

Poetry Series

Bobbi MillerMoro

- poems -

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Bobbi MillerMoro (5-08-1973)

Bobbi Miller-Moro I'm a proud daughter, mother of five, wife, friend, ex-police officer and filmmaker. Most of all, I'm a proud woman who loves empowering women. I'm not afraid of hard work, dedication and putting in the long hours, months at a time to deliver films that make a difference. See any one of our films and you will know we make sure to leave magic on the screen.

I do not believe or follow feminism. I was born in an era and country where women can be whatever they want to be. The generation where women can be powerful, brilliant and seductive. The older generation of men have considered my work feminist because they do not understand full self expression, no matter your sex. They are offended by my glorifying and uplifting women, especially mothers.

Working on second book, 'Having it All-Women Without Borders.' First book is LESSONS I LEARNED FROM OBAMA Available on Amazon in a few days.

Mama, what is war?

As I listen to my children fight, I stop and think,
where did they get this from?

Are we not all one people?

Why do mommies and daddies fight?
And neighbors harming one another?

Why does there have to be religion to divide?
I don't think I can ever get used to the pain of war.
The suffering of hurt and pain inflicted on one another.

Imagine a world of peace, where we all love and accept each other?
Where different color of skin makes no difference,
and a different view point only means difference.

Where siblings do not fight each other
and hurt each other.

I looked into her eyes,
clean from the absence of war.
"mama, what is war? "

I could not speak,
My heart soft with the power I hold
to give a four year old the continuing passage of
generations before me, to know war.

She knows fighting from me. I know fighting from them.
And they know fighting from the rest of them.
But, I can stop it now.

She is the future that needs not know what war is.
She can create peace, and tolerance and love and acceptance.

"We can heal this Nation, and repair this world" ~Obama

Yes, We can.

Nov.1,2008
Porter Ranch, Ca

Bobbi MillerMoro

Mindfields

This poem was written by a mother of five.

First, on the outside, I look normal and fine.
Happy, marriage, kids, etc.

Here's the inside:
It is a war zone.

You know like that experience where you are constantly under fire, but you have to perform excellently?

Your partners that are with you have either died off,
or are doing as well as you are.

Definitely no time to slack.

That experience where you just want to run out of the trenches,
but you realize you cannot carry your company
with you, but you can't leave a man behind?

Where food is rationed, and the enemy is always at your door.
Where your nights are sleepless,
and you awake for the needs of others?

For the most part your fortress has held up,
but you are constantly afraid the fires,
wind, or lack of resources-you'll lose your shelter?

Where you hope and pray for a miracle,
as you continue to toil and sweat,
shiver and shake,
from exhaustion, fatigue and emotional drainage?

Where you know that this war will end-it has to.
You cannot become a casualty either,
because you have too many people you are responsible for.
Where you ask how you got into this fox hole to begin with?

Then you will have a good day, where you got extra rations,
and the sky's were quiet early while you
rested for a bit.

But, sometimes there's torture, like Chinese water torture,
where it is repetitive every minute, every second of the day.
You wish and pray for something to stop it, but not risking the troops.

So you bear it. You try to withstand it as best you could.
Where your company commander is tough and aggressive and sets the bar high.
And expects the same.

Where you do lose souls once in a while,

but you recover.

Where war has made you tougher and more resilient than you could ever imagine.

That retreating is not an option.

Your company expects you to deliver, after all-you brought them this far.
You train your soldiers to one day become officers.

You wish silently they already can support the officers,
but have years of experience to catch up, there's only so much you can do.

You call out in the stillness of the night for additional support,
and hear nothing in return.

Silence.

You are truly alone in your foxhole with your company.
A signal comes through once in a while, but only to make sure you are still alive.

You know that illness is your mortal enemy,
so you are fanatically sanitizing everything
that you and your troops come in contact with.
Your life line to safety is to get out healthy and alive.

Someday this war will end.
There will be no more bloody messes, poop messes, no more counting
rations, no more looking at the sun outside your fox hole,
remembering days laying on the sun, relaxing.

As you catch a glimpse in the reflection of your spoon,
you see a withered, tired person. Aged beyond your years.

