Paris tastes on my tongue,  
it's all fancy and full of bubbles.*

I LIKE TO THINK GOD SMILES  
AT SOME OF HER BEAUTIFUL SUNSETS.





I had the aching feeling I always got  
when I stayed in a place too long  
my bones became restless beneath my skin  
like I'd forgotten how to run  
I longed only for the great new  
and so,  
I packed my bags and  
stepped out onward  
toward the dusty roads  
of tomorrow  
and the never been.



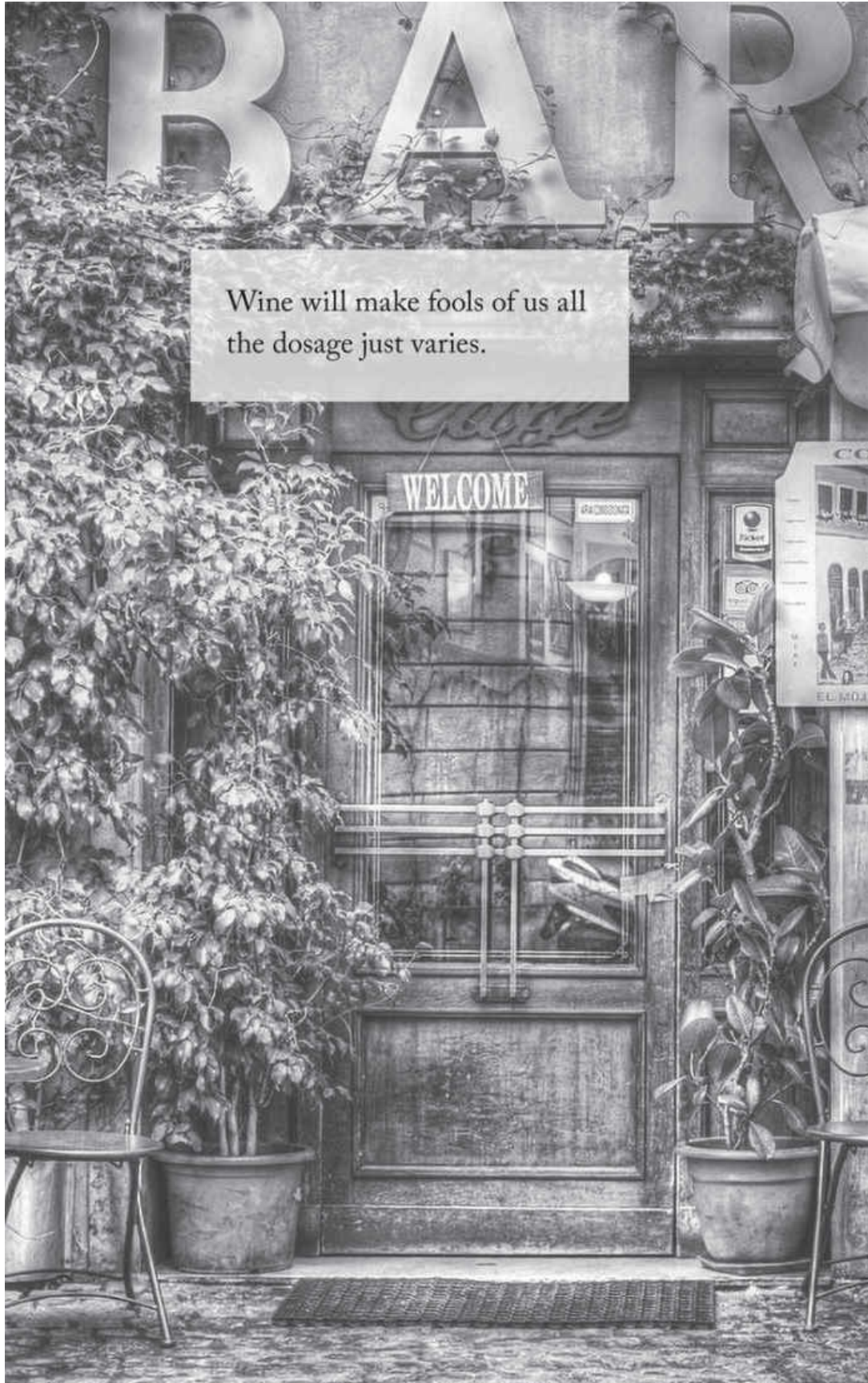
*The art to traveling  
is uncovering the hidden treasures  
a country didn't know  
they hid.*



There is no safer place I know  
than hidden  
among  
the rattling old bones  
of Brooklyn  
in a storm.

We ran from beach clubs  
in rain showers  
drinking champagne from bottles  
jumping into pools in our clothes  
and kissing under lightning,  
we yelled promises  
in thunderclaps  
to never grow old—  
and I fell in love  
with you  
and the absolute certainty  
it all would last forever.





Wine will make fools of us all  
the dosage just varies.

She was that kind of friend  
that after one drink  
would have you  
signing up for hip-hop classes,  
ordering bottles of tequila  
to other people's tables,  
and planning how  
to move to France.

Say what you will  
but crazy isn't boring.







I wish  
I was a spicy margarita  
so I could be  
adored  
by you  
forever, often  
and abundantly.

She wasn't looking for the perfect person  
she was looking for someone  
to catch her imagination  
and remind her what she was looking for.

I am alive in the breath of Rome,  
my soul  
a thousand years awake  
and born today.





Swimming pools were invented  
to kiss girls in the rain  
and if they weren't  
they should have been.

You're  
a  
tall  
pour  
of half  
drunk  
whiskey  
my  
pigeon-  
toed  
gypsy.

Give me a room in Paris  
the smaller, the better  
and it must be winter  
and it must be cold  
so we can make it hot  
too hot to sit still  
and the window must be thin  
so we can hear the bells  
and the power must surge and bubble  
so the lights flicker  
and the records skip  
let the water be weak  
so our coffee is strong  
so we can stay up late to dance.  
Give me this Paris  
and I will paint for you  
all the truths I know  
about magic.








*Oh no,  
I've had the slow murmur of a Paris thought,  
the kind that won't leave  
until well after  
a month-long-week  
of rosé,  
cafés,  
and sunsets on the Seine.*

We visited old markets  
selling ancient glories  
from Ozymandian dreams  
we'd dress up in furs  
and fancy hats  
and have dinners at long tables  
until kindly asked to leave  
and then to some café somewhere  
in a place that didn't matter  
drinking rosé  
and eating spiced olives  
until we'd stumble to our beds  
this was our life  
everything that mattered  
everything that  
would ever matter  
and we lived each day  
as a season of our spring.



Wine so delicately  
pulls from us  
all the stories  
we hadn't planned to tell.

Travel and love  
are worth the sacrifice  
for a life without them  
is a life unexplored.

*The melancholies of all existence  
are quickly forgotten in a walk around Rome.*

You'll never hear  
the old man say  
that he wished he didn't  
see the world  
and had  
more money  
when he died.





*The way you flirt with Paris  
I am forgotten  
left in the spinning blossom  
of your love—  
and all I can do is  
watch you both  
and smile  
as the gardens bloom.*

Let's stop  
pretending  
to be so perfect  
for the world  
and get on  
with finding out  
if we can be  
so perfect  
for each other.





The way he talked of their dreams  
it made her want to grab his hand  
and run quickly into their tomorrows.

My darling,  
let's you and I  
ramble on this life awhile—  
our hands in hands  
our hearts in hearts  
our shadows forever one.









MAGIC

IN

HER

*She's mad, but she's magic.*

*There's no lie in her fire.*

*—Charles Bukowski*



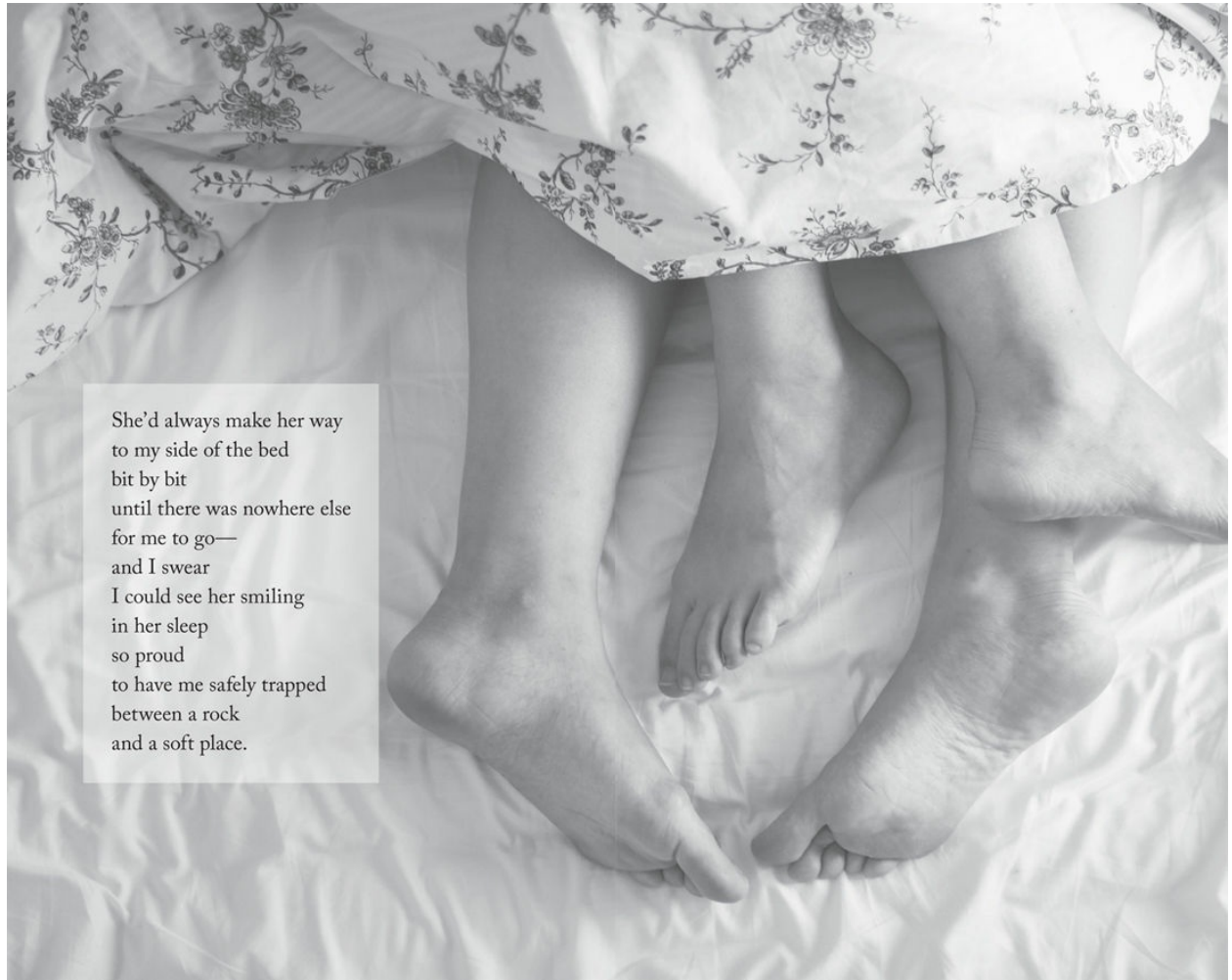
CHANCES ARE  
YOU ARE  
SOMEONE'S  
GIRL NEXT DOOR.

