

Poetry Series

Delilah Miller
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Delilah Miller()

'The art of art, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters, is simplicity.'

-Walt Whitman

I think writing is my way of keeping it simple, of being honest with myself.

7 Deadly Pink Roses

We had this priest come and talk to us on the feast day of St. Joseph and so strangely he mentioned a girl would know the right guy because he'd be willing to sacrifice his dreams for hers and for God's. Not only am I not a god, requiring sacrifice, but my dreams so often don't follow the path I imagine God would dream of. I suppose, at one point, it's Him or me.

Seven deadly pink roses waiting on my windowsill;
terrorized in their muted fuchsia,
fiery spirit festering and still
creeping slow
on towards
searing,
greedy,
hot red.

As if drinking, in the darkness
of lower light and conscious
my sleeping breaths
morphed you into
a grand prophet
but I am not
goddess,
gold idol.

Are you looking for your god here?
I am mud and a whisper of light;
without sight and rich with fear.
Searching for cosmic love,
you kiss ornate images of
starlight down dripping
from heaven's favor
into my bored eyes.

Delilah Miller

A Broom Against Messes

Nicely let him know,
my mother insists.
Silly woman doesn't have a thing,
and 'tell him' she presses.
For all the lies he told,
I'll piece my efforts together and sing
like a persistent canary
or sighing Rapunzel, unraveling her tresses?

She talks but I see the night and go,
just to tell the stars my wish.
I want to be a simple gold ring
glittering at the side of lovely dresses.
Sometimes, I wish for a scream
to overwhelm the quiet I have to sing
with a soft open throat,
swaying like a broom against messes

Delilah Miller

A Child Born

My body is weak and unprepared.
A baby feeding off me?
Will I survive the gluttony and vanity?
So I flood myself
and whisper to walls
A child should be born but I'm too scared.

Delilah Miller

A Lighter Shade

To all my conquests, past, present and future.

My coffee cup's a lighter shade of blue this morning.
Last night,
I transformed you into scalding dark coffee.
Now I can pour you into my cup,
any time, day or night.
Keeping my fingers on the cup ring;
I'll sense when to stir,
the amount of sugar you need,
when to take a sip
or let you cool off.

You melted in my voice, low and bright.
There's never a honest warning;
I'm a short, pudgy brunette, average
with great lips and a slight tan
to smooth over my thighs.
With a sparkle I keep in my eyes,
I'm charming, if not venomous,
to the man without morals.
Quietly, effectively, I show instead of tell.
You just didn't realize I've got the right words,
the achingly perfect images,
the best details
and the proper timing
for an unbelievable kiss.

Delilah Miller

A Lowly Thing Like You

'How many will say, 'forgive, ' and find a sort of absolution in the sound to hate a little longer! '

-Alfred Tennyson

The edge still leans out under my feet,
quietly and politely,
as if is an opened door or pulled out chair.
I am the one shouting
because it is forever, ever unfair.
You're a destroyer,
eating up the innocence you touch.
They're just sorry and beat,
too weary to tell their story.
You wrote them to be silently smiling,
a judge you work like a lawyer.
The only vote is 'Yes.'

So a book is left unopened.
The quiet persists.
Your inky black charm stains
purple and red and black on those who resist.

Imagining you getting out of bed,
another day breathing your hate out,
I have my doubts
about my life being worth more than your death.
A lowly thing like you never finds the light.
Forever, you're sure you're right
in assuming you deserve so much.
Honestly, they deserve so much better.

Delilah Miller

A Man's Love

A poetess can be wasteful when it comes to love.
She'll wade and wallow
through the waterfalls below and above.
She'll sip big for ability's sake and swallow.

Like a sponge, not dripping a drop,
she'll dip into resources, diving deeper,
Never noticing what she's got
She'll take all and label each a keeper.

A man's love is like water.
If you discover a fountain and abuse the stream,
the temperature is colder after it is hotter.
I'll wake up one day to find I am thirsty and it was only a dream.

Delilah Miller

A Prayer Of Responsibility

The sun rose and echoed through my white curtains.
The flags above my bed say
'Om Mani Pad-me Hum'
In the warm light,
I want a miracle from a sun ray,
chanting the song of compassion.

Blue, white, red, green, yellow flags
seem to suggest compassion
is not free from organization
or an escape from the routines and name tags.
Compassion is concretely a prayer of responsibility.

Bear the cross, say the chant, turn the other cheek
because the last shall be the first
to turn to the last and offer the endless chant
(to the unwilling, they offer a curse) .
Om Mani Pad-me Hum,
spoken into my first real miraculous morning.

Delilah Miller

A Sidewalk

I am a sidewalk that cannot handle another footstep;
A bone that is too weak to be broken
because it halted growth and from motion is kept.
And I'm the game machine spitting out tokens.

The ocean floor is delightful
in comparison to the covering upon my heart.
Slowly, it bends to pressure, refusing my pull!
I wait for you to disappoint me before you start.

The idea of stopping my own darkness
mocks reality and propels hope into despondency.
It's a mask on my face when I wish to wear it like a crest.
I mean to tell the truth, and end up peddling destiny.

Delilah Miller

Acrimony And Lace

I shook my apple right in your face,
I fed you pomegranate seeds,
one by one,
until you choked up.
I tied you up in promises subtle as lace.

And, like a flare, our whole fuse was lit,
while you begged for a bite,
just for a few moments
until you figured me out.
For that spark, I'm not sorry for any of it.

Delilah Miller

Alive And Subtle

When is that last glimmering ray of sunlight
shining in to illuminate that last corner?
When is that last piece that actually fits right
falling into place, the puzzle-joiner?

When is the last cloud leaving
the sky, so it's calm and blue?
When will that last needle stop weaving
to show a finished dress that's fresh and new?

When is the last dropp going to drip down
and make that splash to fill the puddle?
When will the last word come around
to make my poetry sweet, alive and subtle?

Delilah Miller

America Forever

For new possibilities
new people,
new places,
there must be a new age.
Transcendentalism
must be reformed,
for this fresh cage
we linger in,
high on
forever.

We run our fingers across the bars;
it's the sound of newspapers
and tabloids, selling.
The noise use to be structured verse;
That was delicate language,
for a rigid, old polite age.
This is a merciless, strange cage
made of the same hands,
gripping each
in isolation
forever.

Delilah Miller

An Improvised Note

I don't know the name,
or purpose,
of that voice climbing out of you,
with its claws digging into the rocky wall of your throat.
Cerulean secrets and crimson wishes for fame,
you list off in the voice elongated and bottomless.
When you sigh, breathing it out like an improvised note,
the voice falls back into your sunken red stomach, still heavy with hunger.

Delilah Miller

An Unbalanced Heart

It seems that when I was at my busiest point,
treading water in this chaotic sea of estrogen,
(that is my life)

you managed to waste my time,
make all these waves spin,
and break my heart.

One day, I was simply floating,
sea and sky on the horizon line.

Today, landscape is a mood,
always tasting salt in my throat and nose,
I feel myself open to sinking under
the heavy weight of unbalanced heart and a pensive mind.

Delilah Miller

And Let It Stay That Way

Yes, it's not what people like to hear and yes, it's bad to be cynical. But I'm allowed my moments of doubt. In any case, I'm still a total flirt.

No one can catch a break,
either women and men opened up wide.
Oh, it's all in the same take:
heavy hearts eating up his/her chest,
co-dependence and a hand to hold,
worry over whose going to love you best.
We got to have someone keep us warm?
When does it ever actually get that cold?

And there are hundreds of reasons,
thousands of poems and songs,
millions of worn-out claims
billions of explanations
as to why it all mattered.
I don't think we even remember.
Why was it worth all
the dead dreams,
the sacrifice,
the loss,
the ugly side of hope?

Don't even mention it.
Don't mention the word,
not to me.
I worshiped,
and I prayed.
But betrayal
and death holds
so little sanctity.

Delilah Miller

Another Girl, But I Can'T Complain

Have you ever seen the sky,
when it's gorging with love
that clouds cover it
and the stars
shine, peeking out, like a young girl's eyes?

And then cascades of raindrops like pearls,
then another runs down your spine?
But it is not rain;
the downpour is too deliberate
and glistening like memories of all your favorite girls.

Little puddles everywhere you know,
formed by nights too beautiful to be true.
The sky wants to sum up,
size up and sympathize,
similar to when you slip your fingers across the piano,
and you squeeze my hand because you'll never let go...
Maybe.

Delilah Miller

Another Stop Sign

As a habit I run fast, whenever I run,
whether its to the end of the block or into a dorm.

If I stay still now, I could your cinnabun,
And the flavor of cinnamon entices me,
its taste as old and warm
as the feeling of your sleeping breath
when I lie next to your nutmeg body.

Love could be another stop sign I jog past
but looking at you, my lungs have nothing left.

Delilah Miller

Ant Farm Life Won'T Make You Happy

Over the short years,
we've fired comments at each other
that were like deadly darts
in the skin of some clever animal,
long-ago immune, only faking tears
And
I will
be a
slightly evolved animal
until my dying day.

At least, it was so
until he threw an untainted spear into my ribs!
'You're too honest.'
As if deception was his immunity!
As if lies should be at the dart's end!
So offensive was my naivete,
thinking the dishonestly truly a poison.

What years had really happened?
'Don't be so hard on yourself.'
he tells me as if I shook with fear,
like you'd tell weakling to fool it.
He'd drown Socrates,
just so we can live like we're in a giant ant farm!

Now he calls,
at least once a day,
but he doesn't realize
he is not calling not that faintly human creature,
but a woman dead to him
and his unexamined, worthless life...

Delilah Miller

Appetite

He has an appetite
sweet to satisfy.
But he's so distant and curt,
with painful goodbyes.

