



Another Story About Stars

H.E. Grahame

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to M.
Moo.

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Letters

Mixed and remixed

Telling stories and stories of you

Whispering of stars and forevers

Of us

Icy

Cold hands and cold hearts
The icy winds are breaking
I am breaking too

Begin / End

Beginnings

Into gloomy endings

New breath to

Graying old lungs, choking for air

Metronome bleating of machines keep hearts beating

Beep

IV lines and broken promises

Beep

Oxygen tubes and lost time

Beep

Antiseptic dressings of hope keep hearts pounding

Fresh view to

Aging old eyes, blinking for sight

Out of luminous beginnings

Endings

In Between

A hundred melodies can create a song
to lull the in-between spaces of
I miss you and *I wish you were here*.
Writers and artists can find the ways
to fill the silences after *I'm thinking of you*.
But I am stuck in your darkness, pleading.
Without color. Without sound. Without word.

Don't go. Don't go. Don't go.

I would compose you a symphony.
I'd author you a library.
I'd decorate entire galleries.
I'd say too much and make you run.
Or not enough at all.
Is that what you're waiting for?
A word. A note. A brushstroke.

Any reason to run.

Maybe you're waiting for Shakespeare or Van Gogh
to show you how you fit into my every color and verse.
Maybe you're stalling in rain puddles
trying to hear the way the strings and percussion sing
to know if it is right.
Maybe you're waiting to hear me echo back.
In pitch. In phrase. In hue.

It's right. It's right. It's right.

If this is what you're waiting for
all of the songs and books and art
in the entire world will say it better.
But never mean it more.
Forgive me for being lost somewhere
in these in-betweens.
Drawing a bow. Drawing a breath. Drawing a heart.

Longing for you to stay.

Pink

If beginnings were a color
They'd be pink
Like the familiar stone-walled frame
I dragged boxes and bags into

We cluttered the corners with
Inside jokes and vivid tales
And posterred the blank walls with
Memories and forget-me-nots

Within the blushing pink
We became a "home"

If endings were a color
They would be gray
Like our common rose-colored frame
They bathed in a sticky dark paint

They emptied littered corners
Blooming with black mold and dust
And undressed the flowered walls
Exposing all our cracks and breaks

Outside the sullen gray
We became “unknown”

Goodbye

You said you needed space
But I heard goodbye

I said I needed time
But you heard goodbye

You said you needed more
But you meant goodbye

I said I needed love.
And you said goodbye

I said I needed hope
And I meant goodbye

Find You

If I sang into the sky
Would the stars gather
Would they carry my notes
And paint the inky clouds to
find you.

If I sang into the sky
Would the stars twinkle
Would they murmur my hopes
And fill the dark places to
find you.

If I sang into the sky
Would the stars listen
Would they know my loneliness
And search the universe to
find you.

If I sang into the sky
Would the stars harmonize
Would they serenade
And celebrate when I
find you.

Star II

Above the sleepy city, the inky heavens were cloudless and infinite.

As a wintery breeze kissed their cheeks beneath the vast, star-freckled sky.

His words and movements were intoxicated
with too much excitement and gin
bouncing from foot to foot, arms swinging wildly,
dancing in the silvery moonlight.

He faltered just slightly as he looked at her over his shoulder
and grinned, spilling stars into the night.

scattering constellations across dark canvas.

Her brief time with him had taught her
the angles of his nose and freckled patterns peppering his cheeks,
his sleepy face at 4 a.m. and how his eyes crinkle when he laughs.

She watched as he effortlessly reassembled her broken pieces,
and understood, sowing hope into her life.
promising their forever in sparkling bright paints.

Their twinkling city and whispered breeze orchestrated
a simple melody matching his sloppy waltz,
composing a love song, of sentimental verse
but never so mundane as romance and desire.
They knew their symphony was unique
and celebrated, breathing stardust into the air.

Above the sleepy city, their childlike laughter was timeless and
infinite
As a wintery song changed their lives beneath the vast, star-
speckled sky.

