A black and white photograph of a mannequin wearing a dark, sequined dress, lying on a bed. The room is dark, with light coming from a window in the background. A mirror is visible on the left wall. The overall mood is mysterious and elegant.

THE DARK  
BETWEEN  
STARS

ATTICUS

*poems*

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THE  
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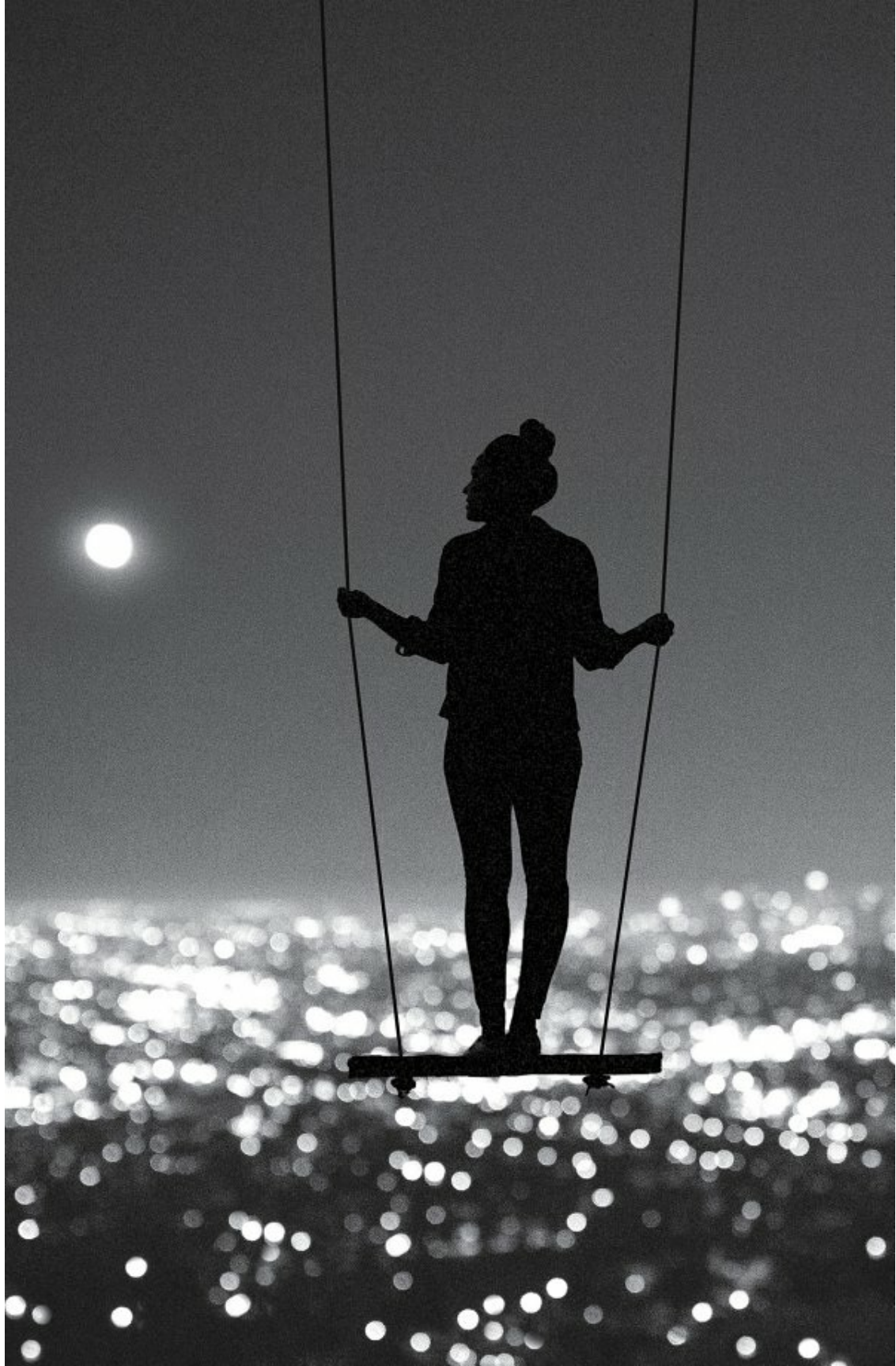
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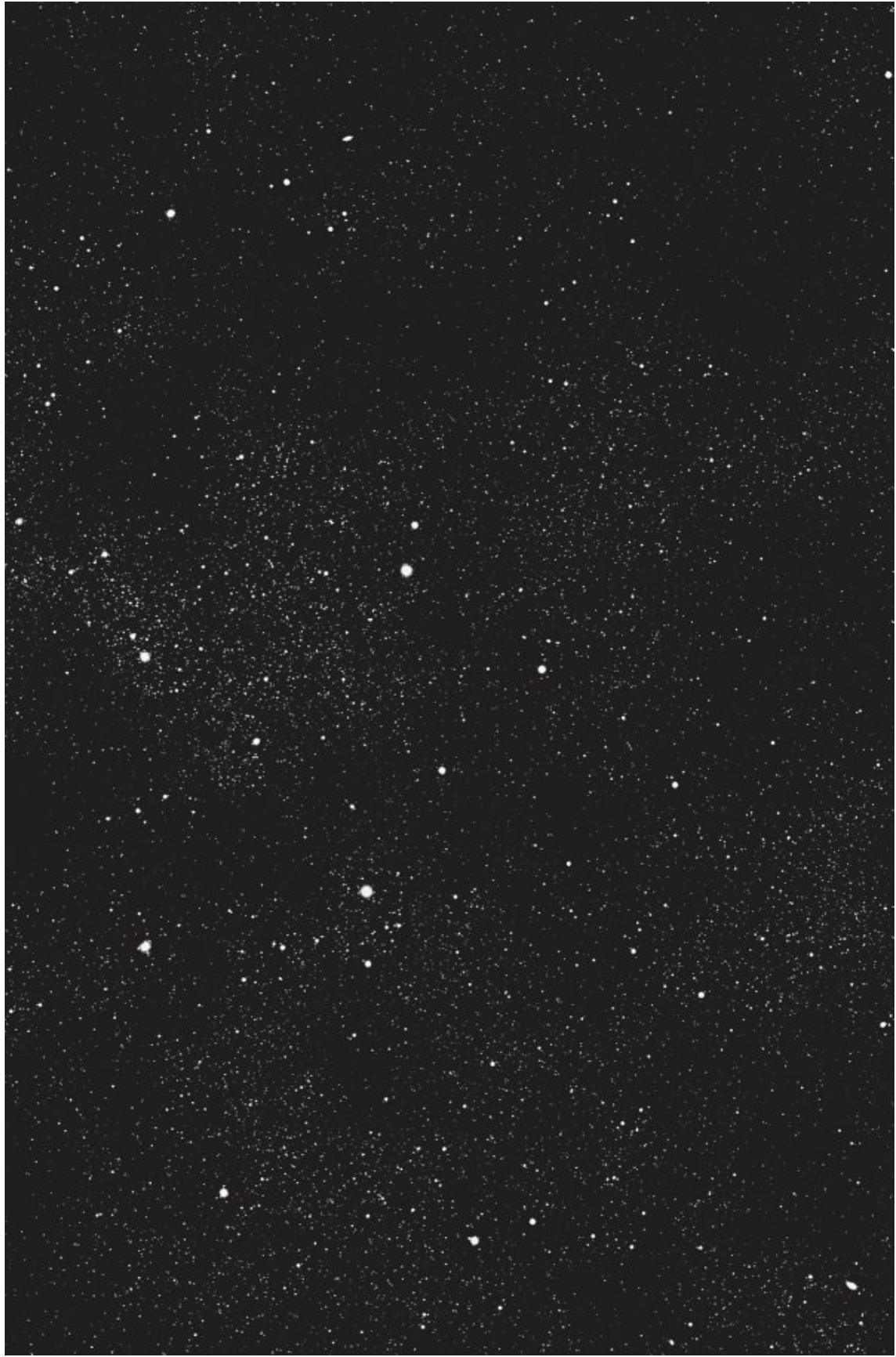
For my mother,  
for hiding poetry  
where I'd find it.

