

Poetry Series

Jim Milks

- poems -

Publication Date:

October 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Jim Milks on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Jim Milks (2/7/1966)

I was born and still reside in Massachusetts; In fact, I live less than a mile from where I grew up. I am an engineer by trade. First, let me say that I am not a poet. Much as Julia Child said 'I am not a chef, I am just a person that likes to cook.' I am not a poet, I am just someone that likes to write poetry (as it were) . Some of the poems are really good (at least I think so) and some are not as good. Some are short while others are long.

It is my believe that poetry should come from the soul, not from the head I tried to write what I was feeling at the time. Sometimes I felt silly and other times morose and that is reflected in the poems.

I hope that you enjoy reading them as much as I enjoyed writing them.

I have thought long and hard about writing an explanation of each poem and sometimes I did though not often. The reason is that to me a poem should stand on its own merit. If I explain to you what I was thinking and what I was feeling then the point of reading the poem and discovering that for yourself is lost. Just because I am the person that wrote the poem does not mean that mine is the only opinion, or the only valid opinion. If at anytime you read something and the meaning is lost (sometimes I am to sneaky and clever and nobody gets what I meant) . Please feel free to contact me and I will do my best to fill you in.

JM 8/30/2007

...Goodnight Boston, I love you..

Can't you see all that I have done for you?
The countless tears I have cried.
I have given all I have
There is nothing left inside

I stood for hours in the cold rain
Just to see you, didn't you hear me call your name?
You looked straight at me
But I knew you could not see me

I heard you on the radio
Talking about your life
You home your family
And even about your wife

With a flash of light, and a brief searing pain
My life is short, my desire is strong
I know you loved me once,
What did I do that was so wrong?

As my life spills out on the floor
I hear your voice on the radio once more
...goodnight Boston I love each and everyone of you
I fade away for evermore

© JPM 9/23/08

Jim Milks

1984

Truly how long ago was 1984,
twenty-five years by the calendar,
no less no more
the past is an island with a deserted shore
where planes still fly in the air
and towers stand for ever more

wrapped up in textbooks secure in the past
where children run free wild and fast
with no fears of a sudden blast

© JPM 9/6/09

Jim Milks

1984 reprise

Truly how long ago was 1984,
twenty-five years by the calendar,
no less no more

now we "tweet" and we "txt" in an endless need to express
have we gone forward, or have we regressed?

We replaced double speak, and right think and the thought police
With politically correct and you tube shall this never cease

Shhh big brother is watching, time to confess

© JPM 9/6/09

Jim Milks

A Bee

I watched a bee today
Buzzing by as she traveled from place to place
Mesmerized by her flights grace

Her work she did embrace
A bee works in perfect servitude
Though it may seem crude

Her freedom is in her servitude
And in her inability to choose her destiny
Within the Queens total tyranny

8/29/07

Jim Milks

A Christmas Present for Mom

Mom, I searched long and hard for the perfect Christmas gift
Just a little something to give your spirit a lift.
As I searched far and wide
There is a fact that I can not hide nothing that can be bought
Can capture a mother's loving heart.

I get this feeling deep within my heart
with the sun sinking low as I wander around with no place to go
There is only one present that will do
your favorite flower Pressed with care
between some pages and a simple note
To say how I love you so and wish that I was there

Sitting on my bed clutching your present to my chest
my mind cloudy from the pills and the whiskey
Desperate to have you here with me
so I can give you your present
But All I can do is lay my head to rest on my pillow
And think of your cold stone there beneath the willow

Hush my son and don't you fret
In your life there will be sorrows and regrets
You will face struggle and strife
But always remember that somewhere up above
There is Mamma looking down with love

In the morning waking with the sun
And the feeling that something has been done
I check the present held tight to my chest
I see through the shimmering prism of my tears
there below all that I had wrote
Was a short tear stained note
" I love you to son"

© JPM 11/24/2008-11/25/2008

Jim Milks

A Flower Grows

Over there in the dark and dreary alley
Where no one ever goes, a flower grows.
Pushing up through a crack, pushing with all its might
Striving upward to reach the light

A flower, like love, is a delicate thing
That needs tenderness and care to thrive.
However, there it is alone and somehow it survives
All through the winter and into the spring

Its leaves unpeeled, its petals revealed
In the sunlight it lives, the moonlight it dies
The warmth of the sun returns and again it tries

5/25/2007

Jim Milks

A hike in the woods

Wandering through a New England wood,
I chance upon a meandering stonewall
Cutting across the land,
I wondered how long it had stood
The wall was wide and not very tall

The moss covered stones call to me
An in their shadow I can see
The shape of the land that use to be

5/9/2007

Jim Milks

A Kiss upon your Cheek

Two hearts bound by a single ring
Two souls grow as one
About this, the angels shall sing
And in this way love has truly begun

“With this ring I Thee Wed”
With these words and a gentle kiss
We embark on what lies ahead
Sailing into the waters of wedded bliss

As the years pass and time fades away
And we sit together and reminisce
I bring to you a simple bouquet
And upon your cheek a simple kiss

© JPM 9/26/08

Jim Milks

A Million years to Sunday

I hold you close and lay your head upon my chest
I kiss your soft and pale cheek and whisper
"shhh little Dove, rest"

The broken glass sparkles like diamonds in the early morning sun
Reflecting on so many things that have been left undone
I shall keep you warm against cold and bitter wind

I know that I have sinned
And for that, for us there are no tomorrows
As I shall dwell forever in this well of sorrows

I can hear your heartbeat so soft so slow
"Oh God baby please don't go"

I gently brush the red tears from your cold soft eyes
The sun shining on this tattered scene
One so sad and yet, somehow so serene

If I could pluck my heart from my chest
And place it in your dying breast I would
For just one moment, before you leave me for someplace above

Just so I could say on my dying lips
One last time
"I love you"

Jim Milks

A Secret: A limerick

a thought went into his head
about a girl he wished to wed
but her secret got out
with her he will do without
because her name really was Fred

Jim Milks

A short Ode to Edgar Allen Poe

OH Edgar my friend,
my morose brother
Thine rhyme doth touch the heart like no other
with your quick and wily pen;
What hurts were you trying to mend
Loneliness was your domain
A broken hearted lover
Forever pining in vain

Isolation, lose and pain
And joys so high
With them you can reach the sky

On this one thought I shall ponder evermore
"What fate befell the lovely Lenore? "
Edgar, Dear Edgar
A life of turmoil spilled across countless pages
Your sorrows, a gift to the ages

JPM 9/11/2007

Jim Milks

A short Poem in the Greek Style

From the valley of Venus
to the mountains of Aphrodite
To my lovers embrace I travel this day,
From my lovers embrace I shall not stray
A thousand life times pass away
In my lovers embrace I shall stay

4/3/2007

Jim Milks

A shot of Whiskey

As the sun is shining on my empty home
I pour a shot of whiskey
To help kill the misery
of you leaving me here all alone

I pour another shot of whiskey
And long for a sweet girl to miss me
But As I sit back
I know that I will die alone

I wander the streets of this forgotten town
Passing through the unfeeling crowd
About to drown in my sorrow
My pain covering me like a shroud

Oh how, I long for the day
When I am under the dirt
and all my emotions have gone away
And I no longer hurt

© JPM 1/17/2009

Jim Milks

A soldier didn't...

A soldier didn't ask...
To be called a governmental slave
A soldier didn't ask...
To put his friends into an early grave

A soldier did ask...
You to stand beside him and fight for the freedom we all crave
A soldier did ask...
To stand behind him and you too will be saved

A soldier didn't expect...
To have to become a diplomat
A soldier didn't expect...
To be treated like a doormat

A soldier did expect...
To do all of his fighting in combat
A soldier did expect...
To one day grow old and fat

JPM 10/12/2007

Jim Milks

A soldier died

This is my first attempt at the villanelle form of poetry.

In a far away place a soldier died
Lay gently upon his grave a sweet bouquet
And somewhere a mother cried

A child grieves for the father that has been denied
Longing for all that has been taken away
In a far away place a soldier died

War, a horror that can never be dignified
yet we march off to war again today
And somewhere a mother cried

A cold stone palace where the heroes reside
Where too many have been invited to stay
In a far away place a soldier died

All that is left when worlds collide
Is sadness and sorrow and dismay
And somewhere a mother cried

I say to you my brother your memory will not be cast aside
All that you fought for will never be cast astray
In a far away place a soldier died
And somewhere a mother cried

© JPM 9/6/07

Jim Milks

A valentine wish

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day
Ha, no that is not the best way
This is a modern age and time
And I can't win you with that tired old rhyme

I shall tell you that I love you so
But, even that you know
needs just a little bit more
For there is so much more of you I adore

There is your smile and your grace
and how they fill my heart with joy
how I long for your warm embrace
A love so strong a thousand years could not destroy

So this is my Valentine wish
That this, moment this time
This feeling and this rhyme
Last forever and ever until the end o f time

© JPM 2/13/09

Jim Milks

A Visit to Mom and Dad's House

Hi Mom and Dad;

I stopped by your house today; it has been a long time that I have been away. I walked past the iron gates of sorrows, dreaming of the countless tomorrows, stepped past the neighbors standing stone silent, past the flames that burn in the night right to the angel wings frozen in flight. I clipped the grass and tended the flowers, lost in the past I lingered for hours. This visit I brought my daughter, you would have loved her had you known her. She has your eyes, and caring heart. The time has come for us to depart, fear not mother and father though we depart we are never parted. The neighbors stare their stony stares as we turn to leave down the twisting path we bob and weave. Back to the iron gate of sorrow I shall return tomorrow. One day I will return, this time to stay. Till then dear mother and father rest do not bother, for I will come and tend the lawn, weed and straighten the flowers, Some days to linger long and wile away the hours. So rest dear mother, and dear father I shall not falter. Have no fear your house is protected and I am near. Through winter storms and summer heat I shall stand guard and not feel defeat. Rake the earth and tend the stone for a thousand years you will not be alone

4/4/2007

Jim Milks

Adventures in Toyland

Through the darkness wanders my GI Joe
Past the Lincoln Log house aglow
From the dotted light of a Lite-Brite
To the toy box in the corner
Past the game of Twister
Left out by my little sister
The clattering sound of my
Rock'em Sock'em Robots
Fills the air Catching
GI Joe quite unaware
He slips past the half-built Erector Set
Hiding in the shadows
His body a mere silhouette
Lifting the lid and slipping inside
Nestled in amongst the childhood memories
This is where he will live
where happiness resides

5/2/07

Jim Milks

Advise

"Never make your Hobby your job"
My father once did advise
For if you do what stirs your soul
And rules your passions dies

Sound advice from a man that knew
A man that took his passion and made it his job
And bid his passion adieu

"Never Make your Hobby your Job"
Advice I took to heart
My passion and I shall never part

JPM 9/5/2007

Jim Milks

Aging

Here I sit old and gray; never did I imagine I would reach this day
A secret smile plays upon my lips, dreams of adventures past,
Stories that cannot be told to protect the innocent and the bold.
I shall not sit and lament, for my youthful energy was well spent

4/3/2007

Jim Milks

Am I cool now?

I can get a tattoo just like yours.
Tell me am I cool now?

I can wear my hat backward just like you do.
Tell me am I cool now?

I can swear when I talk, and stagger when I walk.
Just like you do.
Tell me I am cool now?

I can drive wild and free just like you do.
Tell me why am I so cold now?

JPM 9/11/07

Jim Milks

April Sixteenth

Seven am April Sixteenth is the day
Death came to school to play
he slipped through the shadows of the early morn
screaming of his hurt and pain
as he started on his terrible campaign

It was Flinchum and Steger's interpretation
That made the determination
To send a communication
"all is safe death has taken a vacation"

The phones ringing
to a cold and deaf ear
Saying the killer was not near

Lying on the floor
scared and full of dread
be still and don't move anymore
To survive pretend to be dead

It was Cho's alienation
That started this annihilation
That stole 32 souls away

5/3/07

Jim Milks

At the gathering of the flowers

At the gathering of the flowers
Someone waits with the rising sun
There in the wee small hours
That is where love has begun

And there with the angels above
At the gathering of the flowers
To her I do profess my love
With her I will spend all my remaining hours

Where love empowers
Is where I will meet my love
At the gathering of the flowers
With desires undreamt of

Winter winds howl about my face
But the cold shall forever cower
From your warm embrace
At the gathering of the flowers

© JPM 7/18/08

Jim Milks

Atlas

There stands mighty Atlas
Supporting the weight of the world upon his back
There stands Mighty Atlas hour by hour, day by day
An eternity to stand
The weight of the world bearing down upon his back
Bending that mighty back and crushing his shoulders
This is not what he had planned
That day of the attack
Still he stands
Breaking under the strain
Here he stands
this is his domain
When I consider my burdens and pain
And Mighty Atlas and how he maintains
All of my problems
Seem so mundane

8/23/07

Jim Milks

Bedroom Eyes: A Limerick

See the girl with the bedroom eyes
One look from here and your passion will arise
Just that one look and he did not think twice
He never did considered the price
But his marriage ended between her thighs

JPM 12/21/2007

Jim Milks

Beware

Beware the man the professes his virtue so loudly
Screaming it so that all can see
For he is only trying to hide his inadequacies
And makes me wonder if it is himself he is trying to convince so badly

JPM 4/25/2008

Jim Milks

Birthday: A Haiku

Cake, candles, family
Conversations, gifts for you
Congratulations

JPM 9/6/2007

Jim Milks

Butter: A Limerick

There once was a man from Calcutta
Who loved all of his food covered with butter
His belly got huge
From the fattening deluge
"I can't see my feet' he does mutter

JPM 10/1/07

Jim Milks

Candy Canes: A Haiku

sweet and tart combine
colors blend and meld as one
metaphor for life

© JPM 1/20/09

Jim Milks

Childhood is calling

Come on people move
For childhood is calling
time to get up and groove
there is no time for stalling

Enjoy the warm sunny day
and chase all of your blues away
this is a day that is so enthralling
listen, as your childhood is calling

old men sit and are soon recalling
and slowly as their hair is graying
they hear the siren song of youth playing
saying that their childhood is calling

the time is slipping away so quickly,
so run fast and catch the dying sun
for childhood is calling
and your life has just begun

JPM 1/4/2008 - 1/11/2008

Jim Milks

Christmas in New England

Snow falling on a quiet winter day blanketing the world in a wondrous display
A dark river meanders through a field of white
The silence broken by the soft clop-clop of a horse drawn sleigh
It is Christmas in New England and everything is all right

Sunlight sparkles like diamonds brilliant beautiful and serene
White gray smoke drifts lazily above
Completing this winter scene
It is Christmas in New England share it with someone you love

Jim Milks

Christmas: A Haiku

Family, friends surround
Moonlight sparkles on the snow
Christmas time again

JPM 10/1/07

Jim Milks

Circuitry Man

See how we deviated from nature's plan
With our ipods, and cell phones
We have truly become a circuitry man
Wouldn't we have been better off left alone?

