

Poetry Series

Armand Miller

- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

Armand Miller(July 15)

I write poetry because it keeps everything in perspective for me. thers no area for bs in poetry.

A Good Man

I loved you
Far greater than you ever
Because to be quite honest
I didn't know how to tell you
How can you tell the girl
That is stared at by many
That she is gorgeous
And not have it looked at as
A compliment so that he can hit
What's this mere boys heart
To a woman who has
Everything she could want
And anything she doesn't have
She puts in work until it's hers at last

I realize now that
I missed my opportunity
Because at the time I was more concerned
About my understanding
Of my fathers viewing of me
He stated that I went with female dogs
And at the time, I felt true Irony
Because rumor has it that he lashed out when his mom
Said to him what he said to me
I thought "Oh so that what you think of me?"
And everything he called me
Whether it was good or bad
I used to feel I needed to be
Because it was spoken from my dad
Yet after becoming a hoe
And my interpretation of my father's words true
I saw that the one who was hurt the most
Was you
You saw a part of me
That was locked away
Never planned on it being
Once again, free
And you took it as how I cat truly
So you gave up on me

Years go by and
Now we're great friends
But I see it as
We're better than we were back then
The following day
Your douche boyfriend proposed
And you said yes
But with your mind not your soul
For true love is felt
Within your very essence and radiates off you
But... I hold my tongue
For as long as I can
Until I go in the brides chamber
And see the dress your in
Then I begin to beg and plead
Babe, please don't marry this clown.
There are so many more good men
On this planet that you could choose
Then she turns and slaps me in the face
Pointing at her ring with tears in her eyes, she says
"This was supposed to be you.
But you were too busy worrying about
Whose panties you could get into
And as far as good men
It's not that I wouldn't give them a chance
It's just that after you became a hoe
There weren't any left

Armand Miller

A Good Man Pt.2

I stand there
With the stupidest face
As her tears keep streaming
And once again she slaps me
But this time because
I destroyed her wedding day
By making her feel things
That she gave up on feeling
She was content with
Settling
But I was being greedy
And was only thinking about me
I thought maybe if I had longer
I can try and make her mine
But clearly she hates what she saw
Because on the inside it is who I am
And no matter how much I fight it
She'll never accept me as her man

She fixed her make-up
And prepares to get ready
I'm still standing there as
The room door slams shut
Everything she said was right
I did become a garden tool
So that I could utilize my tool
And train all the wayward dogs
Because he said that's what they were
but it's not his fault
Because he didn't tell me to go out
And find them
I should have stated innocent
Should've been smarter
But I didn't know that was
How to get to her heart
In my head I hear the voices
Screaming at me to take a stand
Telling me to go out there
And show her I'm a better man

Complete opposite of the past
And surely better than
What she was about to marry

I rush to the church doors
And burst them open
Screaming to heavens How I OBJECT
Everybody turns to me
As I walk down the aisle
Reciting the short piece i made in my head
Coming to the main chamber
'I know I did you wrong
But I'm here to say that I'm a changed man
Marry me and I'll love you forever
Don't settle for this douche'
I stop right in front of her
And she goes for a third slap
But I catch this one
And take the kiss I've been craving
Since we were in high School
And her 'husbands' face was stuck in awe
As she breaks the kiss
and says 'I love you 2.
But don't get it confused your still not a good man.
You're the BEST MAN FOR ME.'
And with that we finally married.

Armand Miller

Am I With Her?

You know I get it
Why women say that
All men are dogs
The way we call them bitches
The position we put them in
And we leave or sneak away
When there's a new ass to be smelled
Or one that we never got to smell
When we wanted to
And today I know I'm now grouped in with them
I hurt her
And put her in a strange position
She hates me now
She doesn't have to say
It radiates off her tongue
and I know I'll see it in her eyes
And I know there's nothing I can do or say
to get back what I've lost
Because I swore to you
I wouldn't be that guy
And it turns out that that guy
The one that went around
Fucking every girl he could
While also enjoying enough of the chase
So that she wouldn't be classified as easy
Is exactly who I am
I'm undeserving of being with you
Hell I'm undeserving to have lived this long
And it seems that my purpose for living is squandered
so now I have nothing
I understand
I won't fight what we both know
Is the only two options we have
The choice is yours
because all of mine so far
Have led to our present situation

