

Poetry Series

**Mimi Mata**  
**- poems -**

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## Mimi Mata(11/02/1981)

I seem to channel when I write, everything just comes to me...I love art and I am especially fascinated by the imagery words can create...The meaning just one verse(s) can hold, how it can influence. It amazes me that the heart and the mind can create its own palette of colors with the gesture behind the sense of 'written word.'

# A Duplicate Of Many Swords

I know what you are my dear  
I know subdued solace behind your steel doors and sword fences  
The shine of metal only cuts inward of wood  
Tell me can your splintering heal? ...  
I know what you are my dear,  
The devoured apple lingering in my hunger,  
The saddened tree with lost leaves and dangling core;  
The blossoming spring that promises to not leave anymore.  
You are the only rose in my barren field,  
And, for battles within my flesh  
You are my soldier and shield;  
I know what you are my dear...  
At times you are the night without the light of stars,  
Sunken reflections of me and you in your eyes.  
How is it that I the huntress loves you  
When it is I in my own heart I despise?  
I can offer you no salvation, no revelation  
You can run from me on your own accord.  
I can only offer an empty cup and a duplicate of many swords...  
I cannot offer you many horses  
Or anything that might be of aid to set you free;  
And...  
Where is the pity for the man who loves such a soul?  
Where is the pity for this man who is bound to her earth by his knees?  
Where is the salvation for this soldier with too heavy a shield?  
I know what you are my dear,  
So I offer a revelation,  
A subtle sense of salvation;  
For you did not run from me on your own accord,  
I offer you a cup...  
And a duplicate of many swords.

Mimi Mata

# All That Deviates (By Mimi Mata Meyer)

For the sake of all that deviates,  
I want to place together your soul,  
The single part of your multitude,  
That has lost it's momentum...

So sacred the earth,  
So sacred your heart,  
What else can I write in comparison?  
I've written of consumption and cravings,  
Drunken lines as well,  
Heirlooms, rhetorical topics...  
Apples, wine; the sun and the moon...

As of this moment  
You are my silence...  
That indefinite fire I hold in  
Fahrenheit has lost it's conscience...  
And in my crazy heart I believe it had one.

I come to you aspiring in colors  
I wish to paint the world you deviated within,  
I hope somehow it becomes a picture that makes of some sense...

But perhaps that will never be;  
Forget your world  
And your deviated things...  
So sacred your heart;  
That indefinite silence.

Mimi Mata

# All Things Of Light By(Mimi M. Meyer)

What if my world suddenly changed?  
A heart beneath sand and stone,  
Beating to grasp those lost gems;  
The beautiful circumstance of my final being...  
And deeper I somehow know.

The moon is with the stars  
And I couldn't wish to prolong all things of light,  
Because the reality is that would be  
Wishing away the newness of life itself...  
These are notions only a dreamer  
Can embrace without the relentlessness of casualties.

So then if you hold me,  
Then decide to let me go.  
Remember that my world will only change  
To conquer those last sparks  
That go off to either evade beautifully; or burn...  
It is not up to me what your world  
Makes up of its keepsakes.

I will always be that little dreamer,  
You see for when the ocean sleeps;  
A stream still goes on  
The beautiful circumstance of my being  
At times will singe and seemingly die...  
This is the ash that decomposes  
Into the flowering of the earth.  
Like how a petal does not sacrifice its luster  
In exchange for death;  
Only for a new spring...

you see for if my world suddenly changed  
It is the dew on a new thorn  
And the revelation to know not to wish  
To prolong all things of light  
For, ah, in that very darkness  
It is the brightest that, that light flickers...  
Like how a child adores their own shadow

And somehow subliminally this outline  
Allows them to know that they exist.

So then if my world suddenly changed  
Deeper I somehow know;  
I couldn't wish to prolong all things of light...  
The beautiful circumstance of my final being somehow knows.

Mimi Mata

# Allowing The Sword To Sever (By Mimi C Mata)

The light would not,  
Fight for the deepest root,

As the scent of my wooden soul,  
Searched out longingly,  
To subdue your steel...

The smell of my perfume,  
Will never be recognizable,  
Amongst others...

Remember this; do not ever forget.

That the will of our darkest hours  
Promised never to evade into the hearts of 'others'

And the stars play with the angels of dark,  
Our oblivion wishing upon them...

That teasing flicker,  
'Oh' that teasing flicker,

Shines on the knight,  
Whose wings bleed beneath,  
What he wears; that is not of wood,

Unlike that of my splintered being...

He hides his wings,  
For to love her,  
Is allowing the sword to sever,

For only in her inferno will you find her,  
Her saddened soul 'alive' in her 'dying'...

To die for what he wished  
Inside the woman child.



# Ashes To Stone (Mimi M. Meyer)

You see it's just such a sweet symphony  
How I fall apart on the count of three  
'Oh' what a graceful sound,  
How I rise again when no one is around...

Ashes to stone,  
Stone to ashes...

The bells that ring  
And the meadowlarks that sing  
To the ode of sadness  
The fragments that break  
Sing the song of pain till the sun shines  
Stricken note by inner lightning  
Sing your forsaken sound...

Ashes to stone,  
Stone to ashes...

Rise and drown those who forsake you  
Strike your heavy cold bell on the count of three  
Watch those who misunderstood fall  
One by one to their bloody knees...

Watch your sun submerge  
Then rise amongst the crowd  
Sing till it hurts, sing aloud...

Ashes to stone,  
Stone to ashes;

'Oh' what a graceful sound,  
How I will rise again and again...  
When not one soul but mine is to be found.

