

Poetry Series

**Heather Milks**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Heather Milks(October 29,1979)

Born in the Pacific Northwest and raised by a strong woman I became just that, a strong woman. I write about others tales of life, love and sorrow as well as my own. I fell that life is neither good or bad, rather inspiring, it is up to the individual to decide how it is perceived. Life is what you make of it, what you take from it, and if you break from it. I love Hemmingway and his descriptions, Niche and his honesty, and of course, The Almighty for his generosity.

## 7 To 10... Remember When?

Remember when you were a kid?  
Somewhere between 7 and 10.  
Do remember that far?

Remember when the things you thought about  
were so small and simple?  
When would the sun go down?  
Wondering how long you have to play outside.  
Where did you put your other shoe?  
Not like you actually have to wear them.  
What cartoons are on  
and what kind of cereal you were gonna have for breakfast.

Remember riding your bike down a steep hill and feeling the wind  
not thinking of when or how your gonna come to a stop.  
Jumping into a pool and not even noticing how cold it is.  
Remember playin in the dirt and not thinking  
this is gonna get under my fingernails.  
Remember taking a big drink of red kool aid  
and not worrying about the mustache?  
Rolling around in the grass.  
Letting a freezy pop melt down you chin.  
Remember that... do it now and then  
No matter how old you are  
spend a day in bare feet, roll around in the yard  
Let the freezy pop melt down your chin.  
Get the koolaid smile and don't even stress it...  
Its good for the soul!

Heather Milks

# A Lover's Destiny

And She will love him with all her heart.  
She will wake and rise  
to give her heart to him  
Her beats will belong to him  
Her lips will part  
to speak of his love  
And there will be a hush  
a silence of fears  
and a shout of happiness  
The tears will be sweetly centered  
And flow for one  
no longer because of pain  
but now from refrain  
from the rest that comes  
with a balanced mind  
and an even soul.....

Heather Milks

# A Moment

I can't stop thinking about the way you kissed me.  
The way you pulled me in, pressed your warm palms on my lower back.  
How the air smelled as my lungs filled in a rush  
a rush of sensuality as you caressed my neck  
a rush of blood to my heart as it raced standing there  
in the dark, lit by the street lamp, for all to see.  
And yet still I feel your lips where they were,  
still feel the softness of your face on my shoulder.  
I still hear your breath, taste your sweat,  
I still feel the aching deep in me  
where you not so long ago were.  
My hips are weak, skin salty  
knees quiver at the slightest recollection  
Today is new but my mind...  
my skin will not leave lastnight.  
I don't want it to either.  
I willingly drift to that moment, those moments.  
And if it never happened again I would still smile  
I would smile reliving it, re-tasting, re-smelling it.  
I could re-feel the entire night over and over in my mind.  
This is a new born addiction, and its sweeping me hard!

Heather Milks

# Again

Again we meet,  
again we feel each others lips  
again we touch each others skin  
again I can feel the way I remember.

Will we loose one another again?  
Will we find the world beautiful again?  
Will we make mistakes again?  
Will we fail and fall again?

There are not words to tell the tale  
of my hearts story of you.  
I have known you,  
I have tasted you,  
I have wept for you  
and laughed with you.

I have missed you  
I have thought as I layed with another  
of the way we used to lay together  
if you were deep in thought of me,  
as I was of you...  
Or did you lay deep in thought of another?

Why have we stumbled upon one another now?  
Again... What is fate trying to tell us?  
How many times must we part and meet  
before the tides of life see fit for us to be together?

I think constantly of Illiana Marie  
Would she be sitting between us  
with your beautiful dark hair  
and look up at us with my hazel eyes?  
Would she be tall or short?

Would our plans ever have worked?  
I could not fathom taking your dreams  
but unintentionally I guess I did.

Did I ever tell you I love you?  
Did you love me?  
Will we have the chance this time?  
Is this our chance, or life's cruel joke?  
You are only just gone,  
but I want you with me now...again....

