

Poetry Series

Tasha Miller
- poems -

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Tasha Miller(September 15,1971)

My poems reflect my life experiences, enjoy.

A Death Occurred Today

A death occurred today.
The suffering was long.
The death was preventable
but the heart wasn't strong.

The life was long and hopeful,
but reality was its doom.
The life ended lonely
in a small dim lit room.

I grieve for my dream today,
may it rest in peace.
It will never be forgotten,
the pain will never cease.

Tasha Miller

A Reason For Their Rhyme

With smiles on their faces
and a tear in their eye,
they pour out emotions
so their hearts won't die.

They write about love,
sadness and fear,
so they might find peace
today or next year.

Their pens scribble emotion,
as they try to let go.
Their hearts open up
and the words just flow.

So, if you know a poet,
look deep into their heart.
There is something there
that makes them stand apart.

Tasha Miller

Basketball (For Devyn)

In a world of football
and baseball, too,
basketball,
is all I want to do.

I would play football,
if Mom would permit.
But she can't stand
to see me take a hit.

But Mom loves basketball
and so do I.
I love it, live it,
I want to fly.

You should see,
what I did today!
I am going all the way,
to the NBA.

Right now, I'm still growing,
I have growing pains.
But it will be worth it,
I'm the next Lebraun James.

□

Tasha Miller

Broken Children

I see broken children,
I see them all around.
They never get built up,
only kicked to the ground

Why can't anyone see them,
recognize their face.
I see broken children
all over the place.

Tasha Miller

Daddy's Name

I want to know
my Daddy's name.
Why do you act
like it's a game?

He's not your Daddy,
he's only mine.
And it is him
I long to find.

□

Is his name John,
Mark, or Jack?
Won't you please tell me
so I can bring him back?

I want to find my lost Daddy,
That is my aim.
Mommy, will you ever
give me his name?

Tasha Miller

Dead Dream

My dreams are like an echo,
flowing through the air.
I can't catch them as they go,
but I know they are there.

Everytime I scream,
another comes along.
It is like the bad chorus
of a never-ending song.

I know how it ends now,
make the dream go away.
I've been having it forever,
every single day.

My dream was shattered
the day I made the call.
You took away everything,
my dream, my hope, my all.

I wish I'd never found you,
then my dream would live.
Now all I do is try to find
a way to forgive.

Tasha Miller

Fatherless Child

A fatherless child was born one day.
She never asked for this life,
but it's hers, anyway.

As she lay in her crib
at the hospital ward,
the other fathers come,
the other babies are adored.

She has no last name,
her birth certificate, incomplete.
There won't be a proud Daddy
counting the toes on her feet.

That first day of school,
she knew something was wrong.
All the other kids brought a man
named "Daddy" along.

She had heard that word,
but what did it mean?
She didn't have one of those,
at least not that she had seen.

She asked many questions
over the next few years,
but there were no answers,
just a set of deaf ears.

As she grew up,
the dream formed in her mind.
One day she'd get answers
and her lost Daddy, she would find.

She laid in bed every night,
giving him a face.
She rehearsed every moment,
every word, just in case.

She imagined a happy meeting,
a day full of hugs and tears.
The vision became perfect,
polished over the years.

She couldn't believe it,
when the day actually came.
She finally had a story
and most of all, a name.

They wouldn't let her search
until she was on her own.
She knew this was something
she had to do all alone.

She made many cold calls,
the answer was always the same.
Then she found someone
that knew that name.

The woman said,
"That is my son".
The girl knew it was over,
her journey was done.

She learned all she could
in that one call.
As she hung up, she realized,
'that was my grandma'!

She had what she needed,
the time was here.
She dialed his number,
the phone trembled next to her ear.

When she heard his voice,

she felt her heart flop.
Everything was still.
Time seemed to stop.

She told him the story
and the part that he played,
how she was his daughter,
the one he had made.

She heard him speaking
and the words that he said.
But this wasn't in her dream,
it was a nightmare, instead.

He said he didn't want a daughter,
her dream would never be.
She was only a weed
growing under his family tree.

Now, what would she dream about?
This was the only dream she had.
All she ever wanted was
to be a daughter to a Dad.
1.

Tasha Miller

Finally

When I think of you now, there is no pain
the words I have written have given me reign.

I used to wonder why but now I give thanks
I was lucky enough to not be in your ranks.

You aren't worthy of me, this I now know
why ache for a father that will never show.

Now I can realize that I am here for a reason
and it's not to prove that you were once in season.

There is good from my life if you care to know
I seek out the forgotten and love to them I show.

I know the pain from being put aside
and instead of receiving love, only receiving chide.

Tasha Miller

For Aunt Elaine

Aunt Elaine

My dear Aunt,
our bond was sealed so quick.
I only had you for a short time,
but our bond will always stick.
I will miss you everyday,
though I feel you, close by.
I hear your voice in my mind
and a tear forms in my eye.
You were so very loving,
you took me, under your wing.
You welcomed me to the family,
and gave me everything.
Thank you for your words,
the ones you gave to me.
I will treasure every one,
and keep them close to me.

Tasha Miller

For Memaw

Your grand kids are your pride and joys,
there are two girls and many boys.

Tarynne Marie loves her books.

Devyn Dee has his father's looks.

Gavin Parker, you don't see enough.

Alden Wayne loves all that farm stuff.

