

Poetry Series

Leigh Mia

- poems -

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10: 12pm

It's 10: 12pm at this corner of the world.
I'm sitting here writing you things,
You will never see.

It's 10: 12pm and I wish you were here.
How cliché this all sounds,
It makes my stomach churn.

Just the fact that,
I am writing this or
Thinking it
Or worse,
Feeling
It.

Leigh Mia

2 is 1

Grasp for something
to fix, hold, love.
This undying need
to take care of-
familiarize.

to the point
that
2 is 1.

We get so close
then
Rip the insides out,
'cause now we know
how to make it hurt.

We know where to stab
and twist,
which words to sling-
those verbal bombs that shatter.

Fix, hold, love
destroy.

It always seems to come about
because when you love,
you know how to
tear his insides out.

Throw 'em on the floor
stamp the life right out.

Hold, love, fix
2 is 1
burn twist
launch verbal bombs
take care and break.

Leigh Mia

4 Year Fire

You seem to need
a way
to rapidly
forget my name.

Wash your hands
of all my sins.
Close your bedroom
doors.

Put a box outside
place in it
all my things.

4 years of you and I
an unbreakable us
as unsinkable....
as the Titanic.

Forget my name,
I'll only sink
your battleship

Burn your things
4 years in flames.

Run off to where it is
you think
you need
to be.

Leave now
but place the box
right outside your door.

I need fuel for
such a 4 year fire.

Leigh Mia

5 Miles

Hopscotch down the walk
5 miles of hopscotch
created with stolen chalk

Leigh Mia

A Cleaned Up Mess

A cleaned up mess
is what I've come to be about,
from melt down to collapse
pill to pill-
there is no beauty in this break down.

I've crumpled in the corner
with bones and quills
but my bleached pearl white mouth,
still shines.
And the bottle blonde whisps
drift over my tinted pink lips.

I have to keep it up
the girl they want doesn't break.

He walks in checks my pulse,
tosses me a pen
and pours black caffiene
down my throat and nose.
'You look beautiful today.'

The computerized girlfriend
words and notes
fall off my tounge,
to the floor.
He's all eyes and no ears.

Collapse in slow motion
keep smiling
and collapse
keep smiling.

The smile will hide
the shaking hands
and freezing skin.

A cleaned up mess,
is what they want.
The girl they need
doesn't break.

Leigh Mia

A Common Prophecy

A common prophecy
that tonight is the night
we will shatter our worlds.

Break the tabboos
all the idealistic molds
will come crashing down

700 miles from right and wrong
we lay our heads to rest
settling in the mistakes and moral travisties.

Leigh Mia

A Dread.

Mouthed words of dedication to
a plot now far from fabricated.
Silent eyes and dead preminitions,
glorify this spring vocation.

Leigh Mia

A Hitch

Treasonous hands trace
A menagerie of memories
Scattered moral travesties
Are slowly piling up
Then caving inwards.

700 woes rest upon such a tired face
Laying down suspicion
Yet still harboring a common flaw
A hitch in the master plan of desire
Will bring us all crashing down.

Leigh Mia

A Little Bit Deadly

You're a little bit deadly
with the way you stray
but stick around.

Those words that plummet
from your lips
are just tiny falsely
poisonous promises.

The way you curl around me
then dropp me like a ball.
It's enough to make a girl crawl-

upon her knees,
throwing way her pride.
It's enough to drive one
mad inside.

You're just a little bit deadly
but I've already let you in
Just a little but deadly
let the procession begin.

Leigh Mia

A Lost Something

Stabbing realism
cultivated from
a lost something.

Born from perpetual
inner turmoil.

Self-proclamied manics
love a good story
of a lost something.

Provides a muse,
gives reason for doubt.

Leigh Mia

A Year Ago

A year ago
I would have looked at you
and trembled.

I would have dreamed
of only you and me.

Of sneaking off together,
slipping into the night.

A year ago
it would have all been
different.

I would have been
yours, to toy with.

Any way you pleased,
you owned me with your words.

A year ago
I would have played with the embers,

Stirring up the flames
of an over and done romance.

I would have jumped at the chance,
to fall into your laugh.

A year ago
I was
different.

But, OH, how I have changed.
I don't long for you

or wish to have you near.
The distance isn't all too bad,

It's nothing like I feared.
Your looming presence?

I made it disappear,
by opening my eyes

seeing what I had.

If only you could see me now.
The pinnacle of perfection.

You say I shaped you,
but kind sir how you shaped me!

Into being so much
Stronger, than I used to be!

Midnight phone calls
made me lose sleep and life.

Finally I saw the blinding light.
Illuminating all the things...

All the things you did
to bring me crashing down.

No longer to I shield my eyes
I welcome in the rays.

And refined what I ment
by 'Better Days'.

A year ago
I would not dare to speak
such words of treason.

I've learned to hold myself up
Stand adjcent to your world.

A year ago
I would be writing of never-ending
lust.

But passion fades
and truth evades
because satisfy we must.

Leigh Mia

AA

One drink, one drink
Just to get me through.
One drink one drink
Where the hell did I leave my shoes?
Two drinks two drinks or maybe even more
I guess I had one to many,
Please help me out the door.
A party here a party there
Yes, I enjoy my drink
That doesn't mean I have a problem,
No need to phone the shrink.
One two three four,
Catch me now
Before I hit
The floor.

All alone in my tomb I reach
Under the bed,
Into is ominous womb.
I extract the prize, my reward and true love.
Who has stood by me through thick and thin
I lean on you to get me through
Another grueling day.

Its Christmas and here I sit
Wallowing in this dark empty pit,
Like the bottom of the bottle or an empty shallow lake
Here I sit and wait.
Its wrong yet right, like being torn between two loves.
Yes, Hunny I am cheating on you
And her name is
Gin.
I'm sure you've met her husband Jack,
Quite a reassuring fellow,
He just seems to have that knack.

Here I sit
With pounds of bricks
Upon my chest
Weighing in at 80 proof.
Each brick takes a shape
Mother
Father
Brother
Lover.
Wish they all would find another hobby
Then pressing down on me.
But I guess it 'tis the season

It's New Years Eve,
So here is my resolution
NO MORE DRINKS

That will be my personal restitution.
Make Mom happy
Make Dad proud
No more drinks
No need to hound.
I've got it under control now,
Just wait and see,
There is more to me,
The this wretched
Fermented
Home wrecker.

6: 00am New Years Day
I grab this beast
By the neck,
And have a sip
A gulp
A feast
Of foul liquid that calms my
Burning soul.

The phone rings
"Your late again"
This voice has never been my friend
"Late 7 times this month that's it pal 3 strikes your out"
click
Oh well
I've got my typewriter and a bottle of scotch,
Stravinsky on the radio
And life is good...