“I loved you, so I drew these tides of men into my hands and wrote my will across the sky in stars . . .”

—T. E. Lawrence, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*







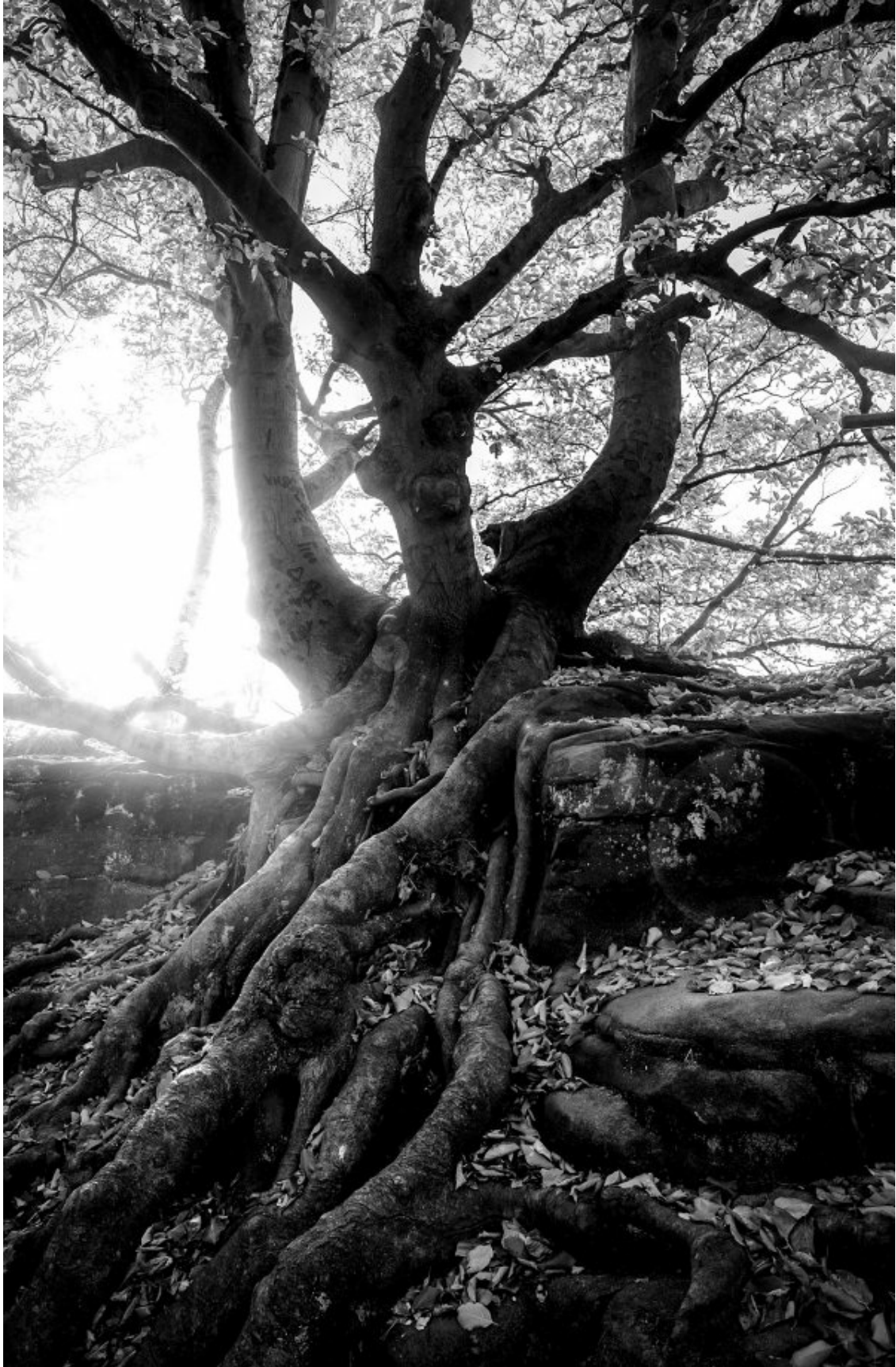


# STARS

For my part I know nothing with any certainty, but the sight of the stars makes  
me dream.

—VINCENT VAN GOGH

He laughed,  
*my darling*  
you will never be unloved by me  
you are too well tangled in my soul.



I don't know the truth of you  
she whispered  
but I have that feeling in my stomach  
you get before your whole life changes.

Our love happened to us all at once  
we had no time to think  
we were caught up in the adventure of it  
and hadn't a moment to spare.

*The first time  
I walked in Paris  
there was a great remembering  
of a thousand different dreams.*

I woke before her  
and she slept on as the sun rose  
spilling light across our bed  
she was an angel in my sheets  
the girl I would draw  
if given a thousand years  
and only a promise  
she might one day come to life.





THE  
PRETTIEST  
EYES  
SPARKLE  
FROM THE  
INSIDE  
OUT.

She was an endless source of  
beautiful ideas and epiphanies  
I wanted to live forever  
in the quiet inspiration  
of her existence.

In the mornings  
she taught me French  
and after breakfast she would paint  
and I would write  
and as the spring rain fell on the skylight  
and the tea steamed from its mugs  
my heart hummed  
to the music  
of the dream  
we'd found.

IT'S ALWAYS SAFE  
TO DO NOTHING  
WHEN IT RAINS.

There is no safer place I know  
than tucked  
in a corner  
of a café in Paris  
with a bottle of rosé  
and an afternoon to spare.

*To the poet every curve of her was a well-placed word.*



A muse  
is a love affair  
between  
art  
and souls.



The sunset seeped off the Seine  
dripping down our shoulders and fingers  
in the oranges of the Musée d'Orsay  
cigarette smoke danced in the scattering light  
as if in symphony  
with the orchestra of some far-off conductor  
to fall and rise and fall at once—  
the light tilting to our laughs  
splitting into a thousand pieces  
and we were caught in the center of it  
hung among the stars  
suspended in the disco ball of space.



Some moments  
like some people  