Why did I get into this war to begin with?
Oh, yeah...to protect innocent ones, and provide more troops to the
cause...and more importantly so I can have a better life.

This has been the hardest battle of the mind I have ever fought.
It has lasted the longest. It is more severe than the battle of divorce #1, and more
pounding than the battle of high school, job loss, dating and pregnancies combined.

This is a battle of the mind.

(Dec.01,2008)
(Porter Ranch, Ca)

Bobbi MillerMoro

Pain, Pain Go Away

A poem about Parental Alienation

Not sure where to begin today
Real hard time getting words to come my way.
Out of my head is not an easy thing to do.

But, why, why, why this pain?
Why did I have to fly so young away?

Daddy told me, Baby girl don't be with him,
he's no good, he'll bring you down.
But, I thought I knew the way,
...all I know is how to cry and cry...again.

You deserve heaven and earth,
he will bring you sad and hurt.

Daddy... you were so right.

He preyed on me,
as I ran from you ...into
The arms of a stranger.

He never cared, but brought hurt and pain.
My only joy I is I had my three babies...way too young,
I see that all now these years too late...

Pain, Pain go away...
Never come to me to stay
As I watch my life speed away
I swallow the pain of how it
was supposed to go.
As I choke back the tears of watching my kids,
Growing tall, and bright.

While they are trying to live with this stranger,
they know him as they're father.

He fights me everyday
to make sure
I cannot have them stay...with me
He has been the heart of my pain.

I look into my children's eyes, and see
What he is doing to them, is what he has done to me
And all I have to say, he has made it this way.

I live apart, it breaks my heart,
This is not the way it is supposed to go
I need my babies here with me.

I sit listening to my daughter cry,
feeling helpless as all I can do is try
to give her hope, and silently cry...
that it will not always be this way,
it is not how life is supposed to go...

Pain, Pain go away...
Never come to me to stay
Leave my children alone...

As I watch my son
He's growing so big
and I see him quietly
disappear inside of himself,
to get away from this strangers ways.

His words pierce
thru my soul ...

You cannot go. No, you cannot have them.
She's no good. No, you cannot try.
No, you cannot fly, this is your life, you have no say...
This is the way your life is going to be this way.

But, I know...
That it's not true they will be all they want to be..
And you cannot take that.

O stranger boy, who will never be
a man,
You preach
nothing
what you practice,
you are a picture of a hypocrite.

There is not enough retribution
that could come your way to
meet the match of taking away babies
from their mommy.

I did no wrong, just escaped from you...
And I worked hard to
pay my way
with no help from you,

and you still stole them away from me.

Your evil plan worked
and now they are with you, trapped for now...
but not for long...

I can only hope
I can only pray they see the way,
as I teach them how to keep
their head above water.
At least they are here on Earth,
the world is waiting for them to play...

I hope what I have to say and how to be;
helps them get thru the day
in this strangers home, he tries to keep them down.

He will have
his day in time.
It's funny how it works this way,
It always turns back,
...and it's on it's way.

I have found my mountaintop.
And my best revenge is to
teach my kids to fly away...
to go as far and as high as they can...

I release my pain to go away and never, ever come back to stay.

May 2008
Porter Ranch, Ca

Bobbi MillerMoro

The War For Peace.

Although I am a warrior woman, with extraordinary skills and the ability to carry out bodily functions that I never knew possible, endure physical and laborious pain beyond any human understanding...My Spirit is Peace.

Although I live in a volatile planet, there are so many beautiful serene places, and spots-so peaceful and quiet. With just the wind and the rock and the sun to greet you. These places do exist.

But I ask; Is it possible to be a Peaceful Warrior? Carrying out acts of Peace and waging war at the same time? How I exist in this oxymoron is beyond me. The deep, low frequency of Peace. Slow, pounding vibrations of heat and light permeating and penetrating my flesh.

How can I be peace and fight wars of life? Why cannot I exist in this Earth somewhere at the top of the highest peak, or below by the canyons creek, wet and rushing with life?

Why cannot I fly above and beyond, right now whilst I sit here at my keyboard? Couldn't my body remain as I take flight through the roof of my house, cold wind rushing by, as I pass a hawk in flight and soar to destinations unknown?