*She was a queen  
safe and unconquerable  
in the wild  
walled kingdoms  
of herself.*





Life with her became  
a divine linger between kisses.



She'd always make her way  
to my side of the bed  
bit by bit  
until there was nowhere else  
for me to go—  
and I swear  
I could see her smiling  
in her sleep  
so proud  
to have me safely trapped  
between a rock  
and a soft place.



I like you  
just the way you are—  
in my baggy shirts  
in my tangled sheets  
eating popcorn in my bed  
quietly  
so I don't hear you.

He loved those wrinkles around her eyes  
little reminders of their life well laughed.

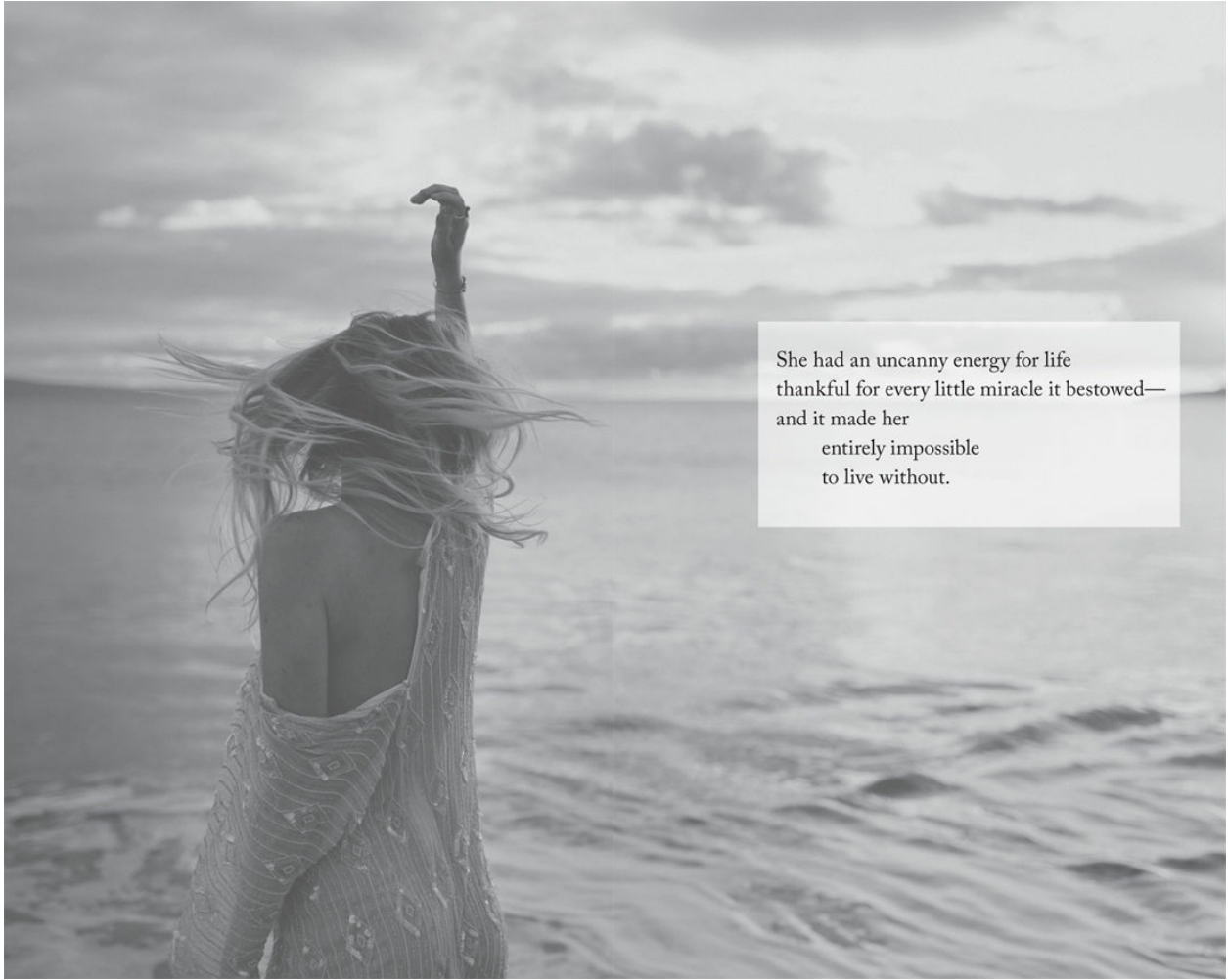




I'll forever kiss you  
in public places  
people can hate it  
if they like  
I don't mind  
I'd still rather the kisses.

The sex was a bonus  
to the great and wondrous privilege  
of being in close proximity  
to her jokes.

He traced  
her silhouette  
with moonlight  
and found in the stars  
the calligraphy  
of her soul.



She had an uncanny energy for life  
thankful for every little miracle it bestowed—  
and it made her  
entirely impossible  
to live without.



*She was a storm  
the kind of girl  
you needed to lose  
yourself to find  
somewhere  
up half a bottle of whiskey  
and down half the moon of sky.*

She kept coming back to me  
like smoking  
or drinking  
or any of those other  
bad habits  
that eventually  
try to ruin you.





She was just another fool in love  
with cities,  
boys  
and gods.

The greatest lie  
he ever told  
was that she needed him  
to be happy.

*She wasn't looking for a fairy tale  
just to feel a little less lonely.*







Cheer up, beautiful  
you'll be in love again  
and probably sooner  
than you're ready.

In her heart  
and soul  
she set fire to all things  
that held her back  
and from the ashes  
she stepped  
into who she always was.





And,  
out of her  
great sorrow  
and fear,  
came one  
exhilarating  
seed of  
thought  
that consumed  
her in a calming  
wave of love and hope—  
she was free.

*She stood there  
bathing in the grand forests of his love  
with only the quiet rustle  
of the treetops against the sky  
to remind her she was real at all.*







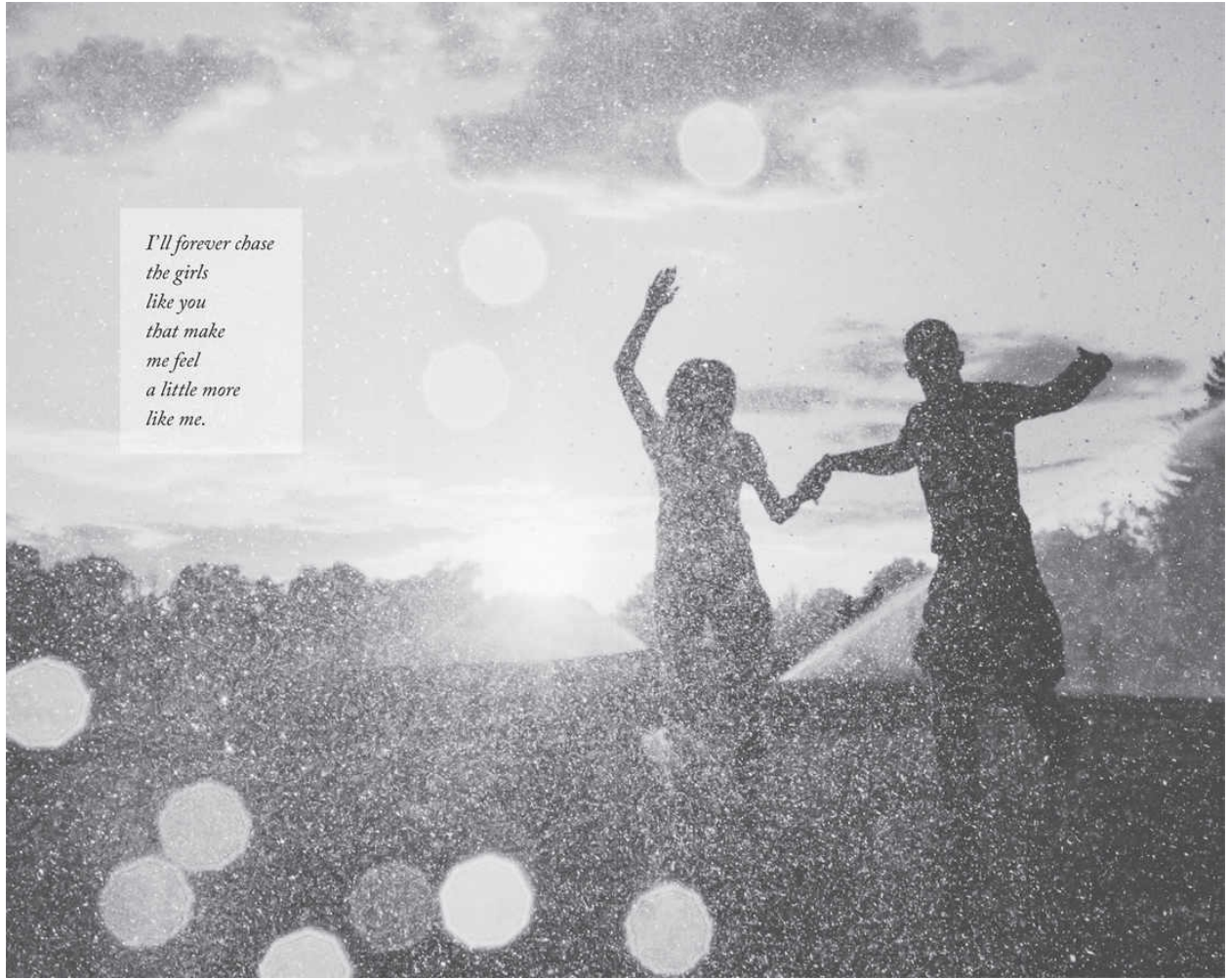
SOME GIRLS  
LOOK GOOD IN DIAMONDS,  
SOME GIRLS  
MAKE DIAMONDS LOOK GOOD.



