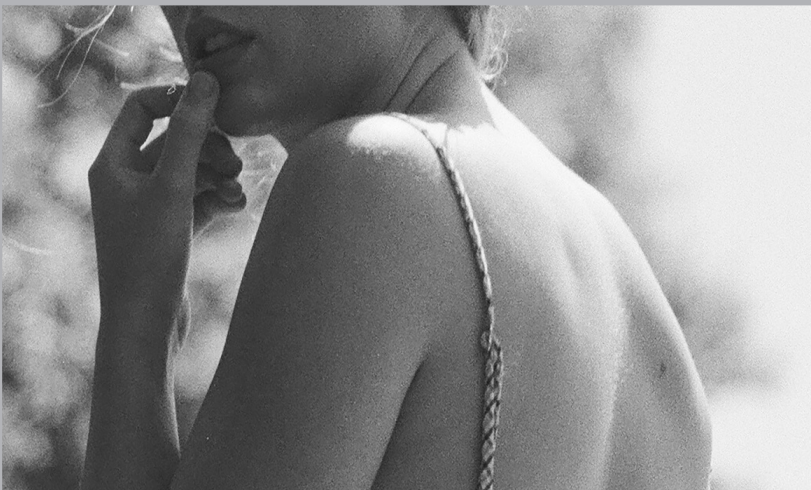


A woman with her hair in a bun, wearing a white lace dress, is seen from behind. She is holding a dark, textured shawl or blanket over her shoulders. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene with trees. The word "folklore" is written in a cursive font across the middle of the image.

folklore

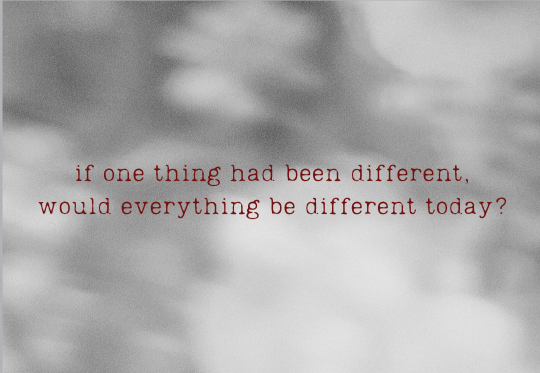
Sarah Cate Creative

A tale that becomes *folklore*
is one that is passed down
and whispered around...



Sometimes even sung about. The lines between fantasy and reality blur and the boundaries between truth and fiction become almost indiscernable. Speculation, over time, becomes fact. Myths, ghosts, stories, and fables. Fairytales and parables. Gossip and legend. Someone's secrets written in the sky for all to behold. In isolation my imagination has run wild and this is the result. I've told these stories to the best of my ability with all the love, wonder, and whimsy they deserve. Now it's up to you to pass them down.

*I'm doing good
I'm on some new sh-t*



if one thing had been different,
would everything be different today?

Been saying “yes” instead of “no”. I thought I saw you at the bus stop, I didn’t though. I hit the ground running each night, I hit the Sunday matinée - you know the greatest films of all time were never made. I guess you never know, and if you wanted me, you really should’ve showed, and if you never bleed, you’re never gonna grow and it’s alright now.

But we were something, don’t you think so?

Roaring 20s, tossing pennies in the pool, and if my wishes came true it would’ve been you. In my defense, I have none for never leaving well enough alone, But it would’ve been fun if you would’ve been the one.

I have this dream you’re doing cool sh-t, having adventures on your own - you meet some woman on the internet and take her home. We never painted by the numbers, baby, but we were making it count - you know the greatest loves of all time are over now. I guess you never know, never know, and it’s another day waking up alone. But we were something, don’t you think so? Roaring 20s, tossing pennies in the pool, and if my wishes came true, it would’ve been you.