The history of humanity
becoming forgotten lore
technology without humility
mankind never more

© JPM 7/10/08

Jim Milks

Clouds

Be they white and puffy or dark and grey
Their appearance does not always ruin the day
They float above us
Their shapes engage our minds

They float they bump and recombine
As the shapes become familiar and refined

The souls of the departed and with the clouds intertwined
The shapes relax us, and help us unwind

6/11/2007

Jim Milks

Coffee

The sable river flows every morning
Filling but never over-flowing
A little sugar, a little cream
This is my daily scheme

4/28/2007

Jim Milks

Cold Spring

Staring out my window on a bright spring day,
Seems even the weather knows how I feel dismay.
Dark clouds gather the cold is near.
Spring and rebirth no longer matter, I fear.
White snow is falling, gathering all in its cold embrace.
A flower hides, encased in the coldness.
There is no sunshine only sadness.
No love to be found,
Cold, dark clouds abound.
The warmth of spring is lost,
For my life of sin I have paid the cost.
The coldness envelopes, the coldness beckons
It is my Savior, my destruction.

4/4/2007

Jim Milks

Contentment: a Haiku

clouds go sailing by
sunlight dances in the air
contented man

© JPM 5/19/08

Jim Milks

Dad

With his snow white hair, his steel gray eyes
he lives in my dreams where no one cries.
the frail old man that he had become,
fades away under the noon day sun.
In my dreams he lives, in my memories he resides.
That strong young man so full of pride.
His spirit is with me I talk with him still,
His spirit surrounds me it protects me still.
A story, a smile makes a memory spark,
a look from my daughter that touches the heart.
The shadows of the past vanish in the light
in my dreams he haunts me night after night.
he lives on in my gestures, my words, my deeds
he is my father, his approval I need
All that I am, or ever will be,
I owe to him and all he taught me.
He earned the title of Father, of Friend
to be like my Father I strive to the end.
To be like my father is what I crave,
the memory of my father I will carry to my grave.

4/6/2007

Jim Milks

Dad A life

My father is gone, gone to his grave
Carried away on an amber wave
It was his heart they say so strong, so brave
A heart that was crushed beneath an amber wave
My father is gone, gone in a flash
Washed away on an amber wave
The strong young man he was burned to ash
Ash that was washed away by an amber wave
My father is gone, gone this day
Taken away on an amber wave
Leaving nothing but heart ache and dismay

4/22/07

Jim Milks

Daddy I don't need any help

Dropping my daughter off
for her first day of school,
I hold out my hand to aid her.
"Daddy I don't need any help
because I am now a First Grader"

I stand by the door and hover.
A soft smile upon my lips thinking
about all that you will soon discover

Into the academic world I send her
A hug and a kiss for luck
And to the teacher she goes

And by a single thought I am struck
that my little girl is growing up
"Daddy I don't need any help,
because now I am a First Grader"
JPM 9/4/07 - 9/5/07

Jim Milks

Darkness

When the darkness comes, he shall awake
And in his depravity all shall partake
Spreading across the land a thickening shadow
The world is his and to this he will vow
Death pestilence and disease
All of these are his expertise
The shadows lengthen and stretch across the wall
He comes to everyone he takes them all
The morning comes his time is done
His work is not over for it has just begun

08/13/2007

Jim Milks

Death

Death walks the land
laying waste to all
be they simple or grand

His Scythe brightly gleams
As it steals another life away
Someone softly screams

Death hosts another party this day,
Eventually all are invited
to his soirée
No, matter
your post.

5/15/2007

Jim Milks

Dei falsi

I am your god bow down before me
Accept my will and supremacy
In complete slavery
And from me expect no clemency

Leave your mind, there by the door
And follow me in total idolatry
For you will not need it any more
As we pass your mind piled with the other debris

Surrender to me all of your individuality
And wrap yourself in my cold steel chains
And soon you will see
That I will take all that remains

** It is pretty rare that I feel the need to make an explanation of a poem or something that I have written; I prefer to let the reader make their own opinion. But for this poem I felt the need to say something. What I will say is this is not necessarily about what you think it is about.

Jim Milks

Desperation: A Haiku

Lost on the highway
Coldness loneliness surrounds
Mans Desperation

JPM 9/30/2007

Jim Milks

Dreams

To sleep to sleep perchance to dream,
so begins that famous poem
a fitting place to start my tome
dreams of longing, dreams I fear
dreams of someone that is so dear
in sleep I rest my weary head,
in sleep I dream the dreams I dread
dreams of longing, dreams of needing and belonging
peaceful night is no more
the shattered dreams are at my door
banging clanging they clamor for entrance
twisting turning I deny them admittance
the shattered dreams lurk outside my door
I twist and turn till they are no more
lying still I do lament
another nights energy has been spent

4/8/2007

Jim Milks

Dreams 5/22

I shake off the vestiges of my dreams
As the sunlight brightly gleams upon my windowpane

As the sun warms my face I put my arms around my love
The feel of her body the smell of her hair tells me that she is there

The sun streams upon the scene my love fades away
like the Morning fog before the noonday sun

and without warning I am alone again in the night
with just my dreams
rolling over to embrace the moonlight

5/22/2007

Jim Milks

Drive Home: a Limerick

sunlight guides the way
as I head home this day
to my wife and child
where life is calm and never wild
there to stay everyday

© JPM 5/19/08

Jim Milks

Early Morning

As I wandered through a wood I stopped to take a look
The only sound was animals at play
And off in the distance the babbling of a brook
How I longed to stay

Like an invader sneaks my appointment book
The invader slowly pushes the tranquility away
Stealing it away just like a crook
And off I head to face the work day

JPM 4/14/2008

Jim Milks

Easter

New party dresses of lavender and lace
children so neat, so clean, not a hair out of place
children so smartly adorned
search through the dirt and the corn.
searching and hunting I guess for treasures hidden
by a most welcome guest
the sun shines down upon this scene of merriment
and joy and glee all thoughts of sorrow must flee
the children all hunting
such determination to find each treasure is their elation
the children all laughing such a magical scene
the parents all watching blissful and serene
'Tis a fine spring day to be sure
finer than any that have come before.

4/8/2007

Jim Milks

Easter in a Cemetery

Standing alone in a sea of stone with a silent tear in my eye
Haunted by the echoes of the past, of the lives that will no longer be
Pain will come and pain will go, but love shall always last
Standing alone with the scent of spring in the air

And the smell of jute in my nose
The sea of stones fills my hazy sight
As the gentle swinging and creaking
Carry me home into the darkness of the night

© JPM 4/17/09

Jim Milks

Ebb and flow

Life ebbs and life flows
Through the summer heat and the winter snows
Time is the schedule we all must keep
Time passes and things change some for good some for bad
The ebb and flow of time touches all, everything we had

6/7/2007

Jim Milks

Faith

A joyful heart and a gentle spirit
That you may know should you ever get near it

With a smile and a wave
she does beguile and enslave

Her dark curly locks, her milk white skin
Both betray the angel within

JPM 9/5/2007

Jim Milks

Fall: Haiku

Darkening Shadows
Flower drifts to gentle sleep
The world is resting

© JPM 11/13/08

Jim Milks

Far Away

I Thought about you again today.
The warm sunshine on my shoulder made my thoughts go astray.
You are far above me and so very far away.
But, I know there is peace where you are and that is why you stay.
So very far away, but so very near
I only need to close my eyes and you will appear
'All is well my son, mommy is here'
But the morning will come and you will have to disappear.
Retreat back to my memories where I hold you dear

6/1/2007

Jim Milks

Fashion: A Limerick

A girl stood on the corner
Perhaps someone would have warned her
Her pants were very loose
And they did show her caboose
If they were any lower there would be fur

JPM 9/19/2007

Jim Milks

Fat Man and the Little Boy

In the space between conscience
thought and not, I had a dream
of Einstein's nightmare
and Oppenheimer's scheme
it soon became apparent
that my rest is now disrupted
by an errant Fat Man and
his Little Boy corrupted
as I labor through the night
and try to quiet this fright
in a room all agleam
from the East and
from the West
or so it would seem
The puppeteer pulls the strings
the puppet dances and sings
And sends the Fat Man on a ride
to join the Little Boy by his side
walls of stone so carefully built
crumble before me as if made of silt
and all this shall transcend
leaving only charcoal to defend

4/29/2007

Jim Milks

Fatherhood: a Limerick

There was a young man
with an interesting plan
with a young lady he would lay
but his condom he forgot that day
and now he is the chief of a small clan

© JPM 5/19/20008

Jim Milks

Father's Day

Father's Day

Father a title that many men obtain, but few men earn
To those men that earn that title we say to you
"You are so very vital"

To our Fathers o this day we dedicate
On all our Fathers have done on this we shall meditate

6/15/2007 - 9/4/07

Jim Milks

Fear: a Haiku

Racing heart inside
Totally envelopes you
Embodying darkness

JPM 9/10/2007

Jim Milks

Fire

Dancing children sway with pure delight,
they move before my very sight.
the light, the heat they do show
warms my heart I love them so.
They are so needed on a cold spring day,
to warm the heart and keep winter at bay.
their crackling call, the embers glow
their dance hypnotic
before my sight the children dance
with such delight

4/10/2007

Jim Milks

Fire: A Haiku

The greedy beast does
Devour life, to create life
Life, death born in fire

JPM 1/4/2008

Jim Milks

Fireplace: a Haiku

Warmth and comfort
Hear a sigh of contentment
The heart of a home

© JPM 2/3/09

Jim Milks

Fishing: A Limerick

See the young man fishing
Sitting there silently wishing
That his love was true
But there is one thing that he knew
That it was another girl she was kissing

© JPM 8/19/08

Jim Milks

Football Stole my Man: A Song

Woke to the alarm clock a screaming
Pulling my away from all of my dreaming
the morning sun is hazy and grey, telling me it's
Time to start my day: everyday seems just the same
And his mind is on that damn ole game

Sunday comes and he is hanging with the boys
They are out in the back jumping around and making all that noise
I just sit back and try to understand
How football came and stole away my man

His mind is drifting away again
I feel like I lost my best friend
I could back up and go away
A tired lady with three kids in tow
~laugh~ but no I know I will stay

Sunday comes and he is hanging with the boys
They are out in the back jumping around and making all that noise
I just sit back and try to understand
How football came and stole away my man

Saturday night and I put my make-up on and do my hair up pretty
Get all dressed up and take him to the city
And try to rekindle that old flame
Try to get back to where we began
When there was no football, just me and my man
but

Sunday comes and he is hanging with the boys
They are out in the back jumping around and making all that noise
I just sit back and try to understand
How football came and stole away my man

One more Sunday and we are hanging with the boys
Jumping around and making all that damn noise
Now that I am a fan
It is just football me and my man

© JPM 1/25/09

Jim Milks

For Life...

"Dear Diary" I hurt myself today
I cried for all that I have thrown away
Tears that fell like rain
On the marks that track the pain
For a life that has been cast away

"Dear Diary" I imprisoned myself today
Sent away for life like Dostoevsky.
Imprisoned for crimes against my soul
Along the corridors of hell I shall forever stroll
For a life that has been cast away

"Dear Diary" I killed myself today
Wallowing in misery and despair and dismay
In my sickness I pray to Kierkegaard
My soul laid open bare and scarred
For a life that has been cast away

JPM 10/1/07

I have been reading a lot of poems lately and experimenting with some more formal types of poems, this one is based a style that I have seen with Longfellow (though mine does not compare to his work) it was a style I liked

Jim Milks

Forty-three

I turned forty-three today
Time to put my childhood away
My eyes are weak,
My bones creak and my knees ache
And all this happened just this week

I turned forty-three today
Older than my grandfather
But not, nearly as old as my father
I think I need a toupee

My hair has fallen out
And what left is grey
I turned forty-three today
My belly has gotten round
And threatens to hit the ground

© JPM 2/2/09

Technically I do not turn 43 for 5 more days but hey you write when the inspiration hits

Jim Milks

Freedom

I saw a hawk sail upon a warm summer wind today.
His wings outstretched, oh how did he soar.