are not meant  
to be fully understood  
so for now  
it's best  
we just call them miracles.

*Ma luciole*

my firefly

the very spark of my life

in the darkest night

burning bright

you are my hope

the only light I need

to see.



Red wine is good for  
your complexion  
it breaks you out  
in smiles.

There is no excuse  
I've heard  
worthy  
to decline  
a request  
by a lady of  
reasonable  
morals  
and pleasant  
company  
for a skinny dip  
under a warm  
summer moon.







Let's  
burn  
bridges  
and dance  
naked  
on  
our  
island.

TEACH ME THAT MUSIC  
THAT FLOWS  
BENEATH  
YOUR SKIN.





Even eyes can sing  
when properly listened to.

Mon cœur  
*my heart*  
you are missing from me  
as noticeably  
as if I woke  
without a leg  
so far away  
you beat  
that I must hobble  
through my day  
missing you with  
missing pieces.





*Wine tastes sweeter when drunk on love in Paris.*

We loved each other in French  
    passing notes  
we could barely read  
    but it didn't matter  
    our love was alive  
    breathing there  
    between the lines.

A good  
poet paints  
the pictures  
we have in our minds  
with colors  
we didn't know  
were there.

I've always loved lavender,  
it's purple in all the right places.

You weren't given wings  
to see the world from a tree.

Give like the sun  
and the  
whole world  
grows tall.







It's hard to be mad at the world  
nearby the miracle  
of a hummingbird's wings.

YOU  
ARE  
ALL  
THE  
BEST  
PARTS  
ABOUT  
THE  
RAIN.



We lost ourselves  
eyes shut in a kiss  
our lips the thread  
that held us to the earth like a balloon  
while we floated in the cosmic cotton of space  
toes dipping in the pools of black  
cooling our bodies—  
until we awoke  
in wet wool  
in the rain of real  
the mists of morning  
soaking in a park  
so cold but warm with you  
and  
only the rain  
to remind us we  
were there at all.

We collided by mistake  
fate dancing  
in the rafters  
as I wandered  
the room  
until I saw you  
laughing to a friend  
and I  
closed my eyes  
so I could see  
the white swing  
the children laughing  
a thousand moments  
of happy  
and sad  
and old hands  
in old hands  
a life in a flash  
and there,  
in my open eyes—  
was you.