In my defense, I have none for never leaving well enough alone but it would’ve been fun if you would’ve been the one. I persist and resist the temptation to ask you if one thing had been different, would everything be different today? We were something, don’t you think so? Rosé flowing with your chosen family, and it would’ve been sweet if it could’ve been me In my defense, I have none For digging up the grave another time But it would’ve been fun If you would’ve been

The One.

vintage tee, brand new phone,
high heels on cobblestones
- when you are young, they
assume you know nothing

Sequin smile, black lipstick,
sensual politics-
when you are young, they
assume you know nothing.

But I knew you, dancin' in
your Levi's, drunk under a
streetlight, I knew you, hand
under my sweatshirt, baby, kiss
it better - and when I felt like
I was an old cardigan under
someone's bed, you put me on
and said I was your favorite.

A friend to all is a friend to
none. Chase two girls, lose the
one - when you are young, they
assume you know nothin'

But I knew you,
playing hide-and-
seek and giving me
your weekends.
I knew you, your
heartbeat on the
High Line, once in
20 lifetimes.

And when I felt like
I was an old cardi-
gan under some-
one's bed, you put
me on and said I
was your favorite.

To kiss in cars and downtown bars
was all we needed, You drew stars
around my scars, but now I'm bleeding
- Cause I knew you, steppin' on the last
train, marked me like a bloodstain. I knew
you tried to change the ending, Peter los-
ing Wendy, I knew you, leavin' like a father,
running like water, and when you are
young, they assume you know nothing.

But I knew you'd linger like a tattooed kiss,
I knew you'd haunt all of my what-ifs,
the smell of smoke would hang around this
long, Cause I knew everything when I was
young, I knew I'd curse you for the longest
time, chasing shadows in the grocery line, I
knew you'd miss me once the thrill expired
and you'd be standin' in my front porch light
and I knew you'd come back to me.

you put me on and said I was your favorite...



The Last Great American Dynasty



Rebekah rode up on the
afternoon train -
it was sunny.



“there goes the
maddest woman
this town has
ever seen”

Who knows if she never showed up
what could've been?

Her saltbox house on the coast took her mind off
St. Louis. Bill was the heir to the Standard
Oil name and money and the town
said, “How did a middle-class
divorcée do it?”

The wedding was charming,
if a little gauche, there's only
so far new money goes. They
picked out a home and called it
“Holiday House”. Their parties
were tasteful, if a little loud, the
doctor had told him to settle down
- it must have been her fault his heart
gave out

And they said -



“There goes the last great American dynasty”

“Who knows if she never showed up, what could’ve been”

“There goes the maddest woman this town has ever seen”

