

Poetry Series

Lauren Miller

- poems -

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Lauren Miller (October 5,1991)

Words are worse than guns or swords, and poems are are the only expression of heart I've got. Enjoy.

Beauty Or Something Like It

Tell me your definition of B E A U T Y

Is it the pin up girls you see in magazines
with air brushed hair and perfect teeth?
Is it b e a u t y queens with broken dreams
or is it the 'it' girls strangling themselves in lives of cocaine
maybe its the girls at rock shows who have no names
Is it those girls that smile with thier eyes
or the heartbroken whores who cry?

Is it the people you want to save
or is it the people that s a v e you,
are they b e a u t i f u l too?
Is it your b e a u t y that's in nature,
the ocean and the trees
or would you rather skip scenery and go straight
to the birds and bees?

Is it your belief that b e a u t i f u l isn't pretty after is been used and beat?
Or is it your perception that those who live through it are the ones
with real b e a u t y?

Lauren Miller

Calm Your Beating

Calm your voice
The stutters in your throat
Create shudders on my skin
Still your hands
The shaking is only creating
A special breed of fear in me
Hush your words
They are harsh and
Bruise my flesh
Create a storm
Until you win
Now stop, I forfeit

Lauren Miller

City Dreams

the city sleeps
beneath my feet
the glow of streetlights, cars, and store signs
keep me warm tonight
its cold here in the skys
angel wings graze my skin
and the clouds collect my tears
the only way
I can find peace in this place
Is six feet below
The city streets
Or way above where the city
Sleeps

Lauren Miller

Define Kiss

Dictionaries can't define
Excatly what lies
Between these day old sheets
Stained with desperate heartbeats
and these walls with dreamy eyes
Can't hold lust,
Quite like your arms can hold us
Forever and a day
isn't long enough a reason for me to stay
and cave
Becoming a slave
to lies
Named
Love

Lauren Miller

EveryTime

i dodge, i wind, i intertwine
with yours
i make, i create, i mold
you into mine
i make love rhymes
and we take strides
but
i break with acidic irony
and when your sunset
meets my lust
i run, i hide, i scream
i fight
for a different kind of sunrise
the rays are murderous
and this dark time is upon us or maybe
you saved this especially for me

Lauren Miller

For The Reader

Thier tortured soul will climb into this blind
And thier words will mingle with mine
In thier mind, they'll think of the ideals
A shride of pride for this moment in time,
When our mind's eye do intertwine
And everything clicks for a mild moment
The humor will bring them up, though they're never really down
Smiles pound thier heart from the inside out
They'll pry and try to get inside, behind these battered eyes
This person will read my poem and for a spliced moment,
Realize and get it
The message of feelings underneath
They could be any color, or mind, from any walk of life
But if they give my try some attention
They are not only the reader, but also
The Intention

Lauren Miller

Gone Without A Trace

the words sprawl out before me
and your heart is on the floor
my passion ignites and the room is
burned
left no traces
that ive been here before

Lauren Miller

Hang On

my tounge
turns these words
into fire
and I know how to play desire
and create false promises
to keep you until
tomorrow

Lauren Miller

I Am A Celebrity

It's like a scene
straight from a Hollywood screen

Boy meets Girl
Boy breaks Girl's heart
Yet, it's just the Start
Theres two more hours to fill
and someone's got to be killed

You'll chase me
I'll forgive you
but our fate has to be intervined by at least two

Damnzal in Distress
Two found intertwined; hardly dressed
Oh this romance is just a mess
We'll be wed by just a kiss, at sunset
Together Forever
and the plot is still clever

Maybe I'll battle a deadly Addiction
and you'll wear too much Affliction
It's a life based straight out of Fiction

But what happenes when the credits Roll?
Will you still love me when I'm gray and old?
When my botox's stale and my demeanors cold?
The cameras quit rolling
This fate is not real, we don't know how we actually feel
without scripts, it's a hit and miss

My heart got strangled in the Story lines
When the theatre lights come up,
It hurts more than just my eyes, to know you're not really mine
Happing Endings are fit for Celebrities
but in real life, in real time
Thier just endings, not quite as pretty

Lauren Miller

More Human Than Most

Between
the fake smiles of Beauty Queens
and a newborn Addict's dying Dreams
Between
those perceived Crazy
and trust Fund Babies
Between
Students Pining for A's
and people Counting the Days
Everyone is counting the Faces
and the paces it takes
to get to the places
Where they Lay thier
Names on the Ground,
and pound thier fists
For things that do Not exist
Just Yet
There is this middle ground
That remains covered with lies
and the Cries of thier weakness
Where Humans Collide
and Climb to reach successes that they
themselves Define
In this

Life

Lauren Miller

More Than Memories

searching for a soul,
has never been so painful before
midnight air creating a tear in my lungs
and this feels real
in
a
he
said,
she
said,
they
did,
kind of world
indulging in moments of pure excellence
creates shaking hands
have you ever felt anything so real?
as real as tears searing your cheeks
and your heart rippings itself is a garunteed way to feel
human

