

Poetry Series

elani mills
- poems -

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elani mills(27 mach 1991)

i am a 15 year old nut case. I am currently living in Mackay, Queensland, after doing a road-trip of australia. i have 5 sisters (one of whom is older than me) two brothers (both older) and too many nieces and nephews to count.

most of my poems come from what my friends talk to me about, or what i hear and read.

Child Of The Twisted Kingdom.

all the world through a misty glass,
never realising time's pass,
perspective is the difference between first and last.

sometimes strong, sometimes weak,
sanity for me they seek,
if they would listen, i would tell them that what they seek,
is at the end of horror, the end of the shriek.

as the world twists on its axis,
inside myself i am in stasis,
at my body they talk and probe, try to assess,
wondering why my recovery is under arrest,
all they know is that of a chair, i am one leg less.

With amusement i watch my eyes stare,
the doctors say 'she hides', but the cannot say where,
i am not in that bazaar shell, i would never stay there,
falling, flying, unicorns reading on chairs,
the cruelties of life i am spared.

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Finding Best Features

the kiss of a rose,
on the tip of ones nose,
the whisper of wind,
that helps th trees sing,
the ripples of pondwater,
the trilling of birds,
a horse and it's calf wandering the herd,
instills a sense of calm,
a wondrous feeling of peace,
you will find all my best features,
when im surrounded by gentle creatures.

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How Many?

how many children starve?
left to fall between the cracks,
How many men exploited?
for little pay, they break thier backs,
How many women raped?
In the one place that they felt safe?
How many blacks and jews bashed?
for being born, they cop the lash,
because,

In a world built on numbers,
nothing is ever done,
millions born, but billions die,
we're all too tired to even cry,
Lies are promised,
We do what we're told,
we pause, hold our breath,
wait to see what the future holds.

How many are sleeping in bins?
How many children forced to adult sins?
how much pain inflicted,
because of someones accent?
How much power put into monetary gain?
We are ruled by the richest,
not the wisest nor the best,
the world turns on it's axis,
we are in stassis,
Because,

in a world built on numbers,
nothing is ever done.
millions born, but millions die,
and we are all to tired to cry,
lies are promised,
we do as we are told,
we pause, hold our breath,
wait for the future to unfold.

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Morgan Lefay

This poem is based on the authurian tales, and it is Morgan LeFay introducing herself.

I am the winter night,
the icy touch of snow,
i have the clearest sight,
i see more than you could know,
i stood at authurs shoulder,
the lie of a loving sister,
i have made him suffer,
for the obsenity od his birth.

on the isle of avalon, i am the firsdt to heal,
for though i can be merciless,
i may chose not to kill.

as king authur was the warmth of summer,
i am winters coolest depths,
though we are total opposites,
we are forever bound together,
for as lond as the earth turns,
summer will always recieve winter.

i am Morgan LeFay,
the temptress,
the witch,
i am the captor of merlin,
who will never be free,
i am the cursed reminder of unstoppable fate,
i have suffered men's jealousy,
and been forged by thier hate.

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The Light You Hold

i know you hold a darkness in your soul,
but really honey, don't we all?
you pay so much attention to your vices,
that you don't spare a thought,
for the light that harbours within you.

How is it that i can clearly see,
what you deny relentlessly?
i see your darkness,
i'm not without mine,
but it is a small thing compared to
the light that within you that shines.

so please stop hiding it,
to watch is painful,
certainly emotionally, it's almost physical,
i hate to see you stoop,
when you can walk so tall,
spread wide your wings,
and don't be so afraid to fall.

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The Tree

A huge tree, as big as the sky,
its always leafy,
always green,
the fruit that falls never rots,
the perfect shelter.

Underneath the tree,
little bright lights,
they shimmer and dance,
among the tree's boughs,
their laughter is clear as a bell,
sweeter than honey.

the little bright lights
will never leave their shelter,
the one place they are safe,
these little lights,
are young ones gone,
innocence loss,
they shine with hope

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Your Freedom

Mary jane, you are a light,
you had given me peace when i was in pain,
now i believe i will never see a more painful sight,
i see you so hurt, and it drives me insane.

the doctors told me 'she will never leave this bed,
she will live as long as the machines keep,
but it wont be a good life, she will always be in her head,
dont leave her suffer here, let her go to eternity's sleep

i had not cried since i had heard of the crash,
i had so wanted to do you proud.
but at those words i wept, and at the doctors i lashed,
we had all thought it, but none wanted to hear it aloud.

we are all here now, we gathered here for you,
we are going to let you go, please take with you our love,
they said you would want it this way, i dont know that its true,
but i do know that you will fly,
as you always have,
with the pure white wings of a dove.

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