Armand Miller

Born A Poetic Nigga

I love Black people
However, I hate Niggas
Niggas are always worried about
I, Me, and Mine
Not realizing that its that very thing
That's kept us behind
It's sad that we were here first
And the governor gives little Jose a better chance
At college than he does little Angela
Primarily because Jose has something
That Niggas refuse to accept
It's not all about me
It's how me affects we
See we can kid all night
About a Mexican stereotype
But if you pay attention, you notice
That each one of them has them working together as a unit

Niggas are phenomenal people
They just need to alter their mind frame
Use your hustle skills for business
Not the neighborhood drug game
Let's stop being the lazy bums
They try to force us to be
Because in the end Nigga please believe
You not free
They may have taken off physical chains
And we may not work in cotton fields
But they kept the ones on our brains
And have us working in the jail cells
It's shameful that as Niggas
We put our women on the corner of Wabash
So that she can frequently get her walls bashed
So that little Dwayne can have some soap with his bath
Truly Sad

No more I Me Mine
Worry about US We Ours
A lot of us think just because we got Barack

We're living the dream
The same dreaming we've been dreaming
Since slaves were set, "free"
My people here's a piece of a proverb
Form Arab history that fits us perfectly
"He who knows and knows not that he knows
Is Asleep - Wake him"
Its 2011, and our dreams are the same
As a people, we need to change
Because no matter how we look at it
No matter which way try to alter our destiny
We need to understand that□
The revolution will not be televised
IT MUST BE VOCALIZED
AND THEN MOBLIZED

Armand Miller

Chicken And Beer

My people are too busy
Listening to todays 'rap'
To do anything
While those like me wonder if it really is rap
Because it has no message
Or maybe it does and we're not looking hard enough
I will admit my example is going a ways
But hopefully you'll get it

They
They meaning those who brought us here
Those that have the power
To keep us impaired
But see we weren't always impaired
We once ruled mighty kingdoms
Holding the title of Pharaoh
And had others grovel at our feet
So they visited LaJinn
Mystical Genie of the Galaxy
And see they were mad that we were on top
So they wished us gone
And we were
Gone from our home
Yaken to be truly lesser beings
Work the cotton fields
And hold massa's baby
Because since we didn't serve their one true God
He was punishing us
But overtime

Punishment was over
And we're technically freed
To say, do, think, or believe
Whatever it is we pleased
Deluded ourselves into thinking
That this made us on equal terms
Driving side by side along the road of life
So they went back to LaJinn and they were mad that we were on the road
So they wished us home

And so we vanished
Not all of us but just enough
Went back to the homeland
To tell them of our horrors
And how skewed the idea of being slave and master
Is different from being slave and owner
However do head back
And as we return
They approach us and ask
What makes you think
You can come back and take control

Simple really
The God you taught us to love
Said in his good book
That which was last
Will soon be first
And so it's our turn
So one more
They visited LaJinn steps
And since they were mad
That we were right
They wished us wrong
But not literally
They made us wrong
Because we can talk about
Trying to come together as a community
And the following day get gunned down
For the colors we're wearing
We'll scream and holler about
How Barack is in Charge so
Things will get better
When none of us that are complaining
About the fact that it looks like nothing happened
Have an inkling of what it takes to run a country
Too busy trying to find a Savior
And Make A Change
Not realizing we save our selves
By making small changes
Because I'm tired of being classified
As a dumb motherfucker
And yes the word was necessary

Because no longer can I stand by
And disrespect the mother's
Of all these hard working truckers
By comparing them to our
insolent, lacksadaisical demeanor of handling business
And I know that
The Mother of Fudge Cake
Would be too delicious and taste too sweet
To leave such a vile taste in my mouth

But it's okay
Because we will change
Even if I have to force it myself
So don't look to me for pity
Or me to be nice to your ignorance
And accept that as a queen
You want me to see you Monday through Thursday
And Call you Delicious
Because I was taught by a grand master
On how to sharpen my oyster knife
And I haven't quite filled my quota for the day
But Like I said
We'll be okay
Because when we finally do come together
And they stop treating us like Lil Tink Tink
Disqualifying us for our
Unfair Advantages (Katt Williams voice)
They're going to revisit LaJinn
And he'll say no
And when they ask why
LaJinn will take out their ludicrous wishes
'You were mad that they were on top, so you wished them gone
You were mad that they were on the road so you wished them home
And you were mad that they were right so you wished them wrong
So after your three wishes
BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS!