Open the fridge and what do I see?
Two empty bottles staring at me.
All I want is a drink is that too much to ask? !
Someone get over here with booze and fast!
Maybe I could take a cab
But money...hah I do not have.

No woman, no love, no money
MORE SHOTS!
No work, no pride
MORE SHOTS!
Poor health, empty fridge, low self-esteem
MORE SHOTS!
Fleeting interest in what really matters, penniless and fearful of the S word....
Sobriety

Fill me up and watch me go.
Like Alice in Wonderland
Follow the rabbit down his hole.
One two three four
Please just let me hit the floor

There's nothing left now
All is done.
Bottles empty
As I am.
ONE TWO THREE FOUR
To far gone
Let me drown on the floor

Leigh Mia

Accidents

It starts with just chatter
with eyes locked
and thighs screaming

You whisper sweet nothings
turn down the lights
and heart starts beating

We sit too close
Stir up false hope
and try to forget
that this is when accidents happen

Leigh Mia

Ahem...

Everyone talks
and talk is cheap
Everyone is great
at what they preach
or so they think
They make it hard
for the talented to
rise up and shine
For the ones with
the loud mouths
and strong egos
are the ones
with quiet pens
and weak pages.

Leigh Mia

Alive

Notes drift off your fingers
and head straight to my bones.
I've flat lined again,
Only you can pull me out.

You keep me here,
You keep me in,
You keep them out.

Your hands sweep across the neck,
then mine.
Slowly you whisper
in key to the tune:

"It's good to feel,
It's good to cry
It's okay to be alive."

Such simple statements
that serve to save
this life.

You pluck a string
I steal a breath,
Your hand slips
below my chest.

You position your fingers
on each fret,
then strum the beat smooth,
like rain.
Slowed down motions
scare me into life,
The line begins to rise
Then fall

You keep me here,
You keep me in,
You keep them out.

Now I feel
I know that I'm alive.

Leigh Mia

All the Worlds A Stage

Real life tragedies and comedies
Indistinguishable
Due to dark humor
And melancholy melodies
That drifts from the rafters.

Skewed perception as to what is actuality
Collective downward movements
Flanked with futile efforts
To prevail
Above a sterile stage.

Plots so perfectly planned only to be mused
Improvisation takes hold
The Greeks and Romans
Would be so ashamed
At our lack to follow stage directions

A tragically humorous parade
Marches to the grave
Of carefully calculated careers
As thespians we fail.

Leigh Mia

Another Poem About the Past

Summer memories in the show drifts,
flashing like an old home movie
crumpled and distorted.

Dead of winter
long to feel the heat,
of summer and coming undone.

The music pounds in my head
spinning and spinning
owning myself.

Dancing all night long
not caring about anyone
but those who share it.

Leigh Mia

Auditorium

You're here
in this room full of people
all nodding and bobbing
their heads to synthesized beats
You're here
each sigh brings a wave
of that scent-

the cologne that was
buried in your skin
and touch
the smell of the
afternoon sun
that fell on
your down comforters
and Egyptian cotton sheets

But I do not
remember you

I remember the time, place
touch, feel and
nothing less

Each wave of
scent
brings a place-
I erase the face

You're here
but I do not
remember you
because you
are not the you
I crept into bed with
on Saturday afternoons-
sunlight streaked our
naked legs

You're a stranger
estranged from
my picture perfect past

So far gone
I'm not positive
where I saw you last
most likely over
distant coffee
or pushing through
doors on dead end streets
searching for that
bigger something

you always wanted

You're here
but it's more just the idea
of the way you moved
tangling your scent
in my hair
the idea of
our history-
a yearbook
collage past

the idea of a boy
who's now a man
I used to know
who's scent
I think
I remember
as clearly as
the stench of
the bum
on the bench
outside Grand
who's always
chased away

I beat back the scent
with billy clubs
and bats
refuse to admit
I still feel attracted
to the scent
of sunlight
at the dropp of your
worn blue hat

You're here
but it's just the idea
because it's not
even clear
if this scent
is still
Yours-
if the new girls
who pull at your
collars
and too long hair
will meet the same smell
that streaked our naked legs
and yearbook past.

You're here

but it's just the idea.

Leigh Mia

Bad Guys

I walk down a dark
moist alleyway
its full of bad dreams
and purposely forgotten memories.

Its like walking through
a museum of art,
dark art.

I tear the paintings down
Scratch out their eyes.
Who would pay for this
Rubbish?

From the beginning of my time
I traced my miscalculated
Lopsided footsteps
To a dumpster.
Where I lay
Hidden away in a hall of memories.

This safe box
Keeps those bad guys out
All those wretched recollections
Dark shadow beasts that
Take all I have left.

Here in my coffin
I smell someone's leftovers
And let the bad guys in
They push and prod
And laugh at my stoic lips
As I shiver and wait
For them to go.

What rude guests they are!
Leaving such a mess in their wake.
They stay and keep me up
Way
Too
Late.

Leigh Mia

Best Friend

So you have been there
through
thick and thin
I have to just ask...
WHY?

Oh 'best friend'
due to these
times,
you have shackled
yourself to my
leg.

Not letting me
be...

chained like a dog
to
our friendship.
Each chain link
another of your
insecurities.

Leigh Mia

Beware

It is creeping up on us,
and pulling at us with
claws.

We can't ignore this beast,
or down it with the bottled sort.

We've got to face him
with eyes wide open
and hearts shut off.

We've got to remind him
where he belongs.

It is not here;
Oh no...not here.

Remind him he does not
belong in our minds
anymore.

I suppose we can
take his picture
ONLY to remember
he used to dwell here.

Tell the beast
its over.

We don't want him
we don't want him
we don't want him
we can't.

Leigh Mia

Bitch

I may be a bitch, but I am proud
I know I am going places
outside of a man's attention
I have bigger plans than myself
and a white picket fence

I may be a bitch, but I know
how to say NO
Protect myself,
my heart-
and still get my way.

I may be a bitch, but I walk
with confidence
head held high,
beat in my stride

I may be a bitch, but you
gave me this name
If a bitch is strong and proud
then BITCH is label

I may be a bitch, but I can
keep up with any man
and do his job better
and faster-
while wearing heels

I may be a bitch, but I know
when it is better
to laugh and leave `em
then cry and please `em

I may be a bitch, but I don't
look at the ground when I speak
I don't smile with unsaid words
in my teeth

I may be a bitch, but I do not
need to tell lies
to dress up my insides

I may be a bitch, but I will speak
to your face
with my heart on my sleeve
and grace on my tongue

I may be a bitch, but I am not
ashamed of who I am
I stand among legends
those women
who would not

could not
back down

I may be a bitch, but I know
there is more to me than
material things and
manicures

I may be a bitch, but I'd
rather be strong,
then just another woman
afraid to sing
her own song

Leigh Mia

Blame It on the Highway

That stretch of highway
That's what ruined
Us.