As the crescendo builds,
it's blurry as a...A fantasy.
But when the mist clears,
I realize again, he doesn't love me.

Delilah Miller

Are You Itching?

I never feel THIS itchy,
anxious and aggravated.

No.

I sit still every night.
The sunshine is never too cold;
never too long has the moon estivated.
So I don't find my way
through incessant tides of pity.
I'm of a stable, ripe species,
with no reason to hate this city.

And yet,
there's no connection to linger on,
saying the phrases she wants to know.
Only mistakes, to double back upon.
I won't tell another soul
the projects I've devastated
and the words I stole.

Rainy days are easier
because I've got a strong back.
And yet,
the sky music has a lull,
Makes me think
Can you get me off your mind?
I try to get off track and
my nerves get too full!
My legs tingle, my lips smack.

My belly is twisting;
it has secrets to spill soon.
The itch is an awful ache
to reach a conclusion.
I've waited patiently,
just for life to turn its back
and leave me
with no surprise or intrusion.
All this time and finally I get it;
human isolation is a delusion.

One full moon,
fertility rising through the stomach,
overflowing a soul
and you'll need to feel THIS itchy.

Delilah Miller

Bad Friends Are A Drag

When I felt good,
I was just good enough for you.
When I felt powerful,
that was power for you to use,
When I ran,
you clung to my ankle.

Now I see you crawl,
behind me,
eternally,
waiting for me to switch on my smile,
waiting to be set free and on fire,
because you're so soaked with your own keroscene,
a slick and sharp-scented cruelty,
that you can't stand your own smell.
Are all the barbed comments
(waiting to eat up my light,
and seeking a nod no one quite gave you)
still on your pinched lips?

Because I'm not there to hear them;
I'm running, good and powerful,
from a waste of time.

Delilah Miller

Be Teased

Just to clarify, this poem is about one guy, not all of them.

Oh please,
you can't call me a tease.
Don't touch me.
I don't mean to be...
Those white lace panties,
the bra strap slipping down my arm,
you weren't suppose to see.

See how I'm not a tease?
The dinner was lovely.
I'm sure your hunger will leave.
besides, I am really shy,
especially around such a big, strong guy
whose so charming, so funny.

Now, I won't tease.
Just don't gawk at me.
Stop asking and saying please.
You'd take advantage of something so young and soft.
But you can keep on worshipping,
from afar, and I might notice your diligence.

One day,
I'll take you aside, just you,
in some black bedroom with a tarnished bed.
I could peel off the charm and the red lace
and let you taste the cool mint of my skin
and see a tummy, thighs...
everything.
I'd be willing to bet,
despite my fiery eyes and full lips.
you wouldn't be so in love with me.
At the end of the night,
you'd rather be teased.

Delilah Miller

Beach Before You

Red and sunburned shins,
sepia shoulders,
dark back,
fairly tan face
and a pale tummy.
Taking stock of a little sun,
I'm a big mess of color
and a splatter of light,
blurred beauty of Post-Impression.
But I've got quick pink lips
your imagination loves to cite.

So I'm a sun-drenched mess,
and you ask 'Don't you wanna try? '
Try something loitering under my bed,
hanging around my old journals?
You're too late with a crappy offer.
The sun has stained me,
the sand's softness gained me
and the ocean has detained me,
until further notice.
I'd rather be a chain of one,
with the sunburned links
than have you melting,
in the palm of my hand,
all over life and the kitchen sink.

Delilah Miller

Black Cherry,121a

Is that NYC nail polish,
color Black Cherry,
the number 121A,
too dark to be?

Or is it simply just way too dark
to adorn chewed-down nails,
caused by excess words,
which spark
a nervous
laugh?

Delilah Miller

Black Licorice

No.

The word is so unpleasant, sweet
most like black licorice.

Some women chew it slowly and roll it off their tongues.

The girls will spit it out...

More often, I gulped down the bite
and later, vomited disgust.

I am going to forget on a dance floor tonight;
you dislike the darkened city's street.

Just no.

That's the night when...

Well, when the city's horizon is too bright
that in comparison, your eyes are anemic.

I think, 'It isn't so...

You're not so eager, '

and I let that awful taste

slip from between my lips

into your soul's gaping wastebasket.

Delilah Miller

Blatant Hurt Me

You hurt me.
Presently, not in the past.
You hurt me.
Your clawed words burn to slash.

You hurt me.
Your confidence ruins mine.
You hurt me.
Where do you find the time?

You hurt me.
You don't give one damn.
You hurt me.
I don't want you to be my man.

You hurt me.
You're cruel and cold.
You hurt me.
The statement is getting old...

You hurt me.
There's never a tear in your eye anytime.
You hurt me.
How much more blatantly can I say this line?

Delilah Miller

Blue Sky Ideals

Money is pretty evil
but I think what eats up peace
is the private struggles of men,
less concrete adjective and concepts
that the darkness whispers to us
before we close eyes and mimic the final sleep.

It's the unmet expectations, eluding us,
the concern for the person we hate most.
the hunger for some lacquer to paint over wounds;
it's the small hills of indecision,
the desiring that our lives would stand still, smiling.

But I close my eyes to see
the blue sky,
where love and peace meet.
Because writing this,
I want no more part of it
than you do.

Delilah Miller

Boy Who Stole My Heart

I suppose our love
is the universal love.
Your complacent gift of a red rose
must have been grown
for the sole purpose
of being sniffed,
lovingly, as eyes glowed back over the petals.

I understand if we part;
it's the typical parting.
Unbroken mirrors still stand,
more fragile than my heart,
for the sole purpose
of reflecting tears,
witness to my lonely bed of strong will.

However, I can see your visit
is an unending visit.
Your humble offering to me
is exhausting work
for the sole purpose
of being adored,
always, by the beating heart in your heart.

Delilah Miller

Breath Of God

They say write what you know, but I'm a little fed up with convention at the moment. I wrote this as a wife, watching her dream marriage fall apart.

The warmth of my pink bedroom wall
that I press my hand to,
in the dark,
didn't seem so fixed or stark.
My pillows being a feathery pair and all
I'd condescend to them,
'One night,
after I've turned off the light, ☐
my husband will later turn on the light,
and we'll turn each other on
and it'll be safe to turn the light off.'

Yet, when I got his phone call,
from an office he is probably not in,
I opened my window to a cold breeze,
to let in the dark,
feeling a little more fixed, the contrast more stark.
He's sure I'm the foot of his fall;
I shiver, thinking,
'How clear is the breath of God,
minty like disappointed lips,
sighing through the screen,
telling me I'll die alone.'

Delilah Miller

Chicago Streets

So good to be home
and out of the heat.
All those excess people reminded I'm alone
as I explored the busy Chicago streets.

So good to be mild
and not full of heat.
All those old buildings reminded I'm only a child
as I explored the ancient Chicago streets.

So good to be recognized
and not sweating in the heat.
All those dollars spent reminded me of the love I'm still denied.
as I explored the poor Chicago streets.

So good to be back from running away
and back from the heavy, humid heat.
All of the luggage and vacations reminded me problems come to stay.
as I left, for a long time, those Chicago streets.

Delilah Miller

Cloudy Bell Jar

Someone remind me it's a beautiful life;
even if it's the ground keeping you the right way up.

Trip yourself, pat down yourself, unwind yourself and brush off yourself.
I do it all like I've done for everyone else.

The bubble of loneliness always seems ready to pop
while I try to give it a happier name,
As in art, light and movement persist to never stay the same,
Watching summer fade out of my skin
and my eyes and the air I breath.
Still the ground's under me
and I'm under a huge cloudy bell jar.

Delilah Miller

Cold Kitchen Dreams

Cold kitchen.
Colder day,
Coldest women lay in the living room, living without their kin.
Clear evening,
Clutching my hands, seems like clearer skin
Clearest hint in what they say.
Careful now, go slow and whisper low,
More careful than you could have been
You'll see the most careful being cared away.
Collective and care-free,
Counting my words, and you don't even see.
What a strange state I'm in; I'll just go.
Because home being thousands of miles away, how could you know?
Creeping away...Promised you'd stay.
Creative...Another inconsistency it seems.
So I guess that I am...
I'm living with these cold kitchen dreams.

Delilah Miller

College Town: New Season, New Place

A new season in a new place
means the trees
not only litter sidewalks and lawns
with crumbling leaves changed red, orange and gold,
but change location and number,
opening fields anew and covering streets of old.

A new season in a new place
means your new friends
not only discuss unheard-of hobbies, strange streets,
mysterious landmarks and exclusive food and dessert
but they say it with twisted and foreign words,
their speech full of slang and comfort.

A new season in a new place
means you trade what home is:
the quick and hot wind, rich and sharp cilantro,
sun-washed skin and laughing ocean there
for here, with the sinuous woods, crisper apples,
clouds heavy with rain and smiles full of greater care.

Delilah Miller

Content

A smile on a glowing face.
How many people have felt content
and never said a word out loud?
How many of us tell the world our malcontent
and in 'doing our duty' felt proud?

Tell people how happy they make you!
What if we had contentment cards?
Get rid of complaint numbers and lines.
Do you always fill out a complaint card?
Contentment is a string of pearls, waiting to reveal it's shine

Delilah Miller

Crazy Me On A Bus Ride

Do they exist?

Because I didn't exist to them until I stepped on the bus.

I won't exist after I step off;

I'll be a short image

they might have not even noticed or acknowledged.

I feel like

I can't touch people;

we're in a small space

and everyone seems universes away.

Just flashes or pictures of people

that maybe happen,

far from this trolley stop and this city.

We don't want to be moved

but this trolley moves us.

We don't want to be touched

but the seats are filled and we're bumping each other.