His effortless flight did a sense of freedom convey.
And the simple beauty of him I did so adore.

I stare up into his eye.
Can he even see me as he soars on by?

As free as the wind he soars on past.
As I watch him, I truly understand freedom, at last

5/23/07

Jim Milks

Freedom of the Flame

Standing before all of those that have done her wrong
she screams to the writhing throng
'to you that have not thought me strong'

She tears into her chest
pulling out her still beating heart
she shows it to the assembled guest
'This was to much trouble from the start'

Tossed upon the funeral pyre
her once beating heart slows and begins to smolder
and as the flames climb higher and higher
and she grows bolder

' Is this what you want, is this our desire'
tossed upon the funeral pyre
first goes one then the another
their bodies threaten to smother
with each body tossed her laughter comes
and as each succumbs
she feels her burden lift and she becomes

FREE

8/23/07

Jim Milks

Futility

I scream to the ocean
of my pain and emotion
The waves just crash against the shore
No one answers me anymore

I talk to the wind the wind does not hear
The trees bend and shake and it is crystal clear
All my words simply disappear

I cry to the mountain
my tears a fountain
The mountain of solid dirt and stone
Leaves me to my fate
to be alone

I pray to the almighty
Though it seems flighty
I wait to hear
With a twinge of fear
And I wait to hear
Wait to hear
To hear
Hear

4/27/2007

Jim Milks

Global Warming: a Limerick

There is a storm on the horizon
The sea water is rising
It is global warming for sure
And we will be here no more
My fear is crystallizing

© JPM 5/19/08

Jim Milks

Haiku: a Haiku

five syllables here
seven syllables about nature
Haiku is written

Jim Milks

Happiness: a Haiku

Mother with a child
Husband and wife growing old
Love personified

© JPM 5/19/08

Jim Milks

Happy Birthday Dad

Happy Birthday to my Dad

There is no ice cream, no cake, no presents to be had
just a silent birthday wish for my Dad

Happy Birthday to my Father

there are no candles, no flowers not on this day nor this hour
just a teary-eyed birthday wish for my Father

Happy Birthday to my Dad

there are no noise makers, or streamers

just a room with one dreamer, one unhappy lad

with a tear in my eye and a song in my heart a simple birthday wish for my dad

* Written for my dad (5/7/27 - 2/8/98) the best dad in the world, if I am half the dad he was, then I am doing pretty good.

6/7/2007

Jim Milks

Happy Birthday to me: a Limerick

Happy Birthday to me
come and sing with glee
for I am an old man now
with white hair and a wrinkled old brow
looks like it is the ice flows for me

JPM 2/9/2008

Jim Milks

Happy Mother's Day

Happy Mother's Day
to my dear wife.
Wonderful was the day
you entered my life
Happy Mother's Day
to my daughter's mother
for she is my friend and my lover
Happy Mother's Day
to my sweetheart
with her clear blue eyes
and caring heart
made me love her
right from the start
Happy Mother's Day
to my soul mate
there is no room for debate
how I love her so

5/9/07

Jim Milks

Hate

The most useless of emotions
of that there is no debate
Turns good men evil
and seals their fate
we have all felt it
we can all relate
it burns in the heart
and your soul it shall desecrate

6/20/07

Jim Milks

He Waits

From far away across the sea
in the darkness of the ocean deep
there in a dreamless sleep
he waits

beyond the mountains high
and the valleys wide
in the shadows he resides
still he waits

in a time beyond the stars
deep in mother earth
now is the time of rebirth
he waits

An Eternity passes by
Stars will come and stars will go
Love shall fade in the afterglow
And still he waits

© JPM 5/19/09

Jim Milks

Helel ben Sharar

All through the hot night
his mind goes back to the one fight
that forced him from his home

A heart turned to stone
Contemplates its fate
And how quickly love can turn to hate.

For a thousand years
Countless tears he has have cried
"I have always loved, you" He cried
"Why did you cast me aside? "

He rests in his chair
his throne as it were
the past the present
the future all blur

He views the world from his place in hell
A view he knows oh so well

He is known by many names
where there is unhappiness and strife
this were he lives his life

Being torn apart
from the one he loved
has hardened his heart
and turned it black

Cast down from heaven
from the palace on high
to rule in hell until the end of time

5/21/07

Jim Milks

Helel ben Sharar: Revisited

Their fight was extraordinary,
their break-up legendary
but was truly the victim
and who was the adversary

One with the gentle press on their side
And the other with nothing to hide
"It was not me that did transgress."
"It is not me that is broken and bitter
I do profess."

One with the obsession to gain control
The other simply trying to console
Who truly is the one that cannot let go,
the one whose heart is full of woe?

8/20/07

Jim Milks

Hell: A Limerick

Today I spent in Hell
Imprisoned in a cold dark cell
I knew I had nothing to dread
About what may lie ahead?
For all my friends were here as well

Jim Milks

Her

I sit
Alone, Tired
Watching the clouds drift by
The sun slips down day into night
Beneath the coldhearted orb I see her
Still. Her memory haunts my dreams.
Memories are all I
have to hold, so
I sit

© JPM 10/1/08

This is an experimentation in formal poetry, this is known as a Rictameter.

Jim Milks

Hi Baby

On a Sunday night in May,
you came into our lives.
With a push and a scream,
you were the completion of an impossible dream
"Hi Baby"

Oh how I treasure that day, that very hour.
The love I feel extends beyond any measure
You are my daughter, my girl, my little flower.
"Hi Baby"

Through warm summer days and cool summer nights
through the long cold winter blight.
You are my sunshine my true delight
"Hi baby"

7/11/2007

Jim Milks

Highway

The black ribbon stretches before
me mile upon mile
The empty road does
hypnotize and beguile

forward in total isolation
traveling in quiet desperation
toward the eventual destination

The future the past blend and
mix in total homogenization
until both are destroyed
in beautiful annihilation

5/2/07

Jim Milks

Highway Marker

To my brother, my sister my nameless friend
There by the side of the highway
To mark where your journey did end
Amongst the debris and a forgotten bouquet

I have placed this simple stone
There in the warm and gentle sun
So that you will never be alone
And to mark all that has been left undone

How you came to this place
I can not comprehend
How I long for your warm embrace
This site none shall ever vilipend

© JPM 9/29/08

Jim Milks

Home

I ride the same streets of my home town
Past ole' Mrs. Brown
And her wall where we would sit
All summer right through the fall

Down the street where we
Would play football
Dodging cars and telephone poles
I can still hear the pounding of our feet

Everywhere I go I see the shadows of the past
And I know that not everything will last
So much has changed forever
And not all for the better

There is where my dad taught me how to fish
And a little further down where I got my first kiss
I pass places that bring a chill
And place where I take my daughter still

I passed the playground where I use to play
And I turned 43 today
I now I think I comprehend
What is meant by "Where the Sidewalk never ends."

This is where I live and thrive
And where the memories of the past and future survive
This is home, where I raise my daughter
And from here I shall never roam

© JPM 2/2/09

Jim Milks

Home for Christmas

Leave a light on that burns bright and clear
Blazing through the darkness
I will find my way back there
And be home for Christmas

If you leave a light on, home will be a haven
A beacon calling me home
From my place in heaven
And I will be there before the dawn

© JPM 1/3/09

Jim Milks

Home: A Haiku

White-orange, glowing
Popping embers, warm the scene
Peaceful house at rest

JPM 1/4/2008

Jim Milks

Hometown

See the children playing there?
hoping skipping jumping without a care.
Around the corner and down the bend
there I am there again.
children playing laughing oh what a scene
is it today or nineteen seventy-three?
If streets could talk if they could
speak what tales they would tell.
Tales of sunny days and of
children with their running feet

4/16/2007

Jim Milks

How to...

How to write a simple love poem
It should be written in meter and verse
Such a nice little poem, things could be worse

An easy rhyme right from the start
Then some things to put your mind at ease
And then a few lines to tug at the heart

Wait; let me start this all anew
You don't need all poetic trickery
All you need is three simple little words
"I Love You"

JPM 2/14/08

Jim Milks

Hypocrisy

You speak of saving the world with a theocracy
But all you preach is violence and hate
While you wallow in your hypocrisy

Over and over endlessly, you debate
Denouncing every atrocity
As you constantly recriminate
Wallowing in your hypocrisy

I sit back and laugh with such ferocity
Because to your way of thinking I can not relate
While you wallow in your hypocrisy
And I leave you to your fate

JPM 10/11/2007

Jim Milks

I never knew Love before

I never knew love before
Until from across a crowded room I saw
A vision of someone that I could adore
I felt my heart melt and thaw

And suddenly I knew
That is was you for ever more
And as my love grew
I felt my heart soar

I place my heart in your hand
To you I shall always be true
And watch our love expand
We shall go to a small church I once knew

And there in perfect serenity
Before god we will stand
And then from bended knee
We will become one for eternity

© JPM 6/25/2008

Jim Milks

I remember...*

I remember sunny days walking in the park
And careful fumbling in the dark.

I remember birds in flight flying free across the sky
Blanking out the sun as they fly by

I remember people as a screaming angry throng
Nary a tear was to be shed when they are gone

I remember fire and smoke and ash
And how I would tremble and wait from them to pass

I remember a place that was big and round and blue
And how it was blown askew

I remember love as a sweet and warm embrace
And how I cried over mans fall from grace

I remember the quiet of a stone cold grave
As I cry out how can we be saved

© JPM 9/6/09

* I am not sure about the title of this one

Jim Milks

If I could...

If I could touch your heart
Reach right out to each and every part
So you can know the love I feel
A love so true and so real
That we shall never part

As I watch our love grow
There is something that I know
That two hearts can become one
If I could touch

Looking back after all these years
How you held my hand and dried my tears
In my heart and in my soul it seems
That you are the answers to my dreams
And with you there are no fears
If I could touch

© JPM 10/6/2008 – 11/22/08

Jim Milks

Immigration: A Limerick

To the strangers in our lands, 'welcome to our shore'
But if you are illegal, we don't want you any more
Oh the crimes you do commit
And the social security number you did omit
When you leave don't get hit on the ass with a door

© JPM 5/21/2008

Jim Milks

Isolation: A Haiku

Empty wind swept streets
Sand is dancing in the air
Man's isolation

© JPM 2/27/2009

Jim Milks

Jim Morrison: A Haiku

A golden God of rock
In loneliness on the stage
A brief candle burned

© JPM 7/8/08

Jim Milks

Just because: A Limerick

As you know all good things must pass
Thoughts enter my head that are quite crass
But this is just a short little rhyme
Because I am running out of time
And yes I pulled this out of my ass

© JPM 6/12/08

Jim Milks

Lies: a Haiku

Stories told to hurt
Tellers souls turn to black coal
Devastating lives

JPM 9/5/07

Jim Milks

Life

Youth is wasted on the young
And this life is all so brief
It is over before it has even begun
Stolen away by time like a thief

JPM 5/14/2008

Jim Milks

Life or something like it

A flower stretches toward the sun.
alone. unnoticed such a pitiful sight
she will not give-up, no not this one

as darkness descends upon the land
a flower stretches toward the sun
alone in the shadows, there she will stand
and sit, and wait for coming of the sun

spring is over, summer is soon done
around the corner comes Winters icy blast
a flower stretches toward the sun
in the cold the lonely flower dies, at last

with a push and with some screams
somewhere a new life has just begun
a life full of hopes and of dreams
and a flower stretches toward the sun

JPM 2/8/2008

I continue to experiment with more formal types of poems this is my attempt at a
Quatern

Jim Milks

Little Angel...

Little Angel, spread your wings and fly away home.
For my heart is breaking as the angels call you home
You fight to stay but soon you must depart.

Please keep my letter close to your heart,
as the angels call you to your long journey home.
Keep this letter close for you and I shall never part

Whispering in your ear, "rest little angel and have no fear"
And though I may wander far and wide
I keep you close, here at my side

Please keep my letter close to your heart,
as the angels call you to your long journey home.
Keep this letter close for you and I shall never part

© JPM 9/30/2008

Jim Milks

Liverpool: A Limerick

There was a young man from Liverpool
Who was such a great fool
He thought it was fine
To drink a bottle of turpentine
Now all he does is sit and drool

© JPM 5/16/2008

Jim Milks

Loneliness: A Haiku

Shadows in the dark
Sound of a single heartbeat
Living Loneliness

© JPM 1/27/09

Jim Milks

Lost: A Haiku

Solitary soul
Wandering a path alone
Forever searching

© JPM 6/4/09

Jim Milks

Love me like you use to

Why don't you love me like you use to
When everything was fresh and new
When love was a burning fire
And we were each others one desire

Do you remember when we were young
When our love had just begun
How you made my heart beat
I knew that we would never part

And now we are old
And it seems our story has been told
But I am not ready to close the book
Time to stand back and take a second look

Go back to when love was new
Back to loving me like you use to
Bring back the passion and fire
Come back to me my love, my desire

© JPM 2/1/09

Jim Milks

Love: a Haiku

Delicate butterfly
Floating on a gentle breeze
Captivating scene

JPM 10/1/2007

Jim Milks

Love: A Limerick

On the corner stands a young man
That loved a girl named Diane
His love was misplaced
For she was rather chaste
Now he spends his time with Suzanne

Jim Milks

Man and Wife: A Limerick

This is the third in my experiments with formal types of poems

There once was a man and his wife
who had been together most of thier life
he once had to much to drink
and that made her think
now where did I put that knife

JPM 9/7/2007

Jim Milks

Me

Who am I, I am me.
I am not the gentle person that you see.
Battles won and battles lost
for them I have paid the cost.