I feel in every girl  
there lives  
a wild pixie,  
that if let go,  
would run and dance in grassy fields  
until the end of the world—  
and when that girl grows up,  
that pixie hides,  
but she's always there,  
peeking out behind old eyes  
and reading glasses,  
waiting  
to one day dance again.



Somewhere  
in the great landscape of time  
there is a garden growing  
the most beautiful rose  
that has ever been  
and that will ever be—  
you are that rose,  
forever to me.



*I'll forever chase  
the girls  
like you  
that make  
me feel  
a little more  
like me.*

'When do I know  
if I really love her?'  
asked the boy  
and the old man smiled,  
'When it's no longer  
a question.'







MAGIC

IN

DARKNESS

*The world is full of magic things, patiently  
waiting for our senses to grow sharper.*

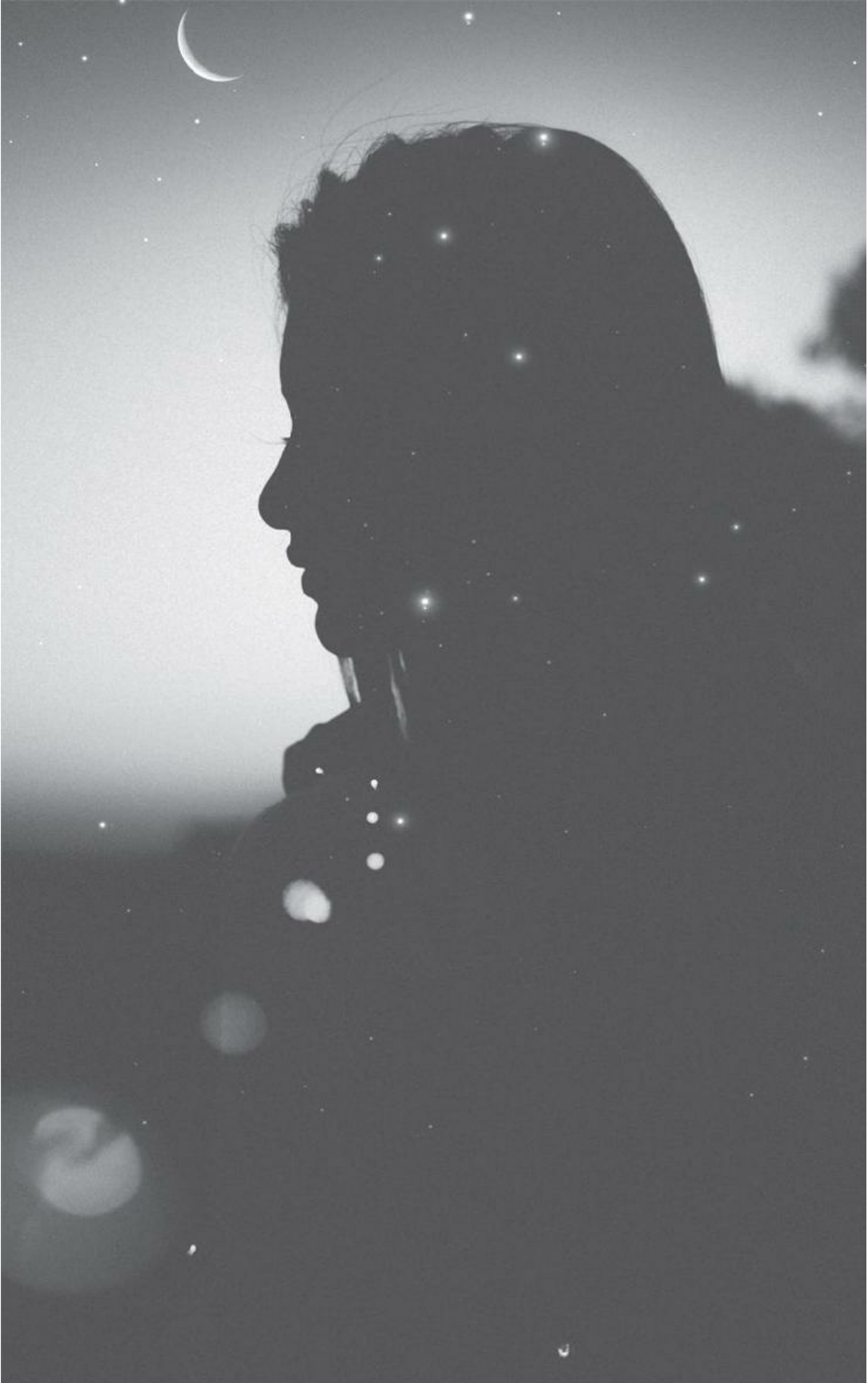
*—W. B. Yeats*

She reminded me of dusk  
and the inevitable fading  
of all beautiful things.

*We don't need every dream to come true—  
sometimes we just need to dream them for a while.*

Don't waste  
a second  
of your time  
convincing  
other people  
you're worth  
loving.





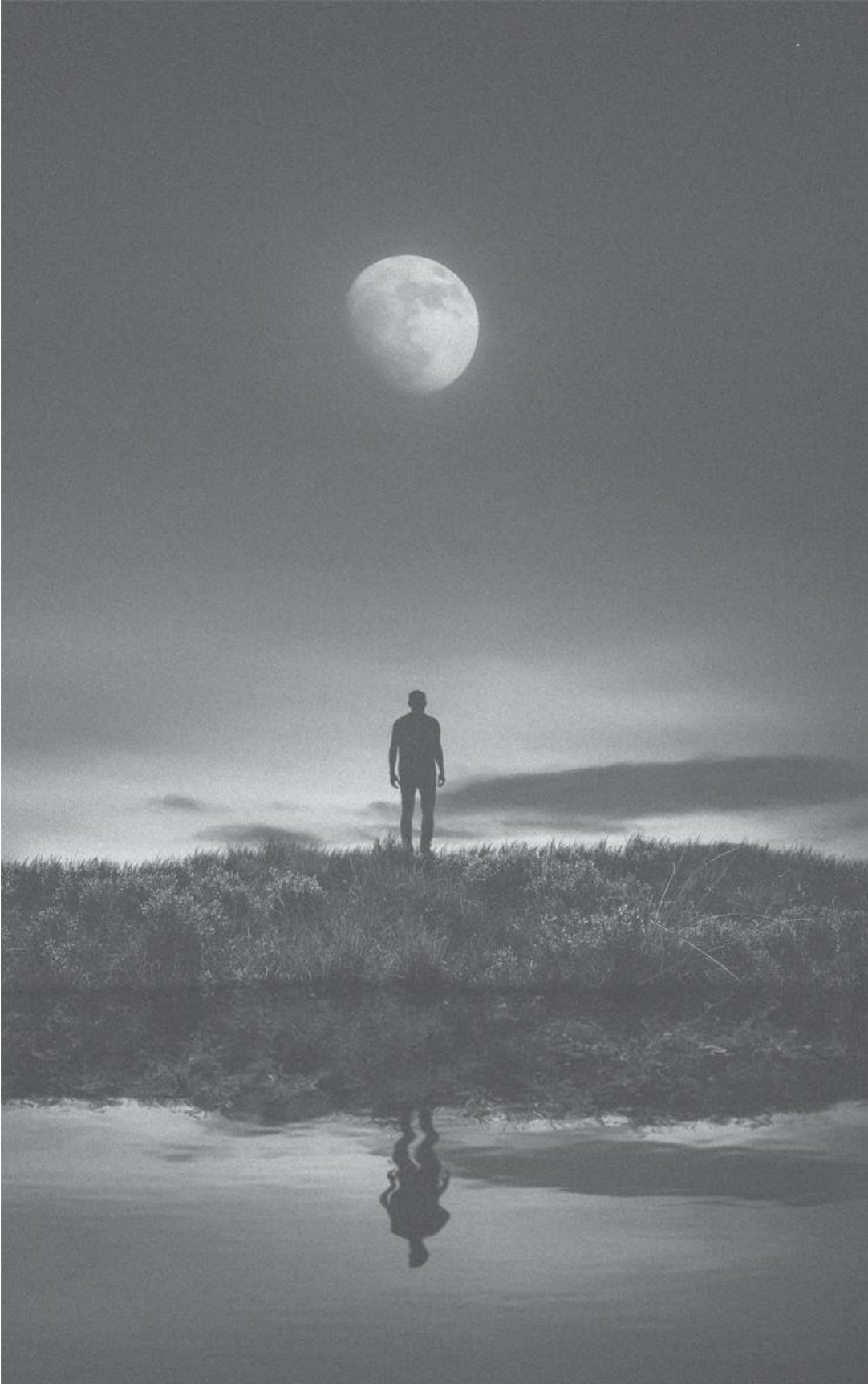
It was the end of love  
and beginning of truth  
as if  
the first time they ever met  
was the day they said good-bye.