I didn't want to go

but I got on,

sat down,

stared out the window

and watched the moving picture show.

Green backpack,

black bow hats,

blue jeans,

a tired pink sweater

are blending together

on this unstable, over-used melting pot

And I don't want to be in cold gunk,

the human race.

I want to be scooped up and gulped down

by a higher being,

delighted and privileged

to be in a godly stomach.

Delilah Miller

Creative Writing: I Am Poem

In every purse I've got,
it's always the same tube of lip-gloss.
It's the Cherry lip-gloss that's colorless, shiny.
Doesn't matter to me,
if people want to call it
bold,
cheap,
lazy,
pretty,
free.

Hey, that's me.
An intimidating tube-full of confidence and gloss.
Chivalry died and made me the boss.
But I'm just another Baby doll.

Made in America.
Made of
bold, rosy cheeks,
Cheap glass eyes,
lazy pink fingertips
pretty bright hair,
and an unhappy pout on these little lips
because I'm free to say nothing at all.

Because if you really looked in that purse
that I carry around like 'the curse'
if you tried this lipstick on you,
you still wouldn't believe the damage I can do.
You wouldn't believe
I've worn a black dress.
And you couldn't love me
if you could see that I'm just a mess.

Delilah Miller

Crossing With My Eyes Closed

Something bubbles up in me,
when some poem,
with too much accuracy
paints too clear a portrait.
Laugh because I am echoing my reflection,
in the black and white austerity
of some flat, breathless book.
With a little distance the image is too cloudy,
but when Kinnell spoke so freely
in 'Rapture'
and her stoic face when she's overwhelmed,
so wonderfully moved and he spoke of me...
Or just so closely,
that I felt safe in such a blessing.
I crossed the street with my eyes closed,
like I was daring anyone,
to take such rarity, a muse,
from her loneliness in the bright sun.

Delilah Miller

Decided To Be A Poet

We are poets.

We are going to tell each other how to live?

Waking up each morning,

How many remember how to truly give?

We are young poets.

Blinking and shielding shock from new light

Youth is a burden, a silencer on a pistol;

How many will open my eyes if they are shut too tight?

We are trusting poets.

Innocence is certainty and a content smile.

If we are frowning at swallowing media's new information,

Others grin their wide grin and call Concern a child.

We are political poets.

How can someone be on one side or another?

Reading and watching two sides of a clipped story,

How can it be one side takes a different lesson than the other?

We are defeated poets.

We have given in to the Tao.

Your action only harms and enjoys.

All your work ethic and overtime desires desecrate the 'now'.

Delilah Miller

Do I Sound Feminist?

'Leave the pretty women to men without imagination.' -Proust

Silly men, drunk, staring at my...
They don't know I want to be alone.
I'm going to be alone,
forever and forever
because men can be so...

Nothing to help you from fires of hell.
There are no heroes in eternal torment.
I'd wish deep pain
upon those who look at me like already his...

People can be
So wasteful, to use time on me.
So greedy,
to lock up, shut down, shop around.
So helpless,
when they're alone, and they can only stare,

Delilah Miller

Don'T Say Goddess If You'Re Not Ready

Just goes to show you can't be open with anyone.

The second you are...

He is convinced you are already won.

If you think I'm so pretty, if I'm such a goddess...

Treat me like one.

Did anyone who wasn't divine ever touch Aphrodite, beauty at it's best?

No.

What happened to the man who witnessed Artemis bathing and hungered after her caress?

He was turned into a deer and was killed by his own hunting dogs.

Who was the one man that Athena fell in love with, for all her pride and finesse?

He was a demi-god who was the greatest hunter among humans.

And he was blinded, I think, and turned into a constellation that shined above the bear, but a little less.

Just goes to show there never something for nothing.

If, in all seriousness, I'm a prize to you, win it!

Because only Cupid, and Apollo, Poseidon and Zeus had that limitless lust, only an appreciation for beauty and zeal,

leading to affairs with nymphs, and girls, and women and goats.

Surely they gazed at their wives and lovers with equal fire.

But you'll never find a scintillating goddess without a test.

Delilah Miller

Erin's Idea Of Me

If you read this, and find it's not my usual style, you're correct. This is a poem my best friend wrote about me and I liked the odd quirks and pretty imagery she used. Of course, I'm biased. Anyway, I played with her lines and broke them up to give them a different feel. Let me know what you think and I'll let her know!

How can I tell you and make you
believe that the curve of your
hip and the plateau of your
backside is no less than
those Botticelli transcribed?

How can I tell you and make
you believe that that
slightly arched eyebrow
and ever pondering eye
trying to find meaning
in a hopeless epic is no
less than beautiful?

How can I tell you and make
you believe the fact that
your laugh, at once
light-hearted and ever
well-intentioned is the
soundtrack of your
audible heart?

Delilah Miller

Eventually, Always Is

It's not too 'poetic' but it's what I was thinking in my head and as much as some sanctimonious, impractical writers would pretend, I don't think in poems

Teeth pull the words back;
I've just bit my tongue!
That means I'm using a measure of tact.
A minute ago, I KNEW had you, stutter and sigh;
we were edging around fun.
And I was thinking, wow,
Won't you be mine?
And now,
your hand is warm, calloused fact.
Such an unpredictable, calm guy.
Eventually I'll be all yours.

Delilah Miller

Everybody, There's One Symbol

Oh, sweetheart,
don't you ever worry about me.
Heaven is just a
giant puzzle piece;
all these centuries
and I finally see
love is an electric candle.
Thanks to Neruda,
I'm going to put my poem in a jar or
give it a handle.

I am Lazarus, reborn on notebook paper;
tell the virgin the whore doesn't hate her.

Let there be God, the One,
or I'm someone's One?
Altars break as easily as people do,
so what is the messenger?
Take away this goddamn gavel!
I listen to Rumi, Faulkner, Whitman,
Jack Kerouac mumbles, never stands
and Allen Ginsberg howls,
while I play Tchaikovsky or Chopin
because the past must go on...

So go tell the whore that the virgin will no longer hate her;
I'll write her names out on the paper.

Do you hear the trumpet?
Or is it Poe's mad bells,
ringing in the cathedral of Hell?
I'm laughing because
there's only one symbol;
fire,
it's either on or off.
Don't make her wait
because you won't see her at the pearly gates.
It's only the throat that matters...

Another generation, another pen and sheet of paper.
Everyone is the same person, so I won't hate her...

Delilah Miller

Feels As Real As It Should

A tap

a pinch, a poke,

a caress..

It's all the same and it has ceased to do very much.

Feels just like it should.

Maybe I'm out of touch

Out of range and

disadvantaged of having the best.

I'm here to taste that first apple; are you sweet or tart, smooth or rough?

Feels just like you said it would.

I want to get experience, Addiction's candy.

I'm coming unarmed, sugar or spice.

I love when you shut up and it's us and the sounds of Life

burning up and soaring to, it is reckless climax

We beg for that feeling, hoping we'd feel good if we could.

Delilah Miller

Fin

To explain the last line, fin is french for end.

I want out.
Feeling sad all the time.
Struggling to seem fine.
Praying so hard for a sign.
Desperation taking over my mind.
I want out of it, away from you.
I can't handle the exceptions and the doubts.

But I'll stay in.
There's wind and cold out there.
And the world gets more and more unfair.
I am in till the very bitter fin.

Delilah Miller

First Shower Home

The first shower home, you are

Falling away from me like coin slipping into a gutter.

The soapy bubbles of your quick-pop! -kisses slide down

my legs, toes, the dark drain and pop-pop drown.

Cheap candy-pink shampoo conquers my hair;

the oils of your soft fingers scurry away;

water elopes with the breath on my ears left by your gasps and mutters

Your fingers dive into the tub, to stick instead to there.

Washing away you, the first shower leaves traces

that nod and depart with the next deluge of soap.

Walk back to the water you wash in, you came from, drink life from.

I am water, but not the Well, and to the shower we must both come.

Delilah Miller

Fishing

Just another one
whom I can't trust.
Another one of God's sons
who can't stop making a fuss.

He'll smile and joke
when I frown and cry.
He'll shovel out advice till he's broke
but say what you want, truth or lie.

He'll point out your perfection
and flatly deny your flaws.
He'll be shocked at your rejection;
he was, secretly, the be-all-end-all.

He's really very nice to befriend
but he's just another desperate, unhappy fish in the sea
Under all that water, how could he really listen?
How can you ever stop fishing?

Delilah Miller

Girl Half Full

I didn't need Bob's judgemental eyes
And I told him so.
Because I was in between grief,
self control,
anger and other abstract words.
I could tell he really knows
that I'm ready to cry at the dropp of a leaf,
because they're the same color as Mike's crazy ties.

Let's talk about it, let's lighten your soul.
Let's not, I just want to hear holy words.
What, you've never ached before?
I told Bob to stop with the knowing sighs,
because I know he's grieved before, perhaps even more.
I can't fight the tears anymore;
I told Bob I never felt so empty; he told me I'm a glass half full.

During my dead boyfriend's funeral, I know
Bob, the funeral director, would drink me if he could.
I say it quietly, something dry and tart.
And Bob touches my waist and I feel, instead of decency,
Bob's breath, hot as hell,
on my cheek as he remarks
that my dead boyfriend would've said so.
But then again, I loved Mike's judgemental eyes
because I always looked, especially in black, so damn good.

Delilah Miller

God The Silkworm

Since it is all relative...
The universe is silk,
woven with threads of light.
Cosmic silk worms twist in cocoons,
spinning strings of energy
that reverberate into the darkness,
each strand wiggling to the first violin's tune.

The strings stretch into the black abysses
we have not yet photographed, touched.
They are woven into tight balls, planets and stars, all in the dark.
Only the ancient methodology is working to spin
The small strings into elements,
the smaller strings into atoms
smallest strings into electrons,
then quarks.