Who am I, I am me.
I am not the quiet person that you see.
Wild times and adventures bold
of these things all shall be told.

Who am I, I am me.
I am not the simple person that you see.
I am so much more then you can see.

Who am I, I am me
I am a human being can't you see?

4/13/2007

Jim Milks

Memorial Day: A Haiku

Forest of crosses
A mother softly weeping
Home of the heroes

© JPM 5/21/2008

Jim Milks

Memories

Like a fog rolling into the sea
My memories roll over me
Memories of love and of pain
Dragging me to the past once again
My memories surround me
They are my shelter my refuge
They connect the past to the future
and though many may disagree
They are my connection
To my family that
are no longer here
my memories are my salvation,
my resurrection

5/3/07

Jim Milks

Momma

This poem is for you.
in my heart, you lie forever still.
In blissful sleep I dream of what I miss
her gentle heart and warm embrace.
The healing touch of a mother's kiss.
Her quiet strength and gentle ways
has taught me well and will always
Here I stand all grown, a man
but in my mind I do declare
and cry out with despair
'Oh Momma, I love you'
'Oh Momma, I need you'
I am too big now to cry,
but there is a tear
momma, in my eye.

4/12/2007

Jim Milks

Morning Routine: A Limerick

Everyday the young store clerk
Would show up to work with a smirk
Each morning his girlfriend would have her body on display
with that body he would play
Until her husband found out and went berserk

JPM 10/12/2007

Jim Milks

Morning: A Haiku

Clouds drift slowly past
Cricket chirps in the tall grass
Quiet peaceful morning

JPM 10/11/07

Jim Milks

Mother's Day

It is a day, a moment to pause and
give our mother her due applause
Her style, her grace, the power of her warm embrace
Has brought me to my state of grace
a day, a month, a year
are not enough time to hold her near
and tell just how she is dear

5/1/07

Jim Milks

Mountains: A Haiku

Everlasting Gods
Silent Guardians Watching
Cold Indifference

JPM 12/21/2007

Jim Milks

Mr. Toad's unexpected Christmas: A Fairy Tale/Nursery Rhyme

Spring has come and gone to summer,
Summer's warm glow has given way to
Fall's colors and cool nights, and now
Winter wraps her icy arms about us all

Mr. Toad is in his deep hole
Keeping warm with his fire and hot tea
"this is the time of year I love, when people let me be"
Not a rabbit or badger or even old Mr. Mole

Then came that night when the snow began to fall, and fall
And the wind began to howl, and shake his hall
Without power or lights, only candles to light his way
The neighbors came to visit him that day

"Please Mr. Toad" said Mrs. Mouse
"may we stay here at your house, we have no heat or lights"
"And the storm is so awful this night"
Well if you must, come inside and warm by the fire

With the children of Mrs. Mouse
Running all about his little house
Mr. Toad was quite flustered
With the noise and the bluster

Soon there are neighbors at the door
in need looking for shelter from the storm
some with food and others with drink
little by little Mr. Toad's mood begins to transform

He begins to understand that helping those in need
Will be his new creed
And with all the people around him with food
and the noise and commotion
have brought to him a new emotion
and this, this time has been the best Christmas

© JPM 1/25/09

Jim Milks

Music: a Haiku

Branches sway in wind
Birds that sing in the distance
Music of the world

JPM 10/1/07

Jim Milks

My Bald Head

I can show it, I can hide it the choices abound
it is my head, my own little crown.
It shines in the sun and glows in the night
I could even paint it, oh what a fright.
My baldhead shows age, wisdom and might.
A lifetime of living written above
my bald head is mine to have and to love.

4/7/2007

Jim Milks

My Epitaph

Keep forever my heart
Intertwined within your
Soul and I will forever
Shelter you from the
Madness of an unrelenting world, as the
Years pass and time it self fades I shall
Always and forever
Stand as a protector and guardian of your
Sweet and loving heart

© JPM 9/5/08

Jim Milks

Nana: A Haiku (ok more of a Senryu)

Gentle of spirit
Snow-white hair upon her head
Safe in her embrace

Jim Milks

Nana: A Tanka

Gentle of spirit
Snow-white hair upon her head
Safe in her embrace
To Nana you are the world
In our dreams she forever lives

Jim Milks

Natural Gas: A Limerick

Driving down the road in need of some gas
Staring at the stations as I drive slowly pass
As I finish my beans for lunch
I realize I could save a bunch
If I used what comes naturally from my ass

© JPM 6/11/2008

Jim Milks

Night fall

In the darkness, the silence of the tomb is soon
shattered with a groan of wood on wood.
As the lid opens there, lying prone is the master of the house
he steps out and ascends his throne

The moonlight steams through
the windows lighting the way.
His pale flesh glows in the gloom
for a thousand years he has existed in this room
It is time for him to hunt to seek his prey.

In the fading light of the moon, his passions ignite
Out into the night, to embrace its chill
Men shall fight, and women shall swoon with delight
However, all shall offer their blood

The Vampire stalks the night a ghostly apparition
Before him, you are merely an acquisition.
His power makes all kneel before him in
Submission

8/23/07

Jim Milks

Night Vision

Fluttering flights of fancy
They invade our sleep
And gently into our minds they creep

Dazzling lights
In stunning black
and glorious white

Dreams shape our days
And rule our nights
Their power does truly amaze

JPM 9/28/2007

Jim Milks

Night: A Haiku

Colors blaze across the Sky
Crickets singing happily
Warm summer evening

JPM 10/2/2007

Jim Milks

Old Friends

Today two old friends reconnected
Their friendship resurrected
The years they have been apart, neglected

From one to another
flowed their conversation
quickly rebuilding their foundation
as I sat in quiet admiration

and to aid in their relaxation
a Manhattan or two or three
shall be the pattern

so tip a glass one friend to another
and tear time itself asunder

JPM 9/5/2007

Jim Milks

On Memorial Day

Here in this sacred place where silence resounds
Not a stone out of place, white crosses and flags abound
The soldier stands guard
On Memorial Day, the nation on interlude
from their family, their drink,
and freshly grilled food.
Give pause to think
of the soldier standing guard
over the hallowed ground
over the ground where the heroes
of the a grateful nation can be found
and the soldier stands guard
A soldier stands guard for his brothers and friends
Far too many lie here to ever make amends
Through the night and day
This is the price that he will pay
And the soldier stands guard
Through the winter, the summer
In the sun and in the rain
This is his duty here he shall remain
And the soldier stands guard

5/29/2007

Jim Milks

On the Rise: A Limerick

See my bald head on the rise
When it shows it is always a surprise
Appears when he is unwanted
And continues undaunted
So I always end-up with crossed eyes

© JPM 4/3/09

Jim Milks

On the Road... Sorry Jack

Thousands of tiny oases floating past
On a endless river of black
"Was that my exit I just passed? "
All of us heading somewhere
And nowhere at the same time
Blank faces staring ahead
Onward to a future that they dread
Choking on the fumes of those that have gone before
Our ears ringing with the thunderous roar

© JPM 11/6/08

Jim Milks

Ostrich Tongue in Aspic *

There is a crack in the mirror
There is a pain in her heart
Through the broken reflection, her face is clearer
Reflecting both parts of her, like Descartes

Time slices through her like a knife
Slicing the tattered remnants of her soul
She sits and waits for death to take her away
For him to come and take her to his soiree

All she is or was has faded away
Her chest torn open and her heart on display
Thought of as worthless, dismissed as a junkie

"Death come and take me, I yearn to be Free"

JPM 10/12/2007

* I make no explanation for the title*

Jim Milks

Pain: a Haiku

Heartache comes again
Bleak winter storms arising
Loneliness ensues

JPM 9/10/07

Jim Milks

Please lie to me tonight

Please lie to me tonight
Tell me you loved me from the start
Say you will be there in the morning light
And not crush my heart

Say you are mine for ever more
Please lie to me tonight
For you are the one that I adore
Here before the warm firelight

I lie awake in the cold moonlight
With a question burning in my soul
Please lie to me tonight
and make me whole

please tell me that you are true
give me something to cling to with all my might
Tell me something that I never knew
Please lie to me tonight

© JPM 1/31/09

Jim Milks

Please...

Please take my heart away from me
For I have no use for it any more
Take it away and, set me free
Release my pain and let me soar

Hear me scream, oh God hear my plea
Please take my heart away from me
Its weight I can no longer bear
Take it from me, show me that you care

You and I may disagree, but
It can no longer bear the pain
Please take my heart away from me
What was once love, is now my bane

Please, lock it away for all time
Lock it away, and throw away the key
My heart is for ever yours, and not mine
Please take my heart away from me

© JPM 3/26/09

Jim Milks

Poem #50

Fifty poems I have written, some good some bad
Some were about life, others about my dad.

Some were written for fun
Still others are left undone

I have written about life and operose events
Short poems and lengthy tomes.

This poem is written for pure indulgence.
It was written in pure loquaciousness.
Simply put this poem was written to impress

5/23/07

Jim Milks

Point of view.... (A poetic mostly Essay)

..." I am no politician, nor have I been since the first gun was fired at Sumter and it grieves me much when I consider that this great struggle is prolonged by political demagogues. I try and take a fair and matter-of-view of our national troubles".

Stirring words, words that were spoken more then 140 years ago words that meant something, words that still mean something words that were not dark but words that glow.

Words that were not part of a political speech, but rather the words of a man trying to explain to his family why he was away, fighting a terrible war for a year and a day

These were the words of my great-grandfather. They are words that have just as much meaning today as they did 140 years ago. Today we face a war that we did not ask for and yet find ourselves deeply imbedded. Having no idea in what direction, we are headed.

While soldiers, men like my great-grandfather, my grandfather my father and myself, have fought risked their lives and in often much too often given their lives, "political demagogues" prolong the struggle.

..."And shall I stand an idle spectator when those who have grown powerful and strong under its protection attempt to raze that monument to the ground and trail our flag in the dust? NO, Never. As long as I have a voice I shall shout 'Rally around the Flag, Boys, rally once again, shouting the battle cry of Freedom.'"

You can not separate the soldier from the cause, the person from the action. Those that have "grown strong and powerful" under the flag have forgotten what price was paid for that power.

All too often freedom is taken for granted, that morality does not matter that good manners do not matter. We have become a country of hedonistic delights so willing to consume and devour.

We have lost sight of the great dreams of our forefathers. Across the globe other countries and other people hate us, they hate us because they see us for what we truly are a shallow, sardonic, self-absorbed shadow of what we should be.

..."And when upon close inspection we find that that monument has in it a few rotten rocks, we will pick them out with our bayonets and sabers and replace them with pure white marble that it may stand as long as time shall last"

Political office was never meant to be a life-long career, for far too long politicians have spent their entire lives growing powerful and "rotting" in the same office the same position. It is time that the "rotten bits of the monument were plucked and replaced". Words, simple words, words written 140 years ago words that have as much meaning then as they do now. Words written by a simple soldier that did not want to be there, did not want to be away from his young wife and child, a simple soldier that understood what he was fighting for, understood the enormity of a simple word "Freedom".

JPM 4/5/2007

Jim Milks

Politics

A certain senator was once heard to say
"I use this bathroom every day"
For a mans testicles he did reach
So many protocols he did breach
And he still swears he is not gay

JPM 9/19/2007

Jim Milks

Power Plant: a Limerick

there was this power station
where they had a situation
they had a meltdown
and the town was let down
there was nothing left but a cockroach infestation

© JPM 5/19/08

Jim Milks

Rain: a Haiku

The soft sound of rain
Falling like tears from above
Sorrows washed away

JPM 9/11/07

Jim Milks

Raindrops: A Haiku

Rain falls from the sky
Droplets dance upon the cold ground
Tears of the Angels

© JPM 1/28/09

Jim Milks

Reality: a Limerick

there was a poor young man digging a ditch
and though he will never be rich
his happiness was assured
by a young lady he adored
because she will never do better then that son-of-a-bitch

© JPM 5/19/2008

Jim Milks

Reggie

The mighty hunter in the corner lies
A purebred from his father to his mother
chasing sunspots and hunting butterflies

His wry smile and wily ways
A sneaky thief to be sure
He always did amaze

No shoe was safe from his powerful jaw
I often walked with my shoes half chewed
Boy, did I ever complain to my Ma

Many a day I spent with my friend
Although he never spoke
I know he did comprehend

Old age has slowed him just a bit
still I see the puppy in his eyes
I must admit

My friend is dead Still he is with me
When I am sitting alone
In my lap, I feel his head

Sir Reginald Guy was his full name
To us he was Reggie
A damn good dog, I do proclaim

4/26/2007

Jim Milks

Relaxation: A Haiku

Sunshine warms the ground
Gentle breeze rustles the leaves
Appreciate life

JPM 4/21/2008

Jim Milks

Renewed: a Haiku

In the bright warm sun
A single flower will bloom
Life is renewing

Jim Milks

Requiem for a Friend

On this dark and rainy day
A loved one has passed away
Someone that was so special and so dear
That the very heavens have shed a tear

A father, a grandfather and a friend
Caring and thoughtful until the very end
With A heart so mighty and so true
There was nothing more that we could do

Yes, today I lost my friend
But somehow in the end
I knew, that when that mighty heart gave out
That the angels welcomed him home
With a jubilant shout

This is dedicated to my father in law that passed away today at the age of 78
Rest in Peace

Nono, Dad, "Uncle Frank" (1/6/1930- 8/6/08)

Jim Milks

Requiem for Christmas

It is Christmas time again,
The time when family and friends congregate
But on the table is kept an empty plate

A space that is kept bare
For a mother or father that is no longer there

Ribbons, bows, and other pretty things
Can never replace the joy that a person brings

Although they maybe gone do not despair
For they are forever with you if you keep them in your heart
And in your morning prayer

Jim Milks

Respect: A Haiku

Demanded by Some

Cherished as a treasured gift

Intangible need

JPM 9/5/2007

Jim Milks

River of ruin: A Haiku

An amber river
Flows from a crystal palace
Alcoholic dreams

© JPM 1/29/09

Jim Milks

Road really not taken

"Two Roads diverged in a yellow wood,
and sorry I could not travel both
and I be one traveler, long I stood1"

Two paths one well traveled and respected,
One overgrown and neglected
To be adventurous or to be virtuous.