*We lay there within the lonely silence of all the  
things we didn't say.*



They are fools,  
you know—  
those ones who think  
you can never change  
those ones who think  
you can never grow—  
for as long as you live  
you will have today  
to prove them wrong.





You stole pieces of me  
in all the love I gave you  
and never got back.  
Keep it now  
it is my gift to you  
for you will not get more—  
and that,  
my love,  
is my gift to me.

*No good lust goes unpunished.*

*Beware  
the fair-weather lover  
who is everything for you  
as long as it is easy.*







No  
life isn't that bad  
just today  
today sucks  
today's the f\*king worst  
but probably not tomorrow  
or even the next day  
yeah,  
the next day might be f\*king sweet.

Our love had become  
a dream  
fading from us  
no matter how hard  
we closed our eyes.



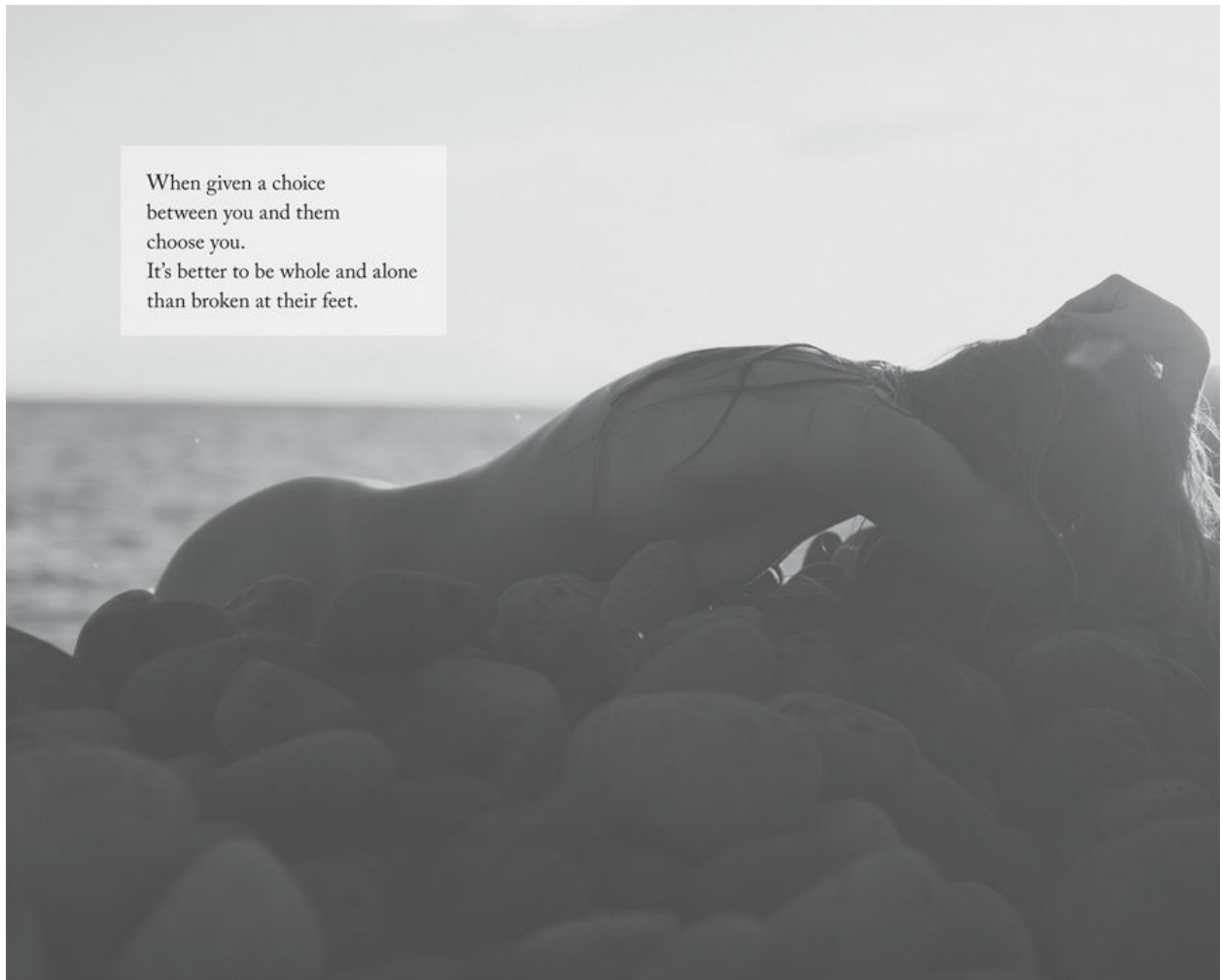




*So often, we punish ourselves with the bad love we think we deserve.*

She wasn't happy or sad,  
in love or out of love,  
she was just there  
existing  
in the ebb and flow of life—  
and that was a dangerous place to be  
but her worst mistake  
was forgetting to remember  
there was more.

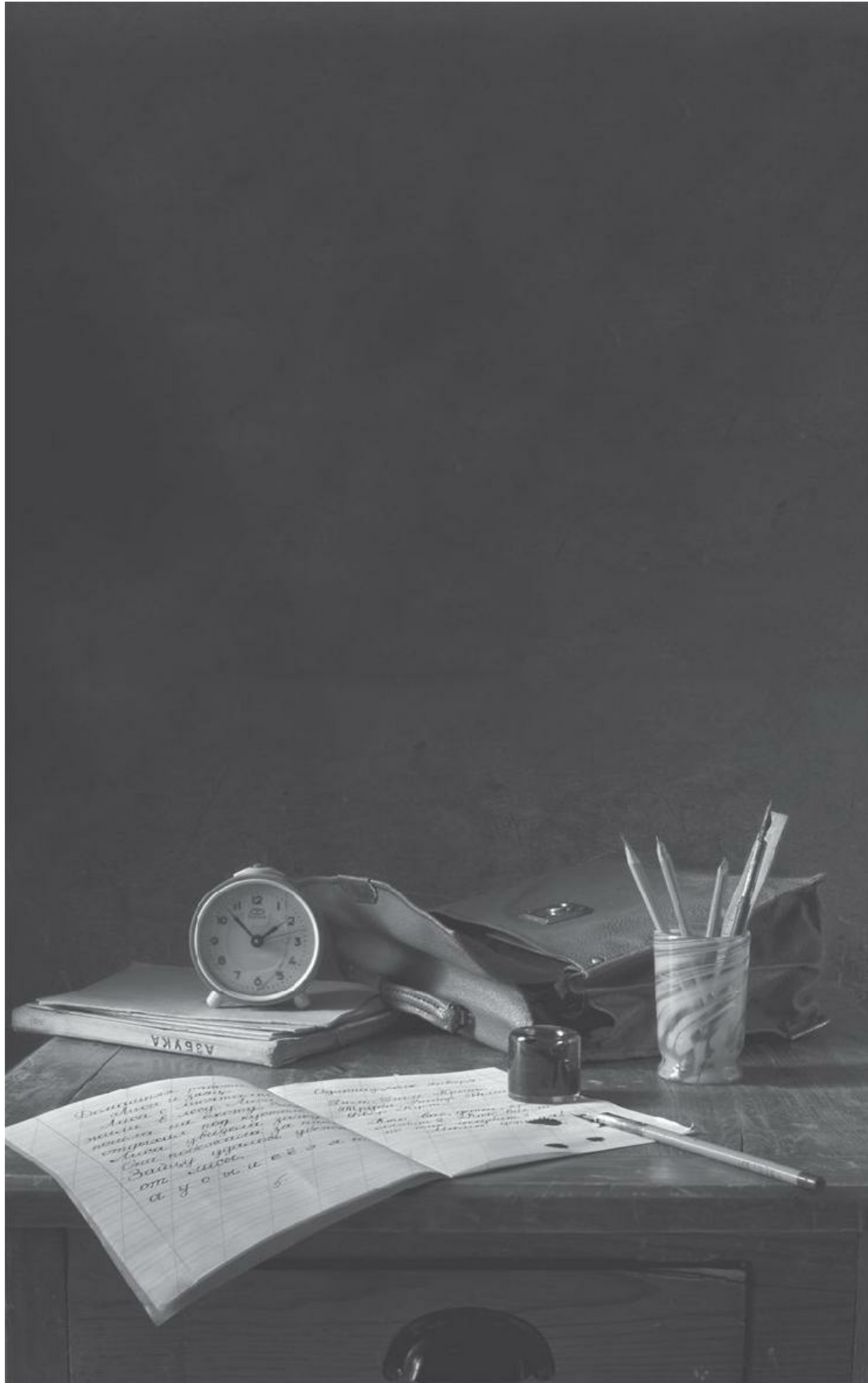
When given a choice  
between you and them  
choose you.  
It's better to be whole and alone  
than broken at their feet.