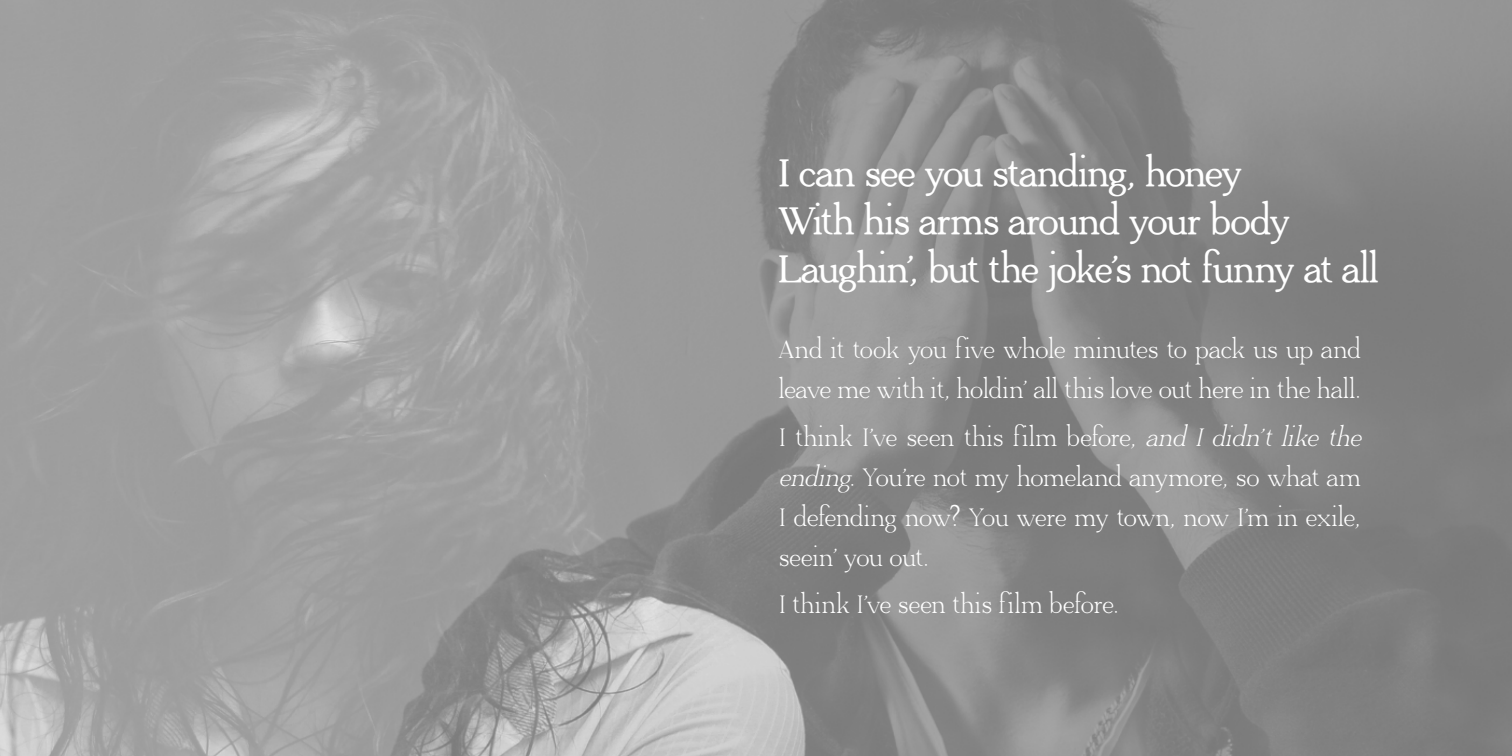
“She had a marvelous time ruinin’ everything”

Rebekah gave up on the Rhode Island set, forever, flew in all her Bitch Pack friends from the city. Filled the pool with champagne and swam with the big names and blew through the money on the boys and the ballet, and losin’ on card game bets with Dalí.

They say she was seen on occasion, pacing the rocks, staring out at the mid-night sea, and in a feud with her neighbor, she stole his dog and dyed it key lime green. 50 years is a long time. Holiday House sat quietly on that beach, free of women with madness, their men and bad habits, and then it was bought by me.

Who knows if I never showed up what could’ve been? There goes the loudest woman this town has ever seen

I had a marvelous time ruinin’ everything...



I can see you standing, honey
With his arms around your body
Laughin', but the joke's not funny at all

And it took you five whole minutes to pack us up and
leave me with it, holdin' all this love out here in the hall.

I think I've seen this film before, *and I didn't like the ending*. You're not my homeland anymore, so what am I defending now? You were my town, now I'm in exile, seein' you out.

I think I've seen this film before.

I can see you starin',
honey, like he's just your
understudy, like you'd get
your knuckles bloody for me.

Second, third, and
Shundredth chances,
balancin' on breaking
branches, those eyes add
insult to injury.

I think I've seen this film
before, *and I didn't like the ending*. I'm not your
problem anymore, so who
am I offending now?

You were my crown,
now I'm in exile, seein'
you out. I think I've seen
this film before.

So step right out, there
is no amount of crying
I can do for you. All this
time, we always walked a
very thin line, you didn't
even hear me out - you
never gave a warning sign.