Mimi Mata

# Bed Yourself Upon My Verses (Dedicated To Josh, By Mimi C. Mata)

I wish for you to bed yourself upon my verses,  
For, the passionate tyranny of each line set up it's net  
And, in the distance between the parallels of each word,  
You will then find me...

Seemingly slipping through your fingers.

And, so if it seems that my time itself cannot applaud,  
Your savior hands that have sacrificed throughout lives,  
To retrieve my sunken eyes,

Or your saddened lips like restless doves,  
That take precautious flight down my barren limbs...

Remember that each night is new,  
And I will come again to seek  
The light that your bleeding boatman's hands,  
Grasp so tightly in order to seek me.

Do not ever forget the verses I write for you...

For, my apologies cast their lines,  
Far,  
Far,  
Far away, in my distance...

To catch my absence pummeled in wave spume,  
When a luckless word I had said,  
Sent your bleeding boatman's hands wayward:

To retrieve me from drowning my presence; in silence...

So bed yourself upon my verses,  
So that in my time of distance  
I can feel your lips like saddened doves;

And hear a line of passionate tyranny...

Cast out by your bleeding boatman's hands.

Mimi Mata

# Before They Fall

Watching leaves shiver  
from every hollow gust

I turned my back:

I felt as they did  
withered in gold and silver lining;

Like destitute children  
dancing upon the pavement  
of cold streets...

Onlooking,  
Just onlooking into the distance.

Where bereavement  
is heavy on the brow  
setting melancholy eyes  
off into flight...

To perch on a branch  
where there is an abundance  
of unbitten fruit.

Ready to consume the seed...  
Before they fall.

Mimi Mata

# Beneath Things Of Steel By (Mimi M. Meyer)

Do not change...  
How would I consume fruit  
From these unfamiliar trees?  
How would I recognize that branch  
That always embarks me from the distance?  
Would it be strong enough to hold me...  
Without breaking?

Ode to your simple heart,  
That emblazoned blood red orbit  
Fiery and gazing;  
Falling inward beneath your shore...  
Steadfast, without even a single blink.

And what would substitute your waters?  
What would make up of this lyrical streamline  
That I so love and adore?  
The only gravel of sand that I would allow...  
To let me sink.

My love,  
Do not bury of me  
Beneath things of steel.  
Those cold thoughtless things  
That only know how to cut.  
I know your soul wants to mirror,  
But remember that I love you...  
In you I know myself.

Please do not forget,  
Do I mean more to you in your pain  
Or in that thoughtless silver hour? ...

Ode to your simple heart  
That blood red orbit; emblazoned and golden  
I see myself within you; fiery and gazing.  
Both of us falling inward beneath your shore...  
Steadfast, without even a single blink.



# Do Not Wait For Me (By Mimi Mata Meyer)

Do not wait for me...  
My craving sent me elsewhere  
I yearn for some kind of orbit;  
A majestic constellation.

So I feel no longer  
Beneath the earth all things that writhe;  
I want to go pummeling within the salty air of the universe.

Is it true that perhaps all things seek the same?  
Some sort of parallel between all that exists and non-existence?  
Whichever way, I love the perfumed gray  
In that dreamlike subliminal weave.

When I shut my eyes,  
I feel the puncture of thorn  
And a senseless misty morning cloud  
In the bloom of evening;  
Somewhat clammy like a lovers skin.

Do not wait for me...  
My craving sent me elsewhere  
I yearn for some kind of orbit;  
A majestic constellation...  
Whichever way, I love the perfumed gray  
In that dreamlike subliminal weave.

Mimi Mata

# Encountering (By Mimi Caneda Mata)

There is a nuisance in this seemingly mindful world

How suddenly in a reverie, a vein tries to breathe

Within the partial life of a downcasted leaf;

Perhaps, one day meeting with 'others'...

And so my eyes search the earth with this kind of revelance,

What does it matter?

Encountering is brief and one walks away with nothing

Dreaming, only with a memory or a thought that dictates a misconception,

Or so to speak...

You can wield the sharpest weapon behind a smile,

Like how the moon 'half' full pierces the ackward of night with its edges...

So enlighten me, bring me dozens of words

That will not pertain to what I can never 'touch' in your sentences,

Like how one understands the softness of a rose in its liveliness,

Then forgets to cherish it after its death.

Like how a man wraps his hands around a womans waist,

And undeliberately falls in love only with what he can see;

Then the memory is like how a musician abandons a note,

And, 'oh, ' so suddenly again there is a familiarity with feeling 'something misplaced.'

Like how a tear in its disdain is like the storm amidst the outpour,

How, you don't know and soon this day or night will transpire to the next...

Enlghten me,

What does it matter?

Encountering is brief, and I'll share with you a smile 'half ' full.

Mimi Mata

# Every Cold Bell

What is a moment without the fickle hands of time?  
The verses of this controversy know no other way,  
Than to travel between all colors...  
What are eyes to one in the nook of real and the subconscious?

Don't close them,  
Just keep them shut while awake...

The air is fluid;  
I never knew to breathe while I drown,  
While I sleep my heart is readily awake,  
Each breath I take a theory of inhaled quantum.  
Here, and in the distance;  
I tear to pieces every cold bell...

I understand this so called 'fragility of strength'  
What it takes for a fragment to become disfigured;  
How long have I known that everything falls with a melody?

When it goes into pieces...

So, I sing my song somewhat whole,  
Metaphysics here fall on the heads of bright red poppies,  
And somewhere within this earthly plane  
I find a middle only where I will miss  
All the arms that once embraced me...

Timeless, transparent; disfigured.

Make of my face only of what you wish  
Perhaps it is better that way.