To be Frost and take the "Road less Traveled"
Or to be safe and take the well traveled lane
I did what was expected, and turned from the neglected

However, I often ponder
the lesser traveled lane
and the time I do squander

Thought it is hard to ascertain
I have decided hence
That when two paths diverge in the wood
That sometimes the path you take makes no
Difference

5/21/2007

Jim Milks

Sadness: a Haiku

Black clouds in the sky
Desperation fills a heart
Broken hearted man

© JPM 5/19/08

Jim Milks

Saturday Night: A Limerick

The young man that loved his drink
Said, one more for the road I think
He staggered over to his car
I kept my distance, quite far
And watched him crash quick as a wink

JPM 10/1/2007

Jim Milks

Scenes from a New England Winter

Streams of black winding there way from here to there
cutting through a field of white
trees struggling with all their might against the soft white invader
as people stop and stare

cars turned into moving mounds of snow
people hurrying off to some secret place to go
the softness of sounds in the cold
this is winter to me

the sun a creates such a glare against the snow
your breath a frosty mist hanging in the air
people bundled up tight against the cold
eyes blinking against the white

the crunch of snow under a boot, the laughter of children
home from school, all decked out in their new snow suit
the far off drone of a snow blower says work is near
winter, in New England a time to hold dear

© JPM 1/20/09

Jim Milks

Scenes...

A father and a daughter
Slowly walking hand in hand together
Leaning in whispering to one another
The secrets that they share

Colors blaze across the sky Brilliant blue,
red brown And orange too
A mother pushes her child through the park
Somewhere in the distance a dog barks

a grandmother sits rocking gently in her chair
for her grand children she says a quiet prayer
steady she rocks, stately she seems
this day, the answer to her dreams

a grandfather and grandson stand silhouetted by a pond
staring out across the water, to what lies beyond
the sun shines on this fishing scene
peaceful quiet and serene

JPM 10/18/2007

Jim Milks

School Days: A Haiku

School bells are ringing
Hurried feet, birds make escape
Childhood memories

© JPM 3/27/09

Jim Milks

School days: A Tanka

Disillusioned youth
Acrid smoke filling the hall
Hating all he sees
Children running, parents fear
Heartache, tears, and questions why

JPM 10/11/2007

Jim Milks

Searching

From a cavern dark where the dragon sleeps
To a castle keep where the maiden weeps
Far from hearth and home
I shall search for you

From mountains high and valleys low
Calling your name where ever I go
Through gates of iron and pillars of stone
Forever shall I search for you.

On a gentle hill beneath a crying willow
protected by the guardians of stone
head resting still on a satin pillow
I have found you

© JPM 4/22/09

Jim Milks

Seasons

It is spring again and the warming sun
slowly releases me from winter's icy bondage.
The growing flowers and budding trees
returns me once again to my nonage.

As I lie in bed
listening to the springtime rain pitter-patter
above my weary head.

Without a any dread
I know that gentle spring shall soon disappear
and give way to the summer sere

"Summer is finally here"
all the children cheer.
Time for games, toys, and
fanciful ideas to appear

In a blur
warm summer days
give way to cool fall days
or to autumn if you prefer

The cool crisp air brings memories
of apple cider and family gatherings
of cool sunshine filled days and a quieting earth
and of crackling fire filled nights and rioting mirth

The days and nights grow colder,
and I find myself growing older
old man winter is extending his icy dungeon
bringing about the end of my jejune days

The cold invades my bones
I sit here tired and forlorn
And wait for spring to return
So I may be reborn

JPM 8/27/07 - 9/4/07

Jim Milks

Seasons: haiku

Spring: Haiku
Life awakening
Flower opens in the sun
A world is reborn

Summer: Haiku
Warm sun on the ground
A flower growing stronger
Life under the sun

Fall: Haiku
Darkening Shadows
Flower drifts to gentle sleep
The world is resting

Winter: Haiku
Blankets of cold white
Flower hidden from the cold
Life waiting for spring

© JPM 11/13/08

Jim Milks

Shadows

In the shadows is where he dwells
in the shadows he knows so well
In the shadows, he is alone
In the shadows he is at home

4/13/2007

Jim Milks

Shattered Dreams*

Standing in the corner alone with a glass of Jim Beam in his hand
His red rimed eyes searching for the answer to his lost dream
Cursing god everyday
For the taking the one he loved away

"oh Lord can you see the tears I cry"
And how I die a little everyday without her
Searching for his salvation in the bottom of a glass
Watching the world roll slowly past

Standing there watching the sun go down
He will be standing there when the morning comes around
And as he sits back he knows that
He will die alone

Loneliness and Jim Beam are his only friends
A little of him dies with every tear that he cries
Cursing god why oh why
Until the very end

© JPM 1/20/09

This is dedicated to my Dad (1927-1998) that never really recovered from the death of the love of his life, my Mom (1924-1988) . I miss you both so much.

* I am not sure about the title it may change

Jim Milks

She

Another in the formal style of Poems this an Acrostic
poem

She is my Love
Her heart moves my soul
Enchanted love

Ideal
Soul mate

Mellifluous melodies surround her
You are all I desire

Love
Obviously, she is my love
Virtual angel
Enchanted Soul

JPM 9/10/2007

Jim Milks

She is my love

On the day we met,
I was not looking for anybody
Yet somehow, I found you
And straight to your arms I flew
And suddenly I knew
That my soul mate
lived in your body

"I Love you"
three simple words we all long to hear
whether shouted from the mountaintop
or whispered gentle into a lovers ear

To feel your breath upon my face,
and your heartbeat next to mine
is all I live for, for me it is most divine

That single moment
when two become one
When two souls intertwine
that moment and the next and the next combine
and stretches for all of time

JPM 9/2/2007 - 9/4/2007

Jim Milks

She Walks...

She walks in beauty in my Dreams
She dances across the shadows of my mind
As the moonlight beams
Upon two souls entwined

All through the day and into the night
She walks in beauty in my dreams
In my memory, I hold her tight
Safe in my arms, sheltered from the screams

In the shadows my mind does teem
My thoughts my dreams, she does invade
She walks in beauty in my dreams
Across my heart in an endless parade

Love cascading, exploding in a brilliant flare
Flowing like a mountain stream
Until I am left with my dreams and where
She walks in beauty in my dreams

JPM 2/11/2008

Jim Milks

Sign of the times

They sat around in the boardroom smoking their big cigars
"Gentlemen we have to save these bonuses of ours"
We need to tighten the belt, and cut the fat
Now it is time to step up to the bat

We have one with a family and a home
And one that lives alone
And if the family man ends up homeless
Well at least we saved our bonus

Well it is the sign of the times
When companies ask for money from their private jet
While the average person is on the street hustling for dimes
The bosses just sit around and just don't understand things yet

© JPM 2/8/09

Jim Milks

Silly Boy: a Limerick

Silly boy upon the bike
As you travel down the pike
Your future I be knowing
If you don't watch where you are going
It is my car you are about to strike

© JPM 5/19/08

Jim Milks

Sitting on the edge of forever: A Song

Sitting on the edge of forever,
trying to decide what to do
I could leave here forever
But darling, I still love you

Do you remember when our love was new?
There was nothing in the world but me and you
Somewhere something deep inside has died
And washed away our love with every tear I cried
So I'm

Sitting on the edge of forever,
trying to decide what to do
I could leave here forever
But darling, I still love you

My tears mix with the falling rain
As they try and wash away all of my pain
Somewhere I lost my view
Of sunshine, good times and me and you

Sitting on the edge of forever,
trying to decide what to do
I could leave here forever
But darling, I still love you

I remember laying in front of the fire
When you were my only hearts desire
Now I sit alone with a wine glass in my hand
And try to understand how our love faded away

Sitting on the edge of forever,
trying to decide what to do
I could leave here forever
But darling, I still love you
I Still love you

© JPM 1/25/09

Jim Milks

Sleep

Alone in the dark
Hiding in the shadows
We embark
Upon a journey into
Our childhood dreams
In that place
One thought brightly gleams
This is our sanctuary
Our place to redeem

4/21/2007

Jim Milks

Snow: A Haiku

Blankets of cold white
Flower hidden from the cold
Life waiting for spring

© JPM 11/13/08

Jim Milks

Sold: A Limerick

There once was a man who sold his soul to the devil
He was tricked and fooled by someone not on the level
His soul it was lost
And he paid the high cost
Now down in hell he will revel

JPM 9/19/2007

Jim Milks

Some Things my Dad taught me: an Essay

My father taught me a lot about life. Practical things like how to sharpen a knife and how to hammer a nail. Things of character like how to win and even how to fail. He taught with his words and his deeds with these tools he planted the seeds. Even to this day I often think about all that he had to say. Whether it was about driving or how you behave as a human being there was always a much deeper meaning.

"A Poor Craftsmen blames his tools" The first time I heard this little jewel I had been a little project together that didn't come out quite the way I had planned. When I started to complain to my dad that I could have done better had I had better tools all he had to say to me was "A poor craftsmen blames his tools". Not an admonition about tools but to tell me to never accept less than your best. A lesson that applies to so many things in life be it building or taking a test.

I can remember being in a store with my dad and the bag person handing my dad his purchases my dad taking them with a "thank you". As a young and naïve kid I remember asking dad why he said thank you, after all it was their job to bag the groceries and hand them to us. Dad looked at me with a simple "so, aren't they people" and with no more explanation I understood what he meant people deserve curtsy.

My dad was from the WWII generation and I think they had a different view of the world. My dad taught me that it is the duty of the strong to protect those that are weaker or unable to protect themselves. He quit school to serve in the war and lived his life protecting those that needed it. But, being strong means you can accept help from others when you need it.

There were a lot of things my dad taught me about life, and how to live it, and how to be a man and a member of society. Some things he taught me by words and not always directly leaving it up to me to figure out what he meant and what the lesson was. Some things he taught me by his actions and the man he was no explanation but by example. Some of the lessons he taught me took years to sink in some took hold right away.

© JPM 1/3/09

Jim Milks

Souls of snow

A human soul is like the new fallen snow
Fresh and clean and all aglow
But time and the world can turn it dark and grey
Until the time when it just melts away

Some stay clean and bright throughout its life
Until on cold winter night it is reborn,
Others fade fast and turn dark in the fading light
And quickly succumb to the worlds blight

© JPM 2/3/09

Jim Milks

South Cemetery

Nestled under the shade of the old oak tree
Surrounded by ancient walls of stone
There protected from the wind and the squalls
Lay the unsung heroes that made this country free

The markers of marble and of slate
Sit silent on the hill as the river slowly menders by
And still they wait, for someone to notice
They wait there still

Lost to History are the names
Like Mr. Littlefield, and
The brothers Pierce John and James
For this country they campaigned

© JPM 11/2/2008

Near where I work there is a small cemetery on a hill overlooking a river. In this cemetery are some heroes those that fought in the revolutionary war, and the civil war. But, also the people that lived and worked and existed and built with their hands this country they may not have fought in wars but they are heroes none the less.

Jim Milks

Space Available

She hung a sign upon my heart a sign that read "This space for rent".
She hung the sign out of malice and malcontent, she hung it without my consent.
She never let me repent.
Therefore, I stand a man apart and unto all that pass this I shall impart.
That upon my heart there is a sign one that hangs for now and for all time.
"This space available"

7/23/07

Jim Milks

Spring Morning: A Haiku

Soft white fog on the ground
Sunlight sparkling like jewels
Quiet peaceful morning

JPM 10/6/2007

Jim Milks

Spring Morning: A Tanka

Soft white fog on the ground
Sunlight sparkling like jewels
Quiet peaceful morning
Birds singing in the distance
Wildflowers open to the sun

Jim Milks

Spring: A Haiku

Cascading river
Mountain explodes in color
Spring has returned

JPM 10/2/2007

Jim Milks

Spring: Haiku

Life awakening
Flower opens in the sun
A world is reborn

© JPM 11/13/08

Jim Milks

Springtime for Mr. Toad: a Fairy Tale/ Nursery Rhyme

The sun is slowly rising over the hill lighting the ground
so quiet and still, setting the flowers ablaze in color.