Misery at least makes good art.





I LOVE PEOPLE

BUT WOW

DO

I

ALSO

LOVE

NO PEOPLE.

*His was a selfish love  
patching  
his soul  
with all  
of her pieces.*





You will find  
that most of life's  
toughest  
and more existential  
questions  
can be solved  
or indefinitely postponed  
by spending more time  
around the people you love.



*It's too sunny today.  
I just need you, some blankets and a storm.*





Death is only dangerous  
to the unlived life.





People,  
like diamonds,  
become  
less perfect  
the closer  
you get  
the trick is  
to not forget how they shine.

*Obsessions are nine tenths of my flaws.*







Mirror  
mirror  
on  
the  
wall  
tell  
no  
more  
lies  
of  
who  
we  
are.

Don't hide from heartbreak  
for it will show you more truth  
than a thousand happy days  
live in it, soak in it  
and let it evolve you  
into your next and greater form.





Sometimes,  
it's the ones that seem to love themselves  
the most  
that actually love themselves the least.

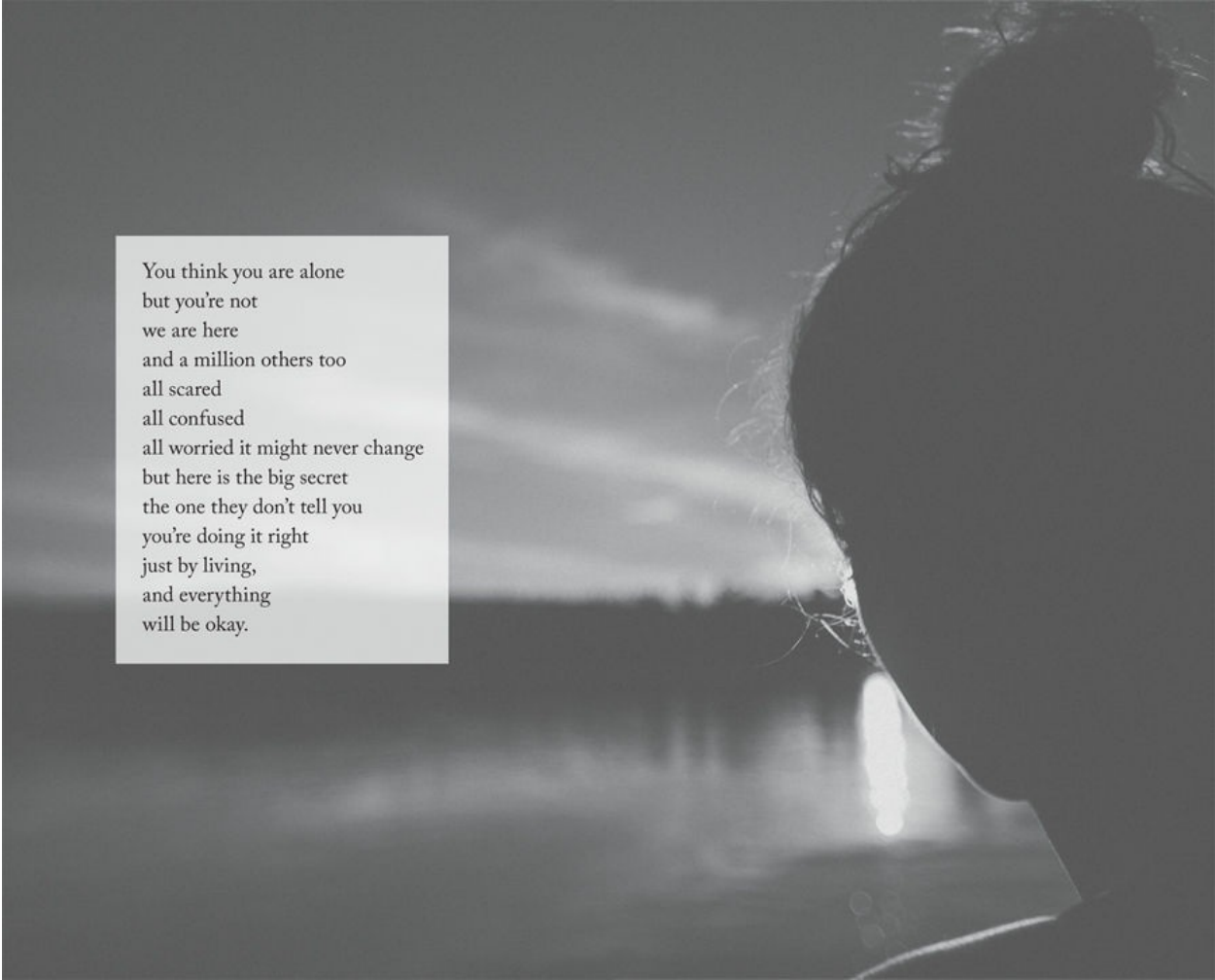
HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE  
HE SAID  
A TAPESTRY OF SCARS.







It's good to be with someone  
who has been through hell—  
life is hard,  
and strange,  
and a lot of shit happens.  
And when someone's been through the  
worst of it already,  
pain doesn't come as much of a surprise,  
they just  
sit down  
tie their shoelaces  
wave to old demons,  
and get on with it.



You think you are alone  
but you're not  
we are here  
and a million others too  
all scared  
all confused  
all worried it might never change  
but here is the big secret  
the one they don't tell you  
you're doing it right  
just by living,  
and everything  
will be okay.





MAGIC

IN

WORDS

*Books are a uniquely portable magic.*

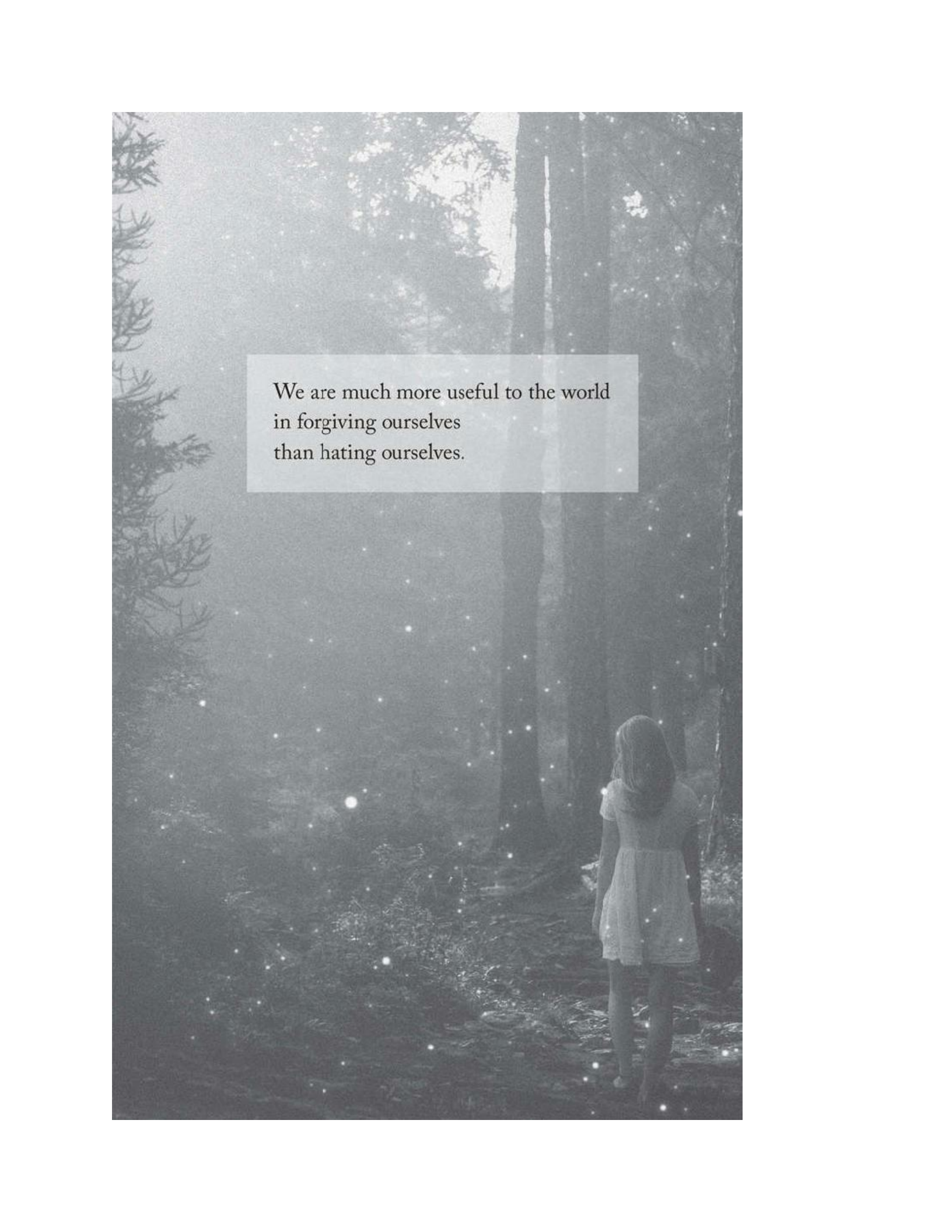
*—Stephen King*

*Poetry at the wrong time is madness  
poetry at the right time is magic.*

People will say you're beautiful  
but it takes a special person  
to make you believe it.