Stars draw the fabric into a seam,
and pin the pieces of cosmos together.
Each celestial body placed like a piece in chess.

The planets sink into the soft black,
creating waves and orbits to spin upon,
we call the folds gravity and string theory lines up the cosmic mess.

But I think God must be a giant silkworm,
who spins the threads of energy
and He is the voice that whisper light into being
as the galaxies are forever forming,
to quench our thirst for new frontiers.
The planets' dye seeps from colors in His palms.
And He must be the tailor who sew the universe;
He is the violinist playing a new melody to each string to float on
and rolls us around the sun as the stars call us into seeing.

Delilah Miller

Goodnight You

Goodnight, you.
I'll see you in the moonlight.

I'll wink at your star
If you dream about mine.
I'll joke about the distance, how far,
If you're looking for me, but not looking behind.

Well you're up so high
And I'm not too tall
Without those heels I've always wanted to buy
But I've put it off; I know how much you don't like the mall.

Goodnight, you.
Can we say goodbye without saying we're through?

It is the goodnight you
I always get, daily and nightly
I toss and turn, and for who?
I see you in the sky, and you're traveling rightly

So goodnight you.
I'll see you in the moonlight.
I can't look for the day's bite

Delilah Miller

Grande Amor

O Grande Amor,
take me somewhere beautiful.
Wrap me in rocking rhythms and breathy low notes,
and speak to me,
in a pretty language I don't understand.

Play your piano hands into places where my heart is sore;
let maracas whisper into my ear, rustling my soul.
Wrap me in the voice that warms like layers of coats,
and kiss gently
with lips that appreciate golden skin like no other man.

Delilah Miller

Group Subconscious

Thousands of voices,
in the unlit part of the city,
called out
to foretell the empty choices
left to green monsters,
blue veins and arteries,
grey eyes full of dust and burs,
and oily red lips, no longer in a pout.

Someone paint glow-in-the-dark,
all across my desperate chest;
No, I didn't understand
the buildings falling apart,
gunshots self inflicted then hidden away,
cracked asphalt,
watching the stoplights crash down where they may.
It was too painful to put out my shivering hand!

Yes! I waited in the shadows,
rubbing my aches,
to plan a first victory
or let the clouds kiss my nose.
I wasn't going to be a monster,
but mystery led to a huge beast, Doubt.
I won't remember how the church song goes.
All I've waited for so honestly patiently,
is that SOMEONE
just stop the hurried decay surrounding me.

Delilah Miller

Happy Enough To Never Write Again

It almost breaks my heart!
I could break my own heart
with the swelling joy.
Today, I convinced myself
I have never truly
fallen in love,
at least with anybody else.

And now that I never felt love,
I can stop writing about it.
I can stop writing.
So I'll try not to write anymore, ever again.
Because I wasn't any good
or didn't ever like it?
Because I never fell in love with the pen.

Delilah Miller

Harvest The Clouds

The clouds are pulling at the corners.
My perfect blue sky,
(pinned in place with
barbed comments,
hot tears,
half-burnt bridges
and a fine-tuned defense)
clouding over like a crowded dance floor.
Bloated, jittery hormones
and fog machines
are working over my blue tones.

I want instead to harvest the clouds,
peel them and pour the bright frothy juice
into your proud, pink throat.
These clouds, planted and pruned
by your nervous hands,
hang like honeysuckle,
under which other flowers are doomed.
So I choose to speak now,
over-dramatic and aberrant,
because, after all,
can't words keep away a few clouds?

Delilah Miller

Have My Doubts

You are not going to charm me.
I am free.
I am pretty.
I am crafty.
I won't be enchanted by anybody.

You do not enthrall me.
I am exciting.
I am picky.
I am entertaining.
I won't be swallowed up by physical trickery.

You do not reach me.
I am petty.
I am judging.
I am addicting.
I won't be shown any differently.

So take your guilt trips and hinting
And get the hell out.
Because I have my doubts,
and they're really all about me.

Delilah Miller

Having To React

Let's be honest.
And I mean honest,
the kind you choke when saying
but you say it,
maybe even shout it;
there's a whoosh sound,
a cold feeling
that runs through your limbs
and you feel the word 'bright'
like you've spat orange paint on a pink purple sunset.

Let's be two-colored-checkered honest
like you've cleared the chess pieces
right off your opponent's face.
Honestly, I've written to write you off,
or cover it up,
and there's a game we've played
to see who survives longest
by keeping his or her mouth shut.

Forgive me,
or don't,
if I want to see the way you look at me
when you look at me like you've swallowed
something you shouldn't have.
One night, you did, so I wrapped your hand
slowly in mine.
Your face disappeared!
Your eyes actually looked trustworthy
and decisive.

But you're not; I'm just fixated
and the toothpaste is foaming out of your mouth
like past and future lies coated on your tongue.
I'm just stunned
(maybe it's meant to distract)
by all the ways you find
to keep from having to react.

Delilah Miller

He Lets Me Call Him Jim

I've got no other reason to love him,
other than...

He
lets
me!

Always, and signs his notes Jim,
the only straight writing
out of the whole wayward page.

He puts on jazz,
laughing like it rains,
and lets me dance and hold out my hand.
The times he takes it,
the extra thirty -six years of his life
sniff their worthlessness,
and walk out the door
envying me, growling at me and him;
he is seventeen
all
over
again.
And I,
I am an eternal surprise to Jim.
My skin is still tight,
but I won't say silly things
and I'll ask him
to borrow just one more book...
And he rewards me
with that cascading laugh,
when I catch pure Jim
sneaking a look.

Delilah Miller

Heart Of Hearts

I need to write.
I think I want to write.
I hurt my knee tonight
and the blood leaked out, red.
It was dark like pomegranate or apple,
the forbidden fruit.
Blood must be the color of sin
and the color stuck in my head.
It flows in my head;
in my heart of heart it flows, the red pumps in.

I wonder whose seen such red.
Red showered across battlefields.
Those shed too much red are dead,
some red on their own hands or walls.
Too much sin and you're out,
a lifetime of strikes.
The game I thought about,
the 'necessary evil' of war and torture,
How communal is the red sin
that even my heart of hearts pumps red in.

And out.
The red flows out.
My blood is a whisper from a shout
and the red turns blue fast.
Blue is the sea, and what it means to me
is calm but changing; whose changing?
Red goes in and out
And I thought about,
when you 'can't have the good without the bad'
If the world worked like it should,
we'd know it was good.

Like your taste buds know sweet without sour.
I'm full of red and
I need it to live.
But it will not change
Unless I put the bandage on, if I have the power,

change a bleeding world, to stop this sin
that's swirling in me, pouring out.
Red comes, hear it shout,
as my heart of hearts pumps red sin back in.

Delilah Miller

He's Just Too Cool

You're way too cool for me.

It's the way you're better dressed than me in a loose AF tee
and aviator shades, flashing like your smile,
that gets me so hot and itchy.

It's way you never work
too hard for what you want,
but instead kick back like such a jerk.

It's the way you drive so fast,
and laugh at the swerving cars behind
that makes me jealous of the cars you do past.

You're way too cool for me.
I believe it, if you don't.

It's the way you never talk politics or poetry
and tell me I'm too old for my age
instead you hide your intelligence so I don't take you seriously.

It's the way you kiss my cheek too much
and tell me you don't miss me
that gets my panties in a bunch.

It's the way you let me play hard to get,
while you lie about all the others you have,
that gets me secretly in a fit.

You're way too cool for me.

And I wish you could be stopped or proven wrong
every time you convince me that you want me
and when you take me somewhere to flaunt me
but you're so cool, and you and I together just belong.

Delilah Miller

Home Plate, Unsure Of The Order Of The Bases

This is a moment
I've dug out of you.
Shining blue,
the shade of pale neon
of whitened teeth,
your eyes are naturally...
Brown.
It doesn't matter to me.

Your skin reflects all the bracelets
I'm jingling with,
sounding an insane gypsy dance.
My family learned the steps before gold jewelry,
and somehow kept it around.
Ancestors, I'm grateful,
if only for this man's twisted grin
on his carmine lips;
the challenge settles down
and festers.

So many times, sitting across your lap,
I've struck at you,
with similar eyes turned blue,
a pick axe jabbing
into a sunny California river stone.
This moment has a gem to offer me,
My breathy tone hits again;
I only have one more step,
one more dig,
my pink lips to your carmine.

But I'm so far away from home,
where I struck gold
with random facts,
closed-mouth smiles
and my photographic memory.
With all this history sitting on your lap,
you manage to say,
'I hate the sound of bangles.'

The delivery was accompanied by
a glorious sneer.
My sigh was the sound of hundreds of years
stretching and failing.

Delilah Miller

Honey Love

All this
honey love,
feeling honey sweet
among
my fingers and toes,
chin and nose.
All this honey love,
dripping from between.
from under and below and above,
that is so golden and sticky.
You and Me,
We're those mysteriously close bees.
Our bodies too sticky to leave
this making a comb of honey.

Just the word
and I'm shining like that topaz drink.
And my body glows golden,
and the spicy thickness is to be heard
For sure.
Do you taste too? I wonder as I further sink.
I won't sting you if it's love you send.
The honey sweet,
amber reflection in a jar of honey
that you gave,
as a love treat,
that shimmering honey jar love
you made for me.

Delilah Miller

Hopeful

So this is my first free write of my Creative Writing class. And I know it's crazy verse that doesn't make sense; it was originally just straight prose that I cut up. But the feeling was like furiously writing down a poem and having it make perfect sense. I like it, so here it is:

Hopeful for everything I've ever wanted.
Hopeful that vulnerability will stay away.
Will it be long enough to write what I want to say?