*The world slowed its spin  
in awe of love  
like cars slowing for an accident  
but instead of a fire  
there was just you and I  
kissing on a bridge in June.*

An open window in Paris  
is all the world I need.

We disappeared into old bookshops  
down hidden cobbled streets  
the kind you had to get lost to find  
each puddle jump  
taking us further from  
the world we'd left behind.





*Write about me  
she said—  
for what's the use  
in loving a poet  
if they don't  
make you  
live forever.*

Girls are like jazz to me  
a kind of mixed-up magic music  
unpredictable but right  
as if the notes  
however random  
were chosen perfectly  
for that moment  
so that when you close your eyes  
you can't help but smile  
and tap your foot  
to the way they make you feel.

I owe her a lot of my inspiration  
but I also owe coffee  
and I had to quit both  
for reasons of the heart.



*Distance is a  
dangerous tool of desire  
that must be carefully dosed  
should it become  
permanent.*

Today  
I found an old book  
on my shelves  
I opened the pages  
and smelled the smells  
and for a moment  
my mind forgot its place and time  
as I walked into a cabin  
so many miles and years away—  
there was a fire on  
and the kettle played its tune.  
The sun was shining  
and my family was there  
waving me down to the beach—  
I can't tell you  
how incredible it is  
to be there now  
writing to you  
from the cabin of my youth.

A troubled youth  
burnt me alive  
the poet came from the ashes  
the words came from the fire.







Alone in the coldest dark  
a fire is a smiling friend  
walking out of the shadows.

Too many die  
with a brush in their hands  
a heart full of colors  
and a lifetime of empty canvases.

Everything  
we love  
is just  
well-  
arranged  
dust.

It rained in Rome  
but when the sun came out  
it seemed fresh  
like a city made new  
and the ruins glimmered  
reminding me  
that nothing lasts forever  
not cities  
not kingdoms  
not rainstorms.

Art has the answers  
to many  
of the questions  
we weren't brave  
enough to ask.

Europe clogged my heart  
with all the joys of life  
the only cure  
the doctor said  
was to cleanse myself  
completely  
of any culture,  
inspiration,  
or authenticity,  
so he prescribed  
a healthy  
but not deadly dose  
of Hollywood.





Poets are souls at war with words  
from battles waged within.

Sometimes,  
to be alone is the best company.

*The right muse  
will inspire  
truth  
over  
imagination.*



The doubters  
are just dreamers  
with broken hearts.

And the little girl smiled,  
“Sunset,”  
she said,  
“that is my favorite color.”

ALL POETS  
HAVE THE MODEST  
ASPIRATION  
THAT THEIR WORDS  
WILL LIVE FOREVER.









I have seen comets fall in the black skies of a desert night  
I have made wishes on the wind with princes and kings  
I have made love to you in the scarlet blanket of a sunset in Spain  
I am tired from a life so lived  
give me now the long sleep  
and I will say to you—  
“Good night, my love, good night.”

Come on darling  
she said  
let's drink wine  
and paint  
our universe.







# BETWEEN

Let there be spaces in your togetherness and let the winds of the heavens dance between you. Love one another but make not a bond of love: let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.

—KHALIL GIBRAN



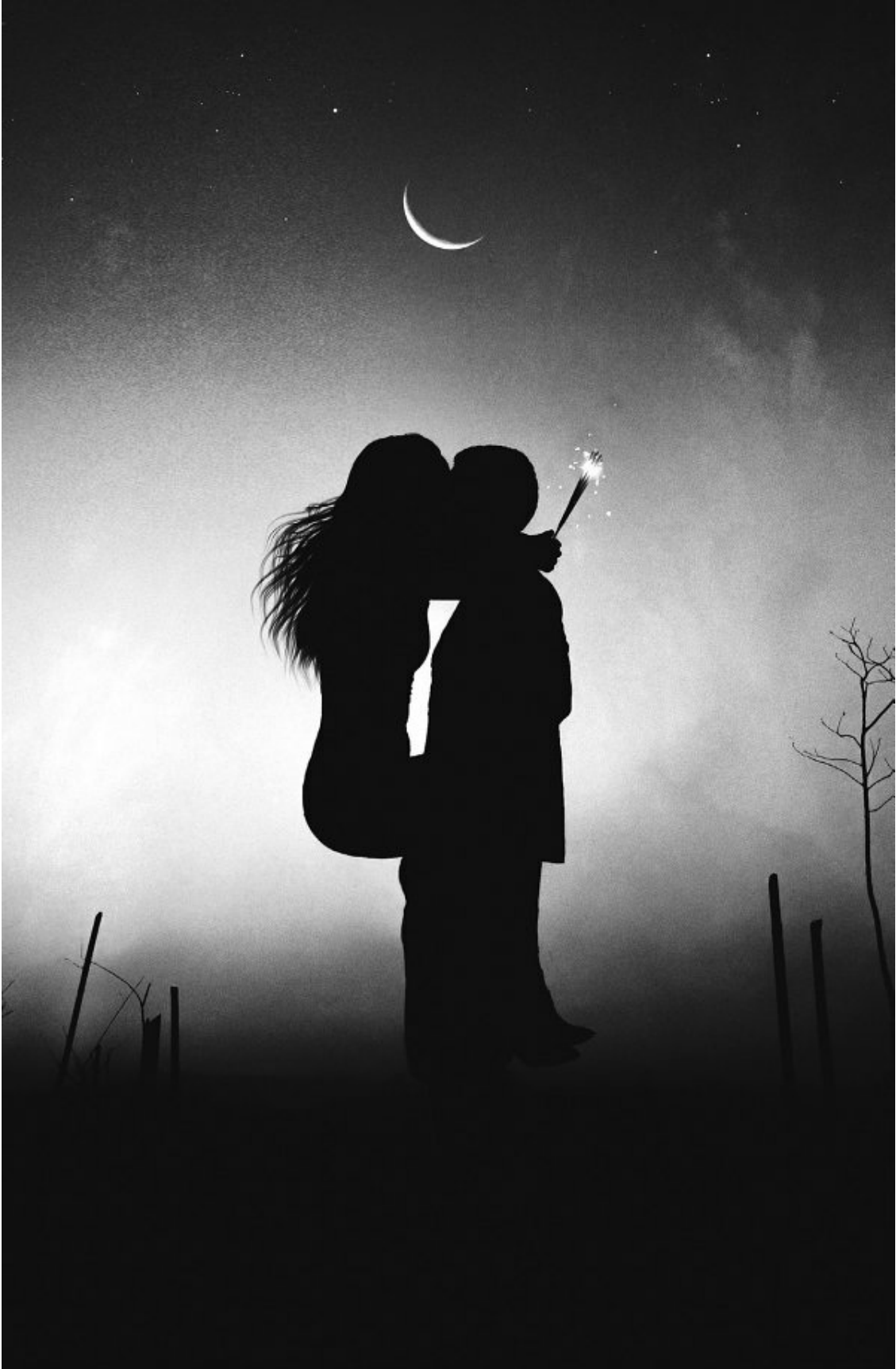
The day I met you I began  
to forget a life without you.