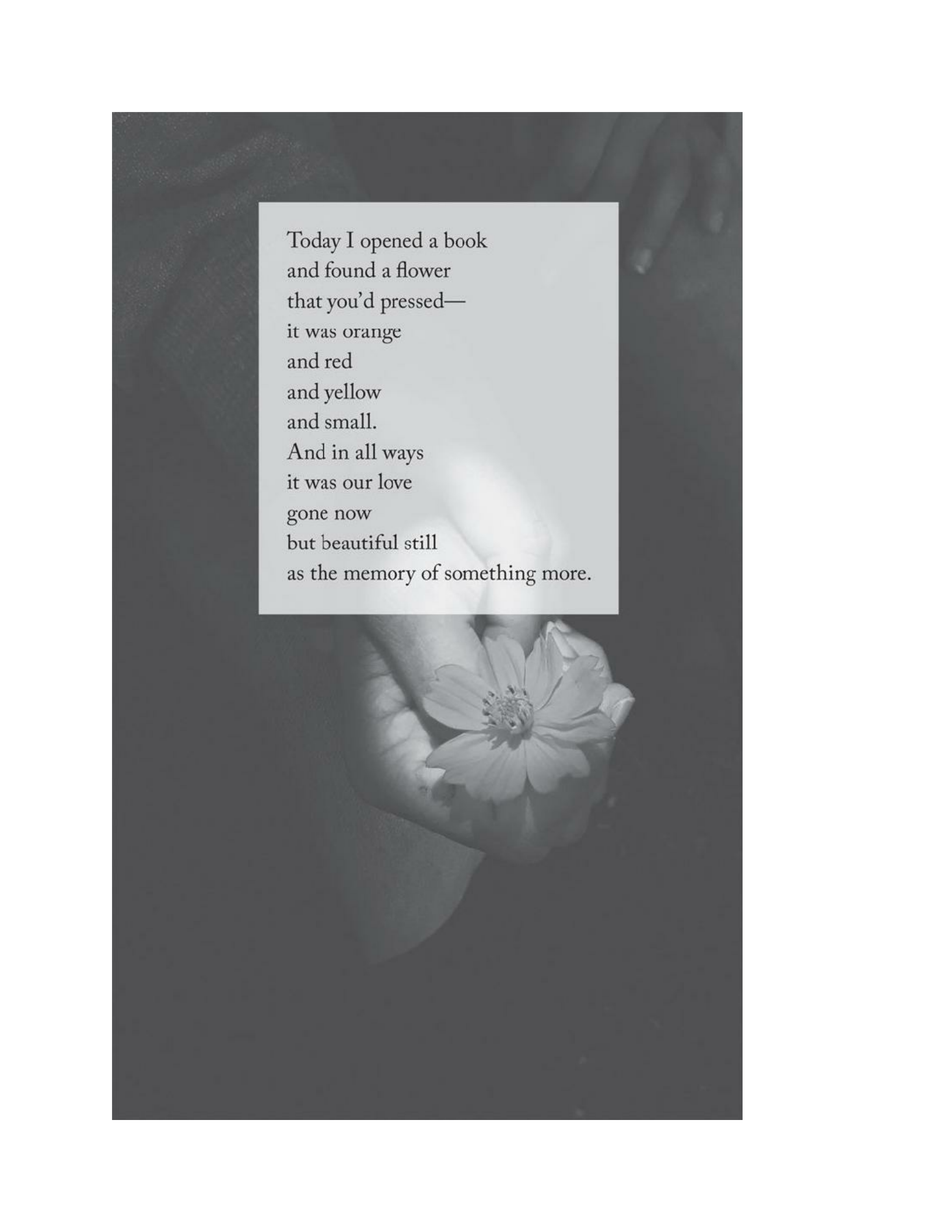
A young girl with long hair, wearing a white dress, is seen from behind, walking away on a path through a forest. The scene is filled with numerous small, glowing white particles that create a magical, ethereal atmosphere. The trees are tall and dark, and the overall lighting is soft and dreamlike.

We are much more useful to the world  
in forgiving ourselves  
than hating ourselves.

*Whiskey is like poet's water.  
It quenches our thirst for madness.*

I begged the universe  
for you  
and one day  
you arrived  
as everything I'd always  
asked for  
and it didn't take me long  
to realize—  
I should have been  
more specific.





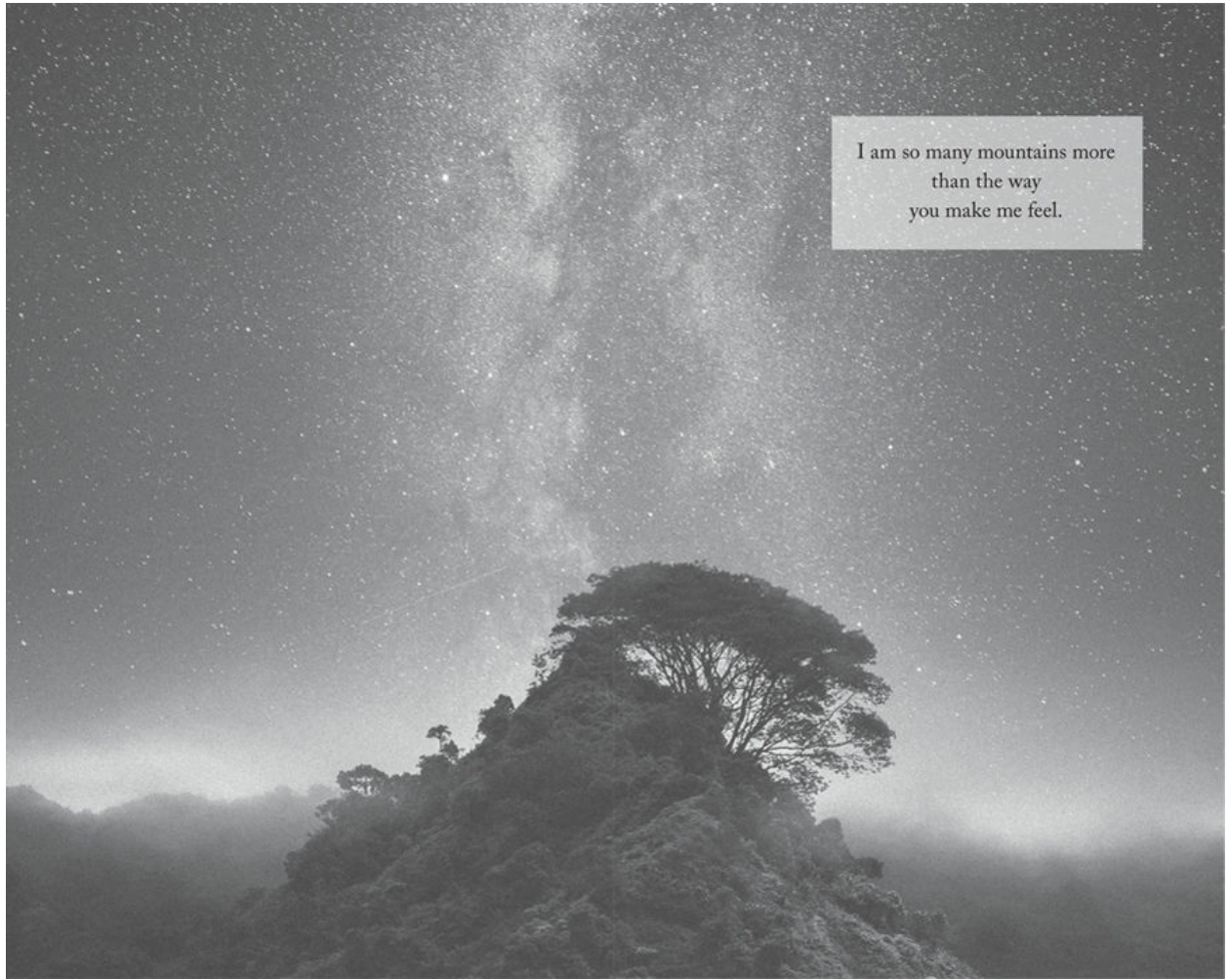
Today I opened a book  
and found a flower  
that you'd pressed—  
it was orange  
and red  
and yellow  
and small.  
And in all ways  
it was our love  
gone now  
but beautiful still  
as the memory of something more.







To a poet,  
the broken flowers  
bloom the brightest.



I am so many mountains more  
than the way  
you make me feel.

Wine  
is the poetry  
I read on weekends.

I don't want to send clever texts anymore,  
can you just love me?

Bookstores  
are wormholes  
to all the  
could-have-beens,  
the has-beens,  
and all the maybe-be's.





The way you look  
when you sleep  
is the perfect secret  
whispered only  
to me.



*Don't move an inch  
in this morning light  
should you smudge  
the beautiful I see  
I want to paint you  
every curve with words  
and place you  
on the mantle of my soul  
as the forever memory  
of dawn.*

Poets spend their whole lives  
trying to think  
of a better way to say,  
'He loved a girl.'