My soul, my spirit, my eyes, my ears long to drink in the beauty of God's Earth, no matter the condition. To be able to walk unseen through the streets of Bangladesh, and the hills of Morocco? Unseen by man, I will travel far and wide, tasting the teas of Switzerland...

I stay here for the little voices that call my name twenty times in 15 minutes. The jarring wake-up to reality as I gaze at Earth's beauty, the splendid magnificence of a Meditation video on You Tube with Inspiring Quotes.

I know myself to be there, in those images, I inhale slowly. My earphones trying to drown out Nemo in the background, feeling the plush plether seat under me. In my little office at home. I hear the music intertwined with voices, little and big voices; speaking to me, needing to hear me and their own voices.

Sweet faces, with angelic eyes they look at me; I am their mother. I made them, they are here because of me. No matter the wars, and the bills, the credit, and repossessions...no matter the stresses of life they want cereal. They want to know how to put their shoes on for the tenth time today and when is their cell phone going to be fixed?

I breath slowly, inhaling the air of my home with tears running down the inside of my face. I respond, taking in their beauty, and wondering how did I become this matrimonial, sacred being of healing, answerer of questions, errand runner, forever domestic cleaner?

What happened to the mist slowly creeping over the cliff, rolling onto the water? What happened to me being there to witness that? I look outside my window, the bright, crisp sky touching the mountains with playful curiosity. The white clouds bouncing over my head-through my window they call for me. They are peace and timeless. The sun shining in all her brilliance is taunting me, playfully teasing me to join her, her heat melting into my wanting pores. But, I do not move from my chair.

Cartoons blare into my background, and I realize my keyboard is my paddle to the shores I am rushing faster and faster to get to. If it sells, if they buy it, If we have enough, if I can afford, If the babysitter is affordable now, If help exists for us-then maybe....

Maybe I can run up to the treetops and sing with the eagles. Maybe I can smile at the dandelion as it blows so delicately. My Soul is Peace, My Spirit is timeless. My body longs to join them, but trapped here in this wicked game of life. A trick maybe?

Under my steel skin, and my bones made of sheer rock and my searching eyes- there lies a gentle flowing wizard, a Goddess of light. All things possible, all things available, it is so in her world.

What would happen if I gave into her? What happens if I tear down my fortress of rock and steel? What happens if I let her loose from my tomb of skin? Will she shine in exquisite brilliance? Will she remind me of stories, long forgotten of worlds and times had? Will the Earth remember her?

I long to know. I pacify her daily, hourly, minute by minute. Shhhhh. We will have our time, it is not now. It is not now.

I lower my head in shame, for I cannot loose her. I am helpless to the demands of gravity and my human body and my pull for delivering child rearing and care. So, I whisper to her-go to sleep, and I borrow her trinkets of Gold and Sapphire; and her staff, and while she waits patiently, her giant orb of energy thousands of yards in diameter still and quiet- I plow through the sea of words.

Submitting light into the darkness of twisted darnage of profanity and hate, I work relentlessly. Since I am working at something, the toil of man-I might as well work at something that helps to bridge the gap, and heal the wounds, rescue the weak. Forgive the lying, love the wounded, and pray for the twisted tormented souls among us.

This is my journey.

The eagles will have to wait. The rocks will be climbed later. The sunset will be seen again, and the colors of the sky against the reflection will be witnessed one day. But, not now. Not now. Now is the time for the war for Peace.

(Dec 28,2008)

Bobbi MillerMoro

You Know

You know just what to do to me.
You bring out the best in me
What you do to me
Your lively eyes
And handsome face
Your warm, sweet, delicious embrace.

You bring out the best in me
I feel like such a woman
What do you do?
Your soft embrace
Your gentle ways
Your touch sends shivers up my spine

You know just what to do to me baby.
Aye, su tan rico mi amor
Con su voz misteriosa

So alive, I become
At the very thought of you
My heart burns
With passion
You are my muse.

Quench my thirst
O, mighty one
Release in me
My thunderous storm
Aye, usted es tan bonito mi amor
Deme que usted tiene

Jan.2008
Porter Ranch

Translation:

(Oh, you are so rich, my love
With your mysterious voice)

(You are so beautiful my love
Give me what you have)

Bobbi MillerMoro