Mr. Toad pokes his head out of his hole as he fixes his gaze upon a single flower.
"That will look right smart in me vest" said he to no in particular.

"Spring has come at last to my little pond"

"I can smell the flowers and see the warm days of summer beyond"

On goes his coat and his hat, oh don't forget your galoshes,
as you head down the road, and across the marshes.

"This is a fine day for a stroll" Thought Mr. Toad.

A fine and friendly creature was he, with wide set eyes, a large mouth
And kind features. He waved hello and good morning to all
He passed along his way.

Down past the hill to see Mr. Rabbit just stepping from his house,
He is No doubt thinking of the land that he will soon till.

"Good Morning friend Rabbit" He said with good will.

Then he met Mrs. Mouse looking very lovely in her flowery spring blouse.

A sweet sound fills the air drifting on the warm spring breeze.

It is the song of Mrs. Robin sitting safe and warm
in her nest high in the trees. The morning sun
gives a fiery glow to her deep red breast.

"ahh springtime" thought Mr. Toad

sniffing the flowers. And enjoying the friendly people he met
as he hopped happily down the road.

Life is meant to be enjoyed in the company of friends
and friendly folk. So as you journey down the road
Be like Mr. Toad and be kind and friendly
and kindness and friendship you to shall invoke.

© JPM 12/9/2008 – 12/10/08

This is something a little different for me more of a Fairy Tale/ Nursery Rhyme than a poem. I hope you enjoy

Jim Milks

Springtime: A haiku

green leaves on the trees
flower petals float on past
springtime once again

© JPM 5/21/2008

Jim Milks

Storm: a Haiku

Clouds gather today
Fine summer day cast away
Helps flowers grow

JPM 9/6/2007

Jim Milks

Straw in a Field of Wheat

I stand alone in a crowded street
Invisible to all I see and meet
I stand like straw in a field of wheat

I see the happiness in your eyes and
something deep inside me dies My jealousy does arise
because I am not the one that brought sunshine to your skies

Singled out in the crowds
The maddening throng enshrouds
Standing my ground with an amazing feat

I am straw in a field of wheat

8/20/07

Jim Milks

Summer rain

A gentle patter upon my windowpane
Calling out to me come be a child again
The call of the warm summer rain
Invades my peaceful domain
Calling me to come be a child again
A fresh clean scent a bright blue sky
A gentle cloud goes passing by
The calling of the rain does torment
I must relent
Toss off the mundane
And go and play in the
Summer Rain

4/22/2007

Jim Milks

Summer: Haiku

Warm sun on the ground
A flower growing stronger
Life under the sun

© JPM 11/13/08

Jim Milks

Summer's last gasp

The summer sun moves across the sky in a gentle caress
A thousand flower petals dance in the air
Oh Fate! Thou art an evil mistress
Bringing into this peaceful place such despair

I try to gather them all in a desperate plea
As they slip through my trembling grasp
The petals scatter to the wind like worthless debris
as I sadly watch summers final gasp

© JPM 6/12/08

Jim Milks

Sunday Morning

Oh dear Sunday morning
you came upon me without any warning

The incessant ring of the bell
Forcing me to dispel my dreamless slumber
As I lumber to the phone the
message comes without comprehension
I have lost all retention

Sunday Morning's recreation
Has been placed on suspension
For a matter requires attention

This Day will be a celebration
Of a Father's Ascension

Oh Dear lazy Sunday oh day of rest
To you I make but one simple request
Keep my father in your peaceful arms
Keep him safe and far from all harm

8/29/07

Jim Milks

Surprise: a Limerick

over on the corner there is a hooker selling her wares
and it catches me quite unaware
I got the shock of my life
For she was my wife
Now I have to pay her fare

© JPM 5/19/08

Jim Milks

Tears: A haiku

Rain is falling from the sky
like tears of the ancient gods
ripples in a pond

© JPM 5/20/2008

Jim Milks

Thanksgiving minus one

There is one less person
At the table this year
But, do not sit and cry
Lift your glass and be of good cheer

They maybe gone from the table, and from our sight
But sometimes late in the night
Somewhere between the dusk and the dawn
Like a fable into our dreams they roam

There maybe an empty plate and a vacant chair
But they are still there
In our memories and in our hearts
There they shall live forever

Somewhere, above us they wait
With open arms and a full plate

© JPM 11/3/2008

Jim Milks

The Abington Abolitionist

Beneath the sheltering pines a boulder marks the spot
Where the abolitionist came to address the crowds
Here they stood with a single thought
To stand until the slaves were free

They did not assemble for fortune or fame
But to give a voice to the voiceless
And to the nameless a name

For twenty years they came
For twenty years they fought
Between what was right and what was not

" I am in earnest - I will not equivocate -
I will not excuse - I will not retreat a single inch -
and I will be heard.'
Words of strength and words of power
Carved in stone, for the world to see
Protected by the trees and the flowers

Stand for what is right
Though those with the power and the might
Shall turn against you
And you will find strength you never knew

By the shores of the lake, in the shadow of the pine
Stands a marker, a reminder of a time
When good men stood for what was right
Stood in the face of those with power and the might

A playground now stands in the shadow of the stone
Where children play and are unaware
Of the men that stood against the might, alone

Annually between the years of 1846 and 1865 in a small town in Massachusetts a group of Abolitionist met. Men such as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Theodore Parker and others Suffered ridicule and abuse by those that felt there should be slavery. William Garrison died just a few short years after the Civil War having seen his dream of freedom for the slaves come true.

© JPM 10/13/08

Jim Milks

The Archaic Man

You are a contemporary man don't you know
Well that may be
But I prefer to hang with thee, Mr. Poe

If I could turn back the hands of time
To the age of eloquence
If I could with the giants of the past
to thrive in their simple innocence

On a Frosted New England Night
As I sip my dark red Merlo
And work out how to
Straighten my Longfellow

Elizabeth, my friend my secret lover
You I hold above all others
For you know how I do love thee

© JPM 11/7/08

Jim Milks

The Battle of Pilots Knob

September of 1864 on a fine fall day.

6000 men got the call

"the enemy is coming this way they stand strong, they stand tall,

they stand 20,000 in all

they come with their rifles

they come with their cannons

they come with their orders to kill us all"

The sun rose on that fateful day 6000 souls, stood nervous and ready. "My nerves are on fire god wont they come already? "

Through the woods, they came the sun at their backs.

The defenders stood ready to repulse the attack

The cry rang out from post to post

"Rebels are Coming, Rebels are coming"

The sound of their rifles like the sound of

popcorn popping in the pan rang out across the land

The defenders held firm the stayed with their plan

The sky grew dark with the smoke from their rifles.

The cries of the dead and the dying filed the air

Men filled with worry anguish and despair

"Hold on boys, " I cried with a voice full of dread, "I am not dead"

Three times they drove forward in their attack

three times they were pushed back.

Cannons pounded her walls but Old Fort Davidson sheltered them well The defenders knew they were bound for salvation

since they spent their time in Hell

A call rang out to a solider named O'Shea

His friends needed to know if he was ok.

"Are you hurt? " they called with a twinge of fear.

"Hurt, hell fire! " he said, "I am killed, killed outright"

He called "get me out of here! "

The sun rose again on second day.

The rifles and the cannons took up their terrible song.

They sang and hollered all the day long.

The attacks came one after the other

all through the day and into the night.

The defenders held a meeting and examined their plight.

"The enemy outnumber us and our supplies are running low"

"Although we fear it, it is now time for us to go"

The supply sergeant moved about the men Handing out tobacco and food "Here some for you and you, and you again"

"Divide it amongst yourselves boys."

"I would rather see you get it then the Rebels, I ain't giving them no joys." The plan was set the time to depart grew near.

"If they hear us leave, none will make it out of here."

The bridges and horseshoes were covered with canvas and gauze

As the defenders took a moment to pause.

So the defenders left the defended but before they left.

before things were ended there was one more task to complete

on this task all hope depended

Old Fort Davidson would be destroyed

the gun powder that was left would the trick

20 men were picked to handle the grim task

that none had enjoyed but for this honor they did ask
The last life to take, the fort herself
The powder was laid piled high on the floor
The torch placed to it the sparkle and flair
The explosion rocked the night
great clouds of dust and debris
The Old Fort Davidson was no more
The fight was over the Old Fort gone
The battle was lost the war raged on
The capitol was saved and the country was won

5/28/2007

Jim Milks

The Broken Flower

On the corner of Belmont and Ash,
she stands selling her soul one trick at a time
to anyone with enough cash.
She walks the street plying her trade
Her dreams of youth betrayed

Her hallow eyes and sunken cheeks
Speaks of her childhood's end
Into darkness and despair
She does descend

Her soul was sold
piece by piece,
hour by hour
Till the girl is gone
leaving
Only a broken flower

JPM 9/4/07

Jim Milks

The Call of Silence

I hear the silence beckoning to me again
Calling to me like an old friend

Calling me to the silence of the grave
Calling me back to the silence, I crave.

Beckoning me from my pleasant dream
Beckoning me back to a world enseamed.

The thundering call of silence
Pulls me back to my innocence

JPM 1/2/2008

Jim Milks

The Challenge

This poem I feel needs just a touch of explanation. This poem is 164 words long (including the title) and uses only 18 different words (including the title)

I had a dream
To challenge a scheme
And with my scheme
I shattered my dream
I had a scheme
To challenge a dream
And with my dream
I shattered my scheme
The scheme the brain and the dream
They challenged my self-esteem
I had a brain that conceived the dream
That challenged the scheme
That shattered the dream
That challenged my self-esteem
I had a brain that conceived the scheme
That challenged the dream
That shattered the scheme
That challenged my self-esteem
The brain the scheme and the dream
They challenged my self-esteem
With my self-esteem,
I challenge my scheme
To challenge my brain
To conceive the dream
That shattered the scheme
With my, scheme
I challenge my self-esteem
To challenge my brain
To conceive the dream
That shattered my self-esteem
With my, dream
I challenge my self-esteem
To challenge my brain
To conceive the scheme
That shattered the dream
My self-esteem the brain and the dream
They challenged the scheme

6/20/07

Jim Milks

The Children of the Jar*

If you see a drowning man you must throw him a rope
In 1942 there was a drowning man that Irena saw
the helpless children of Warsaw
With her little glass jar she could bring them hope

Babies hidden in tool boxes, hidden from sight
Their names written on paper, kept safe in the jar
Spirited away under the cover of the night
Sent out across the land to the near and the far

Beaten and broken, never defeated
With Irena, death itself was cheated
From under the oak tree pulled gently from the earth
The children of the jar, had a second birth

The war was over, the real work has begun
To find bring the children back to their families each and every one
All that remained had scattered to the wind
But, there is the jar that is where they shall begin
With her jar, Irena had won

© JPM 10/22/08

*In Warsaw Poland during WWII a social worker by the name of Irena Sendler, hide Jewish children in tool boxes and anything that she could. She would write the children's real names and the names that of the families that she would hide them with on a slip of paper hidden in a jar and buried. She was captured and tortured and until the day she died walked with a limp. Irena personally risked her life and her freedom to help those that needed it most and would have remained unknown to the world if it wasn't for a few high school students. Irena passed away on May 12, 2008 at the age of 98. I urge you to find out about this women and these students <http://www.irenasendler.org/>

Jim Milks

The Choice

The piper plays the tune; the puppeteer
pulls the strings as the puppet plays the buffoon.

The stage is set for the three-act play;
oh tell me how we ever got this way.

The jesters take the stage, each to play their part.
Did the forefathers see it ending this way, back at the start.

The strings are pulled the gossamer threads.
Mouths move up and down but nothing is said.
The puppets dance across the stage each its own version,
each looking for any diversion

Soon the public will make the decision,
hopefully made with forethought and vision

The jester is soon selected after all the others are rejected
The puppeteer connects his strings so his will is injected
The people have made their choice and head home dejected

5/9/07

Jim Milks

The Choice....

I thought I would cry today
For I wanted to die this day
To just reach right out and snatch my life away

Day after day life turns grey
Like a cloud on a bright summers day
And night after night we pretend not to fight up

Life loses all meaning, when you stop
living and start existing
nothing is very much fun anymore

work, home, sleep, work home, sleep
the constant drum beat of sameness
a monotonous cloud

I thought I would cry today
For I wanted to live this day
To reach right out and snatch the boredom away

Jim Milks

The Coffee Shop: A Limerick

Over there by the coffee shop
where one day I perchance did stop
I saw a girl as cute as can be
she made me tremble when she reached above my knee
and now nine months later her belly is about to pop

© JPM 5/20/2008

Jim Milks

The Dance of the leaves

I see a falling leaf escape from the tree
Dancing upon the wind wild and free
But its freedom is a fantasy
For it is a prisoner of the wind can't you see

The silence of the forest surrounds
My footfalls the only sound
The sunlight filters through the trees
As the leaves dance on a gentle breeze

The freedom that they feel
Is fleeting and not real
Their hopes dashed against the ground
As they fade away without a single sound

© JPM 10/19/08

Jim Milks

The Fanatic: A Limerick

There once was a religious fanatic
Though he was quite charismatic
In a cave he did hide
And this one truth I must confide
His end will be quite dramatic

JPM 10/1/07

Jim Milks

The Field: a Quatrain

The Warriors take the field
Steely of eye and massive of frame
Two opposing forces, neither willing to yield
To do battle on this field of honor they came

JPM 9/11/2007

Jim Milks

The Fishing Trip (A poem)

The silence of an early morn shattered by the alarm clock's horn
Leaping from the protection of a warm bed, these thoughts run through my head 'grab
the gear; pick up the line, time for the fishing trip grows near.'