For, I cannot count on you,  
And you cannot count on me;  
This is the meaning of a true haunting.  
How sometimes you place a memory there  
Then like an object it becomes misplaced;  
Forget the misconception,  
Of not being able to inanimate a thought or a memory;

I speak thoroughly with an objectiveness...

A sleeping soul knows all hues turn to black.

But, at times I like these colors,  
Separated within my transition,  
My fragments are easier to piece,  
'When held one by one.'  
A fragment from the beginning,  
Is a fragment in the end...  
Each a color of it's own.

How long have I known everything falls with a melody  
When it goes into pieces?  
This is the only way I can be recognizable 'whole, '  
Each breath I take a theory of inhaled quantum...

And in the distance I tear to pieces every cold bell.

Mimi Mata

# For Those With An Idle Heart

I will make a proclamation  
For those with an idle heart:  
Still at its bases  
Unable to identify  
A turn for a conquest.

Why are you so still?  
Why do you question my rhetorical attempts?

Space cannot even adapt  
A measure for those huge infinite orbits  
Rotating continuously in the dark;  
Sacrificing nothing in expense  
To know the soft warm grace of the sun.

Where is the grace and strength  
Your mother taught you?

And your father taught you better  
Than to imagine shooting a bullet through a man,  
That degraded all your humanly standards.

Goddamn woman...

Every word of wisdom  
Taking flight from your starving hands,  
Your ignorance only knowing  
Merciless ron de vou's with denial.

That is the devil's way of forgiving...  
You will never know the eyes of a saint  
When you look through them.

Your grandmother's turning in her grave...

Pleading for God to forgive  
The mis-steps you make  
In those red heels...

Take them off child,

And look at your calloused feet  
That endured thorned distances  
The many miles you walked solemnly  
Blinded in the dark...

The arms that you find there  
Only cradling your non-existence...

I will make a proclamation  
For my idle heart  
A turn for a conquest.

To know the soft warm grace of the sun;  
To embrace the many miles...  
Where I walked alone solemnly.

Mimi Mata

# Half Clothed In Red Velvet (By Mimi C. Mata)

Tangled heart  
and a rhetorical notion  
Plasma shore and a blood red sun my potion  
Steel doors and an oppositional mirror  
Head and limbs; a broken bow that quivers...

Where is my soul for I've lost my aim?  
A tightened core; a melody restrained,  
Thousands of betrayers who came to see  
Their saddened faces that half smiled like me.

Ah, and my petals they rotated over and over  
Writhing in the distance to the notes that remained  
Half clothed in red velvet, and slightly insane  
Half smiling in delight amidst the dissipating rain...

And rage violently played my drums  
Stood around me and metaphorically hummed  
Sadness sat with heads thrown back and they strummed  
To the inconsolable soul I've become.

Restless tangled heart  
With a rhetorical notion  
Did you sink in a plasma shore  
And drink your blood red sun; a poisonous potion? ...  
Wilted red flower open your steel doors  
Find your petals that still remain  
Half clothed in red velvet...  
And slightly insane.

Mimi Mata

# Hunter

I saw my heart stretching out  
Darling what to do?  
What to do?  
I saw my heart stretching out...  
I felt restrained,  
And you knew...  
And you knew.

I saw your eyes so captivating  
My heartlines on a string...  
And I sing.  
Where is my wing for this hopeless cloud?  
And I sing...  
And I sing.

'Oh the weather, and the storm I bring...  
Half hidden the sun and the moon;  
And the moon...  
And the moon.  
Where are you in the afternoon?  
When I sing...  
When I sing.

Say my name, say my name! ! ! ! !  
Everything changes, but we remain the same...  
Tell me what you are looking for...looking for...  
Leave the way you came...  
And silently say my name  
Silently say my name...

Am I the huntress?  
Or are you the hunter?  
You strike me by your bow  
And my cold heart quivers now...  
Is this what you come for?  
Release me of my pain,  
For you and I remain the same...  
You and I remain the same.

Is this what you are looking for?  
I can give you my heart stretched out and so much more  
Is this what you are looking for? ...  
Darling we don't want to hurt anymore.

So it seems I found my hunter  
In my weather and the storm I bring...  
And darling this not what you asked for,  
In the distance can you hear me sing? ...  
In the distance can you hear me sing?

Is this what you were looking for?  
You and I remain the same...

Are you the hunter and I the huntress?  
Silently say my name...  
Say my name.

Mimi Mata

# I Am A Red Balloon (By Mimi C Mata)

I am a balloon,  
Or, so it may seem,  
light in step and transparent.

Burning cigarette in hand...

Walking amidst,  
separated clouds...

Undistinguished in my mind.

A storm is awaiting; a simple complex tear;  
when the sharp point of a word...

Comes to taunt me.

I am a red balloon,  
my thoughts shift uncomfortably...

Rotating in continuum:  
their airy backs.

Mimi Mata

# If I Am Seemingly Sleeping (By Mimi C Mata)

Sometimes you wake,  
And you find me there;  
I am restless love...

The harshness of my world; binds,

And if I am seemingly sleeping,  
In my wake,  
Fighting nocturnal roots,  
That never harvest a feather for a wing,  
Or bear pulp to quench,

The parched hands of time...

Remember I am strangling a memory,  
As I lay beneath the vulchers,

Praying a dark soldier,  
Does not fight for my hand in death...

And I tell them all;  
That I wish to live for the light,  
That mourns close to me,

My restless love,  
My restless love...  
Whose feet bleed;

From searching in thorned distances,

To bring me light...  
To bring me light.