Not the other girl
Not the fact that you kissed her
And whispered things only meant for me.

It's that stretch of highway
Long and black
Foreshadowing
The end.

It wasn't her
God forbid I blame you
For not
Being able to
Keep it in your pants.

For being so easily tempted by
Another.

No no
Its that highway
That asphalt and
Gravel.
The yellow painted dashes
White lines telling you when your
To close to the edge
To danger.

No no it wasn't her
With her long brown
Hair and
Unknown features

No
It was the highway.

Leigh Mia

Blue Passion

You scooped me up
in a fist of words
Then dropped me-
into a blue bottle of passion.

I did not attempt to swim,
I wanted to drown,
be swallowed up-
by your passion.

You watched me sputter
as the blue liquid
seeped through my veins-
down my spine
until you were sure I was soaked

I was soaked long before.

You poured me out
and I laid our your couch,
in only black lace-
dripping with passion.

I felt each breath
rise from your chest,
and fall upon my ears-
warm and inviting.

You watched me sleep
and the blue liquid
rolled off my forehead -
down my nose
you wanted to make sure I was soaked.

I was soaked long before.

Leigh Mia

Can't Catch Me

I'm sitting on the floor
the room is spinning.

Somehow the world kept going
but I stuck
right here
in fear
of moving
of being
seen.

I bury my head
and toes
into dirty carpet
hoping no one knows
he really did get me.

I'm buried so far
he can't catch me
on his lens.

Leigh Mia

Carbon Copies

Carbon copies, carbon copies, bottle blondes
 hate them all
 long to be one
superficial skin deep beauty
hate to love them, love to hate them.

Leigh Mia

Carnival Conquests

Carnival conquests
lift the daily drone
a map layed out for
better or worse
a society all its own.

Leigh Mia

Carnival Queens

Carnival queens
trying new masks and dresses
practice makes perfect

A menagerie of tortured souls
collaborating in nomadic bliss

tight rope walkers
hold the knife
and dance in shadows
teetering near doom and denial

While the ring leader wields his big stick
and not so boisterously
goes to bed alone
nomadic bliss.

Can't hold them down
they race their elephants
right
out
of
town.

Leigh Mia

Chalk Dust Memories

Scattered chalk dust memories,
show up every so often.

Don't get me wrong
I always blow them away.

I just keep wondering
where they are coming from.

Washing and erasing
just doesn't do the trick.

Somewhere in the back of my mind,
they like to stick.

Leigh Mia

Come Again

Come again,
when the temperature rises
when our wardrobe is more skin than cloth barriers.

I'll be waiting
just like last year
and eons before.

Come again,
when the big dipper dangles from silken sky threads
when we dance in puddles of let downs with bare feet.

It'll be hard to do it again,
say goodbye and mean it
until next time.

Come again,
when this perpetual here and there turns around
when its not so hard to breathe this air.

Leigh Mia

Comical Tyrants

Comical tyrants give way
to side show romances

Unjust and unwilling

A second paradox to the previously known,
a contradiction as to what love really is.

Sand boxes fill with recognition of names and faces,
acknowledgements of a perpetual
downward spiral.

A few months wasted,
under a common shelf of disappointment.

A futile beckoning for the good life.

Leigh Mia

Continue

Continue we will
for it is all we know.

All we care for
and all we do.

Why let this die?
We're holding it together

We're holding it all
together.
for everyone.

It is resting on our shoulders
and twisting wrists in knots.

Insides
are out.

We've fallen prey
to contemptuous cycles

Lust
in afternoons

over phone lines
and mountains

we've fallen prey.

Leigh Mia

Crazy

Sometimes I fear I'm going crazy
Sometimes I fear I won't get up the next day
Sometimes I think neither of those things
 would be
 so bad.

Leigh Mia

Darkness

Darkness too heavy to shake
presses in on unsuspecting bodies

Love, or at least its need, evaporates into thin air
common distractions and noise are mere back drops

backdrops to a cascade
a plummeting ibis like cascade
of yesterdays

shimmy down as far as allowed
crumble up hope's dynasty
and see this for what it is,
the beginning of the end.

Leigh Mia

Death in Blue Light

Blue light,
drifts down from the cardboard ceilings.

I'm in my bed
you are in a place unfamiliar
but I'm sure the morphine keeps you from knowing.

The phone is ringing
ringing its alarming sound.
No one is answering.

Maybe they are calling to say you are well.
Please tell me these secrets your calling about!
I won't tell a soul, just stop ringing please!

The sound persists
and no one is answering.

Abruptly the treasonous tones
announcing your departure desist.

To afraid to move,
knowing the news.

I'm in my bed breathing
you in yours have quit.

I guess I could not have expected you
to keep on going.

Those beasts in white,
they beat you into submission
with their pills and antidotes.

All to make you last longer
but you were already gone.
You didn't even know,
me from the others.

So its best you floated away
It is best.
So just rest now.
Lay in peace
Without pills and antidotes

The white linen beasts
with latex talons can't
'fix' you now.

So rest now,
just rest now.

Leigh Mia

Disconnect

Disconnected from
every body
the flows down each pathway

an individual
invisible
to the invincible mob
divisible by thousands
ignored by the ignorance
of the MTV generation.

Originality, culture, art
such blank words
no meaning.

Mannequin made clothes
hang on over tanned flesh
filled with fast food, fast love
and fast satisfaction

Nothing comes as easy
as pre-produced desires
for a commercial TV life.

This instruction book life
tells you how to:

walk talk love hate bend shape
move lose grieve die live learn
lie walk the dog feed the cat
fake a smile and stand out in a
crowd.

Lose ten pounds in ten days
Winn a guy over make him sweat
The best sex of your life how to
Please how to ease the pain of
Getting older 30 is the new 20
and 20 is just disappearing.

Leigh Mia

Don't We All Want Something?

Don't we all want
something?
There isn't a soul who can say
he doesn't.
We're all dieing to live,
and thats a fact.
All of us our waiting at fate's
bus stop, wondering...
wondering what we're in for next.
And in the mean time we are rotting
from brains to toes.
Because we're full of anticipation
and they know this
trust me
they know this.

Leigh Mia

Dream

Staring into blackness
mind numbing fright.
remembering what
my brain saw, while
my eyes were clammed
shut.

Not knowing what has
really happened.
Not knowing what is
false and fabricated.

Pressing darkness
punctures my eyes
like push pins to
dry wall. Leaving
holes and wounds to
deep to fill. Hiding
beneath blankets
of lies and covers for truly
being alive.

Creeping toward the light,
yet still to afraid to leave
my encampment
my covers.

Leigh Mia

Dreamt of You.

Dreamt of you,
who never crossed my breath before.
You engulfed me,
in the love you had left for her.

Perhaps the perfect combination,
you searching for a place to put your heart.
Me searching for a place to rest my head,
perhaps, perhaps.