In the darkness of this early morn we start this ride, passed quiet streets and darkened
houses. On the deserted highways as the miles roll bye (by) , my smile grows wide.
Inside the car, a young man's heart swells with pride. In the darkness we head out, in
the darkness there is no doubt today is the day we find out.

Now the sun is shining on the boat, and sincerely
I have hoped for this day to never end. For my father to always be my friend.

Saturday has come and past and the feeling still does last, of a time of peace spent in
the sun, a time alone just a father and a son.

This day has answered all of my wishes. We were never disturbed, not even by the
fishes.

4/12/2007

Jim Milks

The Flag

A piece of cloth that flaps overhead
Small enough to fit in your hand, large enough to cover the dead

Call it "Old Glory" or "The Stars and Stripes"
or even "The Grand Old Flag"
It flies high; it flies strong and shall never sag

Red, White, and Blue
Three simple colors this is true
But they are colors that imbue

"I Pledge Allegiance to the Flag..."
This is a pledge that everyday is renewed
This is my country, this is my flag
Thank you

5/30/07

Jim Milks

The Fool: A Limerick

The foolish old sod
That cursed at god
His heart it was broken
By the words he had spoken
He was such a silly old clod

JPM 9/19/2007

Jim Milks

The Foolish Young Man: A Limerick

The foolish young man that got left at the alter
The pain caused his heart to falter
His bride ran away
Leaving the church in disarray
Now he will have to marry her daughter

JPM 10-8-2007

Jim Milks

The Guardian of Forever

I am the guardian of forever, the keeper of tomorrows
The echo of the past, and protector of sorrows
I remember everyone that has come before
All that have step in and out of my door

All the memories I hold inside
Memories of love, and quiet times
Are locked away and there they shall reside
There they are a wonder to behold

I am the guardian of forever, the keeper of dreams
From me knowledge flows like a stream
I gather all that are lost, or that have gone away
Safe for forever and a day

Memories of sunshine and of rain
Seen in the soft light of the past
Blend together and ease the pain
Every storm and ache fades away and never lasts

© JPM 1/29/09

Jim Milks

The Highway: A Tanka

Scar upon this land
Indiscriminately cutting
the sacred places
ahead off in the distance
I can just see eternity

JPM 10/5/2007

This is my first attempt at a Tanka style poem.

Jim Milks

The Homecoming Part 1*

Left alone in the shadows, where the nightmares creep
Alone in this place to frightened to sleep.

Time passes and for him the war is done.
Away to his home, he shall now run

No peace shall he find in that quiet little place
Just confusion and sorrow on every single face

He so wants to tell them of the things they should know
About Billy and Bobby and even Little Joe.

He tells nothing of his time there, there is no one to confide
Of the horrors he has seen he keeps them locked inside

He hides in a bottle to silence the screams
Of the people that haunt all of his dreams

Fifty years now have gone past
And he thinks maybe now I can talk about it, at last

The tears come from nowhere they come in a throng
The hurt and the feelings are still so very strong

This is his homecoming, 50 years to late
For this he has waited and now it is to late

* This is a rather personal story about my father, but also about myself and many other soldiers that have returned from wars. In particular is the part about the 50 years I remember quite clearly my entire life growing up my dad would only speak about shore leave in France, that is until I had my turn being shot at then we sat down and talked about what really happened over there and even 50 years later my dad cried about what he had seen. Anyway this part one of I don't know how many parts but the story of my dad and me and others is to big for one poem, one style so when I think I have told enough the series will end. I hope you enjoy them until then.

Jim Milks

The Homecoming Part 2*

Home, home at last
Here the days are filled with anxiety and worry
The feeling that there is something coming
Something just beyond his grasp

The nights, oh the nights
Where his dreams are haunted by
The faces of friends and foes
Like Billy, Bobby, and Brooklyn Joe

Lost and confused,
not sure where he truly does belong
Is he the dreamer or the dream,
the singer or the song?

He tries to tell the stories of the things he has seen
People listen, but he can see it in their eyes
That they only pretend to sympathize
So he keeps it all inside

I have removed the voting from this poem. It occurred to me that this is the first poem series that I have written not for someone else, not for an audience but solely for myself I wrote this as a kind of catharsis for my soul. The style of this poem is rather raw as is the feelings behind it. If you are a veteran, or have love ones that are I think you will understand. If you are not, or do not then it might just seem like a mediocre raw poem. Anyway, I hope that you read and enjoy it.

*please refer to the homecoming part 1

JPM 4/8/2008

Jim Milks

The House

With a bang and a clash, his wooden bones were erected.
With skill and ability the plaster skin was applied
And then, something quite unexpected
The house breathed a breath it was alive
Through the years he watched with joy
As the families cam and went
Oh but sometimes how those kids could annoy
The house screamed a silent scream of pain
As his skin was peeled away and his bones of wood were broken
Throughout the ordeal he never did complain
The addition made he so much more then mundane
One day the workers returned the house took it in stride
They pounded and hammered eventually their work did subside
A brand new garage was standing tall by his side
"He does have my roofline" the house beamed with pride
Years went by the house fell to disarray
in the storms he would bend and sway
the families were long gone now all of them have gone away
the crushing loneliness gave way to sadness, the sadness drove him to madness
Again, the workers come to rebuild what was neglected
But the mad house will teach them, teach them all
What it feels to be rejected

8/20/07

Jim Milks

The Irish Lad: A Limerick

There was an young Irish lad
Who was often quite bad
He took out this young lass
And meant to stick it in her ass
But he missed, and now he is a dad

© JPM 6/5/2008

Jim Milks

The Kiss

Two lovers share a secret embrace,
in his arms is her hiding place.
One look into his eyes and
she is completely hypnotized

The touch of the lips, an electric spark
A journey to another place they do embark
Their souls meld, her fears expelled

The milk white flesh of her neck betrays
the crimson flow that lies beneath.
All that she is or will ever be, to
him she does bequeath

An open grin and a flash of teeth
With a bit of red and a coppery taste
he takes his prize without any haste
In his arms she slowly dies.

“With this act
our journey has just begun
For a thousand years we shall be one”

Into the night they flee,
the darkness their sanctuary,
the light their enemy.

5/16/07

Jim Milks

The Lake

Sheltered beneath a shady old oak tree by the shore of an ancient lake
Sitting upon a moss covered wall of stone, that is where you shall find me
The soft sound of the lake water lapping gently at the shore
The first hint of spring is in the air
There my past present and future I shall explore.

From my spot beneath the tree the land that was I can see
The rolling hills of shimmering sand and the
Winding river that cut its way across the land
All that seems to be no more is there
Just beyond the shore

Should I take a step or two, or three?
Beyond the shelter of the tree
Out there beyond the shore I could become
what went before

Children laughing and playing
Have no idea what I am contemplating
To step beyond the shore and float away for ever more
Like a forgotten piece of refuse

What to do and, what to choose?

© JPM 3/19/09

Jim Milks

The Lovers Lament

My love has left this day, carried away
carried away on a crimson wave
she has left this day, I know not why
washed away on a crimson wave
I climb to the gates of heaven to seek her out
Do not despair, she is not there
I crawl to the depths of hell to seek her out
Do not cry, she is not here she did not die
My love has left this day carried away on a crimson wave
she has left I know not why

4/3/2007

Jim Milks

The Meeting

Across from each other they stand.
Staring at one another.
Nervous laughter fills the air.
Do they even know each other.
Do they care.
literal stranger virtual lover
they know so much, they know so little
what will they discover.
flickering lights dancing before their eyes
brought them together made them allies
clicking keyboards rattle in the air messages sent
with nary a care lives examined and over analyzed
so across from each other they sit
neither willing to admit
and slowly bit by bit
each to the other
they will admit
that they
love
one
another

4/17/2007

Jim Milks

The Mirror

Staring into a mirror and I see,
an older version looking back at me.

There was Snow-white hair upon my chin,
and wrinkles when I grin.

How did this happen, what was the cause?
When did I start to resemble Santa Claus?

Staring a little longer and I begin,
to see the younger me within.

JPM 9/9/07- 9/10/07

Jim Milks

The Old Man

The old man sits alone, day after day he sits there still.
His hair has turned gray his eyes have turned dim.
Few stop by, most disregard him.
The old man listens to the silence that surrounds.
He thinks about the rooms, once filled with the laughter
of children and with love; and how his loneliness does confound.
His cloths are thin and worn, his body bent by time.
But still the old man can remember a time
when people sought his wisdom, when they enjoyed his rhyme
Day after day, the old man sits alone, his skin turned soft
his bones weaken
Over there be the old man, the one that time has beaten

4/3/2007

Jim Milks

The Old Pine Tree

Standing tall in a forest glen stands a solitary pine.
Standing before the ageless tree the past and present intertwine.

As the familiar scent fills, the nose and the bright green boughs fill the eyes.
Memories of Christmas' past they do arouse

The majestic tree stands watch over myself and over thee.

7/23/07

Jim Milks

The Old Tree

The old tree stood alone on the hill withered and broken he stands there still
his branches hang low, nearly touch the ground but still he stands he has not fell down.
His lush green leaves have all but gone the tree stands on the hill lost and furlong.
Once he was young and straight and tall, stood through the summer, winter, and fall,
he knew the laughter of children playing in his branches,
heard the secrets of lovers embraced and enchanted.
Once the tree knew the secrets of the ages, listened and learned and would speak of
them all, the only sound now is the creak of his branches.
The birds and the butterflies once sought his aid, the animals would come and play in
his shade, now none do seek him no one comes bye tree sits and waits with a tear in
his eye alone and withered he stands there still alone and broken alone on the hill
'creakk creakk ' Alone and forgotten silence invades, the withered old tree still stands
and dreams of the shade.

Jim Milks

The Phoenix

I have been knocked down every day
Since my first day of school
Picked on, laughed at
Even called a fool

Mistreated and left alone
Thought of as a disgrace
I Even longed for
Death's sweet embrace

But That was then and this is now
And yet somehow
Here right before your eyes
Like the phoenix from the ashes
I shall rise

JPM 6/23/2008

Jim Milks

The Poet: A Limerick

A poet would wax quite lyrical
And whose belly was quite spherical
To the tub he jumped in
Smashing his chin
That he didn't drown was quite the miracle

JPM 9/19/2007

Jim Milks

The Promise...

A solemn promise from a father to a daughter
To play together and to play soon just us one and another

But there are projects to do, and work to be done
Things that just can't be left undone
Things I must do before I can spend time with you

Then a tune comes on the radio a haunting one
About a cat, a cradle and something about the moon
And a father's promise to be there real soon

The projects are important they are so complex
I must work on them until the very end, I must confess
That the song fills my mind and slowly I do comprehend

I really need to finish
I really should stay
But I have promises I made
And games I must play

8/30/2007

Jim Milks

The Radio

"I love you, I love you" I cried
The sound bouncing off the walls
Until slowly it died

But you did not love me
me and my silly little girl's heart
a heart broken and shattered leaving nothing but debris

Your seraphic smile, your style your grace
All of that, has captured my heart
Forever I want you in my embrace

But to you I don't even exist
To your concerts, to every show I go
Always trying to enter, but always on the waiting list

JPM 10/24/2007

Jim Milks

The Rainy Night: A Limerick

Driving home on a rainy night
sitting alone my passions ignite
driving with one thought in mind
I turn down a street that is less then refined
where I find a hooker that is most polite

JPM 11/15/2007

Jim Milks

The Rich Man: a Limerick

see the man in the fancy car
he thought his money would take him quite far
although he was rich
his wife was a real bitch
and now he gets his loving from afar

© JPM 5/19/2008

Jim Milks

The Ring

A ring to bind two hearts together
Offered by one accepted by another
Creates a love unlike any other
A simple thing that means so much
A simple thing to the heart it will touch

8/30/2007

Jim Milks

The Sea

I went to the sea today,
To see something
more powerful than me

The boiling water that hits the shore
Tears a little piece of the
Earth away gone forever more

I stand alone and watch the sun
Yellow gold across the water
It is a wonder to behold

The shore birds dive and sing
Their beauty in flight I have no words
I sit and watch them all the day
and into the night

The tides rise
the tides subside
Father Sea and
Mother Earth collide
"I Loved You"
I cried
But to my chagrin
my words are
lost to the din
and float across
the ocean wide

5/15/2007

Jim Milks

The Snowy day

Sitting by a roaring fire
With a glass of wine and
My hearts desire

Gazing out the window enjoying the view
Of the snow falling down
And of me and you

A warm soft blanket and lovers touch
On a cold snowy day are all you need
And it means so much

© JPM 12/7/08

Jim Milks

The Statue: A Limerick

Once there was a statue of gold
Elegant and beautiful to behold
One day it started to tarnish
To save it they covered it with varnish
Now it is irrelevant and covered with mold