I'm tired  
of  
their stories  
let's write  
our own.

*"What if she says no?"  
asked the boy,  
and the old man smiled,  
"but not be scared of thorns  
or you'll never find a rose."*



SHE WAS NO ONE  
TO ME  
ON A TRAIN IN MAY  
AND EVERYONE  
TO ME  
UNDER THE STARS IN JUNE.





I fell in love  
with  
that strange  
world  
she was.

I race to fall asleep with you  
to meet you  
in the morning  
a little more in love each day.





You set aflame  
in my heart and mind  
the most beautiful chaos.

Don't stir us from this champagne slumber—  
let us dream a little longer in this infancy of love.

I want to know every part of you,  
every scar,  
every bruise,  
I want to trace the map of you,  
my fingers a compass,  
your freckles the constellations  
which in my heart I will chart  
so when I close my eyes  
I'll have you in my stars forever.

*The problem with falling in love  
is that everything else in life  
becomes boring by comparison.*









She wore the moonlight,  
as if  
the universe,  
which so rarely worked in *perfects*,  
had let this one  
slip through.

SHE  
WAS JUST  
ANOTHER  
GIRL  
PLAYING  
HOPSCOTCH  
WITH  
THE STARS.

Your sweet laugh  
wanders through  
my mind  
tiptoeing whispers  
for my heart to find.

I'm glad I found you  
because  
before you  
I never knew what to wish for.

Every night  
I'd come to bed  
and she'd be  
turned around in some magnificent position  
that only the most purely asleep could find  
and every time  
I'd take a picture  
filled with the overwhelming desire  
to never forget how much I loved the way she dreamed.



Our minds follow  
well behind  
the old magic of our souls  
that knows it's  
in love  
from the first moment  
we see them.

She was like  
that smell of a campfire  
burning  
in the distance  
warming you  
from far away.



You feel right  
to me,  
she said,  
like naked  
on cashmere.

If we were caught  
in a snowstorm  
in a tent  
on the side of a mountain  
and things were looking grim  
she was the kind of girl  
who would smile  
bundle close to me  
and say something like  
*Let's sing a Christmas song.*

EVERY MOMENT SPENT WITH HER  
I BECOME A LITTLE MORE SURE  
ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

She  
was  
just  
my  
kind  
of  
crazy.





She was one of the rare ones  
so effortlessly herself  
and the world loved her for it.

Loving him  
was like sinking into a warm bath  
lying there in the soft safety of his silence.



Her love  
happened to me a hundred times at once,  
in a thousand different ways,  
as a million different colors.

She sipped the air  
after the rain  
and it tickled  
her nose  
like sweet  
champagne.





She stole my heart  
with a lip graze on an earlobe  
lingered on a whisper  
*“don't leave.”*

Her love came from deep within  
a calm acceptance  
of who she was in the world  
a quiet respect  
for the face  
she saw  
in the mirror.

“Girls,”  
the old man said,  
“are an ever-flowing music—  
no use complaining about the song,  
just find one  
that makes you want to dance.”

*Our lovers fascinate us—  
we live in perpetual awe  
of the particular way they are.*





Don't wake her  
let her sleep a little longer  
tucked beneath  
the crimson wool of morning  
with only the slight  
flicker of her eyelids  
left to linger  
in her last dreams.

I LOVE YOU MOST IN THAT PLACE  
BETWEEN COFFEE AND SLEEP.





She was the dream

I had been searching for,  
the one to  
wake me up.

Take away  
my days  
and nights  
but leave me forever  
mornings  
with those  
hazel eyes.





My love for her  
became the constant  
against which I  
measured truth.

There are  
magnets in my  
bones for  
the iron  
in her blood.

“Well,”  
her mother said,  
“now you’ve done it  
you’ve kissed off  
more than you can marry.”

Twice  
I would die  
for a little more  
once  
with you.