I dreamt of you,
engulfing my arms legs and fingers.
Framing my face with admiration,
giving me all the love you had left over.

Leigh Mia

Drifting Thoughts

I don't think
I have anything more to say
I sit here while Air plays
and my thoughts which usually,
drift away at this point
have taken a liking to
lingering and swaying with
the beat.

Leigh Mia

End

A terrible end
to a crazed affair

Search and seizure
of remaining feelings and flame

I'd like to know
where your warrant has gone to.

Seize and desist
on midnight phone calls.

I'd like to know
what kept you 'so busy'

So busy you could not
return a tiny call

7 days
yet no time to talk?

I wasted time and love
risked it all in the same of suns

Yet 7 days
no time to call.

Leigh Mia

Everyone is a 'Writer'

Plath could do it
Bukowski made it too.
Even Hughes, who rode his wife's
trail of tears to the finish line.

They all overcame the public's eye
and wrote their hearts out,
They had things to say,
and stories to tell.

But today, everyone is a writer,
and books like this are a dime a dozen.
A guaranteed staple in every girl's locker
or tucked beneath her bed.
And in all their heads they think,

'Plath could do it
Bukowski made it too.
Even Hughes, who rode his wife's
trail of tears to the finish line.'

Leigh Mia

Fighting Words

We lay in separate beds,
and you're all that fills that space
above my neck and shoulders.

I flung words and fists,
that never should have been created
a damsel in distress always deals out pain

with astounding accuracy
and sometimes grace.

Destruction may be my middle name.
Hate may run through my veins,
and come spilling out on people and paper
at all the wrong moments, on all the wrong skin.

But

I never meant to hurt you,
and stain you're fragile skin,
with my hateful inkblot words.

tonight my dear,
I set you at the chopping block.
The knives sharpened ready to plunge...
a sigh of surrender floated from the damsel's lips.

Too stubborn to admit to emotion.
Fallen too far to let him go,

she lowers her fists,
cleans up her words,
and I pick you up from beneath the knife.

Tonight love wins the fight.

Leigh Mia

General Necessity

I've found it is a general necessity
to believe in the past.
Perhaps it is because we don't want to think
we wasted our time
or were fooled by love songs and lighting.

This need to believe
leads us to unthinkable acts of selfishness
leads us outside our safe zones
in order to reserect the past
and all we left behind.

Leigh Mia

Give Me a Hand

Give me a hand,
I've made it this far
without tripping
or slipping
just gripping
onto what remains
of a stable youth.

I suppose
we all go mad
at some point
or another.
So soon though
it seems OH too soon!

I'll take a bow
because I made it to here.
without insanity
stirring in my brain.

Leigh Mia

Growing Out Of Here

I'm growing up, growing out of here
trying to flee, but my roots have spread to deep.
Childish games
seductive hide-and-go-seek
just don't do it any longer.

Tricks and planning for futures
all seem so cliché now
With true paths realized
in our fit of realistic come down.

We've sang songs of lust
and running in packs forever
never commenting...

Never commenting
that its all
childish games.

So quick,
lets grow up
and get me out of here.

Leigh Mia

Have Your Cake and Eat it Too!

My friend, you can't have your cake
and eat it too!
You must choose!
It is one or the other,
the quiet or the loud
meek or proud?

You can't have my heart
and keep hers too!
It just doesn't work that way.
Sweep me off my feet,
but call her yours forever?
YOU must choose!
Love or Lust
Might or Must.

Equivocal damage will result,
so pick up your toys,
and turn on the news.
You can't love her,
and choose me too

Leigh Mia

Here's The Scene

Here's the scene:
Girl on a lounge chair
west coast music plays
the air is cool and crisp
her bathing suit is skimpy and black
snow banks corner her chair
she's waiting for summer
to return
she's waiting
to be normal again.

Take one, take two
Not a photo shoot
bathing in the frigid air
cleansing and remembering
herself.

Leigh Mia

Hospital

The faces of death
Stare out from under cardboard caps
Soaked in commercial hope
Prying at the injustice of disease.

Atmospheric pressure of false smiles and flowers
Flies stick to the walls
Watching death cultivate before bug eyes
A thousand shutter glances at morbid mortality rates.

Fabricated cheer does not erase the pain
Does not saturate the grief from loved one's eyes
Anger at a world that cannot be controlled
Only leads us to more destruction.

Hope is decapitated
In these healing walls.

Leigh Mia

I Am Not the Talent

I am sick

Of manic writing frenzies
and lows where I cannot move
from the bed
from my floor

pink to black
then back
is no way
to spend these years

I am sick of being broken
and sick of this cliché.

I cannot write without gloom
I cannot write without tragedy.

I am no better than dead beat
heroine chic
NO better than cocaine lines
and nicotine fits

I need something else
to create and thrive

I am assisted suicide
I am in need of assistance
to thrive and be

I am not the talent
the talent lies
in my empty mouth

the ideas gurgle
in my barren stomach
and heart

I AM NOT the talent
I am the portal
for overdone
and over used
under pressure
and bruised

Leigh Mia

I Don't Want To Be Common

I don't want to be common.
I don't want to be a statistic.
I don't want to be labeled and stuck in a box on a shelf.
 I'm too ordinary though
 too common to have those dreams.

Leigh Mia

I Knew It

I knew as soon as it was over,
With that bitch...
You would come running to me.
Spewing your guts...
Expecting me to sit
Nod
Give words of wisdom.

Well here are the words:
I love you.
I know you love me.
Now we can finally be together.
Without hiding.
Kiss in public.

My words of wisdom?

Forget her...

You have me.

Leigh Mia

I Met a Boy

I met a boy,
who didn't know who he was.

No outstanding traits, or talents.
Just mediocre in a fast passed world.

I met a boy,
who was dead at eighteen.

Nothing to work for or live or die for
just common daily subscriptions to life.

Leigh Mia

I See

I see you for who you are
now.
Not some untouchable figment
in my head.

I see your faults OH so clearly
now.

After you trampled me, used me,
then said it was all
a
mistake.

I let it go each time
snow came and went
and we would start again.
But now thats done.
I see through the 'fun'
and your games of
on and on.

Leigh Mia

Idols

There is something mesmerizing
about those who take their own lives.

Something that triggers jealousy
at their escape
their bravery to get out.

They leave behind pages of treasure
offering insight to broken lives.

I carry around their pages like a sinful bible,
the only truth comes from one who can see the end.

Someone who has quit the game,
and put away the pieces.

Leigh Mia

Intensity

I dare you to
match my intensity,
keep up with my speed.

Accept the manic mornings,
the cracks in my skin,
and the holes in my bones.

I dare you
not to flinch
or squint your eyes,
when the bricks fall down.

When the blues come about
take it slow,
follow me down.
I'll show you the road out.

Match my intensity
keep up with my speed,
my spilling pages and inkblot fingers.