Mimi Mata

# Mad Woman By (Mimi Mata Meyer)

What am I to you  
Between your clenched hands?  
I am miniscual; seeping through  
In various shades of color...  
Yet, it is only in your heart that  
I am consumed in various shades of gray.

Upon looking at such lines,  
What more can I say than what I have already written?  
I am in anguish and I no longer want to speak with your adversaries,  
And, within me I see you've grown fond of my martyr;  
Speaking with faith...  
I am a only a mad woman who loves you.

Mad, Mad, Mad...  
Mad woman,  
I've replaced my head with my own questionable audience...  
And they never applaud.  
I seek you out in the distance,  
And your shadow is the only one that is real.  
Somewhat billowing, and unrecognizable amongst the others.

What more can I say?  
I've written of all things of life,  
I've written of all things of death,  
I've written of fragments, steel, and of lifeless flowers...  
Yet, more alive than anything...  
Is this mad heart that you so long for and adore.

And, so I ask...  
What am I to you  
Between your clenched hands?  
Does it set you at ease and comfort  
Such solemn grace?  
Uprooted and seemingly yours?

Nonetheless, I am sick of speaking of flowers,  
They are not that delicate...  
I am consumed in various shades of gray

And because of that matter  
What more can I say than what I have already written?  
Speaking with faith...  
I am only a mad woman who loves you.

Mimi Mata

# Malignant Mass Of Lilacs By... (Mimi Mata Meyer)

What creeps in these corridors  
Within these purple solemn hours?  
I sadly awaken to lilacs with no heads,  
And, with all the life I have given you  
I am left with the remnants of thorn and green...  
I do not oppose to such colors;  
I only just long for the deepest hues.

For you see?  
The fickle of light has betrayed me,  
It adores the the stolen flower of your scent  
And, nighttime shadow finds you more abstract;  
My poem in motion, my love, my painting,  
You in your masses,  
I ask, can you see to it that my brush is never broken?  
That I am the only one who can trace your perfumed lines?

I do hunger your colors,  
That of death, that of life,  
The drought, the blue, gray, purple, wood and steel  
You are the most magnificent in plain sight...  
My astrocyte; my malignant fleshly star,  
Metaphorically speaking you are my lovely contradiction.

So it is you that creeps within these corridors  
Within these solemn purple hours;  
My painting, my love...  
How you color my sad sky with rich hues  
My astrocyte, my malignant mass of lilacs...  
That of my death that of my life.

Mimi Mata

# Meteor Of A Heart

You and your meteor of a heart...  
You fragile fire,  
Why does the sun in the sky  
Suddenly put you out?

And, yes, the sun loves you,  
When it falls to its knees,  
Out in the horizon,  
As blood red as my soul,  
When my spirit for you bleeds...

And within the twilight hours  
In the midst of your fall  
Please do not forget me...

I only went to reside;  
Behind you, and your meteor of a heart...

And, the salted streamline of my eyes,  
Causes lightening to strike,  
So, you, my fragile fire,  
And, I, are suddenly put out; alike...

So what do we do?  
Where do we go?  
Heaven and hell help us,  
For neither of us know...

Should I take every syllable,  
And make feather for a wing,  
So you can find another way,  
To flee in the distance,  
When my heart solemnly sings...

You finger your conscience  
And strum a guitar...

You and your meteor of a heart  
You fragile fire...Your mass of stars...

Mimi Mata

# Miscellaneous Pulses Of The Universe (By Mimi Mata Meyer)

The heads of the lilacs  
Go rolling on with an articulate sway  
And I hear them;  
A metaphorical note  
Played in the distance...

I am not speaking of literal things,  
Only of notions a heart would know,  
Colors; and the miscellaneous pulses of the universe...  
For what is an ocean without it's turbulence,  
It's inaccurate crash?  
Fruit without the root  
And, tightened grasp of earth?  
So, be it everything holds my heart...

I cannot wish for anything to be still,  
Because even for a withered soul,  
The spirit silently beats and speaks,  
It goes off like the heads of lilacs  
Rolling on with an articulate sway...

Understood or not;  
I know it.

So let it be that the circumstance  
Of everything that falls,  
Sings it's very own silent hum,  
Wether in motion or either that of painted quiet thought...

Standstill suddenly becomes sacred,  
For, rhetorically something inside always beats.

Understood or not;  
I know it...

Colors, and the miscellaneous pulses of the universe.



# My Combustable Heart

If you decide to turn from my combustable heart  
And the cinders of my words let loose,

remember I had to burn the burden of this noose;  
To set myself free  
To set myself free.

And if the air around you, has your stomach churn  
Please do not allow me to burn,  
Life's lessons in turn, will show you a greater meaning  
And maybe my fire will start ceasing;  
Perhaps it will start ceasing...  
And by nightfall we can watch the stars as they are increasing  
For, in the distance my fire would have disputed into a wavering moon,  
By twilight the half peeked sun, and the blood of our souls by afternoon.  
So remember this:

If you should decide to turn from my combustable heart  
And the cinders of my words let loose,  
Remember I had to burn the burden of this noose;  
To set ourselves free...  
To set ourselves free.

Mimi Mata

# Now I Have Become Tired By (Mimi Mata)

I am tired...

Restlessly I go to where the rock cannot be unearthed  
Where the root of the trees cannot splinter  
Where the salt-like, metal smell of my being  
Cannot filter into the palpable hearts of flesh,  
Only into the black licorice smell of darkness.

This is my silence...

'Oh', so bittersweet and as intangible  
As the notion of 'nothingness.'  
Only to become 'something, '  
Later when my 'nuisances' set aside  
Their overly glorified nets;  
I find myself estranged, caught in thought; thinking.