Heather Milks

# Around A Corner

Something's about to happen.  
What it is I don't know just yet.  
But it's big, and its coming.  
It's coming to steal my smile  
to take my grace, to rock and shake  
and wreck this place.

It sounds absurd and completely insane  
It sounds absurd in a crazy way  
It sounds like I'm nuts  
Or I've lost my way  
It sounds absurd but I can explain

The days are short and the nights are shorter  
The time is passing with less to show for our efforts  
There are more pains than smiles  
and the laughter is empty, almost uncomfortable.

There's an ever present nemesis  
Looming over my heart  
A wandering worry of how badly this will be  
The truth is a lie and my thoughts betray me  
I am beginning to doubt everything, even my breaths.

Have you ever not existed?  
Take it from one who has, or hasn't.  
There is an incomparable emptiness  
that comes with being nothing.

Pain doesn't even hurt,  
not as much as not being  
Are you crazy  
if the only thing that makes you feel alive  
is being crazy?

Will it be today or next week?  
Is it deadly or just bad enough?  
Is it all in my head?





# Come

Its louder now, then quiet.  
I feel it in my soul.  
It rings in my head.  
I think of your body  
inside of mine.  
Frozen doing nothing  
but everything.  
It starts in the depths of me  
Growing...rising...on fire now.  
It spills over my soul.  
Thrashing wildly like an ocean  
Gone mad at the very wind that blows it.

Heather Milks

# Could You

Could you love me?  
Could you be inspired by me?  
Could you understand me?  
Could you remember me?

Could you remain unto me  
as the one who honors me?

And the wind will fill my heart and carry me to you.  
As the leaves turn crisp and the air clean.  
There will be a wealth unseen in my arms for you.

Could you be loved by only me?  
Would that be complete for you?  
Would you be satisfied  
to feel my hair on you arms  
and my breath on your neck  
for the entirety of days?

Are my hazel eyes enough for you  
to gaze into untill we see no more?  
And when there are aches  
will you bring them to me?  
To soothe your spirit  
and give you releif.

Heather Milks

# Damn

I dont know how else to put it.  
It was hot!  
It was sweaty and salty and dirty!  
Just the way I like it.

It was wet and sticky.  
It was dark and steamy.

My mouth begins to water  
and chills go up my neck.  
I get a hot achiness  
I tighten just thinking about it.

Damn!

Heather Milks

# Days And Nights

I always seemed to wonder  
If you could love my blunders  
and take me in just how I came to be.

Could you see past my heartache  
and forgive all the mistakes  
and love me how I was no matter hard it would be.

I questioned my ability to feel  
I doubted your ability to heal  
The chance that there was anything that could be saved from me.

But through the days and nights  
We had to make it right  
To pick up where our pasts had dropped us just right out of sight  
Finding hurts and sorrows  
Our wishes for tomorrows  
Our plans and dreams just hoping they don't bust out from the seems

Envelopes and postage stamps  
Memories of summer camps  
Tragedies and victories and all that we had done.  
All we had become  
Every single one  
There was not one thing from which we could run.

The good the bad the horrid  
We dragged them out into the night  
Wrestled them till morning light  
Traded turns in talking and in walking back and forth.

Opening some doors and closing some old rooms  
Letting all our demons and our skeletons be free  
Free to run away from us  
Free to never bother us  
Knowing that we both were never perfect from the start.

But through the days and nights  
We had to make it right

To pick up where our pasts had dropped us just right outta sight  
Finding hurts and sorrows  
Our wishes for tomorrows  
Our plans and dreams just hoping they don't bust out from the seems

You've stumbled on regrets  
And pains you can't forget  
You've faltered too  
And chased around the thoughts till they've shown through

So battered and so broken  
The harsh words left unspoken  
have made their way into our cleansing night.  
Your turn to be redeemed  
To show the once polluted  
And take our hands together and begin to make it right

Start again tonight  
We can make it right.

Heather Milks

# Destroyed

And soon even this breath will subside  
I will succumb to my own morality  
To all things there is an end  
Some more welcome than others  
Some longed for and anticipated

I cry out 'Take me home'  
I'm not ready but how much more  
Do I have in store.

