

# You Belonged in the Stars

*In the Style of Joy Harjo's "She Had Some Horses"*

You belonged in the stars.

You belonged in my arms when the rain became too treacherous.  
You belonged where your voice now haunts my cerebrum.  
You belonged where nobody else could hurt you again.

You belonged in the stars.

You belonged, like a Bechstein grand piano  
in the Viennese music hall we danced in when we eloped.  
You belonged somewhere where the climate wouldn't dry  
your tears before you could melodize them into a song.  
You belonged where I couldn't follow you.

You belonged in the stars.

You belonged, though begrudgingly, to everyone and no one.  
You belonged to me, or at least I like to think you did.  
You belonged wherever my fingers could materialize you.

You belonged in the stars.

You belonged like a riptide in Kate Chopin's "The Awakening,"  
You belonged to fill my heart with a limited supply of admiration.  
You belonged where nobody else knew of but you.

You belonged in the stars.

You belonged with the novas and black holes  
You belonged like the chromatic scale in Debussy's unknown etudes.  
You belonged where I only had to look up to find you afterwards.

You belonged in the stars.

You belonged, you should have belonged here.  
You be/longed my heart.  
You belonged where my words could  
never reach you again.

You belonged in the stars.

You belonged in my arms for much longer.  
You belonged entwined in our wine stained sheets.  
You belonged where the earth and heavens would

hear me moan your name but

You belonged in the stars.

—Amber Alexander