I am tired...

I have become a splendor  
Letting myself go into an honorable bottom,  
A place where I do not sink,  
But, find there within, hard, soft, yet flowering things  
Where there is no sun, no dawn, no twilight, no moon.  
Only the subdued longing to understand some sort of cinder...

As to where it goes; I go,  
Somewhat bittersweet and impalpable..  
The evaporating, salt-like, metal smell of my being  
Making the edges of finger-tips singe.

This is my silence...

Filtering into the palpable hearts of flesh,  
Writhing in overly glorified nets...  
It is so now I have become tired.

Mimi Mata

## Seemingly Useless Things (Mimi M. Meyer)

If your heart no longer admires my magnificent hues,  
The ones that once colored your soul less portraits,  
The ones that once colored your black skies a shade of blue...

Remember;

I am not part of your senseless thought,  
Seemingly useless things they too never forget,  
And somewhere within your subliminal weave of forgetting,  
I have transpired into a wakeful dream of 'believing'...

I believe in a cloud with silver lining,  
That not all shores hide the marvel of gold...  
Let gold be of a dream with silver deliverance,  
And there I will wait in the nook of your forgetting.

'Oh' that silver spume with its alliance with salt...  
It's the tear that stings and smells of water from my shore,  
I have pummeled my way to make it to your heart;  
And yet as a tear I still remain pre-disposed...

Remember not to remember;

For in this way your heart will never be distilled;  
There is no innocence in these waters,  
So many have drowned with futile attempts to flee...

Why go?  
Why forget?

The reality is not all things are innocent,  
And with knowledge there comes a sense of wretchedness,  
So sweet and wretched; I pour from silver lining,  
So golden into the glass like deliverance of your forgetting,  
Making an alliance with your cold; trembling lips...

Remember;

I am not part of your useless thought

With the tremble of your salty lips  
I feel my colors have been put into magnificent use...  
And somewhere within your subliminal weave of forgetting  
I have transpired into a wakeful dream of 'believing'.

Let gold be of a dream with silver deliverance...  
And there I will wait in the nook of your forgetting.

Mimi Mata

## So Tonight I Fall Into The Gray...

Smoke your cigarette and speak of mundane things,  
As the smoke evades I think of a solemn soul;  
Somewhat mystifying and disinterred...

I am not engaged in these controversial aspects,  
I only am dreaming of something that can be real.

What is understood; what is not understood?  
Make your way through me,  
In my valley of 'miss touch me nots'...  
Their heads held high,  
Then withering at the slight swift touch,  
Of your many questioning passerby.

There are certain ways to touch fragile things...

So do you question the ripple made by your hand in a cold stream?  
Why is it the heads of a moon flower only recognize the moon?  
Whichever, way, some things are only left to be admired...

And please don't silence me in my madness,  
You cannot stop a quake when it happens;  
Just find refuge in my open spaces...

And so I find you there;  
You see I have been disgraced,  
Somewhere along my parallels of black and white...

So tonight I fall into the gray.

Black is too solid for my sometimes transparency,  
And white cannot hold the heaviness of what disassembles;  
I like the devil's advocate,  
That can't make any sense within my separated fields...

So tonight I fall into the gray,  
Somewhat mystifying and disinterred,  
And as the smoke evades I think of a solemn soul...  
Dreaming of something that can be real.

Mimi Mata

# Steeple Steps (By Mimi C. Mata)

I cannot justify my transparent view  
Of certain memories  
Amidst the outpour...

A tear, in the storm of my soul,  
Has suddenly only accomplished  
Everything that is a child in me...

Leaving the woman; behind,  
A corridor of steeple steps;

Levitated between seven stages of fire  
And the soothing light and ease of water...

Am I only left floating,  
Mis-interpreting unfamiliar wave-spume?  
Or, only consuming all that is combustible? ...

Damnation of a woman...

What is it that you leave behind?  
When the irony of your echo  
Makes it's painful way through a wooden heart?

Splintered in the land of a man, or a memory:

Searching for you...  
Only, searching for you.

Mimi Mata

## Surplus Heart Of Wine... By (Mimi Mata Meyer)

I will not cry tonight,  
I do not want to gather in the rain,  
Then shrivel beneath the sun...  
I am tired of these things,  
And in the passing chill;  
I have become ill.

Wakeful hours, wakeful hours,  
I hear the horse howl in the distance,  
Do not come with shining things,  
For, I adore you bare without jewels...

You come with a fog,  
A dream without mercy,  
And, your presence performs  
With the richest colors...

Bring me the seasoned grape of your being,  
And your surplus heart of wine,  
And I will know you with my pale lips...  
I will know you with my pale lips.

'Oh my love, ' you seem a divinity,  
With you in my world everything is abstract,  
With your cold, smooth silver lining;  
I do not want to compromise  
With anything else other than  
Your palette of surprise;  
I endeavor in these things...  
Wine and art.

Drunken, and 'oh so bittersweet'  
I understand I am ill,  
Overly adored, and, sickened to the rot;  
Did you not choose this fruit for yourself,  
And, your surplus heart of wine?

Do not cry tonight,  
For in these wakeful hours, wakeful hours,

I will know you with my pale lips...  
I will know you with my pale lips.

Mimi Mata

# Tangled People (Mimi Mata Meyer)

I cannot seem to gather you  
Within these lines,  
Your words are a pin-point  
Weaving a universe that makes of my soul;  
Solitary I am yours...

Yet, today somehow saddened,  
I have lost my liveliness,  
And nothing shivers;  
My waters gather fallen leaves and drown them...