*I am fine to be alone  
but sometimes  
I find myself missing what it is  
to miss someone.*





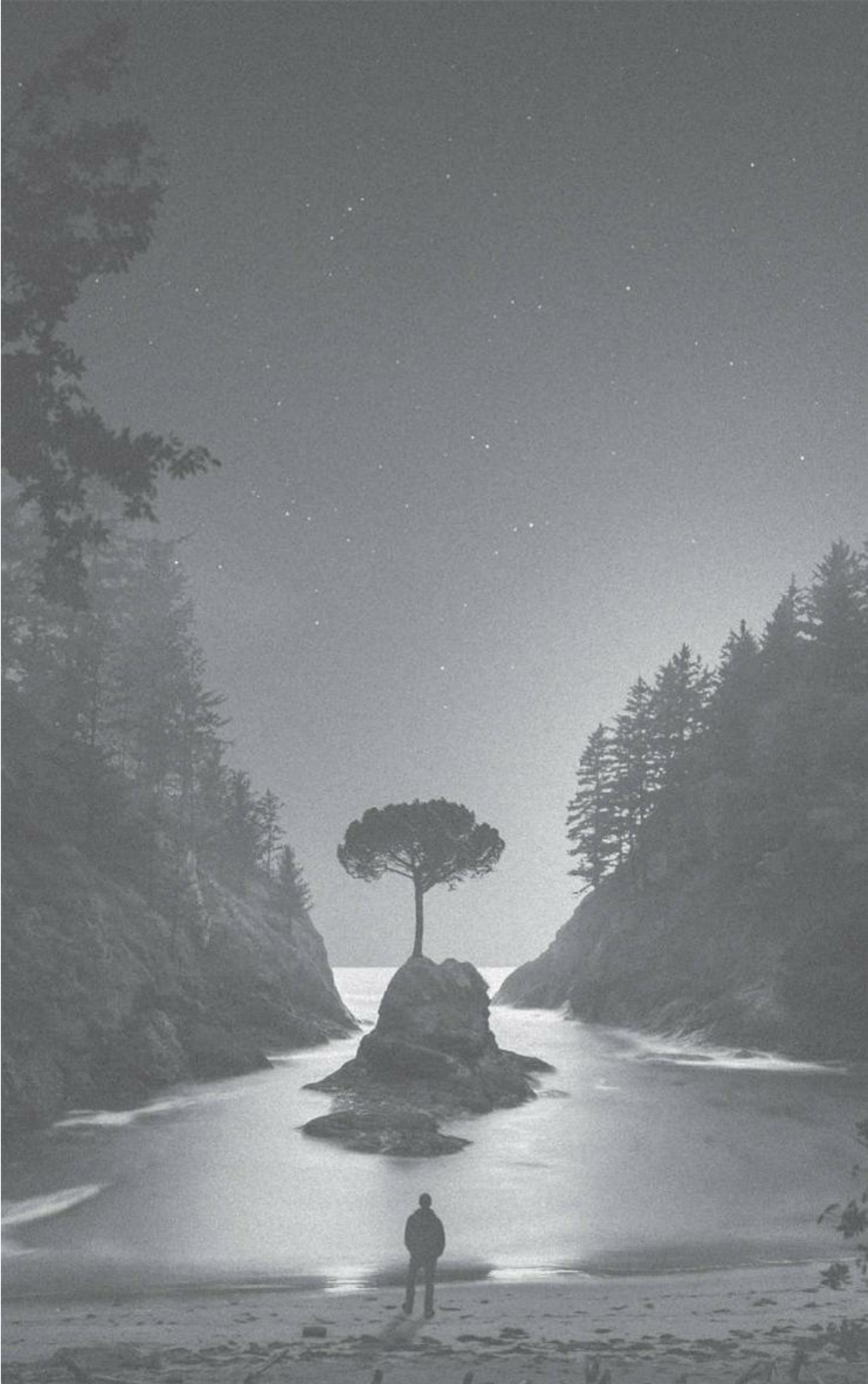
We resent our parents  
for all our worst faults  
and they in turn  
resent theirs,  
and so too back  
to the slugs of primordial soup  
who resented their parents  
for giving them legs.

If I conquered all my demons  
there wouldn't be much left of me.

He was a brother  
I never had,  
different than the others,  
and he carried in his eyes  
and on his arms  
the tattoos  
and scars  
of being famous young,  
he wore the face  
of a star  
but all I saw  
was a poet  
drowning  
in someone else's dreams  
who wished only  
to sink  
into the quiet sea  
or fade  
into any painted wall of Brooklyn.







*Don't believe everything you know for sure.*

Your scars  
are not your shame  
he said  
they are your story,  
and I love stories.



I shivered when I wrote it  
she shivered when she read  
what ghost is this  
that follows words  
into my lover's head?

Mix our pages  
bleed our ink  
write your story into mine  
so there are  
no beginnings  
and no ends  
just pages of us  
and the always will be.

*I've had a million 'likes'  
and one loving hand in mine  
and let me assure you—  
love is in the latter.*

A poet  
journeys  
only to  
understand  
the great truths hidden in all of us:  
of what is love,  
and why?







MAGIC

IN

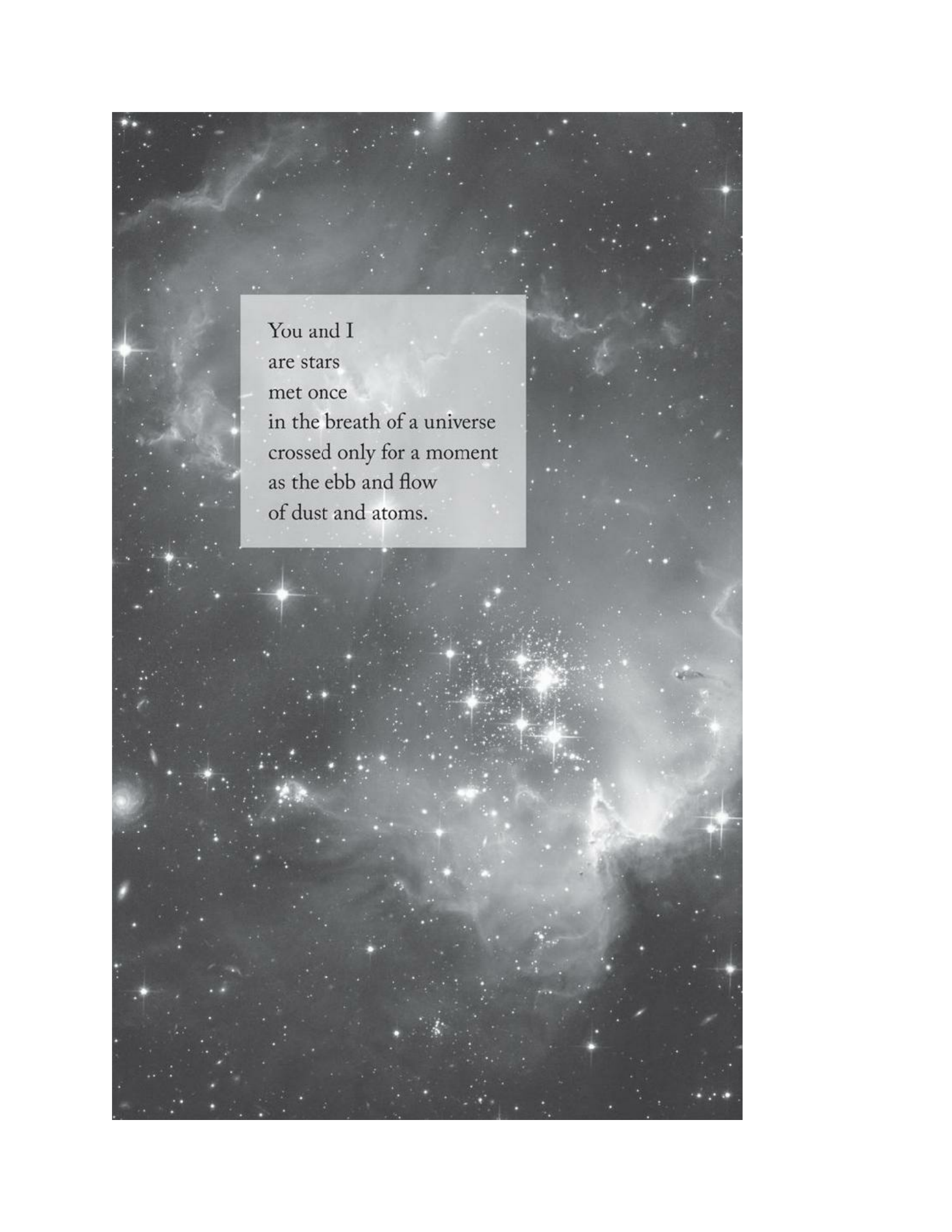
STARS

*Magic exists. Who can doubt it, when there are  
rainbows and wildflowers, the music of the wind  
and the silence of the stars?*

*—Nora Roberts*

The truth about magic  
lies in the very  
perfect fading wish  
of every shooting star.



A black and white photograph of a starry night sky. The background is filled with numerous stars of varying brightness, some with prominent diffraction spikes. A large, diffuse nebula with wispy, ethereal structures is visible, particularly in the upper left and lower right areas. In the center of the image, there is a semi-transparent rectangular text box containing a poem.

You and I  
are stars  
met once  
in the breath of a universe  
crossed only for a moment  
as the ebb and flow  
of dust and atoms.

Some say  
the sun is god—  
and you don't see  
the sun  
minding  
who it warms.