Match my intensity
keep up with my speed,

I dare you.

Leigh Mia

Irony

Irony weaves its way in
like some satirical tiger
with paws that smuther
and claws that tenderly
play heart strings.

Irony finds a way in
plays pide piper to tragic romance
followers stampede through our gates
with words like pins,
and bloodied sins.

Leigh Mia

Irony II

Amazing,
how anyone
in their wrong
or right
mind,
can survive
the pure
Irony
of this beast
700 times over
and over
a gold clasp
on reality
Irony kills
the good
but too strong willed.

Leigh Mia

It IS Crazy...I Know

A frenzy starts behind the eyes
17 years and still no compromise

Hysteria creeps up into the mouth
slithering inside the throat

A weightless wonder
concave and toned

A beautiful splendor
one that is not all her own

Leigh Mia

Jagged Poems and Paper

Pens like daggers
words like knives
I produce this articulation
from the jumble of jive

I don't know where I'm going
except that I'm headed down
my mouth is hanging open
in a perpetual pink frown.

I want to claw my way out
so that I am trapped
I could have been so much better
then jagged poems and paper.

Leigh Mia

Kiss Me Softly

Kiss me softly
let the taste of infidelity linger.

Dip into a storyline
so long and tangled that it could only be real.

Spin me and wrap me up
in ideas and promises that serve as steps to the future.

Forget all the lies and tears
just live right now and kiss me softly.

Leigh Mia

Lack Of Thought

Lack of thought
blank slate
to be written
and erased
Lack of thought
blank slate
for you to tarnish
for me to waste
Lack of thought
blank slate
loving words
vile hate
Lack of thought
blank slate
erase and drawn
Lack of thought
to much hate.

Leigh Mia

Last Ditch

Last ditch effort
for something
to hold on to.

Something to remind
us
that we most definatly
are crazy.

That forever only
means on your terms,
when you like it.

And love for me
means when my
eyes aren't glazed
from anothers embrace.

Leigh Mia

Lets Get Our Hopes Up

Drunk on champagne lust,
spinning on picnic tables and stars
pick me up only promise to dropp me.

Dance real slow,
lets get our hope's up.

Captured by lovely sin
Who's to say what's wrong, to me
Lets hold hands with Satan's lover.

Dip me low
lets get our hopes up

I swear to god this is just a farse
just taking time to drink up life...
Not believeing in holy ones, allows me to lie and smile.

Spin me twice,
run your hands through my hair
Lets get our hopes up

Just promise to dropp me
at the end.

Leigh Mia

Lost In A Moment

Sometimes you get lost in a moment,
the actions that take place there...
are entirely NOT your own.

You live outside of the real life
and find yourself wondering
'why do you get yourself caught up in these things? '

It never occurs until long after its gone,
that the moment you lived in was not yours
but an alter-you who doesn't know right from wrong.

Entangled fingers with a stranger,
drinks at 2am while downing jazz
or a long lost love for dancing with unfamiliar faces.

You lose it all, the moment it comes
then its just a memory
of yourself come undone.

Leigh Mia

Media

'Save it for marriage' HA
none of us are virgins.
The media spreads our legs,
and takes what is 'sacred'.

Images dancing and fornicating
on my tv.
Faceless 'Hot Teen Action'
explodes from my computer screen.
Bare breasts and legs stare at me
from the covers of magazines.

Don't tell me to save it for marriage
when your showing me the latest lingerie.
And preaching sexual abstinence
while piling on pop icons easily confused
with porno queens.

Don't tell me to save it
when the media is in my head.

And speaking of head,
Your channel 6 news team says
8 in 10 teen girls give it for laughs.
She's got it all wrong
the media is the one sucking those guys off.
Media is the slut not the teen girls,
media is crazed by hormones not teen boys.

So don't tell me to 'Save it for my one true love',
because with how divorce rates are these days,
I doubt it will last.
You spoon feed me these lines
then laugh at all the sexual innuendos
in prime time sitcoms.
So save your breath
with the preaching
none of us are virgins anymore.

Leigh Mia

Memory's Galaxy

Scratching away
glow in the dark pieces
trying to undo a galaxy.

Plastered to black mascara skys
reminants of sacred stars
still congrugate in lover's eyes.

Glowing plastic
keeps coming back
at 10 cents a piece.

The contemptous beat
of love gone continually wrong
richochets of balconies

and rapunzel
pulls up
her hair.

Leigh Mia

Mindless

CRUSH these dreams

turn it upside down
petulant little frown
Spin me.

Chose to take everything
or nothing

This frustration eats my sides
turn me to stone

ONLY YOU
burn me at the stake

Leigh Mia

Mini Van Man I

You're too close for comfort
and I know your grabbing girls
in your mind.
Dirty mind of an over privileged
Son of a bitch.

Your sitting behind your steering wheel
leering with perverted eyes.
Grabbing girls with filthy fingers

Where are your kids?
At home with the wife?
while your grabbing girls?

Pulling up beside the innocent
and ruining what we have left of it.

Pretty girls
all blonde
all tall
all athletic
and your grabbing them

Throwing them in your mini van.
Your family man van
That your three kids go to school in.

Your wife's at home fixing dinner
and your in a high school parking lot
Grabbing girls

.

Leigh Mia

Mini Van Man II

You laid your hands on her
I knew you would.

You didn't get me
so you got her.

but she was too strong
she got away.

You tried to steal us.
Bind us with the rope
in your mini van.

Force your 'manhood'
upon us
in your mini van
Wrap us in a tarp,
and kill kill kill.

Drive our limp moaning bodies
all around town
in your mini van.

Drop us off where we saw fit.
Please sir this is my stop.

But they caught you.
You son of a bitch.
You tried to take our innocence.

When you wrapped your filthy arms
around her waist,
did you think you would get away?
Run home to your three kids
and that be the end.

Now you're in jail
now you're in jail.

Behind bars,
they say your wife comes to visit.
If I was her I would leave you for dead.
that is what you wanted to do to us.

Now you're in jail
now you're in jail
and I bet you want to die.

Leigh Mia

Mini Van Man III

The papers claimed you
tied a bed sheet up
and tried to hang yourself.

You do not deserve that glory.
You must live and feel the torture.
Feel the torture we feel.

You wanted to just grab girls,
and we were them.
Now we're scared out of our minds.

Once strong now stirred up,
she was a tall glass of water
and you spilt her.

We can't walk down streets alone,
or be in our own driveways
and not look over our shoulders.

Every man on who passes
is criminal
does he want to grab us too?

Fuck you and your filthy grabbing
fingers.
I'd break everyone if I got the chance.

I hope your fingers are rotting
in your mental patient gown.

Man
Husband
Father
Successful business man
Criminal
Insane
Criminal
Pervert
Criminal

You wanted to grab a girl.
You wanted to rape a girl.
You wanted to kill a girl.
You wanted to ditch an unrecognizable body.
You wanted to get away with it.
But you didn't and you won't.