That final lingering thread is fraying  
The goal now seems a spiteful mockery  
For there feels to be no compromise

I listen to each beat wondering  
Will this be my last  
Then there is her

She is the one that feeds my soul  
She is the one that makes all suffice  
Every motion etched in my thoughts  
As to whether it is the right decision  
A choice I will be making for her

Like the songbird entrapped  
I will endure this  
I will not sing to you though  
I cannot give song of a wind  
Unless it blows through my wings

So the sparrow will sit her eggs  
Let hatchlings take flight  
Then wither into dust...

Heather Milks

# Euphoria (For My Soulmate - I Love You)

One can easily envisage a love that is flawless.  
A sovereignty of inhibitions, a union impassible, infallible.  
Phenomenal perfection from every perspective.

In almost every heart the acceptance and anticipation of  
disappointment and betrayal have become a comforting familiarity.  
Contemporary love is almost classified as being laden with heartache,  
burdened by suspicion and insecurity.  
Soaked bone deep with preconceived notions and  
expectations of performances and milestones.

We silently criticize and emasculate our so called "lovers".  
Miscarry our own intentions of virtue.  
We are almost predisposed to failure and torture  
at the hands of our own desire.

But with you my love...

I exhale, respire and I feel your warmth within.  
Floating on the moonlight  
Bathed in the glow of adoration, unadulterated fixation.

I am aware of my entirety.  
Not only do I sense every single fiber of my being,  
But I am enthralled by it. Sensual, concupiscent.

There is no admonishing, only inclusive consent.  
Not from one another, but from within ourselves.  
The blessing of permissive intuition.

Atonement, sustainable gratification.  
With every breath drawn in...  
impenetrable, inscrutable, unfathomable

Every question answered, every discovery made  
Every unknown expelled along with the rush  
It poured out of me like a river of fire.  
From the valley between me flooded euphoria.



Moments to hours and heart beats to symphony.  
It was alive, lucidity.  
To experience what the majority can barely dream,  
Together, repeatedly, and know...  
If there were ever two hearts designed to beat together  
they belong to us, and beat together now.  
To attain this love is unheard of,  
To realize that you have attained it...  
Rapture of Euphoria

Heather Milks

# Evening Blessings

She was petite and oh so delicate  
Bald and sweet with the silliest toes!  
I could respire all of her scent for hours  
As she lay across me so precisely

Her hair is getting long now and her requests are so amusing!  
She forms the most grammatical displays  
The well formed words and correctly phrased sentences  
explaining things she wants to me.

"Mommy can I have pony tails today? "  
"Please use the pink barrettes, I like them"  
"Can I have my white shoes today? "  
"Give me an extra kiss before you go to work mommy? "

Her tiny little voice so apparently clear making sure  
that each aspiration is rewarded each task completed.

She is proud, at times a bit obstinate  
I turned my head for a moment  
but I never missed a thing.  
I saw it all along and see it every day.  
She's no longer a baby  
She's this tiny person, a carbon copy of me.

Now she climbs in to our big high bed  
With her favorite book in hand  
"It's time for my story Daddy, let me lay in your lap"  
"Mommy snuggle with us, it's almost time for bed"  
Between our arms she's warm and fragrant  
from her evening bath  
Lavender and powder, fresh linen and love  
A hint of mint from those little white teeth.

She says the last few lines from her "best bedtime book"  
Gives us both hugs and kisses and that "Come tuck me in look"  
Soft little hands, one in each of ours  
as we trot of to her room and she jumps into her bed  
she loves her cozy blankets, says "Put them over my head"

"Mommy hug me tight, Daddy kiss my cheeks"  
Sleep sweet princess and dream through the night  
We will be here come morning light.