Armand Miller

Cinderlla

Met prince Charming today
And I love him

He knows how to hit just right

To where the abuse keeps me

Coming back for more

He has this way of

Balling his fist

That when they make impact

I can hold the stars

His form of choking me out

Is a lot more fun

because this way

No gag reflex

Won't affect how this feels

Never worried because

He lets go just before my heart fades

So that my eyes can roll back

And give me that rush that I love

Oh and don't get me started on his slaps

Whether its my face or my ashtray

Because both the singes of the blunt
and the immediate impact of the slap
Send chills down my back
To match the cold blue marks
That refuse to turn black
because my luxurious brown skin wont let it
But anyway back to those slaps
That leave more than
Just my face hot
As I crave for his hits
To go everywhere but that spot
Because once it does
I know he won't stop
And the feel of 1
no2...
no 3.....
no 4.....
no a fist punching me again
Causes this little princess
to experience the wondrous life
of those girls in the trenches

Who complain about the way

There man handles them

I just say

Send him to me and you

Won't have to worry about him being your man

Because he'll be my new daddy

That; s the life of a girl

That each of us have met

Whether we know it or not

A princess

used as a Mistress

When she was far less

Than when Drew Barrymore was an actress

But daddy never had a problem burying more in her

And allowing confusion of daddy's love

To be raping and abuse that she received

Whenever the clock struck midnight

And daddy couldn't fins

His little golden square

Armand Miller

'F' Memories

I lie here inside
Waking in the nutrients
And enjoying her taste
YOu see little do you know
I know everything you do
I just don't know it
These mushy salt things you swallow down
covered in soft creamy sweet
I wonder if mommy knows
How good this taste
I love hoe she
Gently caresses me
Each passing day
I notice the connection
And the rhythm of our thump-thumps
Become more alike
I could feel when she was angry
And I knew one day
I'll help her
Because we were forever linked
Whether it's 3 days knowing
and 9 monhs confirming
I'll love her until
I no longer can

A long while I; ater
I'm blinded vy a light
Everything is a giant blur
The cold air is nibbling at my skin
Everythign slowly begins coming in focus now
And I see the woman
The ladt rhar let me enjoy
Everythign she ate
Everything she touched
Everything she felt
My Mother.
And yet she never looked at me
Some person in white
gave her a weird flimsy thing

then she put her hand to it
In the most awkward position
And the guy holding me
PLaced me in a chamber
No other babies near me
The colored puffs came in
And made me feel dizzy
But I could feel my thump-thump
Start to slow
She did this
She let them take me
She gave me up
She never wanted me
How could she not....
-FLATLINE-

I arrive back
To the keeper of souls
He asks me if I was the one
That was supposed to cure cancer
I chuckle and reply
I was supposed to do alot of things
But my mother didnt want me
She didn't care to think abouy
Why, if and how it would
Effect mankind as they know it

I ask how long will it be till i go back

He checks his books and says....

25 years

Armand Miller

Harvey Two Face

Confusion is from
What I am spawn
Because with it in me
I can't seem to move on I feel as if nothing
Could ever make me change
For my foolish pride has me
Running quicker than drains
I must have filled with something
Not to long ago
i had split
Into 2 completely different egos
One that's not human, is a well known freak
And fucks with whomever he wants
The other a smart human, trust only those are close
That thinks this would be wrong
It makes no sense to them
Why this is so confusing
Because there's only one body
So I need help with the final ruling
For the smart one does poetry
And the other does freestyle
So I show you each of them
Caution: these words might be wild

-Pause-

I apologize now
For my other half's actions
Before they actually happen
For you see
My intellectual capacity
For the understanding of poetry
Allows me to speak in couplets
Simple but Understandable yes?
So I beg your forgiveness
IN this bodies next wickedness
A implore you not to punish the skin
For what bizarreness lies within