And all the others, they are being dug up.
We will have our justice.

WE will stand,

You will not grab us.
You will not think about us.
You will not
You will not

Leigh Mia

Mr. Past

Clasp
on
to
these
words
of
passion.
Remove
your
past
and
dance
with
the
future.
Swing
and
spin.
Don't
let
Mr. Past
in.

Leigh Mia

Ms. Fix it.

I'll fix all your
broken pieces
repair you back to you.

I only have
bobby pins and pearls
but I guess that will have to do.

The bobby pins
can hold your heart together,
keep it in one place.

The pearls
can fill all the empty places
and soak up all the uncertainty in your face.

A lock of my own hair
i'll tie around your linger
just so you know I'm always with you.

I'll fix all your
broken pieces
and send you on your way.

Leigh Mia

New York Mouth

Coffee mouths touch
at the speed of New York traffic
whizzing past street signs
they don't hesitate or slam on breaks

Detached from feeling and ceilings
they rush together
horns scream as their meters tick

Coffee mouths touch
and fill up the emptying cups
with instantly caffeinated passion
strong enough to curb a hangover
smooth enough to ease a Monday.

Stale and poetic
overdone and overpriced
steam rises from the sewers

Coffee mouths touch
instant biting and black
each crack of the lip
screaming
Detach! Fill! Detach!

A New York minute made miracle
those
coffee stained teeth and taste buds
collide and slow down
but as they pull apart
lips from cup
lips from lips
it's lost in the sound and rush

Coffee mouths touch
instant biting and black

Leigh Mia

Ode to Plath

She's cold, clammy and
glamorous.

Self inflicted death suits her
so well.

Intrigued at her ends
Pulled in by envy.

She's rotting now
with worms like sticky pearls.

A heroine of my mind
envious of her glamorous state.

Leigh Mia

Off Again

Your off again
and dreaming.
of running
far
far
away.

Your determination
drives you
Scares me
and forces poems
such as this.

Stop
just one moment
and note what
you'll be leaving.

Your leaving
confinement
yet your leaving me.

This place may be a lock
but why can I
be the key?

You can't keep running
and have me in your hand.

These aren't treadmill dreams
anymore
your really running.
Not talking
but running

fast paced
not looking back.
Enjoying a future
lacking a wishful key.

Leigh Mia

Oh Sweetheart

Oh, Sweetheart
my darling love,
you know how to make me-
BURN.

Not with lust or passion
But with self-hate and
damnation.

Oh, Sweetheart
my darling love.

You're my weapon
of mass destruction
the last cause in my war.

Your fleeting eyes
and lack of interest
the way you ignore
destroys and deploys
more love and admiration.

Oh, Sweetheart
my darling love
This game of cat and mouse
Has got me down and out.

I've found myself
clamped in a little rodent trap
you're iron fingers
trapping my meek bones
covered in red heart blood.

Oh, Sweetheart
my darling love.

Chew my insides out,
end this game of
cat and mouse.

Leigh Mia

On A Dock

Recently
I witnessed an old man
careening into four feet
of the most dangerous water
known to man kind.

As he tumbled down off the White Man's Burden
his aged skull tapped against
wooden creations ment for good not evil.

Rocked back to days of past
and a bloodied nose,
he groped for his wallet,
the fright in his eyes can not be described.
He foolishly placed decades of memories
in flimsy leather bound barriers

Women he loved
children and grand children
the war and a silver dollar
demolished at the dropp of a hat

decades erased in a slip of haste
water logged and caroded mildew memories
hung in the air.

Leigh Mia

Passed Past

Today passed
without acknowledgement
without sigh
without nod

It passed
and we didn't care
to remember
how far one year
had shot us-

in opposite directions
with opposite plans
bending words
and shattering a promise.

Just a silly little
number now.
Just a silly
memory now.

Nothing more than
flashback dust
and
empty tongues.

Today passed
without word
without tears.

It passed
and we didn't care
to fill the silence
Not willing to sweep
up the dust, with our
bright pink tongues.

Leigh Mia

Past Delotions

I have problems with the Past
And letting go of yesterdays gone by.

History will repeat itself?

Goodbyes are the worst though
Knowing the moment your standing in;
Will become the Past.
And the person you are leaning on,
Will be disapearing to a car or plane
Or other vessel that will tear them
From your eyes.

I have problems with the Past
And knowing it won't ever be
that particular way again.

And all we are at this moment
all we were yesterday
and all we will become tomorrow
are three totally seperate things.

I have problems with the Past
And I have problems with forgetting.
But goodbyes are the worst
I have trouble with letting go
Knowing today is not
Any other day but that,
And tomorrow is the same but
different.

Leigh Mia

Perpetual Plexi-glass

Perpetual Plexi-glass
Stands between us
Keeping us from
Smiling too much
Or getting too hopeful
There is no future to speak of
With this perpetual Plexi-glass
I want to shatter it
With my fists and false hope
But my arms are bound behind me
And yours are broken from trying
Shattering noises ring out in my dreams
Only there does the glass crash
Only there can I touch you
Without a branding scar of moral trash.

Leigh Mia

Playing Past

We've gotten so far from reality
Now we're just playing past
Just like little kids play house,
We're playing past.

You hold my hand
Bring my pretty things
And do everything right
Oh so right.

I throw my head back
As you warm my tepid soul
And whisper sweet nothings to you
When no one's around.

Something is standing in the way
Keeping us from moving forward
Beats us back to the beaten path
So here we are now playing past.

Leigh Mia

Probably

if you,
could see me,
over you
and on top.

you probably would not even know my name.

I am not,
that girl
you liked
to throw around.

you probably would not even like my face anymore.

it is no longer,
stained with tears
left in the wake
of your 'love'

Leigh Mia

Quasi-Lovers

We're quasi lovers,
we claim to put
our all
into ever whispered
promise.

But how much
validity can they hold?
When they are heard raspy

across phone lines
stretching miles and years.

If we truly loved
we'd beat the odds
and switch from second
to first.

Quasi-lovers
we'll remain
until someone else
calls out your name.

Leigh Mia

Ragdoll

Use me
lose me
Come back,
abuse me.

I'm your ragdoll baby,
let me be your muse.

Dress me up
and
Strip me down.

Hang me on your arm,
turn up my frown.
I'm yours. Be amused.

Toss me in the corner,
part my bony limbs
brush the tears from my lashes
and come on in.

Use me
lose me
Come back,
abuse me.

I'm your ragdoll baby,
to pose as you chose.

Leigh Mia

Remember When

Remember when
we were too young to care
that someday we'd end

Love was just a word
and longing a poetic device

Little did we know
our worlds would circle
and cave to those two words.