Heather Milks

# Forewarning

This battles exhausting  
I'm tired and sore.  
Yet I cannot give in half way through the war.  
I have dug deep within  
sank my nails down far.  
My refusals poignant, boisterous, and strong.  
I will not surrender when I know I'm not wrong.  
I am her guardian, her protection, her singer of song.  
If harm ever befall her  
count your breaths until dawn.  
There's a new way of justice, a fresh battle cry  
one that will shout out at the whites of your eye.  
Dare you tempt and tug at a beast?  
For soon you will end up as one detestable feast.  
The mourning and misery you lay at this door  
will go on no longer, will suffice no more.  
Your ignorance a weapon, your pity a sword.  
So fall upon it and be over now.  
The only peace you carry comes with your bow.  
A bend at the waist a slow backing out  
Be gone and forgotten I banish you now!

Heather Milks

# Goodbye

I have doubted me  
I have questioned me  
I have sat and thought lesser and less of me.

I have healed me  
I have soothed me  
I have taken the words that you shoot me.

I can backflip  
and wire walk  
but still all the bitter and hatefull talk.

I have taken it  
I have shaken it  
But now it is going to stop.

At first it began to weaken me  
and made me fall far from my thought  
You'd say you were really sorry  
and show me the gift that you bought.

But now its not me that your hurting  
Its the cute little girl who cant talk.

She sees all the battles and briusing  
She hears the hate and abusing.

So hate me now when I tell you  
Its her not me that your loosing.

Heather Milks

# Hollywood Love

He touches me with the breaths that fall from his lips...  
Warm, sensual, erotic.  
They consume my every thought, every idea and inspiration.  
His words fill my core with passion, deliberate and resolute.

Like hot water, the thoughts wash over me  
I am left burning, scorching, longing.

The desire clings to my consciousness  
Gripping my vigilance,  
Striving to remain focused is senseless.

Feeling fingertips that have yet to touch me  
As they explore my entirety, but only in the depths of my mind.

Begging to taste the sweetness of lips I can only imagine.  
Catching my breath from a caress that has not even blessed my skin.

I lay in waiting, wanting, starvation for that which I know not  
That which is but a dream, a vision.

Is it madness to long for?  
Insanity to crave and lust after an imaginary touch?

This passion is my insanity,  
cured only by salty sweat dripping from his body  
As he is over me, gripping and stroking the madness deeper into me  
driving the flesh of my fantasies further through my skin.

In my sleep I dream of his touch,  
In the waking hours he is the intent of my smile,

He has become my swordsman, the keeper of my moment.

Heather Milks

# I Miss You

Tell me some thing beautiful  
that makes me smile for hours.

Tell me something powerfull  
that can only be ours.

Send me fabulouse messages  
since you can't send flowers.

Tell me about all the sweets  
so i forget the sours.

Fill my thoughts with happy things  
to remember through the day.

So it doesnt hurt so bad  
that your far away.

Heather Milks

# Love And Convolution

You embrace me through the night  
And save my life each morning  
A voice that soothes a whirlwind  
Touch that calms the maritime  
We vibrate at a higher frequency  
We were not strangers when we met  
Only you can comprehend me  
Even at our weakest moments  
We're still stronger than this world  
Like the yin and yang  
Our balance comes full circle  
Our peace is ebb and flow  
A tide that comes and goes  
Ever the same  
Even in change  
We move towards a vision  
A dream, a steady flame  
Our journeys and our voyages  
Will always lead us here  
Every level, every lifetime, every tear  
They all end up here

Heather Milks



# Morning Glory

I can still taste the sweat on your lips.  
I can feel the arch of my back  
and the trembling of my legs.  
I feel the warmth move across my face  
as I allow a moment of reflection.  
As my mind takes me away  
to where your lips are dancing around my breasts  
to when you were so deep inside my soul.  
Worth the early rise and well worth the wait.

Heather Milks

# My Lonliness Is No Longer My Own

you are haunting me  
you penetrate me  
i feel your hands from the inside  
moving through my soul  
like a cloak you cover me  
like fire you burn in me  
the sweat glistens on my skin  
my breath quick and deep  
my ears ring  
hands shake  
my mouth dry,  
then watering with desire  
with need and craving  
stop my heart by passing by  
does it stop  
or explode into a million fluttered beats  
becomming a low hum beneath my breast  
can I feel this? deffinatly  
can you?