*The problem with loving crazy  
is that crazy starts to rub off.*

Sometimes  
it's the ones  
we only meet  
in moments  
that stay  
with us the longest  
never diluted  
by the imperfections of reality  
but forever perfect  
in the quiet fade of memory.

Our love  
was not  
meant to be  
it would stay forever  
as unsent letters  
dusting  
in the quiet basements  
of our hearts.



You wore a smile and a scar  
in the front seat  
of an old Cadillac  
we were two kids chasing sunsets  
holding on to memories in moments—  
all the ways you were  
I wish I could've bottled it up  
that feeling  
drinking it now that  
you are gone.







*She remained in me  
as memories  
released at random  
as warm nostalgia  
or terrible anxiety.*

If love could have saved us  
we would have lived forever.

It sometimes takes a long time  
and a hard time  
to realize  
he just doesn't deserve your *you*.

She lost  
herself  
in him  
and after  
he was gone  
there was a great  
re-finding.



So many love letters  
left on the wind,  
that when the trees stir  
she sees only him.

*Love  
the one they are  
not the one  
they should be.*



She burrowed her face  
into me,  
“I missed you,”  
she said,  
“*long* before I ever knew you.”

Love  
by its very nature  
is fragile  
and that's what makes  
true love  
so powerful—  
you make a fragile thing  
strong.

HE SHIELDED  
HER HEART  
LIKE A FLAME  
IN A STORM—  
HIS BACK  
AGAINST  
THE WIND.

I love her because she steals my socks  
I love her because when I find her in them  
they never match  
I love her because they are always 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  
and then she wakes in the night and can't find it  
and her foot is cold—  
that is why I love her.





I won't ever find the words for you—  
you are my everything always  
and even that is not enough.

*You are  
my fairy tale  
my book  
to never finish  
let me linger  
in your story  
a little ever  
longer.*

“Do you hear that?”  
he said,  
“Listen close  
the universe is singing to us  
in shooting stars  
daring us to fall in love.”

# THE DARK

Though my soul may set in darkness,  
it will rise in perfect light;  
I have loved the stars too fondly  
to be fearful of the night.

—SARAH WILLIAMS



*There is all sorts of magic  
beaming in your bones.*



LIFE  
IS THE ART  
OF FAILING  
MAGNIFICENTLY.

The trick is always  
to *try*  
collect the *tries*  
like trophies  
and you will  
never lose.



“You are a bird,  
my girl,”  
her father said,  
“shake the water from your feathers  
spread those mighty wings  
and fly.”

*We will never get back the life we waste  
trying to be normal.*



Put your hand on your heart  
in you  
there is power  
there are ideas  
no one has ever thought of  
there is the strength to love  
purely and intensely  
and to be loved back  
there is the power to make people happy  
and to make people laugh  
the power to change lives  
and futures  
don't ever forget that power  
and don't ever  
give up on it.

It is so easy to forget  
we are the same as all the others  
in thinking that we are different.



*Have you ever looked at the stars drunk  
and sworn they were burning just for you?  
It's hard not to believe in magic  
it's hard not to believe in whiskey.*

The earth was drunk  
and it stumbled along  
as I walked  
steadily home from the bar.



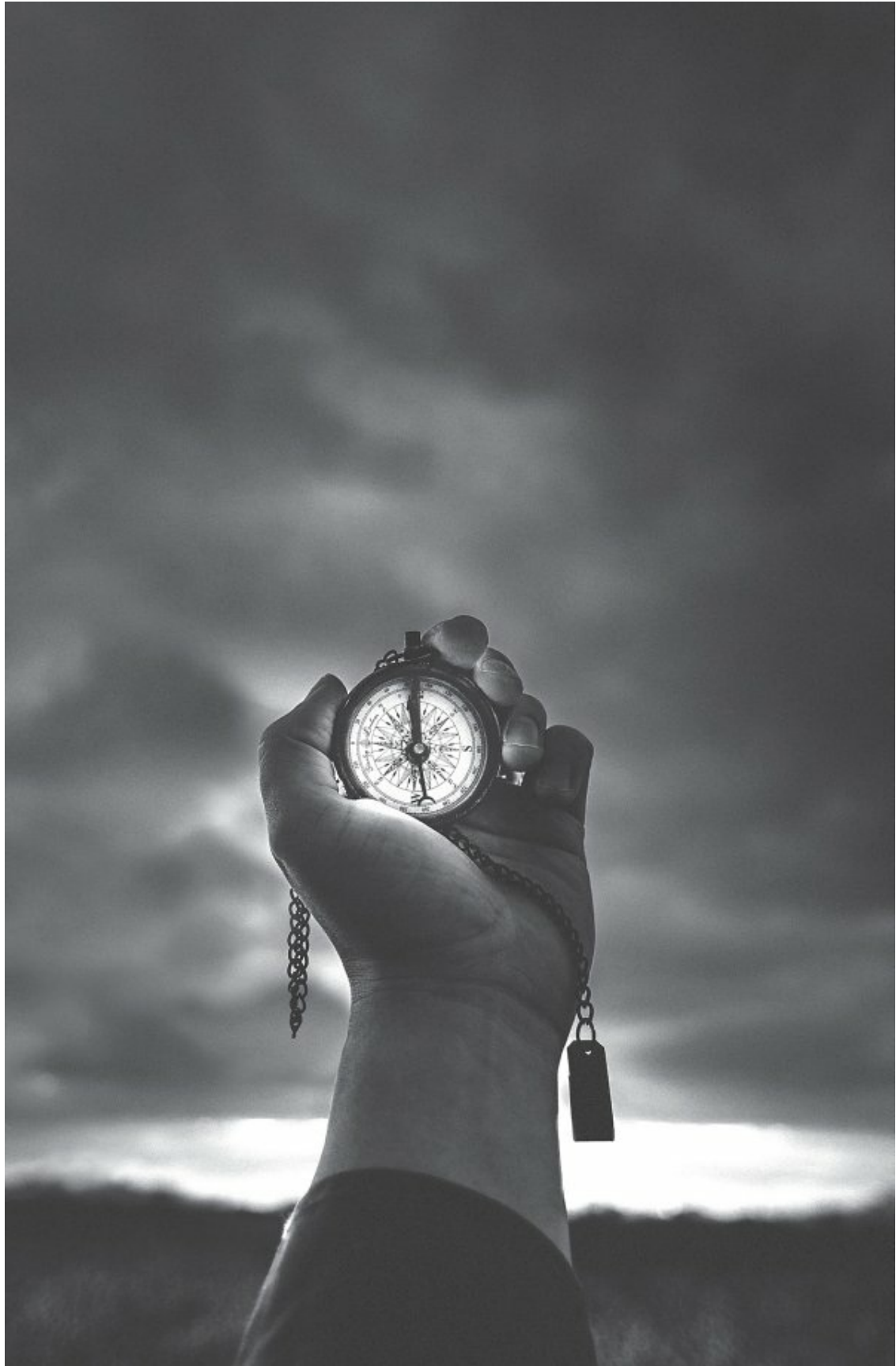
It's a good night for whiskey  
there's something about the rain  
that makes me want to burn.