-Pause-

Alright you want to know the truth
Well here it goes
My name is AJ
I only wish to stay lyrical
I'm gonna stay chasin my future
Cause for me it's easier than Karma Sutra
Not to say I don't like that thing
I just don't like being scene as being obscene
I run to my destiny
AS if my name was Tobi
Mr. Kunta Kentai himself
Just with a far more Dastardly mental wealth
But they can't keep me chained like the other slaves
For my word slurs hit them like a wave
NO not tsunami I'm talking Kamehameha
Something so beyond incredible
It makes demons praise God
This pen and ink is like a horses reins
I only pull back when I wish for my words to change

-PAUSE-

So now you know of me
Both poetic and lyrical□
And I know ask a question
I promise it won't be spiritual
Do you like one more than the other
Or do you want us to join
Either way it goes
You still have a standing Double Headed Coin

Armand Miller

I Dont Speak French

Walk up on the most gorgeous
Vision of beauty I've seen
That peaks my fetish needs
Having me crave her knees
To keep my head locked in between
So I walk up on her
And engage in conversation
A little verbal elation
That would cause stimulation
For later fornication
But she tries fighting me
Forcing me to do things
That would supply wonderful dreams
To any normal being
But she's not normal
For even when it's obvious she's horny
She'll still ignore me
That is until she accepts it
I remember as if it were
The most important memory
Because to me
It represented true fantasy
Beyond pure imagining
The way her sexy black lace
That covered her sacred place
Fell to the ground, finally out the way
And she was already prepared for me
With her salivating
I went straight in
Loving the smell of her
Loving more that there was no fur
just me tongue kissing her
Satisfying my desire
And calming her dripping fire
With each lick'
And each flick
My tongue becomes slick
Off of her juices
And her moans come quick

As her legs twitch
And her lips clench
.... then release
And I was finished
Adding her to the list
Of thos that fell to my fetish

Armand Miller

It Starts With 1

P
Possibly the
Greatest thing in Poetry
Or so it seemed
Because he often caused mind screws
And spoke only to the freaks
The poetic flow
He chose
Always left his O-pponents
With their mouths closed and clenched
For when he got off stage
They had to quickly clean the drool
That was left on they face
As they head to the sage
They try to act like it didn't faze them
Because they knew if they win
They'd have to face him BUT

O
But Opportunity missed
And no he didn't win
But that was okay with him
He spoke his pieces
And he walked off the stage
With the same amount of change
He had in his pocket earlier that day
HE goes home and tries to
Heal the community
And tried to help his people see

E
See Everything that affects he
Because if it affects he
It ends up affecting we
But he thinks
What I do today Might make
Others in the future hate me
Because they ain't me
Because they can't be
They want to master the 4 essentials
But none exist

And so they're struggling
They refuse to accept
There could only be one Avatar
The reason why you not it
Is because you keep changing like an Avatar
And you let others lead your life
As if you were an empty shell
Waiting for its Avatar
And because

T

Because Trying seems to be
The only thing that he sees
Is not represented
Within his black communities
And he keeps pushing on
With every breath he heaves
Because he doesn't want to die
And have empty dreams
But neither does he want to stay
And see the eventual

R

Eventual Ravaging of humanity
Because they're not
Trying to save
Everything because we lost so many
Opportunities that could have
Possibly changed me and

Y

You

POETRY

IT CAN'T SAVE MILLIONS
WITHOUT SAVING 1 FIRST

Armand Miller

Something To Worry About

Round of applause
Baby make that ass clap
-CLAP, CLAP-
Now that I've grasped your attention
Let me explain to you why
What you just did was stupid
All the females that clapped
Understand you're merely fueling society's belief
On the only thing a black girl is good for
Fellas, we're worse
Because we get all excited
When a girl actually do it
Not realizing it's our very bone
That is degrading itself
I will say this though
We aren't to blame completely.
Some of it is because of parents
Some of it is because of teachers
But an overwhelming majority is because
Of OUR shared mentality
Because we allow ourselves to believe
That when we fight we always win
When that's merely the so called supremacy
Toying with us once again
Prime example: Nov.4,2008
HOORAY WE HAVE A BLACK PRESIDENT
So, most of his house and senate is republican and white
Presidents don't run countries by themselves
Stop blaming him because it appears nothings happened
You have to understand he's fighting
All those snobby, white bastards
That don't want a nigger
In "their" house
But I digress and move on to brass tax
People the supposed supremacy
Embedded in we
Our expected life plans
The day the pregnancy test says "yes"
You'll grow up