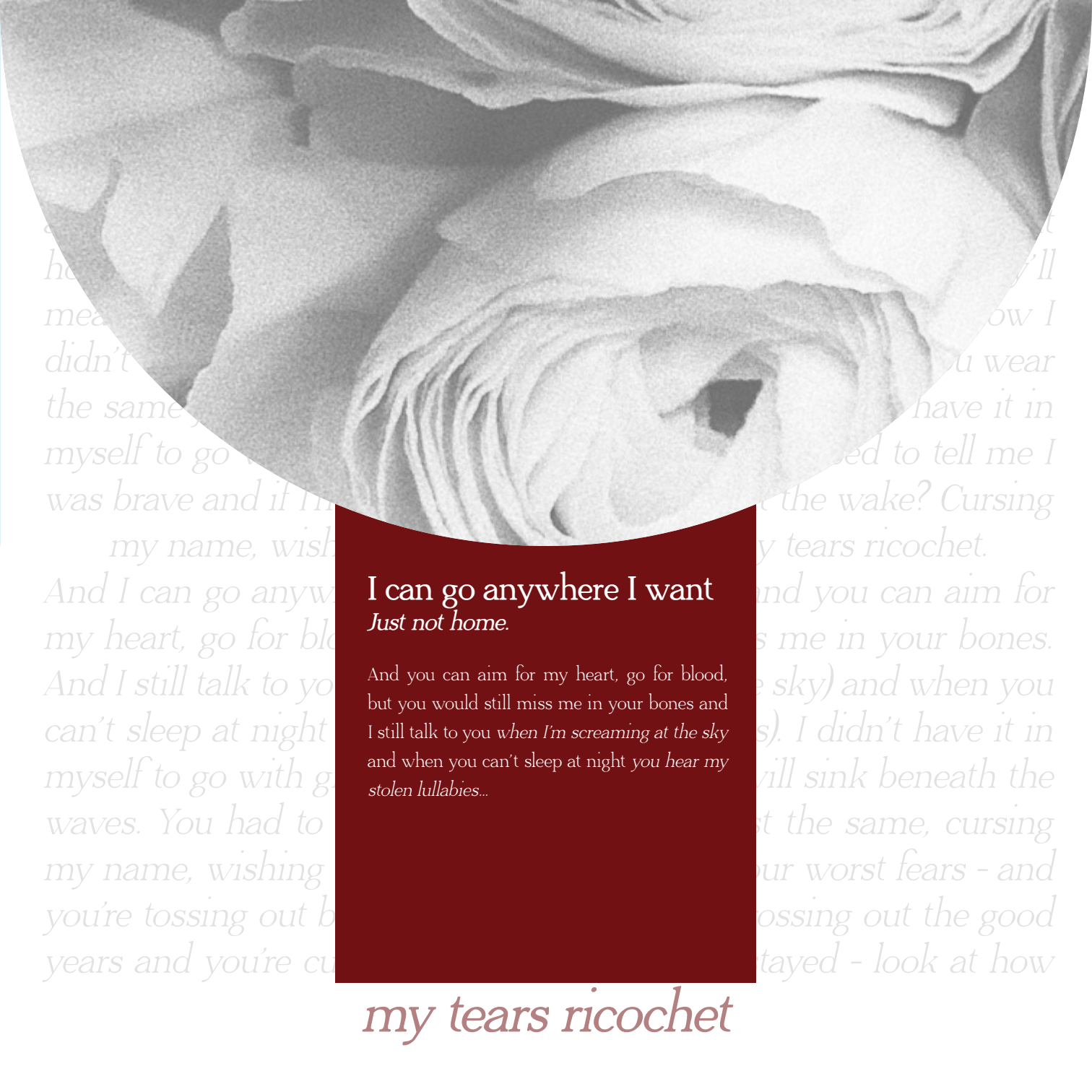
All this time, I never
learned to read your
mind, I couldn't turn things
around, 'Cause you never
gave a warning sign.

You didn't even
hear me out.

You never learned
to read my mind.

You never turned
things around.

I gave so
many signs.



I can go anywhere I want
Just not home.