Hope is there above fear,
above noncompliance,
above insecurity, and blazing through competition and defiance.

My heart is going to shatter
with all this hope that I'm drinking from her voice.
Always I've been a pessimist with an optimistic soul.
Let it go!
Let me out!
Let it shine!

Because hope is a deep brilliance that no can see;
I wanted to keep it a secret, but I can't.

This must be the joy that Neruda felt
when he saw his socks, or salt or books and penned his odes.
This is the joy that Lazarus felt
when he opened his eyes again to sunshine and a friend's face.
This is the hope in re-birth.
Good karma will come back to me in rich love.

I am brimming full of hopeful.
I'll wake up to bright, dormant Hope sleeping next to me.
I'll wrap myself in its blanket, warm and secure.

Delilah Miller

Hype

Your love is hype.

Your life is hype.

You like to say the honest thing

but you're a sunken cost.

Cost is what I need to be cutting;

Consider yourself no longer my type.

Delilah Miller

I Can Stand Where You Stand

We do not need each other
but the only place I can stand to be,
is anywhere with you at my side
every night and most days.

While we go through your life,
(so planned and so stable)
hold me in the palm of your hand,
(your rich and warm hand that's so able)
so at cross-ways, on freeways and for always
I can stand where you stand.

Delilah Miller

I Let Me Get In Your Way

I let my distaste of you get in the way.
Knowing I could get more flies with honey,
I still let vinegar linger in whatever I say.

I let my affection for you get in the way.
Knowing better than to compromise or settle
I still do not ever hold out for a better pay.

I let my frustration at you get in the way.
Knowing you search for spotlight,
I still allow anger, giving that over-sized lamp the chance to stay.

I let distrust of you get in the way.
Knowing you'd hold Atlas's load in my name,
I still rush to get tomorrow's work done today.

I let me get in your way.
I knew who you were the second I heard you speak.
And I still let my contradictions dictate my moral decay

Delilah Miller

I Woke Up In Your Doorway

I woke up in your doorway,
south of angry
east of nothing to say
west of running wildly
north of another day.

It use to be okay,
just between you and me,
that I never got my way,
or that I took your spoonful of hypocrisy,
and you kept me distant, your love at bay.

But I woke up on the dirty doorway,
with a city's footprints on me,
without even an amount I could pay.
You shut your windows, a ruler with a decree.
And I got my lesson handed to me on a tarnished, used-up silver tray.

Delilah Miller

Ideas Of Fashion And Love

An original Chanel dress
says 'I never have to be me.'
With waves or a bob in her hair,
a girl can say 'Life is perfectly fair.'
White or folding gold, flirty
with high shoulders and plunging neckline,
it says 'I'm impervious to time.'

So I tried on you,
your white skin and gold waves.
I thought, 'Gosh, the money I'll save.'
And time did roll out at my feet,
until everything was perfectly equal.
The insistent pulsing of your heartbeat
said ' There's no need for sequel.'

I forgot that with the utmost tenderness,
you can outgrow any dress
of any cut or any designer.
No matter how slimming you are,
or how you bring my eyes out,
you never stopped being so far.
As if I fell in love with clothes or a purse,
your skin was a slight grade finer.
You were never more than an object,
shedded easily and casting unintentional shadows of doubt
on my ideas of fashion and love.

Delilah Miller

I'LI Allow It

'Je suis fou au sujet de vos lèvres.'

I knew we'd be together one day.
Say whatever you want,
you really can't hurt me.
while you love me, I just don't mind
who you need to be in order to stay.

Not at all, I don't mind.
This house will travel,
will you chose to wander.
When it comes to your side,
I'm as close as you need, every time.

I'm writing only at night.
My day is yours so I stay in the other room;
I don't want to wake you,
because your breath is perfectly steady,
to make my lungs keep working right.

You know I just don't care.
Think of my rosy lips
as the red carpet;
step where you like,
they remain for you, as long as you're there.

Delilah Miller

Immaturity Keeps You From Me

When the past is done,
and the ink from a stamped hand is scrubbed off;
the stench of new toys and taste of cotton candy is no longer fun,
Would I catch your glance?
Because shorter lines,
with no time to think and no way to truly decide,
makes for such a smaller mind!
And you still won't take your eyes off paper...

When you can no longer chew your lip,
your nails have lost all length and luster,
and Life offers you her cup, begs you to have a sip,
Perhaps it'll be too late to save her.

Delilah Miller

In Your Dad's Spanglish

Tuck my waist under some dark, steady hand
because so far tonight isn't enough.
You're sloppy drunk again,
speaking
in your dad's Spanglish,
smoking
some clove cigarettes,
lingeringly, like an old man.
and calling me
by different names of your old neighborhood friends.

When he leads, I'm certain to understand
because he lets me close enough.
You get further into every cup,
compelling
me to step out of the chaos;
you're slumping
and whispering
the lyrics to "Ran Can Can".
I stop dancing and wonder
if you can forget Cuba, and recall how to stand up.

Delilah Miller

Independence Is Weightless

Independence.

Dance!

Because it is a command.

Because truth happens, without anyone telling.

Dignity is placed with chance.

But not today.

Grand and golden, rich with day!

Oh reaching is easy when you're weightless.

With so much opportunity, freedom...An elephant could float away.

Delilah Miller

Infidelity Is A Tilting Fun House

It gets late, like it is,
it gets darker, but colors get brighter
and I do too.
It's when the phone call comes,
after he returns me home,
squeezing my arm to say
'Remember, I didn't kiss you;
I remember you and his all-nighters.'

I will remember,
when I'm halfway out of my window
floating towards a reviving engine.
The door opens
and the click of it
is like the light switch flicking on,
my eyes weak and my head spins.

He'll watch my hips settle in the seat,
my neck tilt as I tuck back my hair,
my arms as they come together.
No model of adoration,
just a set of eyes in the dark.
The car closes in,
a fun house twirling and jilting forever.

That is when I'll remember,
the hazy porch and how he didn't kiss me.
His fingers tapped against the wheel,
spiders impatient at the web I've woven.
Only a little lean towards my seat
and I'll know he's waited;
My warm waxy lips deserve his mouth's unique seal.
A little moonlight, and we don't regret the lips we've chosen.

Delilah Miller

Kids Who Write

Take seriously all these kids who write,
classified ' with the 'Crazy dreamers'
soaking up perception, tasting fresh new fights.
You had to remember
What's a boundary to a wondering schemer?
After all, put the words there
and follows an itch to string them into insight.
And, I got to laugh and listen with a stare
assenting with the opinion and the wisdom
of those who have 'lived' and survived the generations' plight.

Because my youth is recognizable
And my intelligence is manageable (education is an adding sum) .
But poetry...
why would it be any less than yours?
Because as the years pass, you learn different lessons
in simpler times.
And I may keep my passion and capricious nature.
You listened when the world chimed,
told you to cool off, that the colors should be a blur.

As for me,
I'm young.
I want to be passionate; I will stay bold
I want brightness that can be seen.
And in my words, a unbiased smile your mouth can't help but hold.
Keep the 'you' in young,
it's there for a reason.
Why should you patronize and condescend?
Keep your training wheels on, you'll need them in any season.

Delilah Miller

Kiss The Mirror

You have nothing,
so you chew, over and over, your identity.
Your lips are covered in ink
from licking your poetry.
No one has got THAT kind of integrity.
You kiss the mirror;

You love the hype
and your tongue is raw
and you think
the sky is purple and floating tall
because, bottom line here:
you wrote
clouds
to be
like
that.

Delilah Miller

Know What You'Re Doing

Your eyes

get stuck on my hands,
every few minutes, and there they lie
to linger as long as they can.

Your knees

move a little farther apart.
as you jiggle and swing your keys,
to give you an idea on how to start.

You get comfortable and so do I.

You don't know what you're doing yet.

And neither do I, without a smile on which to rely.

Our sanity is fine; it's self-control that is we haven't kept.

We're so ungrounded and shaky,
the wind will snatch us up any minute.

I guess this the hurricane of spontaneity;

You're sincere so I can't see any wrong in it.

Then suddenly, I know your next move and the plan,
before you even know yourself.

Gently and without insinuation, you are taking my hand

And deciding to comfort me because for me, there is no one else.

Delilah Miller

Life Is The Longest

The newest excuse,
'Life is just too short.'
When the fact is, life has never been longer.
Because we find a new way to stretch and contort
the appearance of life.
What has anyone done that is longer than life?
Who has done more than live and die?

Delilah Miller

Lost Can Mend?

After it's all over,
and I have lost;
did not end up with the item I treasured
or the boy I wanted the most,
My life goes on.
Doesn't it?
I hear the birds and I wake to their songs?
Don't I?
And people are anywhere I walk along.
Aren't they?
Did I hurt my chances?
Wasn't it the end?
Did I miss his comment, or the not-so-subtle glances?
Or could it be that lost can mend?

Delilah Miller

Love Lessons Learned In Chemistry

Chemistry class, block two
consists of electrons, Mendeleev's table and a few beakers.
The room is surrounded, right across the hall
are the religion class and the student speakers.

Had a lab today, looking at the relationship of reactants to products,
composed with magnesium chloride and sodium hydroxide.
A girl picked up a flask, that over the years
from multiple reactions, accumulated hairline fissures it hides.

The glass look polished and conclusive;
it's painted numbers visible, precise and sane in measuring matter.
Wouldn't have a second thought to grab such necessary item and squeeze.
but I swear you brush my lips, and I know I'll shatter.

Because the surface is unforeseeable!
It's as simple as my temper, quietly fiery glass
on a cool, stoical surface like your composure, will snap and burst.
Oh, ironic is fragility in me discovered in chemistry class...