Heather Milks

# Purity Of Truth And Grace

Out of my depths  
You came from inside me  
a little dust and a little rain  
And when I looked down  
and saw your face  
I glimpsed into the purity  
of truth and grace

I will always keep you very safe

open up your eyes  
So they can look in mine  
can you see a small reflection?  
Now baby close your eyes  
Lets pray the thoughts inside  
Are beautiful and true

I won't always be this strong  
But I will always be the one  
who will kiss the bruise  
and clean the scrapes  
wipe the tear drops from your face

I will always love you more each day

Heather Milks

# Raven

She's everything I have.  
She is all I need  
with the smallest hands  
so soft and sweet.  
The perfect little tiny feet.

I'd pace a floor a million nights  
to know she goes  
to sleep just right.

I'll not sleep forever  
to tell her I never  
let her cry alone through the night.

She sings of the things  
that I'm too grown to see  
and she sings them to no one but me.

I spoil her rotten  
yet she's sweet as cotton  
and no one would ever say different.

She will always come first  
no matter my thirst,  
and I'd have it no other way.

She's perfectly round  
and hardly a frown  
has ever laid touch to her face.

Everyone wants her  
but God gave me to her  
And I'd gladly take my girls place.

So Lord let me keep her  
I promise to teach her  
to love and always have faith....



# She...

It's coming  
It's trying to break out.  
I hold it  
My beast within.  
I fight it back  
and beat it down.  
Reflections come on,  
the memories strong.  
It's in my chest,  
my lungs, my heart.  
It beats through me,  
it beats in me.  
Deep Wild,  
that's what I call her  
She's always around  
but sometimes  
she gets closer.  
She sits in a car at 3 am  
because she has no place to be  
but everywhere to go.  
She is nostalgia.  
There is nowhere to run.  
It'll just come along with me.  
Sometimes she will carry me.  
Demented tormented.  
The heaviness within each breath.  
Will it subside if I.....  
Just scream  
Should I, just scream?  
Am I doing it right?  
Should it be pushed away?  
Am I me fighting it or  
is it me being battled?  
It'll pass, it'll pass, it'll pass...  
bite your lip till it bleeds,  
close your eyes  
till you can't see anything  
but the shapes of the darkness.  
It's just a flutter,

a studder, a shudder.  
Hold your breath.....  
Now, do it all over.....

Heather Milks

# Silence Is Golden

And in between the heavy breaths,  
I fight to keep my thoughts at rest  
I hear the words, and they're repeating  
My restless heart is quickly beating.

My lips have parted and soon will flow  
the secret words I hope you know.  
I want to hold it in my chest  
to grasp a silence beneath my breasts.

I fear the harm that they might do.  
Those words I want to say to you.  
I have to take the chance of weather  
To let you know my feelings better.

So now I opened up my soul  
my mouth spoke of my hearts untold.  
The words are out so follows doubt  
The sex brings moans and screams and shouts,  
Should I have left those three words out....

Heather Milks



# Suitable

Hypnotized by you once more  
I never could refuse you  
desire me as I die in your grasp  
I never could refuse you

Why did I allow your precious torment  
unable to release this fantasy  
suffocating, but ...

satisfactory  
I feel sufficient for you

drink quickly saccharine dissipation  
I never could refuse you  
and I've become a stranger to myself  
I never could refuse you

Regretting that you overcome me absolutely  
unable to release this fantasy  
disbelief to feel this good

sufficient  
I feel satisfactory  
Completely overdue, yet I am acceptable for you

Continuing in suspicion  
drench me in reality  
unable to keep hold of something this fine  
sufficient  
will I suffice  
Can you love me?

so mind what you request  
I never could refuse

Heather Milks

# Tears Of A Mother

We are the marders  
and we are the mothers.  
We weep, we wail, we cry out in anguish.