And you can aim for my heart, go for blood,
but you would still miss me in your bones and
I still talk to you *when I'm screaming at the sky*
and when you can't sleep at night *you hear my*
stolen lullabies...

my tears ricochet

*I've never been
a natural*



*all I do is
try, try, try.*

*I want you
to know*

*I'm a
mirrorball*

I'll show you every version of yourself tonight
I'll get you out on the floor
Shimmering beautiful
And when I break it's in a million pieces

Hush
When no one is around, my dear
You'll find me on my tallest tiptoes
Spinning in my highest heels, love
Shining just for you
Hush
I know they said the end is near
But I'm still on my tallest tiptoes
Spinning in my highest heels, love
Shining just for you

And they called off the circus
Burned the disco down
When they sent home the horses
And the rodeo clowns
I'm still on that tightrope
I'm still trying everything to get you laughing at me
I'm still a believer but I don't know why
I've never been a natural
All I do is try, try, try
I'm still on that trapeze
I'm still trying everything
To keep you looking at me
Because I'm a mirrorball
I'm a mirrorball
I'll show you every version of yourself
Tonight

Please picture me in the trees - I hit my peak at seven feet in the swing over the creek I was too scared to jump in. But I was high in the sky with Pennsylvania under me. Are there still beautiful things? Sweet tea in the summer, cross your heart, won't tell no other and though I can't recall your face, I still got love for you. Your braids like a pattern, love you to the moon and to Saturn. Passed down like folk songs, the love lasts so long. And I've been meaning to tell you - I think your house is haunted. Your dad is always mad and that must be why. And I think you should come live with me and we can be pirates, then you won't have to cry or hide in the closet and just like a folk song, our love will be passed on. Please picture me in the weeds before I learned civility. I used to scream ferociously any time I wanted. Sweet tea in the summer, cross my heart, won't tell no other, and though I can't recall your face, I still got love for you. Pack your dolls and a sweater, we'll move to India forever. Passed down like folk songs, our love lasts so long...



august

*sipped away like a bottle of wine
(you were never mine)*

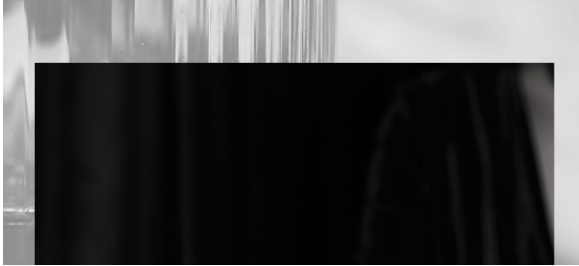


Salt air, and the rust on your door, I never needed anything more. Whispers of “Are you sure?” “Never have I ever before”. But I can see us lost in the memory, August slipped away into a moment in time - Cause it was never mine, and I can see us twisted in bedsheets, August sipped away like a bottle of wine - Cause you were never mine. Your back beneath the sun, wishin’ I could write my name on it. Will you call when you’re back at school? I remember thinking I had you.

to live for
the hope
of it all

Back when we were still changin’ for the better, wanting was enough - for me, it was enough to live for the hope of it all, cancel plans just in case you’d call and say, “Meet me behind the mall”. So much for summer love and saying “us”, Cause you weren’t mine to lose. You weren’t mine to lose, no.

But do you remember? Remember when I pulled up and said, “Get in the car” And then canceled my plans just in case you’d call? Back when I was livin’ for the hope of it all, “Meet me behind the mall”



I got wasted like all my potential

I just wanted you to know: *this is me trying*

I've been having a hard time adjusting. I had the shiniest wheels, now they're rusting. I didn't know if you'd care if I came back - I have a lot of regrets about that. Pulled the car off the road to the lookout, could've followed my fears all the way down and maybe I don't quite know what to say, but I'm here in your doorway.


They told me all of my cages were mental, so I got wasted like all my potential and my words shoot to kill when I'm mad - I have a lot of regrets about that. I was so ahead of the curve, the curve became a sphere. Fell behind on my classmates, and I ended up here, pouring out my heart to a stranger - but I didn't pour the whiskey

And it's hard to be at a
party when I feel like an
open wound

It's hard to be anywhere
these days when all I want
is you

You're a flashback in a film
reel on the one screen in
my town





*you showed me colors
you know I can't see
with anyone else*

Make sure nobody sees you leave - hood over your head, keep your eyes down. Tell your friends you're out for a run - you'll be flushed when you return. Take the road less traveled by, tell yourself you can always stop. What started in beautiful rooms ends with meetings in parking lots

That's the thing about illicit affairs and clandestine meetings and longing stares - i's born from just one single glance, but it dies, and it dies, and it dies a million little times.