And perhaps we all go through life,
Steady for storming and precipitating and reacting.
and we settle down to use, to being someone's husband or wife....
Until a hint of pressure causes a burst, and sends us, brokenly, packing

Delilah Miller

Love Might Just Be A Photograph

We're some sort of photo shoot:
you hungrily clicking away,
me testing a thousand different poses,
swirls and blending dabs of chaos,
as a background.
The flash is wearing me down.

Rarely, I'm allowed to see
the only pictures you've formed of me
when you sigh at my insecurity
and talk dirty.
Your great vision is a shot of me
where I'm black-and-white;
seems the details are no longer important.

Getting ready in dawn's light,
I saw that my lipstick is dwindling.
I think I've done a lot,
for you.
It's eating up what I've got,
and you're already worn out.
I've heard love survives,
but in photos more than in reality.

Delilah Miller

Love Of 2 Novas

Implode, sizzle, then simmer.
Oh, how I wish
this was a game for both saint and sinners.
Off balanced, shaking, then slip.
If only the night I shined
had come with a shinier tip.
Clamor, sobs, then simpers.
The noise and the acapella
that lingers still sounds, growing all the dimmer.
Two countries abhor to overlap and adore to float.
Who let one lamp's puddle mix with another?
Two stars are never too close.
Like us, pearly smiles flashing at each other,
One will always burst with power, while the other devastates its shimmer.

Delilah Miller

Lying To Your Best Choice?

I know when you're lying.
Because blunt weight hits my chest,
I hate you, even if you hate to see me crying,
for throwing me another ball to juggle for you,
not hearing my voice, weary with unrest!

I always know when you're lying.
Because your eyes never linger east or west,
I hate you for your dissapointed sighing,
telling me denials I don't want to hear anymore,
promising this is the last test.

I know how you love lying.
Because you think you are protecting those wounds, still so fresh
I hate you letting me catch you trying,
refusing to be close to a flame that only warms you.
and the girl who understands you best.

Delilah Miller

Math For The Real World

Eighty times seeing the world
Times fifty times fighting
equals the same person,
folded in
Four thousand different outfits, houses, bodies
(four thousand times three then) .
Thirty wait for a smile that is inviting
and for seventy of your hundred attributes,
people leave you in a cruel, lazy swirl.

And yet, the outliers shoot from the mean.
with a rising confidence level
equal the same person,
ninety-eight, ninety-five, ninety in
all abundance of teaspoon lives.
It's not so rare to cling to pillows and revel
in math of millions of wall colors,
inbetween the fifty times falling back into love and dreams.

Delilah Miller

Miles And Miles And Miles

This is the last of our nights.
On of the last nights you'll ever ruin.
You've seen that I was never too far.
The closer you came,
I wanted always the same,
always wanted miles,
and miles and miles
and miles
away from your bedroom bar
and the words 'a man's rights'

You made me into a war zone.
Now, my head is up while I am
Still grabbing friends' hands
and still sacred of losing,
I am choosing.
Dead in my soul, you're a weight to bear
across the miles, miles
and miles and miles.
In many different places I will stand,
your voice is only an echo; I will be free, alone.

Delilah Miller

'Moods Erase Me'

I hear your crying,
raining drops on my mind.
Surprisingly,
when I walk out this time,
laughing at you stuck above
it feels like love...

My mouth moves,
without meaning
so I hurt you;
I couldn't mean it.

Your palms carved out a space,
just for my cold hand.
My big scarf,
when words shift like sand.
My tongue wants to offer a dove
because it feels like love...

Delilah Miller

My Best For You

I dream of your world.
It's that one big oyster where you're the pearl.

It's a world of unwritten regulations.
Loopholes exist so as not suffer from temptation.

Pain comes only when called, but not if it can.
And your needs, people exponentially understand.

Charm is the new love and everyone gives in.
Diversity is only language; psychical looks are thrown into the garbage bins.

Jealousy and pride need not be swallowed or recanted.
The real sins are infidelity and the inability to be enchanted.

I fantasize about tearing it apart with my teeth and hands,
Of showing you a real human, a real woman and man.

I'd shred your dreams
Because their glow is a sick and annoying scene.

A warning light would go off in your mind
And you'd realize that souls aren't easy to bind.

But in the end, I listen to your calls during late nights:
You claim you're on my mind and you're right.

Controlling my anger might be the best I can do
but I can be my best with you.

Delilah Miller

My Own Skin Reabsorbed

Some people are just eager to be alone
with photographs,
or empty houses,
or the roving tires on the car.
There's no anchor in me;
every honest face that meets my eyes,
I could leave behind.
In the safe places I've staid,
faces like those broke;
ice and winds hushed away everything
until I wandered unaffected in crumbling hallways.

Please don't call out for me to wait.
When I hear that,
the skin on my feet melts,
folds itself up in a dresser.
Nothing calls me away,
and I'm too tired of the concept of fate;
Destiny is wanting to feel completeness,
my own skin reabsorbed.
If I only feel that, so far, in a quiet room
perhaps it is solitude that is eager for me to stay.

Delilah Miller

My Sisters And Me

Red is for our monthly blood,
never respected.

Purple is for our majesty,
as queens of mystery.

That's why
a big red and purple tent
is where we'd come to be,
the women of the world
and me.

We'd pat each other's thighs
just to say 'How good these came to be.'
Enjoy your fertility, the old would say;
We'd nibble on sweet pomegranate,
my sisters and me.

Mothers or barren woman,
I'd touch their stomachs quietly
reminding each of their incredible power,
belonging only to women, to me.

If we happened to bleed,
we'd sing a high, clear song harmoniously,
to celebrate the cleanliness of our bodies,
a promise to my sisters and me.

But that tent was long and far ago,
before virginity overruled mystery,
before we were valued by our silence,
as brides are sold even now.
So every night I send up a cry
for the women,
my sisters
and me.

Delilah Miller

My White Skirt

'Through our own recovered innocence we discern the innocence of our neighbors.'

-Henry David Thoreau

See this white skirt?

I won't worry

as long as this skirt

swishes at my smooth knees,

rippling and laughing,

like a bright and silent flirt.

You're going to cut your pinkie,

as always,

you're never alert.

I won't think of consequences, piling up,
dirtying me like mud caking.

Treat me like a princess,

or like a sheet set,

but my life is a big mess

and you don't have a big enough net

for me

to believe

you won't leave me hanging, forsaken.

Your calloused fingers slide down the chords.

The guitar, then our lips, a final squeeze.

You sweat and quake;

I hold you at the end of an invisible sword.

But the room is rearranging,

but I'm not hoping.

Not yet.

I am

shaken,

not ready to be forsaken.

The next step means either hating you or faking.

That bleeding finger

spouts on my skirt. then skin

and it's dark red like sin!
I'm still shaking,
this was just a daydream I was remaking
and I'm shaken
unwilling to be swept off, to be taken.
It makes me shiver cold,
and I want to put up a hand,
end the nightmare,
or put you on ice, on hold,
instead of hearing an echo of a heart breaking...

Delilah Miller

My Wrist Is Watery And Blue

The thin skin
of my wrist and palm
looks like silk,
a layer or two.
It's only silk, or sheer cotton
wrapped over pulsing
veins and muscle tissue.

Sometimes, he kisses my wrist,
noticing the blue etching,
the smooth raised lines
and the frailty it points to.

Tracing the contours,
the watery, fragility of my skin
I run it down his dark, tight arm.
He tucks me into his chest,
assuring me of his true penchant.
I forgive him.
With skin like this,
he could doubt my strength and virtue.
This skin, the control of it,
had made him as weak and indifferent
as when my wrist moves with his.

Delilah Miller

No Charm, Please

See this palm here?
You love me,
it says right here,
in the flesh and bone writing of your hand.

A thousand dancing gypsies
and the angelic rivers
quiver with life.
All in this palm.
All because the lines so readable
and I like the marble veining in your palm.

And me?
This hand appreciates all your smiles.
These legs adore your quick, wide steps.
This waist will melt for only your arms.

Don't say my name and I won't say
your name.
Your palm
is a palace of round red tiles,
smelling of leather,
the soft kind that is so pliable it has no charm.

Charm is honey,
sweet for the mind.
This is a good hand,
a good arm,
nice and wide lap,
unattached to and uncaring for
that brain, full of a thousand point A's and lines.

Delilah Miller

No More Suicidal Poetry!

I am mortal and I have no ties to the immortal...
But as mortal,
I breath in death
at busy sidewalks,
smoky alleys
and speeding elevators.
So let me speak for death
because it and I are close.
I am endless in death, and death strengths in me.

So let me speak for it.
(we whisper to each other,
watching the television news)
Death swelled up its chest,
proud in its ancient hands,
and like death always says, said
'You are pretentious and empty! '

Angry, I accused death of jealousy and greed.
Death nodded to the familiar argument
(I think its knows our hearts by now) .
'I do not take anyone who does not have to die.'
stated Death, calmly.
Then it asked,
did I wanted to embrace it, kiss it?
I smiled as if it was my suitor.
'Why, at times, Death.'

The coffee spoon swirled around the cup,
once, then twice.
I reminded him 'At times'
(death is around less and less lately) .
Death smiled with victorious teeth,
'Then you are pretentious, thinking I am punishment.
Your brain functions for you to live!
And yet, it punishes you, saying I'd be better.
I don't come until I am called.'
My smile shattered; he was right!

I'm not going to relate it all,
because it was lengthy hours
death and I spent murmuring over coffee.
We laughed at suicidal poems
because humans don't know how live.
But I will tell you one thing.
Death set his forehead against mine
and spoke into my eyes.
It didn't blink as it explained
'I was molded in a blue, gold, red abyss.
And creation told me my purpose.
I am here so humans live, live deeply.
But you don't!
You paint me black, waiting for me.
Or I am covered in green grass.'

