

Poetry Series

mila flower
- poems -



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Butterfly

conversations we've never had
I repeat them in my head
not because of boredom —
But loneliness of my heart
it seems, lives there since forever

even surrounded by people
i'm still talking to myself,
and butterfly goes against the wind
as much as she trying -
she still appears at the same spot

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May, 1947

i'm climbing on the roof -
i'm climbing to see the truth,
and baby runs away
from his own mother
oh god, I'll ruin his day
and here's my final step
mother forgive me
it's the last second on earth i'll spend
next stop is my higher self
i close my eyes, and it's forties
making next step is too hard
what if i just didn't do it,
oh, i'm too weak, and it's getting dark
my legs don't feel the ground
for the first time,
and now i'm nobody -
no one knows what a name mother gave me,
just a sad girl on the top of a car
but they're grieving for themselves
they feel how mortal they are

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The Scar

he was smoking again
and i hate the cigarette smoke
i asked him several times to close the window and go to the kitchen,
but he was too drunk and didn't listen to me
he's drinking almost every night,
and it's pissing me off
the window is above my bed,
and i'm trying to close it while he stands there
he is pissed, grabs my arm
loud as i can, i yell
it is 12pm
i have school tomorrow
blood is dripping on my white flowery sheets
i've spent my own money to buy them when i was fourteen
but now they're bloody, they ruined
grandma and aunt ran to the room,
'what happened? '
somehow he left
i point the wound to my grandma
she's mad at her son
i still got the scar
four years has passed

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Water

the rivers are always rushing somewhere,
running to see the truth?
who's gonna tell them, the lies only left
no one will ever soothe

and children are always forget to be adults
and adults won't know how to be kids
everything will eventually be forgotten,
and kindness, and fear, and whatever this is

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Love

ghosts in my heart sing a song
i can't get rid of
but i'm not in the right state of mind,
to follow the rhythm —

oh tell me the truth Aphrodite,
will the day come to my life
when i'm in the right state of mind
or i will suffer alone,
till the end..?

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Adolescence

Will I be alive in twenty years,
Or even ten?
I can't see my future very well,
Maybe I'll die tomorrow on a walk with my dog, listening to Mitski while my
bones getting crushed by a car in an odd situation,
like never before

This town healed me and gave me new traumas,
I feel like I'm living and don't want to die
For the first time in a while,
This feeling lasts longer than a blink of an eye

My friends at the different places
And I'm in the city I hate the most,
It opened my eyes but closed my heart
Now I'm pretending to be the person I've been
And it hurts the most

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Theo

last night I saw you,
or I believe I did
You left, but still haunt me,
And I'm afraid what I will, or won't do
without you

last night you told me —
everything will be alright,
But how my thoughts will come and leave
If you all over my mind
How I'll live without knowing you're alright —
somewhere in this world, or inside of mine

Bruises on my knees are fresh
from running up that hill,
Waiting for you to come
but you never will

Tomb with name Tom, no one will know
Claimed to be there once, never appears again,
And paintings will fade out
will be painted over again,
by some artist
Who ruined your life
and your mind

He lives under rock, in his own world
In the magical place,
which will die the day he leaves this planet,
Infected by a ghost
but not the one he knows
he'll come back and meet his friend on the hill

'Oh Theo' — you said once,
'I won't wait for you there'
And when death followed me around
You saved me
Every time
Everywhere

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Sirens

At the park I was sitting alone,
almost rained that day
And people were running away,
being afraid for their lives,
But i didn't

I wasn't scared,
I heard it already,
I knew it was coming, what was it for?
screaming, or crying
We're all dying, under god's trial

But to admit,
In my mind you slipped through,
and I was afraid you forgot me
It's the end of the world,
And I wanted to know where you at,
Were you scared?
Were you thinking about me?

Were you screaming my name,
At the top of your lungs
When your body was aching
From the last breathe that you've taken
Heartbeat increased
And arms tried to grab me
but i wasn't there

I knew you were suffering from regrets
of not doing something,
Or saying the wrong words
To the people you loved the most
You wanted to do something right,
for the first time in a lifetime
but the end was too near to be brave
(even for once)

and sirens were screaming
And rain was heavy

And I knew you are coming
But bombs came too soon

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A Ghost

haunted mansion by my ghost
no one will ever know that i'm here
and people will dance on my bones,
taking last pieces of me
they're coming and leaving
like birds at fall
who, by an accident, forgot their home
it hurts my feelings
but they won't know
a ghost doesn't feel anything

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Winter

too dark outside and too cold,
who am i without a coat?
bloody stains on the snow,
killer is hunting,
but you're not gonna know
where is he hiding

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