I want to bring this water to your lips  
And ask you what it tastes of.  
Perhaps, at times I wish for you to shudder  
You...My brightness; my dark,  
Yet, because I love you,  
You, are my indigo sky and I will throw your stories  
As stars into the far, far, far distance...

So let it be,  
That you are not a bit pretentious,  
For your eyes gaze at me by the multitude  
One by one I want to take the gleam from your eyes...  
And kiss them,  
Before they fade out.

My love, I cannot seem to gather you,  
The same way I cannot gather myself;  
I have gone through luckless measure  
To clear the disputes  
Between my tangled people...

And somehow, somewhere,  
One of me is in anguish  
So amongst my abundance of kisses,  
I want to ignite with fire,  
Put it out with water,  
Cut with sword...  
Then hide behind shield.

Is this the tyranny of a woman?  
Or is it so human that it is crazeless?

I cannot gather you,  
The same way I cannot gather myself,  
Solitary I am yours,  
And because I love you...  
You can have all of my tangled people.

Mimi Mata

# The Last Remnants Of Our Toes (By Mimi C Mata)

Furrow of brow,  
Indecipherable flight of step;  
My emotions decapitated,  
By razor; steel word...

I extend a saddened root,  
toward your blood red sun

Your furious heart  
Turning to ash:  
Every apple I have birthed...

Where is it  
in your continuum  
of fire and steel; my love,  
that you will find  
my saddened condensation of ash?

Where did you go?  
What is it that you have lost,  
that makes my palms singe  
and makes my headless soul linger?

In dis-belief  
My mind joins  
the slit throats of your thoughts:  
in mourning, hiding behind a dense cloud...  
we hover above...

Searching for a mountain,  
searching for a cue,  
for a place in your soul...

Where your fuera (fire)  
cannot burn the last,  
remnants of our toes.

Mimi Mata

# The One With A Silver Thorn (By Mimi C Mata)

With insubordinate step;  
You go looking onward  
across your pastures...  
Where restless roses  
lay their heads.

You see that she is no other  
than the rose  
with a silver thorn.

You know the one  
that frightens you,  
when you wish to gather  
her magnificence  
in your hands...

velvet petals; trembling  
rolling off to shiver  
in other distances...

Submerging her fragrant fragments  
in one of the cold lakes  
that drown her merciless dreams  
for a voice.

You ponder:  
and have lost the peripheral  
vision in dire quest  
for another soul to touch...

And you ask,  
Have I fallen in love  
with the one with a silver thorn?

And suddenly your darkness pauses  
As all the stars shut their eyes...  
Every so often blinking  
in thoughtful precaution  
for the blinded steps that you make,

Towards the one with a silver thorn...

They are silent  
they have no answer  
they do not know  
they do not understand...

Forget their gestures  
of leaving you...

For a single thought  
twilights a profound desire  
for the drowning muddled fate  
that beckons...

She awaits;  
the one with the silver thorn...

'Forget about the blood sacrificed  
for her soul has already died'...

The stars say...

So you jump with unsteady feet  
into the mysterious cold lake  
to save the one whose stem  
your heart wishes to clench...

The one with the silver thorn

Suddenly your darkness pauses  
and all the stars shut their eyes  
no longer blinking...

They have left you,

They are silent  
they have no answer  
they do not know  
they do not understand...

How your heart wishes to clench  
with desire with love  
the stem of the one...

With the silver thorn.

Mimi Mata

# The Sweetest Grapes (By Mimi C Mata)

Hello there,  
In your armor of dark,  
Did you come because I spilled my wine?

Or is it my eyes you love,  
How they flickered the fire,  
You knew and adored?

Yet maybe,  
Just maybe, in this lonely hour,  
You can hold your minions,  
That tortured my dreams,

How my soul evaded like smoke,  
In the eyes of all that I spoke to...

Sanity in a chalice,  
Will become spilled wine,  
'Or so you say'

And insanity will taste,  
Like the sweetest grapes in spring.

And to my dissipated knowledge,  
I will make a pledge...  
For God to save me,  
For God to save me...

I ask,  
Will you search through my glass heart?  
Estranged and stained;

That I believed in justice,  
Despite my wars?

That I welcomed love,  
Although I suffered within the hands,  
Of all I knew to believe...  
Loved me?

Did they love me,  
In ways of love,  
Or of that of the grotesque?

Either way,  
I believe it was just the melancholy passing of sadness;  
Like that of a dying petal  
That my soul suffered from...

And the snake licking my dead thorns,  
Did not bother me,  
Because I am human...

Now what am I?  
Another evil or of that of God?

Will the wings that you offer me,  
Smell of coal and turn to ash?

For the sweetest grapes  
That the devil drank...  
Tasted bitter.

Mimi Mata

# The Unforseen Shard (By Mimi C Mata)

The world will never understand a poet,  
It seems,  
It seems...

The colors of the universe,  
Bind my tongue,  
And I cannot speak to you,  
The lines I have written...

Lines like;  
I had a dream that I was entangled; naked,  
In the limbs of fruitless crooked trees,  
And the moon was full,  
As my heart gave birth to new fruit;

My subconscious virginal sacrifice,  
To the starving hands of human ignorance...

For you see,  
This is my temple and who will see,  
And know, the colors of my unseen glass?  
That I cannot see reflecting in your eyes...

Yes,  
Yes...

I am a stained poet,  
I am the unforseen shard,  
I understand the beauty of your blood,  
And the existence in non-existence...

Haunting, like one conforming into their own shadow,  
In their own presence...

So when my waist becomes inanimate  
In the hands of a man:

I will be gone,

Preaching to another loving convert,  
Preaching,  
Preaching...