Leigh Mia

Romantics

I walk through the world
stepping over social casualties
and avoiding shards of
broken hearts,

While clutching on to mine.
Avoiding anyone who threatens
my sanity.
(I've heard love makes you crazy)

For I am not silly
like these mortally wounded romantics.
I know true love is not found,
beneath the sheets.

That compassion does not
equal heat.
I tread a path through
these romantics
leaving bodies
in my wake.

Leigh Mia

Roses In My Eyes

The world looks better;
through glasses tinted with roses.

So I'll wear them everywhere;
crossing my fingers the world keeps spinning.

Because it looks so pretty;
when you can not see ever dark detail.

I'll climb upon a bed of roses;
while wearing my rose classes.

Then all the shades of pink will dance;
and I'll hold on tight to thorns,

Just to keep us Spinning.

Leigh Mia

Routine

Brittle bones
with marrow sucked out
'cause I needed it to keep on going.

Toothpaste smiles
with morphine make-up
betraying everyone!

Subtle laugh,
sharp claws,
starting to get old now...

Silly silicon lies
scrawny dreams of
skinny.
SKEPTICS...steer clear.

Setting up all night
saturating pain in life

Toothpaste breakfast smiles,
with morphine make-up faces
betraying brittle bones.

Leigh Mia

Rapunzel

Sometimes fairy tales become nightmares
Because Rapunzel's perfect locks
Don't exist in this Technicolor world.

Living perfection lasts only a moment
Oh Rapunzel, Rapunzel let down your hair
Let me climb into your head

Fairy tales become nightmares
When we try to keep them in our barren existence
Rapunzel won't be as young as she was once

The golden blonde locks will turn to gray
And the perfection that we create
Will turn to mortar colored plans too

A ball of perfect, holding memories
And standards of yesterday
Explodes in dreamer's eyes

Tears of rage pour down
Fists full of frightened picture frames crash
Rapunzel cut her heart open, prince charming took too long.

Madness ensues
Trying to hold on to fairy tales
Oh Rapunzel, Rapunzel cut off your hair.

Leigh Mia

Silver and Gold

Silver and gold
so much we left untold.
As the world spins
we stop to recount,
all the things we skipped.

Flash and fade; flash and fade.

Glistening remnants of a crusade,
for the past.
Wild romantics stumble and fall,
on all their own preminitions
and self-created down falls.

We seem to know better.

Silver and gold
charcoal and coal.
We seem to know
something more, from
all we left untold.

Leigh Mia

Smile and Forget to Remember

Smile And Forget To Remember.
'Cause when you remember too much,
your insides turn black and blue
and they drip
right out of you
and your tongue
hangs out
blood empties
and makes a mess.

Then someone else will need to
Smile And Forget To Remember
so their insides don't turn
black and blue
and the red stays inside.

Leigh Mia

Sparrows

Sparrows crash into the windows
chasing dreams bigger than they can be
Sparrows crash and die
while your wondering where the remote got to
Sparrows dreaming big, still dying small.

Leigh Mia

Store Credit

Childhood memories
bought and sold
for store credit

We're consumed
by the need to consume-
bigger and better
faster and stronger

Simple pleasures
returned and exchanged
our big time dreams sleep
in layaway

All we've got are
recollection receipts
that we crumble and toss
to waste bins and gutters

We need not account
where and when
we lost our way

When uncomplicated
became boring
and dreaming became
juvenile

Leigh Mia

Such a Pity

Such a pity.
Seeing how you've 'grown'.
To a paranoid particle.
Cowardly and small.

I remember you.
Laughing loud, boisterously
Balancing the world on long fingers.

To see now,
I would never think
you used to dance without caring
or live without fearing.

Maybe the man I knew was a cover,
and you were always
a
scared
little
boy.

Leigh Mia

Tear Stained Blood

Tear stained blood pools at my feet
each dropp a failure or missed step
each a vessel pushing for action.

A cowards way out
or a realist's last resort for correction
either way it is mesmorizing.

The tears flow as slowly as the blood
pooling in yesterday and blotting out tomorrow.

This allows time to reflect on a menagerie of sadness
regret that ate away at chances and hope.

Now I just want to blled and count the reasons
that will never be consouled.

Leigh Mia

That Place.

Walking into that place
that place where I stored my happiness

Familiar scents struck my nose
and stung my now pure tongue

A smell of must, sunscreen
and unrequited lust
hung like a fog.

The sound of my footsteps
echoing in the empty halls.

Sneaking off into the night
because it 'felt right'

Adulterous thoughts
of seasons long since passed.

The texture of the cool gray walls
reminds me of the relieve they provided.

Relieve for flaming flesh,
slammed up against them in fits of passion.

Passion that we lived,
and died for.

10,000 doppelgangers dwell here,
in every corner, every step, every breath

Every moment elapsed by another,
which was previously engraved in the woodwork.

Now I'm a living anachronism
spinning in a world not correct,
to they way I am feeling in this moment,
removed from the woodwork.

Leigh Mia

The Cracks

I want to fill the cracks with music.
All, the cracks you left
when you shattered my lips
and scared my finger tips.

I want to fill those cracks with music,
and forget they were ever there.
Drown and the pain and awkwardness
in notes and melodies.

A song for every inspirational crack.

Leigh Mia

The Moment When All You Can Do From Going Mad Is Write

Its coming again
I just know it
I can feel it
climbing up my spine
like an awkward moving menice

It grabs on to my shoulders
throws me back
then slithers down my arms
and out my finger tips to angry pages.

It drips from my eye sockets
and clings to my lashes
blurring my vision
from all that is real

Its moving down my legs now
and coming on strong
quivering in my thighs and knees
it eats the muscle
bite by bite

Down to my feet
it rips off the nails
and gnaws on the flesh

It keeps spilling out of me
until I'm drowning in ink
but I don't mind

I try to fight it
but truely is no use
I let it take me
drown me.

drown me.

Leigh Mia

The Writing Room

I have come to this
room to WRITE
in hopes of breaking what has
been a relentless strand of days
overshadowed by a common writers block.

Wood tables, and giant windows,
that over look the great abysis we named
'ocean'.
Jazz is playing and rather than sitting
here chewing absent mindedly on my pen,
I feel I should have one of those
ridiculous long, cigarette holders.

But I don't smoke.
Evidently I don't write either.

Leigh Mia

Their Time Has Come

Our heros lay
in graveyards.
with clocks around
their necks.

Leigh Mia

This Dance

dancing and dancing
thats all it is.

a dance with passion
adding motion to
this tangled
romance.

laughing
and laughing
like there is no
tomorrow.

we dance till
the sun is gone,
till the snow falls.

crying alone
yelling at this sorrow
you leave me
with.

dancing
i prefer
dancing.

this dance that
we love

to hate
with passion.

dancing
i prefer
dancing.

Leigh Mia

This Story

This story,
I'm sure
has been told
and IS told
700 times a day.