Leave the perfume on the shelf that you picked out just for him so you leave no trace behind, like you don't even exist. Take the words for what they are - a dwindling, mercurial high. A drug that only worked the first few hundred times.

And that's the thing about illicit affairs and clandestine meetings and stolen stares - They show their truth one single time, but they lie, and they lie, and they lie a million little times

And you wanna scream
Don't call me "kid"
Don't call me "baby"
Look at this godforsaken
mess that you made me

*You showed me colors
You know I can't see with
anyone else*

Don't call me "kid"
Don't call me "baby"
Look at this idiotic fool
that you made me

*You taught me
a secret language
I can't speak with
anyone else*

*and you know damn well, for you I would ruin myself
a million little times*



time

*curious
mystical
wonderous*

Green was the color of the grass
Where I used to read at Centennial Park
I used to think I would meet somebody there

Teal was the color of your shirt
When you were sixteen at the yogurt shop
You used to work at to make a little money

Time, curious time
Gave me no compasses, no signs
Were there clues I didn't see?
And isn't it just so pretty to think
All along there was some
Invisible string tying you to me?

Bad was the blood of the song in the cab
On your first trip to LA
You ate at my favorite spot for dinner
Bold was the waitress on our three year trip
Getting lunch down by the lakes
She said I looked like an American singer

Time, mystical time
Cuttin' me open, then healin' me fine
Were there clues I didn't see?
And isn't it just so pretty to think
All along there was some
Invisible string tying you to me?

*A string that pulled me
Out of all the wrong arms right into that dive bar
Something wrapped all of my past mistakes in barbed wire
Chains around my demons, wool to brave the seasons*

One single thread of gold tied me to you

Cold was the steel of my axe to grind
For the boys who broke my heart
Now I send their babies presents
Gold was the color of the leaves
When I showed you around Centennial Park
Hell was the journey but it brought me heaven

Time, wondrous time
Gave me the blues and then purple pink skies
And it's cool, baby, with me
And isn't it just so pretty to think
All along there was some
Invisible string tying you to me?



What did you think I'd say to that? Does a scorpion sting when fighting back? They strike to kill and you know I will. What do you sing on your drive home? Do you see my face in the neighbor's lawn? Does she smile? Or does she mouth, "Fuck you forever"? Every time you call me crazy I get more crazy -what about that? And when you say I seem angry, I get more angry, and there's nothin' like a mad woman - what a shame she went mad. No one likes a mad woman - you made her like that, and you'll poke that bear 'til her claws come out and you find something to wrap your noose around and there's nothin' like a mad woman. Now I breathe flames each time I talk, my cannons all firin' at your yacht. They say, "Move on", but you know, I won't and women like hunting witches, too, doing your dirtiest work for you. It's obvious that wanting me dead has really brought you two together. I'm takin' my time, takin' my time cause you took everything from me. Watchin' you climb over people like me. The master of spin has a couple side flings, good wives always know. She should be mad, should be scathing like me, but no one likes a mad woman.

What a shame she went mad.

You made her like that.