Learn what they want you to learn
Go to high school
And begin the downward spiral
Because, since your black, you'll do drugs
To handle the stress of being a teen
And you'll rob a store
Because you got the munchies
Now both you and your girl
Got rep sheets because neither of you knew
About the camera in the back corner
You go to jail
Best case scenario you have a misdemeanor
So they let you go
Now What?
No school wants a criminal inside, it's a safety hazard
No job is going to logically hire thieves
So what do you two do
When your backs at the corner
You start dealing
And get arrested again
Now you're facing 20 for possession and intent
Because you're black

-OR-

You make it through high school
Go to college
Actually graduate
You know if you're a 12%er
But now what?
You major in Business
But you feel the mail room
Isn't worth the wasted energy
Of a graduate of such an esteemed University
So you're left for managing Mickey D's
And everyday you're dealing with Mickey fickey's
But I bet you have a white supervisor
That tells you a monkey could do your job
And you just stare or nod whatever
But the problem is we're not thinking
So many of us don't realize that phrase
Is nothing more than a smart way to say nigga

You'll get made when they say nigga
But bow your head and stay silent when they call you monkey
Everybody we are living in something
I call IRS
Inverse Red Summer
Because instead of them killing us
They give us the gun
Let us kill us
And then lock us away in detention camps
I mean prisons
So now we have 20 to life
And no hopes of probation
And if the rumors are true
No Vaseline for that midnight penetration
So either way it goes
Their plan ends with
Our Incarceration

So let's think about the now
And how it'll affect the then
Because I know
We are tired of being
Because Being is a Verb
That is only an is
We have to be more than IS
'Cause they love when we submit to IS
Because that means they control the rest of
Life's sentence that we must adhere to
Because we are only IS
We're not the thought
Nor are we the subject
We just Are
Which is plural for IS

Everybody changes need to occur
And they start by actually learning and understanding
The history, nature, and reason of our people
It's horrible that so many people love Rosa Parks
For what she's done
But those of us that ride the CTA
Always head to the back of the bus
So please let us progress

Instead of just having mental process
Let's actually come and STAY together
Not just be next door neighbors
Help each other to educate
Don't look at ignorance and just tolerate
Because if we don't
We are only committing suicide
And with our deaths
All they think is
"That's one less nigger I have to worry about."

Armand Miller

The Darkness

I don't remember specifics
All I know is
This bright light ahead of me
Is getting brighter
I don't care though
I know what this light means
It's the final decision
That I can't decide
I keep having brief flashes though
Of my apparent memory
I keep seeing this bloodied blade
and trembling hands
I hear the screams of someone
In some faraway place
But I'm not wired
Because I know I died of Cancer
But whenever I see the blade
Or I think about the Cancer
All I see is my face
Covered in dry blood
But it can't be me
I died of Cancer
I'm severely utterly completely sure
That cancer killed me
And as the light appears to be
Merely a mile away
I try floating faster
Because I know that when the Almighty
Reads back my life Story
It'll start off
Raziel Lyceon Dante
Born July 19
And i will gaze upon him smiling sadistically
As I sent to hell
Because apparently allowing Cancer to kill me
Was a bad idea
Should've been born a Leo

Trek To Heaven

If heaven were a mile away.....

I'd make my lifelong goal
Be a mile long trek
Because I'm tired of
Everyday waking to the sound of sirens
Lil Boo man on the news
And getting on the bus
While the smell of ganja roams in the air
Yes within the next 8 blocks
I'm going to destroy our ignorance
And completely kill the nigga in us
Because that term was forged
So that we may obey a power
That truly never existed
And did nothing but play mind games
Set us up for mental chess
Yet telling us it's checkers
But I'm knocking over the board
Because this time the baffled pawn
Is going to take down the fabled king

With only 3 blocks left
Till I reach those shining gates
I'll commit mass slaughter
Upon my own people's brains
Exorcising the idea that we can't make it
And inceptionising the thought
That our destiny is forged by us
We can either Shake these last few weeks
To their microscopic inner dimensions
Or we can continue to lie
And cheat
And steal
And die...

Because once I stand in front
Of those pearly gates
If you haven't embraced your true destiny

Then I'd just be another Marcus Garvey
Leaving you with ideas
That died far too quickly
However until that happens
It shall stay a life goal
Awaiting the day when
Heaven is a mile away

Armand Miller