On how the world will never understand a poet.

Mimi Mata

# The Way Starvation Cries For Fruit (By Mimi C. Mata)

I have seen,  
With my dark spacious eyes closed,  
My battles, as I still palpated in my mother's womb...

And when the forefront of life,  
Gave me my first breath,  
I inhaled in the ocean,  
That God foretold; would drown me...

I have craved a savior's hands  
The way starvation cries for fruit...

My heart hung low and heavy,  
Enough for wolves and vulchers in pursuit,

To take into their ravenous mouths,  
My virginal sacrifice,  
To human ignorance,  
As I cried indisposed and wayward beneath  
Their snarls and perverse glances...

I crawled in my dreams,  
Where my hell, could only cauterize my wounds,

Where I was that sad, sad leaf,  
That fell away too soon...  
That fell away too soon.

Mimi Mata

# They Made Me Castles (By Mimi Mata Meyer)

I want to go to places where there is slight sun  
I love the overwhelm of the light  
And the tangible course of the dark...

A place where the eyes can skip,  
And I can secretly steal your rocks for thoughts,  
And throw them out my back window.  
I thought it would be miraculous if I found a place,  
Where I am like paper mache;

And my soul sticks to you like art...

Can you find me paper?  
Can you inspire me a pen?  
I watched each letter float away;

And I promised that I won't ever see that pain again...

But those letters and rocks they made me castles;  
They held me at court, they held me down,  
That night I fought away and stole your paper crown  
I threw it in the lake under my rocks;

And I smiled as I watched it drown...  
And I smiled as I watched it drown.

The next morning  
You said, 'Sorry for last night I'll call you later.'  
I took your rocks for thoughts and your soul like paper,  
And out of despise I read your heart aloud.

Listen, there is nothing like the sound;  
As my castles they came tumbling down...  
And in the silence,  
I said...

Can you find me paper?  
Can you inspire me a pen?  
I watched each letter float away;

And I promised that I won't ever see that pain again.

Mimi Mata

# Things From An Inanimate Point Of View (By Mimi C Mata)

I cannot comprehend,  
Things from an inanimate point of view;

How a vase can become precious,  
When one forgets the flower...

Or how the potency of suggestion infuses the streets,  
When flesh becomes like wine,  
For all the drunkards...

It seems to me,  
Not many care to understand,  
The vast pastures,  
Behind the eyes.  
The capacity and beauty,  
Of the heart's allegorical measure,  
Is forgotten by the crevice speaking,  
Inbetween the thigh...

Or how about the recommendation,  
Of the soul's capacity to be like an ocean?  
Perhaps the most wonderful cure,  
For all the sad wayward leaves...

Or how about the words of a poet  
To fill a drunk one's ears?  
Before they are poisoned  
By perverse suggestion...

So, you see?  
You see my friend,  
I will feed the flower,  
And forget about the vase...

For I cannot comprehend,  
Things from an inanimate point of view;

How a vase can become precious...  
When one forgets the flower.

Mimi Mata

# This Kind Of Armor By (Mimi M. Meyer)

Between time and space  
There is no retreat for tired arms,  
The coarseness of hands seem almost inanimate...  
Like objects set aside; restlessly ticking.

And is it in just a matter of time  
That one forgets not to only love,  
But to hate those things that never do?  
And it is this kind of armor...  
That allows that unsettling butterfly to seep in.

And in your winter it will fall  
Solidify, cold in its heaviness,  
But somehow compromising with some kind of fire  
To melt into a wither...

In my time,  
I want to taste the buttery, green, soft of 'leaves.'  
I have to conquer 'them' in my hands  
Until they find another retreat  
From my 'almost' inanimate arms...

And it is just in that matter of time  
That one forgets not to only love,  
But to hate those things that never do.  
And it is this kind of armor  
That allows that unsettling butterfly to seep in,  
Held within your soul; restlessly ticking,  
Only to compromise with some kind of fire...  
To melt into a wither between time and silent spaces.

Mimi Mata

# Thrown Stone (Song I Wrote)

I will never forget...  
You know how it goes at times  
Forgetting is never that easy  
Remembering is not so hard.

I am that apprehensive soul  
The fog is so thick but my heart is always there  
Is it true everything alive somehow pulsates?  
I always find it even in denseness.

Perhaps not...

In my distance I hear the migrating flee of birds,  
They are like your hands that leap off the branch of my limbs;  
In my mind I will never forget;  
Even in the brisk, when cold atoms freeze...

And in the midst of winter when all the leaves are dying  
Rebirth as we know it, grasps the withered by a root;  
Relinquish in what you know, enable what you don't,  
Somewhere there are always new stars in your constellation...

So tonight I threw a memory of you down the cold stream,  
Like it was necessary you floated back to me  
Drenched in thoughts that were heavy,  
I cupped you in my hands and kissed your forgetfulness  
And all that was luckless parched and kept from dying...

Do you look for softness in exchange for my dry lips?  
Whichever way, softness dies, this is real...

You, you sometimes wretched soul  
You, my sometimes pummeled storm;  
You my scathed scared bird  
Cold and fleeing like a thrown stone...

I am the one who did this;  
You see, you know it?  
I took your stone of an aorta in its masses

And in my palms you were hot  
Like two silver coins left beneath the afternoon sun...  
I placed you in my distance and made you shiver;  
I watched sadly as you momentarily  
Rocked to and fro...

My keepsake, my shiny stone,  
I keep you alive with the words in which I speak  
Your transformation of feather tickles my throat  
So..Goodbye make your way to flee,  
Relentlessly I get choked up...

