

Poetry Series

Dani Millar
- poems -

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Dani Millar(7 July 2000)

Dani André Valerius Millar is an Irish poet, novelist and photographer. His poetry covers many topics, such as teenage angst, love, city life and the search of identity. He has called himself "a gay, edgy T.S Eliot, " He cites the poets, T.S Eliot and Frank O'Hara, the writers James Joyce, Jean-Paul Sartre and Georges Perec as his main influences. Millar thinks of himself as a literary iconoclast, saying "I am the death and rebirth of literature itself." He gave himself the middle name 'Valerius' after the Ancient Roman poet of the same name. He is currently working on his first novel, which is currently untitled. It aims to be "the 21st century Ulysses but with lots of internet culture, teenage angst and A LOT of satire." He has a boyfriend named Devin.

Considering The Bluebird

Genius siala, a modest master
of music and song, he is robed
in royal blue. Air is ample.
He needs to rest. Maybe
he will sing a song (or two)
in a peaceful, prideful pitch.

Prideheart. His waterblue wings
start to spread again. He is off.
Watching for worms,
his baby, blueberry head
barely moves as he hunts. I cannot confess
what kind of pretty power is at work. He dives
down, and dines.

What is a bluebird's furor? I do not notice!
Such a sweet, suave soul. His soothing
songs impugn the hunter inside. His *recherché*
mien moves me. His ebon eyes stare at me in
awe and affection. A playful pet. Snacker of seeds.
He hovers high once more, to manoeuvre me home

Dani Millar

In Raspberry Rain

In raspberry rain
and in mulberry midnight,
and in strawberry sunset.
I sit, soft as a marshmallow,
as I admire the cherry clouds,
fantasising the fruits of life

I mount myself on mint mountains,
as I stare up at the sugarcoated stars
as the strawberry sunset turns into
a luscious, liquorice limbo,
where whole thoughts squirt out.

Never, never to hurt anyone again

Dani Millar

My Love For Neon Lights

To Frank O'Hara (1926-1966)

The blues buzz and the reds rumble,
the yellows yell and the greens growl.
The morning sky shines like a leviathan lemon.
Diner signs screech like spectres in a spectrum,
as their rainbows roar, delivering their mundane message
of cheeseburgers and chocolate milkshakes.
These solitary signs scribble and sing
odes to fried fish and French fries and hymns
to castles of casinos. Pinks pule elegies of
women who sold their expensive bodies for
a handful of dollars, who will never regain
their childlike innocence again.
I'll stare at these sonneteer signs
just like how O'Hara did. I'll scroll these streets
for him,
just like he did, for me.

Dani Millar

The Open Casket

The silver satin cloth sat in the casket
beneath the body.

The casket was open, like a mouth
sharing a shocking secret.

Their closed lips compose solemn silence,
as their soul transforms from fact into fiction.
Let the reposed rise and let the alive anguish.

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