We didn't write it first,
we just like the way
it flows of the tongue
and back bone.

Spinning in the idea
that we are the only,
is just foolish
and not thought out.

I see it unfolding
700 times a day
in stranger's eyes
and yours.

Leigh Mia

Too Much

There is no such thing
as too much,
can't get enough
because there is no such thing
as too much.

Mae said,
too much of a good thing
is wonderful.

May we be so obliged
to see this as more than
just

an aquasation
to justify her own falicies
but a way of breathing.

How could their be too much?
When this world is blind siding
those who conserve and live so purely

Too much is how my life
keeps itself together
too much.

Leigh Mia

Too Real

its too real to talk about sometimes
truth be told
it scares me to death

its too real to face sometimes
so we shut it away
with excuses and promises
to visit another day.

Leigh Mia

Torn

Torn between two evils
I want to fly free.

Break away from this or that,
allow myself to eat more than celery.

Without a cover to hide under
I want to live haphazardly

I want to discover a new found love for travel.
Or maybe just courage to run away, develop that bravery.
If you wish to get technical.

Leigh Mia

Tragicly Calm

Running fast from reality
screaming breaks and lungs
ache and bleed furiously.

Searching for seclusion
and some tool for the job,
crazed ambitions for repentance.

Pulling into a dark parking lot
grabbing an out of fashion brooch,
these movements seem to be unknown.

Daggers like the words you said
dance across skin and veins
a rush of sanity from eleven valleys.

Red river running
across my steering wheel
up and down my spine.

Wild satisfaction at barriers shattered
your not so tough now,
your real

tragicly calm.

Leigh Mia

Tucked Into Leather

Tucked into leather
of your sweet dark chariot
I dream of only existing
in moments like these.

Settled comfort radiates warmth
that feels just right
on a cool summer night
gone are needs to escape and burn out
I harbor no sense of doubt,
as leather devours me.

A moon so luminous and giant by design
guides us home, where realities reside
still we're dreaming of being whole
and completing each others worlds.

Tucked into leather
all seems together
protected by metal walls
and grounded by rubber wheels.

The world is out there
along with our fears
so lets keep on dreaming
let me drink up your tears.

Leigh Mia

Two Pools

Two pools reflecting the world.
Drop a stone and watch the ripples,
as tears pour down your face.

Captured in a web of photographs.
Tacked to the wall of fame and failure.
The headline with remain the same.

Bold face print on ink stained pages
floating in those two pools of blue,
common day occurrences don't stop the ripples.

Rapscallions dance along the edges,
dipping their tiresome feet in the ripples
Stirring up several well kept secrets, played off as
yellow journalism.

Two pools are drying up
Rapscallions run and cover their eyes
with moist tissue paper thing pages.

Two poole are gone now,
tow worlds collide now,
maybe we can forget now;
and maybe live now.

Leigh Mia

Undone

I want to come undone,
and sail away
to a green island
with a rustic atmosphere
not tropical as some would want
with crystal cold lapping water
and a sharp breeze from the north
A fire place and a little tent
relaxing in the most peaceful way
hair pulled back no shoes jeans and a sweatshirt
all covering a bathing suit
towels will be hung on a rope between two trees
and you and I will sit in separate chairs
in front of the fire
and talk about everything not relating to our lives
then we'll count the stars and go to bed early.
We'll simply sleep, hold hands and kiss.
Then I'll wake up and feel a need to escape my dream island
Everything is a cage and every person a lock.

Leigh Mia

Untitled and Unfinished

my adulterous lips
sting in the wake
of formulated yesterdays

Leigh Mia

Vanity Fair

dressed to the nines
beige embossed suit and tie

to his right eyes are drawn
waif thin beauty;

dressed in thousand dollar rags
hanging from small bones

perhaps he asked her name
before crawling onto her bed

in his beige suit
and smug grin

her mom most likely warned her;
of men like him

in beige suits
and smug grins.

Leigh Mia

Void

There's always a void.
We try to fill it with people, places and trash.
Just fill, fill, fill unexplainable even to Sigmund Freud.

"Wish You Were Here" booms Pink Floyd.
We listen; waiting for any person to run into us, bang crash.
There's always a void.

We eat, work and drive our cars wanting the void to be destroyed.
Finding it's only temporary; each attempt turns into gray ash.
Just fill, fill, fill unexplainable even to Sigmund Freud.

Women marry men they don't love, just to feel love deployed.
Their hearts get ripped out leaving an emergency surgery gash.
There's always a void.

We do it constantly, grasping towards the noise.
Throwing arms and legs in foreign beds; it's over in a flash.
There's always a void,
Just fill, fill, fill unexplainable even to Sigmund Freud.

Leigh Mia

Wake Up Groggy...

Wake up groggy
soaked in false hope.

Stumbled down the hall
holding my bones together
with bobby pins.

Wrapped in a preminition
that I actually might make it.

Lost in not knowing
and synthesized music.

Clammering in my teeh
were all the things I needed
to say.

Each pearly white
harboring its own
insecurity.

Looked into broken reflected
dreams.
Lay back down on the carpet
and held on for dear death.

Each fingernail screamed
with frustration, knowing
they would amount to
nothing, just a cover.

Just another day
Just another mourning.

Leigh Mia

We're All Dizzy...

We're all dizzy,
still stunned by
yesterday.

We're all falling
and tripping into
love and lust.

Never do we stop
and think
that someday
we'll just be stories
in a book and
ephiphets on gravestones.

Leigh Mia

Women As Books

Women are to you
as books on shelves.

Pretty shells harboring
knowledge; new worlds.

You wouldn't know that,
until you peeked inside.

Will you open her or just stare,
at the name on the spine?

Admiring all the others,
filling up your shelves.

You can't judge a book,
by only her face.

A woman
only by her spine.

Leigh Mia

Writers Aren't Born in Classes

Plath didn't make it by community service.

I'd rather die poor and unemployed
then 'well rounded' and unpublished
Writers aren't born in classes.

Writers are born the day
they are excited by fresh paper.
When they are comforted by the words
of the long dead and cynical souls.

Writers are not born in classes.

Leigh Mia

You Asked

You asked if I was
feeling better
if all was well
and forgiven

I think that answer lays
between my broken heart
and open thighs

A feverish beckoning
to be forgiven
destroys all inhibitions.

Leigh Mia

You Close Your Eyes

700 times
you close your eyes
each day

You wonder
what she's wearing
and if she's laughing

How her hair is styled
If she is thinking of
you like this.

Yet when opportunity came
you slammed it in the door
refilled your cup, and kept on moving.

You left her
with her eyes closed
and heart pouding with rejection slips.

Her flame for you chilled
by a cold shoulder
given under a false moon

700 times
you'll close your eyes
and wonder

why you left her
eyes closed
becoming subject
to her
poetry and prose.

Leigh Mia