Then it promised to come someday
only when it could no longer live without me.
Only a nod could I manage,
remembering loved ones it had romanced.
But it grinned and looked away
and I knew it didn't want me
as much as I had wanted it once.

Delilah Miller

No Sense Of Proportion

My art teacher skirts around me,
makes a Jimi Hendrix joke
and keeps his eyes down.

The paintings of red women,
he doesn't get.

The sketches of thin gray legs
above bulbous purple bodies,
he doesn't like.

My art teacher repeats himself,
makes the same jokes,
perhaps painting the same canvases.

He thinks I love drawing
because I'm devoted to distortion.

I paint what I see.

Truth is

he shouldn't have put me in Painting;
I've got no sense of proportion.

Delilah Miller

Nobody Will Hate Reading

This is the time to write.

Nobody
listening
Nobody
in my mind
Nobody
to remember.

It's time to write,
because I clawed,
at my vanity,
I beat against such a big wall,
maybe getting at the tower of...
Blank Cd's
and
a bed that swallowed me up,
a gushing river and I...
Used my hands to tear...
Right into an echoing smile
that sits on my lips,
like the idiot
who talks in another's voice.

It was only my closet whispering
and my clothes that said
What would I have left?
From the woman I can't change
to the girls who'd change me,
what would I have left?
A marble of honesty,
to shoot across silent universe?
Shedding coats, with symbolism
my ancestors
painstakingly took
millenniums to create
and the clever little poet's
cliches and emotions.
So this is the time to write,
when nobody is reading

and nobody will hate reading
what I hate writing.

Delilah Miller

Ode To The Unique In Everyone

But where, my mystery and moon,
Where can find someone
And someone soon
Who's anything like you?

Who has a smile like the dawn,
lips pulling back to reveal a barely pink tongue, and a luminous voice?
Whose lips are as suited for meeting another's, or to greet anyone cheek to
cheek?
Whose face is as victorious when it falls back laughing, or throws someone a
peek?
Where are the eyes like the swirling life beneath the ocean, fresh as the green-
flowered lawn.
It's not so effortless; how could you make a choice?

Whose soul is as expressive, and shines as secretly?
Anyone else dives into the game, and stand upon the auction block,
Willingly and simply embracing expectations as free.
Who could we find who would step lightly,
And not allow us to hear him, Before he caught someone,
enchanted her, and consigned eternity away, if only to hear her talk.

Who can do reach like you do?
Who cries and dances like you do?
Never has anyone seen your solitude.
Never can anyone be as graceful and precious as you can.

You are unique,
Blessed and refusing of the pedestal.
And everything you claim to be, constantly held true.
Oh, someday, when you are his world;
you'll see.
Never be lonely because of your soul there's one only.

Delilah Miller

Older Is Wiser?

Older most finitely
does not mean wiser.
Because you have years and days on me;
the way you act, you'd think experience was a miser,
who lends no lesson for situations solved.

Delilah Miller

Ones That Use You

Somehow,
when his heart is a wreck
and the latest girl didn't keep the vows.
he ends up here, ruminating without regret.

So I do my duty;
make him laugh and plan every sentence
and it works not to be myself, at least not truly;
he will be gone soon, running without repentance.

Because I'm flattered now
when I'm the 'Hail Mary', the go-to-girl
soon I will be bitter, in love somehow;
Then he'll be raving about the One who makes his world.

Still I roll my eyes
when he makes me declare 'I love you too.'
and he watches, thinking I'll hang onto the lies;
Even if I could, you can't love the ones who use you.

Delilah Miller

Passion Is Easy.

Tilting and swaying your hips;

Simple.

Talking, but don't use your voice, just your lips;

Anyone could do it.

Swinging your head to the beat;

Encoded onto you already.

Feeling the ground electrify underneath your feet...

Your beauty was meant to melt mountains.

Ecstatic dance isn't hard.

Escape yourself in the name of Freedom, in the name of Hope.

Getting carried away can leave you happy and far.

Passion is easy.

It's never hard to do what you want; never too much to cope.

It is Love that's hard, you see.

Delilah Miller

Phoenix-Minded

If you open you eyes,
And I'm gone,
It means you've read my poem.
Perhaps, now,
You feel the flame I swallowed.
And it heats intensity back to your eyes.
So much so that the Ocean is
Sufficient, far from the lowest choice.
I think you'll find, however much
That I am gone.

You'd see me
If you listened to our song.
But it sears you too,
Doesn't it?
The cool disinterest in your speckled eyes!
Can they steal away the fires of
Hope,
Or redemption
Chasing themselves around your heart.

That aqua color couldn't save me...
Still, I'll rise in the flames, none yours.
My fire.
So should you fear passion
Of my own?

Delilah Miller

Phone Message

If that phone rings across the other line,
just one more time,
I don't know how much longer I can keep my mind.
Because you're not going to pick up,
I'll end up again hanging up.
If I have to hear a message machine
the only directive I can leave is 'Shut up! '

Honestly,
it's ending me and that's not enough.
And the energy it takes to dial, to wait,
is too much.
There's no brick wall to challenge, but there's no place to go.
You think it's altruistic how you can't say straight no.
Being that compassionate,
You're the most blatant, victorious dishonesty I know.
Just say the deferential words you have to.
I'm so tired of hearing them from your phone.

Delilah Miller

Please, Don'T Call Me An Artist

Mozart might have hated me.

My mind

never mastered a genius

a talent,

even a skill.

In all pursuits of silly rhymes

I swallowed sunny air and

twirled in sweet oceans.

My legs just ticked away time.

Perhaps I ought have stayed there,

Because now, my words slip!

The hand holding heaven says

'You've stayed too long at the fair.'

And it's so fucking unfair

Because they can use a cliché.

I want to be misty nights,

clouded over and

never have to clear stars away.

Instead, I get a little distance

and a nice pen,

like I'll implode one autumn day

into tiny scraps of paper

with big vocabulary and blurry phrases

and people,

they won't wonder why

I insisted on eating up all my pages.

Delilah Miller

Run Her Maze

It's been said
(hasn't it)
that there are girls you don't marry.
Too much like Roman candles,
she fiercely melts your resistance
and you're so reluctant,
the skin you had to taste
starts to taste a bit like lemons.

You run her maze;
she gives you resentment to carry.
You get so angry;
she grins to see you deny it,
like she does every day.
Problematic, pretty and wild,
isn't she?
Or is it that she's surprisely sensual
and never quite beautiful?
A cloth a shade too dark,
too bright a painting
to see every day
hanging in your kitchen.

Delilah Miller

Scream Or Whisper, You'Re Still Lazy

If that's the way I like it,
that's the attitude I'll work it with.
I like to dance
and I'll make you move with me.
It's that simple and
you
are
that
mystified.

How long?
How much longer do I have to circle around,
while you lean in doorways
and insist women are a enigma?
No, puzzles are pieced together;
you
will
have
me
waiting
forever.

You must be hungry,
your ego is growling at me.
That door frame,
it will always carry you better.
My softest kiss and timeliest efforts
shouldn't have to be spoken.
I'm
reminding
you
of
gilded
tokens.

I mean, I was.
You're still lazy.

Delilah Miller

Silence Is Not Just Being Quiet

So many people have got to tell you something,
eagerly spilling out their religion,
their stories, experiences, favorites and finds.
They must forward their ideas.
They scream their biographies
in classrooms, websites, coffee shops and in lines.

Alone, only, are we safe from
the eternal noise of us,
our thousand discussions that fill the atmosphere
and says nothing at all.

Hoever, after a blessed and unconscious silence
We walk out of our beds and into our televisions;
its noise and all that blue chatter
makes us feel at home.
Silence is to stop communicating, affirming;
insisting that we're correct is insisting that we matter.

Delilah Miller

Sky-Minded

Blue sky,
blue sky.

Looking at you, wishing the day by.

Blue sky,
purple sky.

Storm coming in, here it is, there's the eye.

Blue sky,
grey sky.

The earth is wailing, the thunder yells, and the clouds cry.

Blue sky,
grey sky,
black sky.

Tore away at the moon, swallowed stars, listened to the sun die.

Black sky
Green sky
Orange sky
Red sky
Pink and yellow and mean sky.

Come on and roll in; it's only in my mind.

Delilah Miller

Sleepless Wife

So many things remind him of his ex,
every day,
his attention is completely conditional.
With all his glorious wounds, he rolls in salt,
like it is his ex girlfriend's sheets,
with a last note of pheromones in the cotton.
He wants to catch all the old passion in one just an armful.

He says I'm not one to talk;
I can't talk because I suffered.
Perhaps, I suffered because I didn't talk.
But I did not talk,
more than an explanation and a smirk,
a smile of the grandest indifference.
Now, the silence creeps in and out;
my words wash over him
with less and less significance

If he'd listen to me,
he might hear that the year that tore down my wall,
that exposed me to the dark untrustworthy world,
I got the best grades yet.
So write me off,
because it's hypocritical to survive.
Or burn the bed
because she burned it long ago.
She watched him sighing into a filmy pillow,
like I do now,
complacently playing the no-nonsense husband
ignoring his living, breathing sleepless wife.

Delilah Miller

So Far

So far,
You are
a dream I had once when a silver moon glinted
across the window, holding a warm running car.

So far,
You are
a rocky beat of a Jamaican love song
where a woman's smoky voice wafted through the bar.

So far,
You are...
You're a simple, shining tube of lip-gloss
that was drained and crushed, till the glitter was marred.

And right now
this dawn, till this evening to the beginning of the end of days,
you are all the things I cannot remember.
And everything I've changed or left,
might have have been a grain of sand,
washed away from the beach we ran across, sprinting wildly to become
gone from the hourglass.