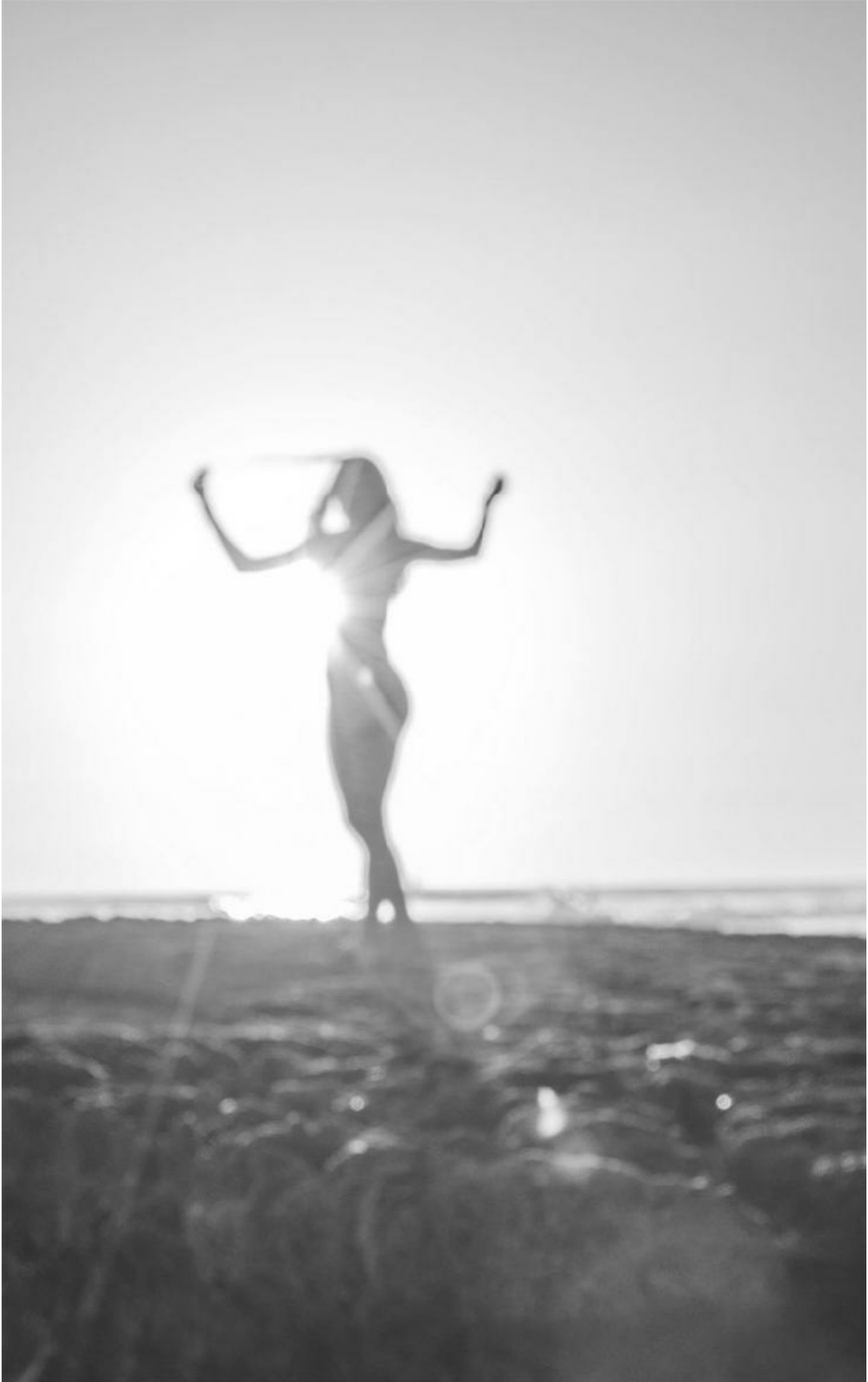


She took stamps  
from the drawer in the kitchen  
her father saw but didn't say  
they drove  
and she watched out the window  
fingering them carefully  
in her pocket  
together they climbed the grassy hill  
up to the acorn tree  
stopping at a rock  
perfectly carved  
with a woman's name—  
for a long time  
and a careful time  
she looked and thought  
but never cried.  
'Papa?'  
she finally said,  
'How many stamps  
does it take to reach heaven?'  
'One will do,  
my love—'  
And so,  
she put one stamp on  
and placed one inside  
and left the letter  
by her mother's side.

Sometimes,  
you have to be quiet  
to really see the stars.







What a perfect sound,  
he said,  
that laugh,  
like when the sun warms  
your face through the clouds.

I have noticed  
that all wine  
regardless of the cost or vintage  
tastes the same when sipped  
directly out of the bottle  
running naked to the beach  
under a full  
and summer moon.





Let's trade our tomorrows  
for the champagne and  
the stars tonight.

Keep your kingdoms  
give me only  
the open road  
the stars in the sky  
the smell of a campfire  
around the next bend  
and I will be as rich as any king.





*I have noticed  
through careful observation  
that you look your best  
soaked in champagne  
under fireworks  
dancing in the rain.*



On those nights  
when the thick snow drifts  
through moonlight  
and the sky looks like falling stars  
close your eyes  
look up  
tongue out to the gods  
and feel the cool ash burn you.

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

Each beautiful thing  
we love  
starts first as the dirt  
of dust  
and  
stars.



Billions of years of evolution  
perfecting the ecstasy  
of a lover's first touch.

She loved quiet nights mostly  
but that night  
she wanted to  
drink tequila,  
kiss girls with soft lips  
and have a mysterious boy  
with a dark complexion  
take her to a rooftop  
and tell her interesting things about the stars.

We humans  
are flowers  
bloomed only to die.  
But we are beautiful still  
in the gardens that we've made.







*Somewhere  
sitting on a cloud  
deep in the sky  
there is a secret list  
written by an angel  
that holds  
all the wonderful moments  
your life  
has yet to come.*

I hold  
my breath  
for love  
or death  
or whichever  
comes sooner.

For how hard life can be  
it will be sad to see it go.





'Seems a shame to leave now'  
the old man said  
'I was just getting the hang of things.'

And as the moons of youth  
spilled once more into dawn  
we found ourselves infinite again—  
if only for a moment.







The truth is—magic lives in all of us who choose to look for it.

It lives in the morning in the springtime, it's in the smell of the world after the rain, or a stormy afternoon in bed on a Sunday, it's in warm sweaters and a lovers' nook, it's in those days that never end, and the days that end too soon.

It's in every spicy margarita or bathtub with rosé, it's in good books and Spanish beaches, it's in forests where the trees sway or lakes that shine back the moon.

It's in art; it's in music; it's in words. It's in you and it's in me and any of us that choose to find it. For the greatest truth about magic . . . is that it's true.

*XX Atticus*

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Lindsay O'Connell

Ramón Laguía

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And, to all my readers. This book was made for you.

To everyone at SMP:

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DJ DeSmyter

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David Stanford Burr

Nicola Ferguson

Sally Richardson

Andrew Martin

Thank You,

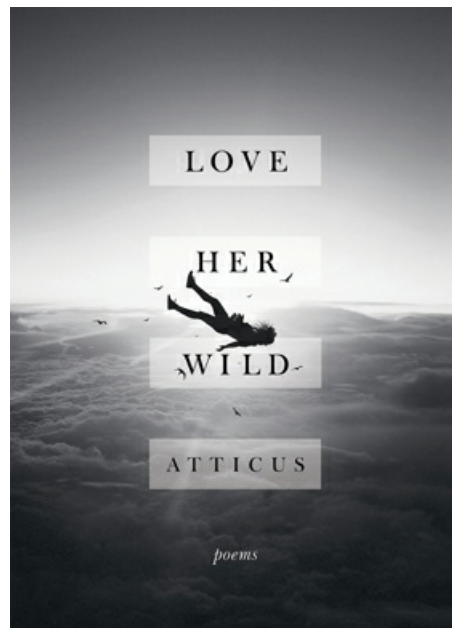
xx

Atticus

*Love Her Wild* is a collection of new and beloved poems from Atticus, the young writer who has captured the hearts and minds of hundreds of thousands of avid followers on his Instagram account [@atticuspoeetry](https://www.instagram.com/atticuspoeetry)

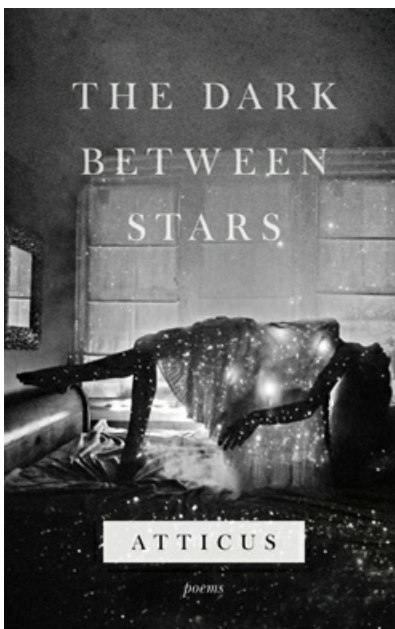
In *Love Her Wild*, Atticus captures what is both raw and relatable about the smallest and the grandest moments in life: the first glimpse of a new love in Paris; skinny dipping on a summer's night; the irrepressible exuberance of the female spirit; or drinking whiskey in the desert watching the rising sun.

With honesty, poignancy, and romantic flair, Atticus distils the most exhilarating highs and the heart-breaking lows of life and love into a few perfectly evocative lines, ensuring that his words will become etched in your mind and will awaken your sense of adventure.



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Atticus has captured the hearts and minds of nearly 700k followers (including stars like Karlie Kloss, Emma Roberts, and Alicia Keys). In his second collection of poetry, *The Dark Between Stars*, he turns his attention to the dualities of our lived experiences and the inescapable connections between our highest highs and lowest lows. He captures the infectious energy of starting a relationship, the tumultuous realities of commitment, and the agonizing nostalgia of being alone again. While grappling with the question of how to live with purpose and find meaning in the journey, these poems offer both honest explorations of loneliness and our search for connection, as well as light-hearted, humorous observations. As Atticus writes poignantly about dancing, Paris, jazz clubs, sunsets, sharing a bottle of wine on the river, rainy days, creating, and destroying, he illustrates that we need moments of both beauty and pain; the darkness and the stars; to fully appreciate all that life and love have to offer.



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