*“Stay away from trouble,”*  
momma said  
but then  
some of us need  
the storm to feel safe.

CHAMPAGNE IS A TRADE OF GOOD TIMES FOR HEADACHES.

*Death is the only adventure I have patience for.*





I love those laughs  
that come from deep within  
the kind that are catching to anyone close  
that make your stomach hurt  
and cry with tears of joy  
the kind that come  
when you least expect  
where the more you try to stop  
the harder it becomes  
and even when you think of them now  
you smile—  
those are the laughs  
of real old  
human magic.

Have you ever  
smelled a smell  
that brings you  
instantly back  
to a moment  
from your youth?  
I always loved that feeling.  
I hope that's what death is  
just sitting on clouds  
smelling old smells.





*The funny thing  
about chasing the past  
is that most  
people  
wouldn't know  
what to do  
if they caught it.*

Down in the cellar were  
A hundred dusty bottles  
from a hundred different years  
We'd open barrels to spill  
just enough for a glass  
The red would drip down the oak  
and with our fingers we'd feel the wood  
and the wetness of the wine  
and for a moment the world would warm  
and we'd know somewhere in that feeling  
was life as it was intended.

Never believe  
old men or  
politicians  
on issues  
that will make  
them wealthier  
while they are alive  
and the world  
worse when they  
are dead.



Some days life is a grand adventure,  
other days it seems  
an uncomfortable necessity between sleeps.

*I hate to be alone  
there are too many voices talking.*





The problem with dating these days  
is that we compare real humans  
to the perfect potential  
of everyone we haven't met yet.

Don't worry  
if someone  
doesn't love you  
sometimes  
they are  
struggling first  
to love themselves.



*A soul mate would be great,  
but at some point  
I'd settle for someone who gets back to text messages.*

She loved him with everything she had  
but somewhere along the way  
she forgot that she too was someone,  
she too was worth loving.



I let her go  
she was a bird I had caged  
that had forgotten how to fly  
but dreamed of clouds  
when she closed her eyes.

Don't waste any more tomorrows  
on someone who wastes your todays.