JPM 10/11/2007

Jim Milks

The summer day

On the deck I stand on fine summer day
A drink in my hand, a time to reflect
And sound of children at play upon the wind
The soft and gentle buzzing of a lawn mower,
the smell of fresh cut grass assail my senses.
The beauty of the day breaks down my defenses
And the laughter of children at play
The hot sun upon my shoulder, the water
dripping of my cold drink.
Take me back to my youth back in time I think
And joy of children at play

5/26/2007

Jim Milks

The thought

I had a thought today
A wonderful thought but it ran away
Disappeared like a fog before the morning sun
Leaving me with a feeling of something undone

The thought left is impression
The vague feeling of its greatness
The thought was mine, my possession

Grasping at the remnants of the thought
Just when I have, it caught
It slips away once more
As I drift off to sleep
and begin to snore

5/4/07

Jim Milks

The Tin Can Man

Standing in a crowd I hear a sound.
A strange little sound that is both quiet and quite loud
The crowd parts like the Red Sea
and before me I can see.
Slipping past the bourgeoisie enters the Tin Can Man.
His carriage a potpourri of junk,
his body a menagerie
The creaking of the cans fills the air the sound reminiscent
Of a tree in the wind its limbs laid bare
And though it may seem crude
from his body loneliness does exude.
His dirty face and matted hair leads me to despair
Slowly through this whole affair I am made aware
That once he was a millionaire

5/9/07

Jim Milks

The Vegetarian: A Limerick

The once was a vegetarian
That lived the life of a complete agrarian
All he wants to do is cheat
And have a large piece of meat
And now he is a complete barbarian

JPM 9/19/2007

Jim Milks

The Wage Slave

I am a slave
A slave to all the things that I crave
A warm house, food, maybe some money to save
Debt hangs over me trying to enslave
I shall carry my debt to the grave
The wage slave

JPM 9/10/2007

Jim Milks

The Wall

Remember the summers spent on that wall
Sitting talking, doing nothing at all

Siting there laughing with friends,
Enjoying a summer that never ends

Sitting there on that wall,
Sitting there doing nothing at all

Running wild at the sound of the ice cream man's call
Then eating our ice cream there at the wall

Now that I am old and gray
I walked past there, just the other day.

Past the wall, we all knew so well
I even heard the Ice cream man's bell

Out of the corner of my eye I could see
Chris, Steve, Beth and me

All of us sitting on that wall
Laughing, joking just doing nothing at all

JPM 1/3/2008

Jim Milks

The Weary Solider

Upon the ancient battlefield the weary soldier stands
bowed of head and beaten of frame.
He stands a vigil to guard what remains
His weary eyes, his timeworn face, his spirit is broken
his uniform a disgrace. Yet still he stands and never falters
this is his fate he dare not alter.
He guards the dead, protects the fallen,
his comrades are gone they are not forgotten
alone he stands and this he dreads
to me he turns and wearily is said
'tell me what you see when you look at me'
a comrade, a brother this is what I see
a comrade, a brother I shall stand with thee
I will stand for there is no other.
together we stand to lean on each other
together we stand protecting one another
Brothers in arms, we watch over the field
the battle is over, but we shall not yield.
too much has been lost, too much forgotten
we stand upon this place of honor
where the plants are nourished by blood
'oh the horror'
I stand with the weary soldier all through this night
though he is long gone I remember his plight.
he is me I am he, 10,000 men passed, 10,000 again
Hi memory touches me like no other,
the weary soldier he is my brother.
Tears fall from my eyes, they drip from my cheek
my body grows tired, my resolve grows weak
Do not cry for me, my brother, I am not here
I did not die, I live again in another
Freedom my cause, my battle cry.

4/6/2007

Jim Milks

The World: A Haiku

Ocean waves arrive
Rocks crashing into the sea
Comment on the world

© JPM 6/4/2008

Jim Milks

The young man: A Limerick

See the young man that became president
Even though his lack of experience was evident
He came along to preach
And people believed his flowery speech
And that is a sad precedent

© JPM 1/27/09

Jim Milks

This is what summer means to me

A warm summer day
without a cloud in sight
A baby bird
Taking its first flight
This is what summer means to me

Trees full of leaves
Giving me shade
My dad and I
Fishing in the glade
This is what summer means to me

Watching my daughter
Play on her slide
And how She will never
Want to come inside
This is what summer means to me

See how she enjoys the day
Until the very last
Just like me as a child
Long ago in the past
This is what summer means to me

The distant roar
Of a neighbors lawn mower
Unruly grass be gone
For ever more
This is what summer means to me

The smell of charcoal
And good friends all around
Birds singing in the trees
What a lovely sound
This is what summer means to me

© JPM 5/25/2008

Jim Milks

Through the eyes of a child

The world through the eyes of a child
Is One full of sunshine, flowers, and toys that go vroom
Where a single bush can be a forest or the wide open wild
where monsters are chased away by a dad with a broom

This is world where fairies hide just beyond our sight
Where gumdrops and candy canes dance in the sun
And unicorns run with all their might
This is A world of magic, laughter, and fun

Sweet summer days that never end
Lying in a field just counting the blades of grass
Time spent doing nothing with a friend
Staying until we count each blade right done to the last

JPM 4/10/2008

Jim Milks

Time a Master: A Haiku

Time is the master of all
Mountains fade to nothingness
Cliffs crumble into sea

JPM 6/17/2008

Jim Milks

Time: A Haiku

Winter to summer
Young to old and Child to man
Metronome ever changing

JPM 9/10/07

Jim Milks

To my Wife on our Anniversary

A simple little poem written for my wife on our anniversary
A simple little poem to say I Love you more and more each passing day.
A simple little poem written with paper and pen
A simple little poem to say I love you forever and ever Amen

8/23/07

Jim Milks

To my Wife, my Friend

I have taken some time to work
out for her a lovely rhyme
to write it down and put pen to paper
and scratch out a line for this crazy caper

to build for her a lovely rhyme
a rhyme, a rhyme one that is not sublime
I made it sweet and never sour
as I labor hour upon hour

A poem is built line by line
Built for a love it takes some time
A wife, a friend so sweet and so dear
She fills each heart that she comes near

So my love, I have written this rhyme
Written for you this very day
Some simple words that almost say
How much I treasure you each day

JPM 9/5/2007

Jim Milks

To Speedy

Oh Speedy! Oh Speedy!
My herpetological friend
My thoughts are on your quiet understanding
On which I so depended

You sit and you listen
Hour upon hour
While I rant and rave,
And you munch a flower

Speedy! OH Speedy!
A turtle of such renowned
That the one to surpass you
Has yet to be found

© JPM 5/12/09

Jim Milks

To the Sea

I went down to the sea
To hear the shore birds, so wild and free
To feel upon my shoulders the warming sun
It occurred to me, this is where the world had begun
There I felt the power wash over me

I get down on bended knee
And bare my soul to Thee
At that moment with the universe I am one
I went down

I stand in awe at all I see
The power on display before me
From my body flows my tension
And all of my aggression
Washing back into the sea
I went down

This is another of my attempts at more formal types of poems this is a RONDEAU

© JPM 10/8/08

Jim Milks

Today

If they wrote your obituary today, what would it say?

If you died today, what would they say?

Would they say that you were kind and generous to a fault?

Or, would they say that you were cruel and miserly hidden in a vault?

If your obituary was written today, what would it say?

Would it be short and factual?

Marking a death.

Or would it be long and actual?

Celebrating a life

What would they say if you died today?

JPM 9/12/2007

Jim Milks

Today I sat...

Today I sat
By a quiet lake
Listening to the water lap upon the shore
I let my mind wander on lands and things yet to explore

Today I sat
Sheltered by an ancient pine
Bent and cracked by a long forgotten storm
I closed my eyes and let my spirit transform

Today I sat
On an old stone wall
Watching the birds fly by
And I did and thought nothing at all

Today I sat
And watched the children at play
Carefree and happy no worries around
No better way to spend the day

Today I sat
And watched the flowers grow
Their quiet struggle to survive
Made my heart glow

Today I sat...

© JPM 7/2/08

Jim Milks

Today: A Haiku

Quiet serene darkness
Alarm sounds in the distance
A man awakens

JPM 12/21/2007

Jim Milks

Traffic: A Haiku

Alone in a crowd
Blackness ever rolling on
Man Stuck in traffic

JPM 9/30/2007

Jim Milks

Travel in The Woods

In the midst of a primeval wood where the silence surrounds
you like a thick familiar blanket. There I the lone traveler stood
by a meandering old wall of stone and a lazy flowing stream

Along its rocky bank I chased a dream as the songs of birds and creaking of the trees,
complete this peaceful scene. And there I stood between the modern world and this
one so serene.

As I travel deeper into that ancient wood there is one simple truth that I now
understood this world of peaceful solitude is where I belong.

© JPM 3/29/2009

Jim Milks

Travel: A Limerick

Driving down route Ninety-five
just trying to stay alive
I see a girl by the side
and so I gave her a ride
and now there is burning sensation on my thigh

© JPM 5/21/2008

Jim Milks

Trust

My trust lies broken in a dark corner
like a vase cast down from above
there I stand the solitary mourner
The shards how they sparkle in the moonlight
The moonlight once so enchanting and inviting
Now so dark and biting
A woman's lies have brought about my trusts demise.
The vase once broken can never be truly be whole again
Here I stand cradling the broken vase hiding from the moonlight
And here I shall remain

5/25/2007

Jim Milks

Voting: a Haiku

Bending with the wind
Indecision a flowing stream
Usual politics

JPM 10/1/2007

Jim Milks

Wedding: a Haiku

Two fluttering hearts
Sunlight gleams on a gold band
A Springtime wedding

JPM 5/14/2008

Jim Milks

What if...

What if we were lovers?
Two hearts beating as one in perfect harmony
Secrets shared, whispered under the covers
Wouldn't that be something to see

What if the sun did not shine?
The darkness can be so inviting don't you agree
In the darkness would you still be mine
Wouldn't that be something to see

What if the world ended tomorrow?
Ended in a blast, a screaming banshee
Washing away all the sorrow
Wouldn't that be something to see

JPM 10/2/2007

Jim Milks

What is a Grandfather?

What is a Grandfather?
A Friend, a confidant, and a mentor
That is what a Grandfather is.

Call him Grandfather, Grandpa, or even Pappy.
Just a thought of him and your heart is happy

A kindly face and snow-white hair
In his gentle eyes there is no disappointment
There is no despair

A whisper, a smile and secrets to share
A bond that is beyond compare

Fishing poles and bedtime stories.
Dressing as Santa, or even the Easter bunny
Hidden pockets full of money

JPM 1/21/2008

Jim Milks

What price Virtue: A Limerick

The young girl with lots of time
Who would do most anything for a dime
Her virtue was sold
And her body grew old
Now that was truly a crime

© JPM 5/16/2008

Jim Milks

What?

What would you say?
If all of your possessions were suddenly taken away.
Would you cry and curse god?
Or, be thankful that it was only things that were cast astray?

What would you do?
Would you rebuild?
Or, would you bid this world adieu?

What would you say?
To someone whose heart had been broken in two.
Would you tell them to toughen up, and smile?
Or would you get on your knees with them and cry awhile?

What would you do?
Would you tell that it will all be okay?
Or would you tell them that no matter what I still love you?
What would you say?
What would you do?
If all of this had happened to you.

What?

JPM 10/29/2007

Jim Milks

Winter in Summer

Her dusty flesh stripped away
Her stony skeleton laid bare
While men of the world simply stare
With a cynical laugh
"It is not my affair"

Stark skeletal fingers of wood
Stretch toward the sky
The swaying of the branches
Asking me why

A dark bleak winter scene
On this fine summer day
A world that has slipped into rot and decay

JPM 1/27/2008 - 1/30/2008

Jim Milks

Winter Wonderland: A Haiku

Breath is an icy fog
Ponds are a reflective sheet
Winter wonderland

© JPM 1/27/09

Jim Milks

Winter: a Haiku

Isolating cold
Loneliness desperation
Dazzling stark beauty

JPM 12/16/2007

Jim Milks

Worthwhile

As time goes by
and senescence encroaches
and the essence of
adolescence slips away.
He approaches
To take from her,
the last breath
Slowly she succumbs
to him, and to death
he is not cruel or evil or vile
every life is precious to him
they are all worthwhile

8/23/07

Jim Milks

Written Backward

Into my bed, I acquiesce
to the cyclopean task of
ending the turmoil of the day.
This is the single task that I so dread.

My weary mind does protest,
as I labor through the night
in this sleepless moil
of a restless mind is my plight

As I lay exhausted and think
of that poem so well Frosted.
I know that I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep

5/8/07

Jim Milks

Written on Christmas Eve...

The family is all gathered before the fireplace
as the fire burns fighting back a cold winter night
Keeping them in its warm embrace

A child's eyes dance with pure delight
As stories are passed from one to another before the firelight

As each log is burned
and as each story is told
hearts are warmed against the cold

JPM 12/24/2007

Jim Milks

Zea Mays

Oh my goddess Zea Mays
How you control my nights and steal my days
To you my amber goddess I do pray
To you many shall convert this very day
Convert they shall to this empire of hurt

I release you from your crystal prison
Your love does flow like an amber river
To fill a glass that is quickly risen
Nothing but sorrow you deliver

I stare at you from your place upon the shelf
Though I know, better I cannot stop myself
Again, I shall answer your beckoning call
and await my ruinous fall

8/24/07

Jim Milks