You have been the porch swing in a melody that I didn't believe in.
And the thousands paintbrushes of colors I didn't understand.

So far
We are
Disaster, and beauty and all in that glass case you display me in
Because, in all certainty,
You and I don't know how to love me.

Delilah Miller

Soaking In Algae, Burning With 'sunset Orange'

Thanks to Ivan Donn Carswell for all his help and corrections. He's an amazing poet, happens to be posted on this site; look him up.

The music stretched out its notes;
waves spread from the water
like a skirt between sky and sand.
The colors were dizzy
the dusk we lied on the beach,
soaking in the smell of algae
and our skin colored the burning orange of sunset.
We were so mutable;
our tingling hands
almost became a pebble,
or each other,
or a cap of foam.
It was the Earth's first night
after the Earth's first day,
when the moon realized people would sleep under her.
Titling my head back took effort;
my brain was dancing inside its dome.
Never do I want to close my eyes again.
The moon will pull me up like the tides
so my toes touch stars and their shimmering motes.
Spinning on the beach, I saw thousands of words
no other words can rhyme with.

Delilah Miller

Starting That Summer Romance

I don't have the time I used to
when I had the time
to dare, dream,
lie on the beach,
speaking in-out ocean talk
with your towel underneath.

The time it takes, days of awkward silences and
staring at a mouth you're learning to listen to.
You're offering me
days too few, too treasured.
They will become jewels in my fist,
too heavy to carry away, too precious to leave unmeasured.

Delilah Miller

Still Shivering

It's simple but I need to get back into my poetry mind set.

Look past my smiles and
I'm still shivering.
Give me some time
to dry clear the tears,
shake the shock off my body,
find the feet to stand,
and feel out the darkest fears.
The world will once again be mine.

Delilah Miller

Tell It To Me

There is another great, green snake in your mouth.
Crawling and sprawling
to fill the newest silence, caused by your newest doubt.
A whole new serpent,
Listening and christening
you as the newest, brightest miscreant.
At our feet they lie in a pile
Squeezing us until we're wheezing
for a breath of our true selves, or a kiss to last a mile!
Problems on your mind, and diplomacy in your throat,
Blocking and talking
to me, instead of you, unwrapped from a sugar coat.

Don't let that dark python gulp you down!
Swallow and follow
it with a shot of tequila, then whiskey.
Drop that snakeskin bag
and come swallow me.

Delilah Miller

The Backlight Burned

Yes, I have hung up,
in
the darkness of the room,
'no' all around me.
Watching the cell phone,
the backlight burns as a spark.
Then the screen,
gives up;
as if a light burned out,
it is sudden dark.

It is the night,
again,
it is Over.
The porch light rests and the dogs no longer bark.
Pupils gap open,
wide fading sighs.
My eyes know it's the end of all things,
like the beginning I did not witness.
As I look towards a ceiling I can't see,
this darkness must be what it's like to die.

Delilah Miller

The Beehive

Open your blessed throats,
honeybees of routine.
I will tell it all to you,
only to you,
because I'm a Siren of two seas,
love and monotony.
I know not one better than the other,
one lingers in the other.
I have only the earth, and its Time
as my eternal mother.

Shed the colors of your coats,
drones of a charlatan queen.
Let me drown you in blue,
soft, rocking blue.
Soon, you'll be intoxicated,
no, renewed and renovated
in simple frame of your skeleton.
With velvet fruit and luscious grass,
my voice will build you out of sweet grass.
It's only my words, but still a voice
to keep between your clothes when warmth won't last.

Delilah Miller

The Same Old Doubt

How do I explain that your hunger frightens me?
The tightness of your touch
enters my mind, rushing,
squeezes my heart
and it beats, beating far too fast, too much,
until I feel that in your hand, it'll fall apart.

Weakness seems to saturate me;
As you jump in, my breath jumps out!
A thought comes barely whispering;
you're trying to imprint words on my skin
and the breath returns as 'Run! ', the same old doubt
and I feel you'll destroy me if I let you in.

Delilah Miller

Things I Could Have Forgiven

You're someone else, somewhere else again.
And you're fanning away my words with a gentle, inattentive breath.
but I didn't call to be angry.
I can't be.
You've told me I'm beautiful...And the Moon is out.
And I wonder if that's where you are, my friend.
I could forgive a stargazer,
A wandering eye for constellations.
I could forget an intimacy
With the Milky Way, and,
how could you have resisted Venus orbiting across your window there?

I, after all, haven't been faithful ceaselessly.
I play around between the sheets
Of paper, spare and scattered.
I have love affairs, deceiving my pen for my pencil.
And I wonder, maybe, if his imagination doesn't roam so easily.

If you were somewhere else,
in the nest of heaven,
Stretching your soft, feathery wings
To learn how to fly back to me, through the blue and gold.
I could have pardoned your
inattentiveness,
Your selfish need and frustrating logic.
Perhaps you're out there as I'm in here,
Where the moon circles across the window everywhere.

Delilah Miller

Those Ineluctable Sticky Spots

'Sucking too hard on your lollipop, oh, love's gonna get you down.' Mika

All that's left are feelings like sticky traces
lingering in the empty candy pot.
Gone are dreams of a gingerbread home someplace
filled and trimmed with every sweet life has in stock.
Gone are your ooey-gooey whispers of affection
that dripped from your lips enough to make your teeth rot.
My sweetest loving couldn't feed your growing appetite,
and you ate it all up like I was your candy shop.
Soon all my sugar had no rush,
only the sickness of eating candy enough to make you pop.
Now, there's only a hollow in my chest,
lined with those ineluctable sticky spots
gathering dust
and teardrops.

Delilah Miller

Thoughts On Humanity

Mortality is so blatant and apparent,
It's the red light
when we really need the green.
It fails to be merciful or contrite
as it gives us the hook to takes us out of the scene

Delilah Miller

Time-Framed

What have I done?

What did I ever think I
would do?

Nothing like this...

I never thought that, please be convinced of it.

What is this sin I ever thought pardonable?

But that's just it!

I never thought...Why think?

Time would have allowed me the mistake,

Sooner rather than lately.

She didn't stop me...She made me!

It set me up...And tunneled beneath
me.

So tricky, brilliant, so planned, it was
so sneaky!

How could she?

To her, I was perfect as a painting...

Unknowing, mysterious, pretty...Framed.

It let me stretch my wings, all the while knowing my wings
were clipped.

Delilah Miller

To Every Walking Girl.

Oh, the lies you spew!
The rhymes you pen,
promises made,
bank loans, and wedding rings, and I....
All duplicities that soon fade.

Silver-tongued and shimmering,
in sunlight gold and green,
you slice my chest,
Part my lips and I taste metal, cold as a silver ring.
A hand in my hand, a mess in my mess.

The accusation you distribute;
false down to details.
Proclamations and rewards you recruit:
Untrue to each whom rise or fail.
Three accustomed words and monogamy to boot.
You, shockingly, are entirely untrue.
To me;
to the moon, the sky and stars, and the sun;
to every walking girl.
And even to you.

Delilah Miller

To My Dear, Freedom

To my most dear and prized possession, freedom. I've given everything to be free and I don't regret it.

In the beginning, I felt I had failed,
(crying into crumpled papers and thrown-out wedding rice)
'Pull my leg,
grab my hand,
or squeeze me.
Just tell me I'm stuck like a peg;
you wouldn't be wrong.'
Lovingly, I stole glances like I could've been jailed.
'Get my attention;
I'm eager to pay it all to you.'
Wanting to paint you up a song,
I got mixed up with pride and pretension.
And I found falling free,
found you, tucked away so privately
deep in me, like melody in a lark.
Just when I sat in an ash pile the phoenix tried and failed,
you burnt me up so I'd glow in the dark.
The price of everything paid to you, a laughable fee
for the most sacred and eternal engine.

Delilah Miller

Uncertainty Leads To Questions

It's Friday already.
I've been working 10 days in a row.
My mind has fled me;
I guess it had somewhere else to go.

It's Friday morning, a half a hour into the day.
I've just deleted over 50 poems on this website.
Those poems were silly, not famous, and had nothing to say;
I feel like I'm a self-loather and someone blew out my inner light.

Who cares what damn day it was or is going to be.
I'm a loser in every moon ray, starlight and sunbeam.
I CANNOT write and I am discouraged already.
Where did I go? Why aren't I happy and where are my dreams?

Delilah Miller

Unimpressive Poets

We are those
people,
abusers
performers,
accusers
adorers.

We write as the victim;
We are chained to our thoughts' constant expression.
I'd give it up in a minute for a little bit of fun...
Or beauty instead of brains,
or even to make a good first impression.

But the only impressions,
the only indentations,
Are the ones my pen makes across paper;
I know the feeling so well, the words are all recitation.

Delilah Miller

Valentine's Day

Covered in:

Big red hearts and purple candy
and pink roses,
magenta balloons and an old melody
and creamy white cards.

Not another day
will I fake disbelieving
or insist on cynicism,
My smile isn't always deceiving;
I'll tell the truth: I love Valentines day.

My chest throbs like the giant red hearts
My hope blossoms and dies like those soft roses.

Delilah Miller

Watch The Pink Fingernails

Watch the pink fingernails, painted "Coral Carousel",
a sunset on the tips shining like a new form of raptures.
But a sun is always sinking on those fingers gripping the pen
whose midnight ink is chanting
"no" again and again and again,
almost as persistent as her pallor, hanging like a blank screen.
So capricious next to her cloudy eyes,
that pink shouts the "yes" of the daylight its color captures;
it flashes shades of purples joyfully as letters shoot up and bend.
They move as bright spots against a dark signature.

Delilah Miller