

## THE FLOWER WHO SPOKE TO THE STARS

The Beauty of Love while being Human

By Kalila Jimenez, M-TAC Story Collection 2023

### **And I Spoke with You, as the Violet**

The night we had met was  
something that would forever  
be seared in my memory.

Your eyes drew me in, speckled and lovely,  
as if calling me miles away.

Even if miles away was only but a single room,  
the urge to speak with you was anything but short-lived,  
and with my legs having a mind of their own,  
my own anxiousness was left behind as I stood  
before you without a single thought in my usual raging brain.

For whatever odd reason, you weren't surprised by a stranger  
approaching you (and well, bumping into you) at a bustling party  
but after a moment of hesitation,  
you were deemed curious of me,  
your eyebrows lifted and pierced mouth twitching in interest.

I stumbled a bit,  
which of course made you laugh,  
and what a delightful sound it was.

Your wondrous eyes peered into mine,  
my night and day instantly made better by your arrival.

For better and for worse, you would become a  
foundational piece of the puzzle called life.

### **The Night of Our Meeting was Fated, believed the Camellia**

The night hung like cherries,  
the muggy warmth and present darkness

making the world seem  
inhospitable,

The lay of the land an echo  
of shadows to haunt.

But before me stood stars, ones that twinkled and glittered, in shocking blue,  
a smile soon growing much like the Cheshire Cat's,  
mischief running wild behind your eyes.

It would be something I would soon come to find that you found mundane for the  
oddest of reasons. Much less incomprehensible to the likes of my teenage brain.

It would soon mean the world to me.

For I could write you sweet nothings,  
knowing they would never reach you  
and still love you anyways.

A breeze kissed the back of my neck as I spoke to you.  
And for the oddest of reasons, somehow I just *knew*,  
You were the person I was dreaming of all along.

**Glory to the UnBeknownst, the Sea's Children Saw All the Stars Knew**

And I stood in a room  
Embodied by plastic,  
A prison that would live longer than I,

A destiny that I would not live up to,  
For the likes of I,  
Could never be immortalized

I laid forgotten,  
No longer a source of necessity,  
No longer with the likes  
Of my ancestry,  
The sea calling out to me in earnest,

Me and my brethren further stolen  
From the depths of the ocean,  
One of which thrashed in anger  
And restlessness,

Encompassed by  
bitter resentment,  
I saw two humans in love,  
in heartbreak,  
in companionship and warmth,  
intertwined like the breath of life.

I could only sign, bubbles arising,  
as I saw something once fated,  
doomed to be.

**Night and Day, Never the Same, consoled the Violet**

Birthday card after birthday card, scattered like time in the wind. A wind that continued to rage, ripping the memories to shred with such little strength.

It was as if the wind understood. It could feel my pain too.

Photos, momentos, parting gifts that seemed only like thoughtfulness at the time, tainted with the reality of the life we had been given. My heart ached from the utter realization that fears that were once consoled were always right, only prolonged, my eyes stagnant from the dull shock that arose. My body still as the curtains of my room billowed, as if crying with the tears I could not shed, my soul barren of the beautiful source that kept my body alive.

My fingers trembled, crestfallen, the only indicator that something was wrong. The setting was *all* wrong, the sun streaming in beautifully, mocking me, on the one day I wished it away. On the one day that I didn't beg on my knees to be graced by its presence so as to feel a shred of warmth.

Life kept moving for the both of us,  
Even when we just wanted time to stand still.  
And knowing this, I felt the exact moment you had let go.

The moment when you realized that I wasn't good enough to stay.

A river could not compare to that moment of a shame,  
nor could the ocean replicate the thrashing of my heart.  
The tether of our bond seemed to break at that exact moment,  
the yarn of the string of fate that connected us  
rippling and twisting from the effort  
to break our lives apart.

I gulped away the heaviness in my chest,  
the dryness in my throat refusing to die down.  
Sun particles blurred in and out of my vision,  
Their beauty only making me that much more alone in my grief.  
My nose prickled from the smell of dust,  
my hands now steady as I packed all the things that made me hurt,  
Away.  
So very very, far away.

For I could lie all day, that it was destiny to meet again,  
Only for my heart to sing a different melody, one of saddening truth.  
But for now, I was too weak to acknowledge the truth that my heart screamed into the air.  
This last act being one of desperation, one of longing.  
That one day I would be able to be strong enough  
to let go.

As all of my past had done to me.

The air of the room tinged with memory.  
After all was packed away and stored in its rightful place,  
The sun continued to stream in with connection,  
The quiet click of the door, one of reminiscent feeling.

One of which the room encompassed and kept vibrantly beautiful,  
all within the quiet depths of cobwebs  
and dust bunnies lining the walls and shelves,  
hoping to be remembered again.

## **Forever is a Long Time Without You, resigned the Violet**

A headache arose at 25, as often it did at 51.

After you passed, I learned to live and love the world as it now is, and not what it once was. It took a long time, but I realized you would have come back from the dead just to chastise me for not enjoying what the world had to offer.

The revelation came with the morning dawn, as did all beginnings.

Bountiful warmth would soon shine upon me in late age, the wrinkles on my hands long overdue. My youth was prolonged through mentality alone, the house I rested in barren for all the time that had passed since my love had been gone from this Earth.