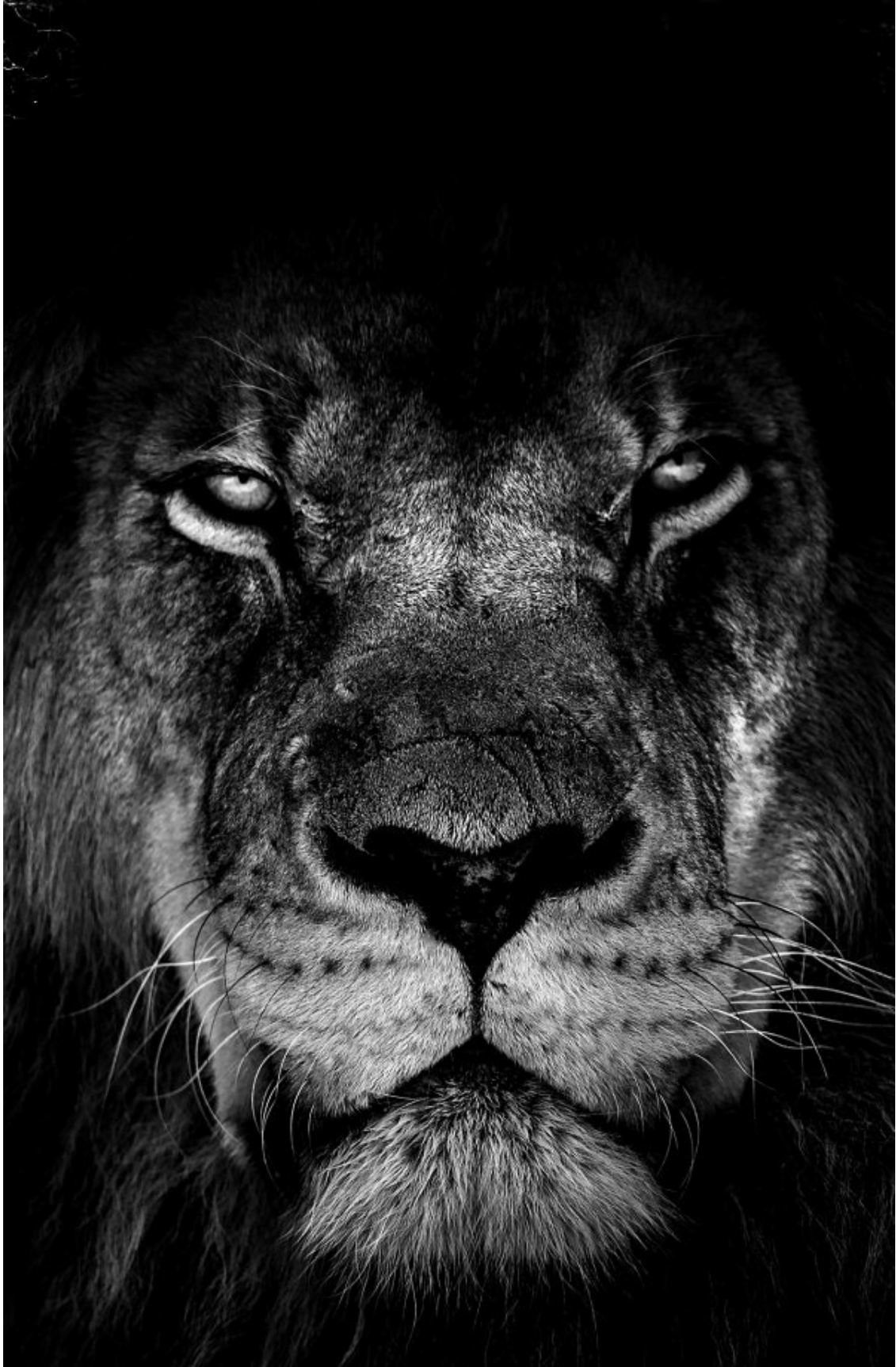




NEVER  
BE AFRAID  
TO CHANGE  
THE PRINCE'S NAME  
IN YOUR  
STORY.

You must  
let the love  
for yourself  
set you  
free of them.

She had survived  
his love  
and with the embers  
he left behind  
she lit the  
mighty  
flames of  
her future.



“Keep your head up,”  
the old man said,  
“for you are a lion  
don’t forget that  
and neither  
will the sheep.”

The plane shook  
and it scared her  
not because she  
was scared to fall  
but because she cared  
so little  
if she did.





In all probability  
there is a person out there  
that is almost exactly the same  
as the one you just lost,  
except that they are a little bit taller,  
a little bit kinder,  
and a whole lot better in bed.

She didn't know why she did it,  
she felt trapped inside her skin,  
and maybe,  
she thought,  
just maybe,  
the cuts would let the light in.

The truth is  
sometimes  
you can  
both  
do better.

*Sometimes we  
feed the hurt  
inside us  
like a wild bear on a chain  
just to see  
how angry we can make it  
before letting it go.*

As he chased demons  
born in youth  
all I could do was watch  
with a jealous curiosity  
for the fire he fed with drink  
what a marvelous,  
inspiring, terrible thing  
to live so close  
to madness.

We sip the poison  
out mindy pour  
for us  
and wonder  
why we feel so zick.



*She wore a thousand faces  
all to hide her own.*



She walked  
through life  
with the eyes  
of a wolf  
who belonged to no one  
but the night.

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



Her courage was her crown  
and she wore it like a queen.

The bravest thing  
she ever did  
was to stay alive  
each day.



YOU ARE  
ENOUGH,  
A THOUSAND  
TIMES  
ENOUGH.

Courage is getting on a bull  
knowing no matter how well you ride  
you're getting thrown at the end.



We all wear scars—  
find someone  
who makes yours  
feel beautiful.

*Alone we live short rebellions of death,  
together we defy it.*







Stay alive,  
tomorrow  
is there  
for those  
that wait.

There is not enough time in life  
to worry about there not being enough time in life.





There was always  
something magic  
in the way  
she was  
in the rain.

“Silly girl,”  
the old lady laughed,  
“your  
different  
is  
your  
beautiful.”

To be alive  
is the strange  
and wondrous miracle  
we forget.

We are human  
bold & brilliant  
and we will rise *always*  
from the ashes of our doubt  
to wield our differences  
not as a weakness  
but as swords  
to take our beauty back.



You are worth your imperfections  
you are worth your bad days  
you are worth your good  
you are worth your confusion  
you are worth your insecurities  
you are worth fighting for  
and you are worth loving.  
And that's a fck'ing fact.

The sunset raged  
in its gentle fury  
a four-horsed apocalypse  
charging toward us  
huddled on a beach  
in woolen blankets  
singing songs  
on a ukulele  
to the ever-riding doom of dark.

As his time dawned  
he looked up at death  
please he said . . .  
“just one more life  
I promise I’ll be quick.”



She was that  
wild thing I loved  
my dark between stars.





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*Thank You,*  
*xx*  
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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ATTICUS is a storyteller, observer, and the author of *Love Her Wild*. Choosing to remain anonymous, Atticus stays behind a mask to remind himself to always write what he feels instead of what he thinks he should feel. He loves the ocean, the desert, whiskey, and playing with words. Visit him on Instagram [@atticuspoeetry](https://www.instagram.com/atticuspoeetry).



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