Trent Jr., how ironic is that name?

Tabitha Gayle, she and her mom look the same.

Ryan Nicholas, you have to adore.

And, in a few months, there will be one more.

When you feel brave and very fit,
call your kids, we'll let you babysit!

Tasha Miller

For Tarynne

Our sweet little daughter,
you are almost grown.
Before we know it,
you'll be on your own.

When we look back
on all of your years,
we miss our little girl,
but smile through the tears.

Just know that we love you,
you are the light in our day
We will be right here
to help in any way.

Life isn't easy,
it's also not fair.
But remember that home
will always be there.

You're not a little girl now,
a young lady, you've become.
Go build your life but always,
remember where you came from.
~ Tasha Miller

Tasha Miller

For Terri

I know you are my aunt,
but is that really true?
You seem more like a sister,
I even grew up with you.

I remember many ball games
and we hoed many a weed.
I remember you loved me enough
to teach me how to read.

You let me play with your Barbie
even when I pulled off her head.
And I'll never forget
how you carried me when I bled.

You taught me the difference
between bad and good.
You were more than an aunt,
You gave me my childhood.

I could never thank you enough,
I know that I can't.
You are a blessing to me
not just my aunt.

Tasha Miller

Her Dream

In her dream,
he is there.
He holds her and loves her
and he really does care.
In her dream,
she wasn't born wrong,
She had a father all along.
In her dream,
the one that never comes true,
She loves her Dad
and he loves her, too.

Tasha Miller

Her Own Disease

It's nothing but madness, □
a child bleeds sadness
and no one ever sees. □

And it's sad but true □
when that child is you, □
yourself, you can't please. □

That small child in me
just can't let it be,
and let it heal with ease.

Will she ever learn,
and try to discern
that SHE, is her own disease? □

Tasha Miller

I Can'T Write

As I sit
in bed tonight,
I wonder why
I can't write.

The brainstorming
is just abuse.
I think that I
have lost my muse.

I just can't write
what's not in my heart.
I can't write about rainbows.
I'm just not that smart.

I don't write about politics
or torrid affairs.
I can't write about turtles
and teddy bears.

I can't write about suicide
or cutting my skin.
I guess I do my cutting
with my old ink pen.

Tasha Miller

I Cried Anyway

I found out you died today.
Though we never met
I cried anyway.

I cried for the man
I invented in my mind.
I cried for the man
that left me behind.

I cried for the man
that only spilled his seed.
I cried for the man
that left my heart to bleed.

I cried for the man
who couldn't play his part.
I cried for the man
who wouldn't share his heart.

Tasha Miller

Little Girl

I say this for the little girl,
the little girl inside.
I know we had a dream
but our little dream died.

Please don't be sad,
don't cry anymore.
Let's heal our heart,
it has grown so sore.

There are no happy endings,
its so unfair, but true.
He couldn't be what you needed,
he couldn't just love you.

□

Little girl without a daddy,
it may be a gift to you.
The Good Lord may have known
it was a job he couldn't do.

Little girl, you hush now,
get some needed rest.
Little girl, you hush now,
have faith, you will be blessed.

Tasha Miller

Lost

In this lost world
I live in sad despair.
I searched for it forever
but it was never there.

I looked in every corner,
every corner of my mind.
But I was always late,
just one step behind.

How did I lose it?
Was it ever mine? □
If I ever found it,
would I really be fine?

Tasha Miller

My Mist

I see you there
out of the corner of my eye.
I can't turn to look,
you might solidify.

I can hear your words.
They swim in my head.
You are talking to me
and I know you're dead.

Is that a shadow,
or is it your soul?
I have to ignore you.
Interest, I can't show.

You are but a mist,
you are always around.
When I think you're gone,
you only surround.

Tasha Miller

My Nanny

Most have two grandmothers
but I'm not like the rest.
I could have only one,
so The Lord gave me the best.

He gave me a 'Nanny',
she was the perfect choice.
Nothing soothes me more
than the sound of her voice.

She sang and rocked me
in that chair for hours.
Nothing is stronger
than the bond that is ours

My Nanny is my angel,
she will always be.
My Nanny is my rock,
she's always there for me.

There are many miles between us,
but it doesn't give me sorrow.
I just think of these words,
"I'll see you tomorrow"

Tasha Miller

My Stranger

I love a stranger
I love what I don't know.
I love a stranger,
since a long time ago.

My stranger is a caring man
with a heart made of gold.
My stranger lives in my mind,
his character is controlled.

My stranger never talks to me,
this I can't allow.
My stranger's words are silent,
he only smiles and takes a bow.

Tasha Miller

One Day

I have something to tell you,
something you don't know.
One day I will heal.
One day I will let go.

Its just that it hurts,
it hurts down deep inside.
But what can you do
when love and cruelty collide?

I wake up everyday
and try to look ahead.
But last nights' tears
are what I see instead.

□

One day I'll wake up
and my tears will dry.
My heart will be numb,
I won't be able to cry.

Tasha Miller

Sweet Daughter

My sweet little daughter,
you are almost grown.
Before I know it,
you'll be on your own.

I want you to know,
there's NO shortage of boys.
Why can't you be happy
to still play with your toys?

'Those boys are trouble',
I've told you many times.
You don't seem to listen,
maybe, you'll HEAR my rhymes.

Tasha Miller