Remember this;  
You, you sometimes wretched soul  
You, my sometimes pummeled storm;  
You my scathed scared bird  
Cold and fleeing like a thrown stone.

I am that apprehensive soul  
The fog is so thick but my heart is always there  
Is it true everything alive somehow pulsates?  
I always find it even in denseness.

Mimi Mata

# Tranforming Into Old Yellow Creases

Shadows in pursuit  
Disassembling memories;  
These are fragments  
Without the grace of light  
Shining upon them...

They become people;  
Passing by,

The way smoke evades into the air;  
The air I have long forgotten  
As I seemingly inhale in faces  
That are now just exhaled surfaces.

Politely smiling through  
Old yellow edges  
Creases that intuitively  
Marked faces,

Before time distinguished  
Where to leave a space  
Between fate's decision

Of life or death...

Death and death's portrayal  
In the hearts of those of us yearning  
Solemn in our denial  
To believe that abandonment  
Is also one of life and death's issues...

I met a woman just the other day,

Her red lipstick was applied crookedly  
But she had pretty eyes;  
Framing betrayal with blue stained glass

'So he left me for someone else'  
...She said...

...She sadly said...  
Her small hands slightly twitching,

And I looked down without  
Anything useful to say  
My mind spacing out on the  
Newly mopped floor...

Watching my own reflection  
Muddle with fate...

I didn't look at her picture  
Of her idiot husband...  
Who I knew was a liar and a thief  
Making vows in a remarkably selfish attempt  
To steal a heart then foolishly taking off,

To steal another...  
I did not look  
Idiots all look the same to me...

They make up the pages of propaganda  
More sad realization that statistically  
Morals and values were not taken into account  
Down the miniscual alleyways  
Of todays growing ignorance...

The picture in my presence  
Made my stomach churn  
After slightly hearing they had two children;  
Somewhere in my distance...

'I am sorry'...  
Then I got up and left,

Walking past people;  
Inhaling in faces  
That are now just exhaled surfaces,

Evading into the air...  
Transforming into old yellow creases.



# Translating Blue Into White (By Mimi M. Meyer)

The silence is vast,  
Indefinite with contrast of color,  
Rising; only to kneel, in the hazy horizon...  
There are no songs to be sung,  
And what remains alive are behind the eyes,  
Of all that are sleeping...

I cannot find marvels,  
Beneath my dark, quiet shore,

'In this wrecked dream'

I can feel the madness,  
And the sharp 'pang' of liveliness,  
That refuses to be real,  
Somewhat hovering above me;  
Translating blue into white...

'Just out of my silent reach'  
'Just out of my silent reach'

One blazing constellation after another,  
Making itself out to be something so 'beautiful'  
And, how I love that fire within and the life it proposes,  
But just like all things its brightness,  
Is more no less in that of a much later hour...

Those times where no words are concrete,  
Or set into stone,  
Only things left unsaid...

Translating blue into white,  
'In this wrecked dream'...  
'In this wrecked dream.'

Mimi Mata

# Truth (By Mimi C. Mata)

I roam barren fields  
Ebony velvet descending  
Seeping beneath my skin  
As emotions unforseen  
Send icy whispers down my spine...

I put my heart  
Against a wall of my confinement  
Taking in various conversation  
From souls that I neither can see nor touch...

In hopes to ease my hunger for solace,  
I stagger away intoxicated by poisonous fruit...

For in a fragment of my heart  
A memory of light is emblazoned.

Illuminant; burning,  
Where I seemingly cannot grasp...

For, I cannot dance in darkness  
Or roam fields I cannot see...

'I am blind'

Acres of beauty remain barren:

Unseen...

Until truth and meaning are defined.

Dedication,  
For all those finding their way through the dark...

Mimi Mata

# Unconditional Silver Piece Of Dawn (By Mimi C. Mata)

I murdered a thousand demons  
In the heart of a man,  
And his waters fought my reflection;

Metaphorically speaking,  
The way a whore fights herself...

The dawn broke the skies,  
And my eyes, two stones:  
Lyrically softened by a salted streamline;  
Rolled away, like unsought for jewels  
Blinded by molted sand...

I saw hidden hearts and a thousand buried souls  
Each one similar to the reflection of that whore...

Indeed an angel in disguise,  
I cupped her face in my bleeding hands,  
And saw the very same two stones...

Rolling away to find me,  
Rolling away to find me...

For, I murdered a thousand angels  
In the heart of a man  
Unknowingly trying to yield  
An unconditional silver piece of dawn.

And the demons and angels  
Were all fragments of the same;

Metaphorically speaking,  
Fighting for her dawn:

Inside the heart of a man...  
Inside the heart of a man.

Mimi Mata

## Wilted Things By (Mimi Mata Meyer)

I speak of all wilted things as my being  
To believe a rose dissipated in the cold  
Will never grow the same in the spring,  
To feel as the wave does split by all it touches?  
A watery soul unable to grasp another completely...  
Without drowning it.

Why is this woman so sad?  
Or so to say I enjoy a deeper meaning  
It is a true phenomenon to love the sun  
Only in its deepest shade of red  
When readily bending to sink within solitary...

So when I love; I may love too much.  
My wrath can be as perpetual.  
Are these the consequences of allowing myself to be human?  
For I would be lying if I said...  
The human heart can always forgive.

Let me not show you my eyes when I cry  
Either way I will Never forget your face.  
So you see you will remember for I am the same rose  
That has grown accustomed to the weather  
And I promise to be back the same or different each spring.  
I am the watery soul split by all it touches...

So how can I hold?  
How do I surrender?  
Why are some hearts so ready to be consumed?

Mimi Mata