*there's nothing like
a mad woman*

*only 20 minutes
to sleep
but you dream
of some
epiphany*

Keep your helmet, keep your life, son
Just a flesh wound, here's your rifle
Crawling up the beaches now
"Sir, I think he's bleeding out"
And some things you just can't speak about

With you, I serve
With you, I fall down
Watch you breathe in
Watch you breathing out

Something med school did not cover
Someone's daughter, someone's mother
Holds your hand through plastic now
"Doc, I think she's crashing out"
And some things you just can't speak about

Only 20 minutes to sleep
But you dream of some epiphany
Just one single glimpse of relief
To make some sense of what you've seen

With you, I serve
With you, I fall down
Watch you breathe in
Watch you breathing out

Only 20 minutes to sleep
But you dream of some epiphany
Just one single glimpse of relief
To make some sense of what you've seen

Betty, I won't make assumptions about why you switched your homeroom but I think it's 'cause of me. Betty, one time I was riding on my skateboard when I passed your house, it's like I couldn't breathe. You heard the rumors from Inez, you can't believe a word she says most times, but this time it was true. The worst thing that I ever did was what I did to you. But if I just showed up at your party would you have me? Would you want me? Would you tell me to go fuck myself? Or lead me to the garden? In the garden would you trust me if I told you it was just a summer thing? I'm only 17, I don't know anything but I know I miss you.

Betty, I know where it all went wrong, your favorite song was playing from the far side of the gym. I was nowhere to be found, I hate the crowds, you know that, plus, I saw you dance with him. You heard the rumors from Inez, you can't believe a word she says most times, but this time it was true. The worst thing that I ever did was what I did to you. But if I just showed up at your party would you have me? Would you want me? Would you tell me to go fuck myself? Or lead me to the garden? In the garden would you trust me if I told you it was just a summer thing? I'm only seventeen, I don't know anything but I know I miss you.

I was walking home on broken cobblestones just thinking of you when she pulled up like a figment of my worst intentions. She said "James, get in, let's drive". Those days turned into nights, slept next to her, but I dreamt of you all summer long.

Betty, I'm here on your doorstep and I planned it out for weeks now, but it's finally sinkin' in. Betty, right now is the last time I can dream about what happens when you see my face again.

*the only thing I want to do
is make it up to you.*




*so I showed up
at your party...*

*Yeah, I showed up at your party
Will you have me?
Will you love me?
Will you kiss me on the porch
In front of all your stupid friends?
If you kiss me, will it be just like I
dreamed it?
Will it patch your broken wings?
I'm only 17, I don't know anything
But I know **I miss you.***

*Standing in your cardigan
Kissin' in my car again
Stopped at a streetlight
You know I miss you*

Our coming-of-age
courage of my com
ling, cause it lives
your brittle heart w
love's for show, but
friend in me. Would
me seem small. You
I'm wasting your hono
you in the trenches. Give
comes when two people unde
brother as my brother. Is it enough
I'd give you my sunshine, give you
standing with me. But I'm a fire,
ocean wave blues come. All these
in secret. The devil's



would it be en
never give
would it be en
never give
would it be en
never give y




ough if I could
you peace?

ough if I could
you peace?

ough if I could
you peace?

ear. I never had the
nd the corner, dar-
fire, and I'll keep
these people think
tails, but you got a
our integrity makes
my friends - it's like
for the fences, sit with
you the silence that only
I chose, now that I see your
rs to the east, clowns to the west,
ain is always gonna come if you're
brittle heart warm if your cascade
for show, but I would die for you
ou got a friend in me.



My only one
My kingdom come undone
My broken drum
You have beaten my heart



My only one
My smoking gun
My eclipsed sun
This has broken me down
My twisted knife
My sleepless night
My win-less fight
This has frozen my ground

Stood on the cliffside
Screaming, "Give me a reason"
Your faithless love's the only hoax I believe in
Don't want no other shade of blue but you
No other sadness in the world would do

My best laid plan
Your sleight of hand
My barren land
I am ash from your fire

Stood on the cliffside
Screaming "Give me a reason"
Your faithless love's the only hoax I believe in
Don't want no other shade of blue but you
No other sadness in the world would do

You know I left a part of me back in New York
You knew the hero died, so what's the movie for?
You knew it still hurts underneath my scars
From when they pulled me apart
You knew the password, so I let you in the door
You knew you won, so what's the point of keeping score?
You knew it still hurts underneath my scars
From when they pulled me apart
But what you did was just as dark
Darling, this was just as hard
As when they pulled me apart



S | Sarah Cate
Creative