We cry for our children  
we cry for our lovers  
we cry for the loss of a friend or a brother.

We cry hard and deep.  
we cry till the skin on our eyelids  
is crimson and raw.

We cry.....

Heather Milks

# The Swordsman's Lover

He comes to me in the darkness of the night.  
Body pulsating, from battles afar and battles within,  
touches me in ways only a warrior can.  
His flesh hot and wet,  
dripping of passion and fury all in one savage body.  
He is a beast and a god,  
a stranger and yet my master too.  
His eyes, blue and filled with vengeance,  
peirce my soul like his blade to a foe.

And in one swift sweeping move I am in his arms.  
Those that yeild a blade now grasping on to me.  
As he leans in to me his body is tight and rigid,  
his lips sweet with blood from the wounds of the day,  
precise and demanding as they dive into mine.  
The metalic taste swirling on my tongue and his together.  
The candle light dances on his shoulders  
as my back arches in exstacy  
with each powerful thrust he drives into me.

His rough hands around my neck,  
a contradicting grasp.  
Any second he could easily pull tightly and forever hold my breath,  
but for now they serve as a testament  
to the pleasure flowing throuh him.  
I am compleatly taken, my body, my spirit, my conscience,  
all belonging to him.

The sword against the wall flashes  
the reflection of two bodies now one.  
Ever present is the blade whilst my love is alive.  
He reaches for it and lays it upon me.  
Silently staking claim to this body that is naked before him.  
Knowing that one false move would be my last,  
I lean into it. Welcoming the pain of the slightest cut.  
Only pain could ever match this feeling  
now spilling over me into my lungs and out of my mouth  
like a wild animal screaming into the moon.

Who knows how long the sensual quickening has lasted.  
My body taken to its furthest limits of enjoyment.  
To the edge of inhibition only to cross it willingly.  
Forsaking the roles of man and woman  
and accepting the pure spirit of the beasts we are.

As the sunlight begins to join us our bodies lie still.  
He lays in my arms. I wonder will he sleep?

Heather Milks

# Time Will Never Wait

Time will never wait  
It will never slow down  
Hold on to a moment as tight as you can  
But it will only be that... a moment

And then the past is what your beloved moment has become

When an opportunity comes to you  
go where it leads you,  
If you need to, make the opportunity.

Live it, breath it, taste it  
smell it, touch it, bite it,  
Take it and make it yours  
While it is in your grasp

Carpe Diem, Seize the day!

Heather Milks

# Travels Together

I could never be without you in our lives,

Because you are our life.

We are on a long voyage, a journey, a path that is uncharted.

There are hills that will tire us and valleys that will amaze us,

Cliffs that will frighten us and oceans that will almost overwhelm us,

There will be times for resting and healing our wounds

And time for working to just make it through,

We will ache and face sorrows,

As well as celebrate triumphs,

Some nights will be dark with nothing to guide us,

Others bright, as the moon will shine on us,

Days that are frigid that chill our deep bones,

Followed by afternoon breezes that warm our souls,

We will take turns, One can lead and one can follow

filling the other when hopes seem so hollow.

Mount Everest is a beast but well worth the climb

as life is a tower, we must follow time.

Today may not be the same as tomorrow,

it may bring us hope or it may bring us sorrow.

But one thing I know that I can assure you,

I promise you this, I never will leave you,

I may fall behind, or get far ahead,

But I will always wait, or catch up instead.

We are partners traveling together.

Even if we get lost we will still be in good company...

Heather Milks

# We Are 'The Earth' Is Us

And when the winter days are gone  
and summer comes all new  
I promise to remember  
all the time I spent with you

The earth is like our lives in that  
It changes and it grows  
We are like the earth in that  
we never stop our flow

We live  
We laugh  
We love  
We learn

The earth nourishes us  
and when we are at our end  
we return to the earth  
and make our resting place fertile.

As my heart is yours in this moment  
be assured it will be also  
when I am placed back in our earth to rest  
untill my love will follow.

Heather Milks