And if the stars crashed down, I would find the tiniest bit of solace.

For someone on this great Universe had heard my secrets, and said nothing at all.

**“Forever with You, the Stars Almighty,” whispered the Violet**

The air vibrated with music I could only hear.

Nostalgia thrummed against my ears as the Sun began to go down.

A beautiful vision against the Sky, the Sea beckoning it for a kiss as it did every day and then morning, something I looked forward to as soon the Sky would darken as much as it could within the bounds of the city, life dying down as people drove back home to their families after a long day of work, a meal on the table either waiting for them or waiting to be prepared.

All this meant was that soon enough, the Stars would come out and greet me once more.

The favorite part of my day was welcoming me at long last.

But the consoling nature of the Stars did not make me appreciate the other beauties of the Day and Night any much less. For it was when the wind caressed my face and the Sun smiled down at me, that memories came alive once again.

It was the time of Day where the tension in my muscles loosened and my breath came easy. It was when I began to dream of the olden days, of the days to come, of the days that were. It was when the Day was beautiful in all capacities.

The beautiful engine of a car motor whirred as I drove along, grateful to be alone with my thoughts. Grateful to remember even when the edges of my memory would soon turn gray with the act of forgetting, a thing that comes for all, some too soon, and some not at all.

At 45, I would sob at the thought of losing you. My first and my only love.

At 50, you would breathe into my neck, back in my arms where you rightfully belonged. But only things don't always happen the way they should, do they? You were sick, your body so frail even when your will was so strong. And even if it wasn't, I would bear all the strength in the world for the both of us. Will. Will, will, will, will, will. What a funny word.

All that once was, put into a single word.

Gaps in my memory had become normal. Life has a funny way of doing that.

Flickers of our past exploding with color and the sound of static,

I remembered when we first met. When we first held hands. When I brought you flowers and you cried at the sight of them. "Camellias!" your hands cupped around the stems as your laughter rang out in surprise. Such a beautiful sound. "You remembered," and my god, would I spend every dollar and penny in my name to see your eyes soften and your eyes glitter for just a moment more. Your smile struck the wind out of my chest each time you graced me with it- I don't think I could ever forget it. Just like our first dance, just like the night of our vows, just like our quiet blissful moments in the kitchen, bleary eyed and waiting for the coffee to brew. And if we could fight once more, something that was rare but brought us so much pain, could be reality again? I wouldn't be opposed. Only if it meant having you in my life again.

And so, when I could, I remembered all.

All in order to remember the sadness of my youth  
that I once struggled so hard to forget.

For the truth was, you were stolen from the Earth far too early.

Gone from my life far too soon.

### **For the Stars were my Relief, my Ending and my Beginning.**

I talked of you, I talked of everything.

For all that had been lost and loved,

Were given to the stars as a gift.

For someone else to know of you, to know of all, was a comfort to my cold hands and legs, for every night, before I laid to rest, the stars took my breath away. Rushed and tumbling out, my vocal chords were tired but my heart at peace, for the words stood in the air for a brief moment before fading away, the wind gracious of a new companion to listen to.

I didn't know if the gossip entertained them for a brief moment, or if the cosmos far beyond

them, took their attention. But I know that they heard every word, a love only we alone could share. Angels and stars and planets above, my one and true companion.

For the stars always listened in the ways I could not fathom, quiet and restless, still and abundant, in all the ways those I had loved had not.

The stars would stay long after I had left this planet, the Earth taking my bones and flesh as a parting thought. But I saw their beauty and I could only hope they saw mine, the language that quibbled out of my lips a brief respite from the horrors and sadness of the world.

I was once 12, and then 19, and then 35, and then all the other numbers that came afterwards. And at every age, I was drawn to the likes of the stars. A feeling I could not describe, but one that I did not have to put into words. But always they listened, always a compass. And for that, they were always beautiful.

The stars were my guide and an everlasting companion. The Stars mended a broken heart, somehow filled in the gaps and tears of my beating heart after you were taken from me. Never quite a replacement, but a feeling of comfort until we could meet again.

Even at the glorious age of 76, my heart rested with you, my breath more than laborious as my body became attuned to the quiet rumble of the Earth's way of life. And somehow, somehow, I felt you besides me again, now and forever more.

I knew that tonight,  
I would be blessed with the gift of dreaming,  
and that it would be of you.

I smiled up at the stars, grateful in my loneliness, to not be so alone.

Grateful for the sun to rise again, so as to greet the stars once more.

### **And so the Stars Finally Spoke Back:**

Upon the dawn of night, you will be with us once more.  
Among the stars, we welcome you tenfold, sweet child,  
for you were always one of us and will always be one of us.  
Always destined to be Human, you were once a young Star whose mouth  
dribbled with a dreamer's tale, one who yearned to live

instead of guide and wield beautiful prophecies.

With years of longing, we granted you a life, and a life it was.

One well lived, one with pain and love and suffering.

You were human, all that your heart wished to be.

And now granted with the sole essence

that only being a star-crossed lover can grant,

you will become a Star once more.

The stars twinkled earnestly up above,

happy for a child of the Universe to be understood again.

To fall in love again,

for death could not halt the tethering of

the glorious connection of the likes

of the **Violet** and the **Camellia**,

Together at long last.