Love Me Like Laughter

Love me like laughter:

Roaring and vast

Sing with me in chorus

And verse to the last

Please keep me like promise:

Precious and near

Paint with me in pigment

And hue that's sincere

Please love me like laughter:

Forever and after

Croon

Unfurling petals

Blossom on our hillside spot

Crooning a spring song

Because (II)

...of inside jokes

...of speaking in our own language...or maybe just yours

...of (accidental) sugar-free cookies

...of the first time meeting your father

...of Demetria Lovato

...of spoonerisms

...of Sunday adventures

...of Yoko Ono

...of hotel-room laughter

...of birthday pizza and bowling - you hate bowling

...of Kathy Jo's "leathers"

...of lavender bows and balloons

...of resolving disagreements before sleep

...of the midnight ghost that wanders the hall

...of glitter beards and rainbow flags

...of snap streaks and hearts

...of shiny fast new cars

...of lesbian weddings

...of stars

...of watercolor unicorn ink

...of Popperton Park

...of gelato

...of list poems

...of letters to my best friend.

In My Sky

Stars steer travelers and sailors
Guiding them on their journey
You are the star in my sky
Showing me the way

Too Hot

It's too hot. Too hot.

We crave a summer downpour
to waltz into storms.

Wander

Las Vegas

Vancouver

Seattle

Lake Tahoe

Denver

Wandering

Side by side

Chicago

New York

London

Paris

Wanderlust

Ghosts

I'm haunted by the ghosts of me and you
They lurk in the corners of
My room
My mind

They rattle the windows and doors
Leaving cabinets and closets open
Contents spilling out

They sigh icy breath and bitter frost
Chasing moments and stories
Memories spilling out

They glide through the boundaries and walls
Creaking floorboards and bedsprings
Secrets spilling out

I'm haunted by the ghosts of you and me
They won't let me forget
About you
About us

Embellish

Autumn leaves sprinkle
A flaming cascade of hue
Embellishing our song

Alright Now

It's always stars
Stars and Stars and Stars

You caught me free falling from a black lonely sky
You lit up the inky canvas like a Christmas tree
You pulled me near and became a celestial glow
In the heavy darkness

I put down my armor
I put down my walls
I put down my defenses

It's always stars
Stars and stars and stars

I bask in the glorious beauty of this new universe
You painted with light and for me.
You orchestrated melodies and lead me in waltzes
In the twinkling night

You loved me harder
You loved me galaxies
You loved me light

And I'm alright now.

Nothing Less Than Everything

Everything I write or paint or hum about us,
for you,
always finds itself peppered with stars and galaxies.

You are star-freckled verse and glittering paint,
silvery moonlight waltzes and starlit melodies.

Our dawn was blanketed in stardust on a hilltop and
bloomed into forever in the frosty midnight air.

Nothing could mean as much to you,
to me,
ever trusting the stars to never stop shining in the dark.

I composed each twinkle in prose and story as
you postered the images to my walls.

We inked our 'always' on our chests like a badge of honor with
sparkling constellation, mirrored on pale skin.

Everything that sparkles in my sky for me
is us,
Endlessly more extraordinary than romance or desire.

You. Me. Us.
Nothing less than everything.

Zenith

You are my zenith

My North Star.

The point in the inky sky that leads me home.

You are my home.

My best friend.

The point in the dusky world that feels like hope.

You are my hope.

My companion

The point in the cloudy universe that wears a brilliant crown.

Because (III)

...you're my best friend

...you are my significant otter

...I love otters

...I love you

...I love cownose stingrays

...Moo

...you are you

...I am me

...we are "we"

..."oFanna means Hamily"

...Hamily means "for always"

Making Wishes

wished for you
on a star
in the sky

sang for you
to find you
in the clouds

wished for love
and friendship
for a home

sang for love
and compassion
for a friend

wished for stars
sang for hope
and you gave me
galaxies

You + I

You and I, breathing stars into the sky
Painting the dark with silver and glitter
Dancing upon a vast star-freckled hill
Foot to foot, spinning in the darkness
Waltzing in the frosty winter moonlight
Grinning constellations into the sky
You and I.

The twinkling city sang us a love song
And we danced to the sentimental tune
But our love would never be so mundane
Whispering galaxies into the sky
You and I.

About the Author

H. E. Grahame is a Writing Consultant at the Salt Lake Community College Student Writing & Reading Center. She was also staff, Literary Editor, and Design Editor for Folio - SLCC's Literary Magazine. She has been included in several SLCC Folio and Anthology publications, Z-Publishing House's Emerging Poets and Writers series, and was the winner of the 2015 SLCC Chapbook Contest with a short memoir titled Mix Tape. In her free time, she enjoys travel, cooking, concerts, reading and spending time with friends.

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