Lauren Miller

Not An Option

my hands pick up the pace
to write down
what this heart cannot escape
no matter where my mind hides
it comes out in rhymes
that spiral into lies
that line the walkway
to the path, your love created
love might be too strong
a word
ill compliment my feelings
with assumptions

Lauren Miller

Passion Hit

His limbs ache from his tongue repeating
Shaking into her his train of believing
His stomach is reeling from what she made him see
And his heartbeat has escaped
Along with her ability to breathe
Love is something everyone has learned to overuse
And his passion just began to overflow

Lauren Miller

Raiding Rooms

Cold and shallow
Heartbeat fades into deafening echoes
In this filled room
My thoughts scatter and explode across the walls
Riddles, and lines, and foreign words
Galaxies of color and straight lines
Mine yours flee try run cry bleed
Passion fire truth coward liar minor
Line the walls
Of empty space
Times and places recreated
On old projection screens
On the ceiling above your head
Lying on my unmade bed
The anxiety comes from the vents
And my unkempt secrets secrete from foreign places
Your head runs in parralell your mind runs and repels
The walls are turning in and the veins of life

Expose from my skin
And the shadows in the sunlight that dark hearts create
Run dirty on the floor and squeeze and squirm
To swallow you whole
You begged and pleaded "Let me in."
"Please, let me be your latest sin"

The locks on the door of my creation
Fleeing from my place of secrets
Will never lead to you forgetting
What I let you see and what my crippled mind
Has created in this darkest place
Of feelings and second guessing

Lauren Miller

September

It's memories like these
that hang like leaves
on the saddest of trees
The leaves
that fall off
first
Those ones that hurt
the worst

Lauren Miller

Sick Pleasure

Hearts draw blood
Like cactus pricks
And life's still hard, if no true love sticks
But tomorrow rises, and night does come
again, again, again

And you can run
to catch it all
But you cant catch falling stars
without a net

Battle lines are never drawn clear
and time doesnt heal what embarassment and words create
No matter how much time is drawn out

And your love only creates ripples in my dreams
and my heart causes tidal waves
How sad it is
to live a life with never feeling pain
how unfortunate it is to never have heartbreak create youre art
and how is it to never feel?

I pity

Lauren Miller

Sleeping Night

Sleep tonight, and wake tomorrow to my hands
They will graze upon your skin
I will trace your lips with mine
And in due time, there will be no other
Ive got magic upon these lines
And a spell of words and rhyme
So sleep in peace tonight
I will shake you awake tomorrow

Lauren Miller

The Devil Needs A Vice

I've got no doubt in my mind
that this is where you and I
Draw our battle lines
And lead seperate lives
As if it were destined
Theres only 6 words of advice left
Come back soon, hell misses you
The devil needs a vice

You can leave
If you'd rather break hearts
Or you can stand
If you'd rather break yourself
One damned demand:
Come back soon, hell misses you
The devil lost her vice

Lauren Miller

UnKnown

My breathe is searing the insides of my throat
Your crippled lines become my antidote
To thirsty needing of you repeating
Every word he ever said
Even though its lacking meaning
Im treading in shallow water
Falling faster though nothing less than harder
Loving self comes before loving another
But when the term is overused, stressed, and hit
His quick stumbling of practiced bed
Became the reason I have quit
To love yourself, god, lover, even mother
Has escaped my throat to turn into
Irony
To love a girl who doesn't know love
Is to be paid without having a job
Is to run without connecting legs
Is turning left when your direction is right
Is leaving behind bright and clean
And clinging to her desperate heartbeat
Thump, thump, thump
And her meaning is to turn you into a lover
Not the one who was meant to love her

Lauren Miller

Words Hurt

lie is a tired word
love is a bad word
to describe
anything
is to place it into category
adjacent holes
where awkward shapes no longer fit
the normality is not the formality
and nothing is considered
correct
faithful is a dangerous word
creative is a worried word
conform is a lazy word
to describe
personalities is to destroy
a soul

Lauren Miller

You Do

Moving too fast is a way of replaying hatred
And replacing presence with something less than making
Actuality happen
Because actually living
Is terribly scary
But if I cry before midnight
Then the night is wasted
And next weekend is my excuse for hatred
Of playing the same tired games to end up with the same old fate
And all I really want to do is create a pleasant memory
And leave my mark on this place
Smoking cigarettes and drowning Bacardi
Is the only tortured way of living
That ive got left
Because the alternatives
Of sober living really hinder my meaningless creativity
Though im silly to belive ive left you to forget me
Remembering my repeated name, will lead you to killing my unforgettable personality
But ive lost it and trying to find the cause of it
Is harder than recreating a world of possibility
In which I remember me

Lauren Miller

Your Law

You're like a vaccumm nightmare in my bright world
you suck in the pretty and replace it with vile
you take away my color and my shine
trade it for cowardness, you wipe away my smile
every sunset never turns into a sunrise
whenever youre around
you take fantasy and swirl it
you take my heart and kill it
trapped in this asylum
with only my words to bend these bars
but your vaccumm kills the sound
and you your hands clamp around my mouth
what am i to do, when ive got no survival skills
to survive you

Lauren Miller