

Poetry Series

Milan Van Zuyen

- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

Milan Van Zuyen(September 20th 1988)

My parents were kind of hippies when they had me and thought it would be wicked cool to walk across the U.S while pregnant with me. They thankfully stopped in Boulder CO to rent a room and have me-and later my lil bro. But eventually they split-up and my mom moved us to be raised in KY where she initiated and encouraged my innate love affair with literature. She also bolstered my impeccable grammer and tempered my insatiable hunger to constantly develope my vocabulary.

I came to realize that I also had an affinity for poetry and this was but another venue for my great passion and lifelong aspiration to someday get my works published...regardless of any notion of fame or notability. And via this magnificent and blessed site I am finally taking steps-albeit humble ones- to actualizing my heart's fondest wish and finally accomplishing my lifelong goal! In a simple context, granted but its out there all the same! ! ! XD i might cry for joy!

A Canvas For Van Gogh

Art is life projected
With this canvas held dead centre
As life is fully reflected
On flesh that may long remember

The ultimate canvas, is ones own skin
Where is painted the portrait of ones life
Beauty by the marring of flesh herein
Being by strokes of chance, ink, or knife

And each mark will tell a tale
Of some moment caught therein
With daring adventures to regale
Where whence thou story doth begin

Be it now when death is near
Still aye, my marks do me proud
As I have lived truly, I know no fear
Welcoming Grimm, in my best shroud

Milan Van Zuyen

A Maddening Ruckus

Noise, noise everywhere
And nothing stops the din
They do not know, nor do they care
Bout the agony I'm in!

Milan Van Zuyen

Convictions Of The Capering Cat

Coy, quirky, and clever
Oh magnificent you
With snake heads to sever
And many vermin to pursue

Charming, crafty, and capricious
With copious treats as cantrip
To lure a predator so cautious
Who, through fingers oft may slip

When all is still and hushed
Cloaked in night's dark shroud
Vile being's hopes are crushed
By my diligent service as vowed

I'm soft, supple, and sleek
For stroking your cares away
Your adamant affections I seek
Here with you to serve and play

Milan Van Zuyen

Desire Speaks

Desire is the language of the heart-
And the heart
Knoweth not
How to lie

Milan Van Zuyen

Guardians And Gateways

I drift but slow on a fog of dream
But then my feet, beneath me sand
Thou fog hast wrapt me in t'would seem
Adrift in this hollow, foresaken land
But steady heard I, the soft roaring cry
O' the swift, mighty river aye far below
The swirl of eddying tide d mine eye
With waters clouded near black in their flow
But thick and opaque with flotsam would belie
What horrors and secrets these waters keep
Glimpsing now I, fragment of cadavor float by
Struck now numb with horror, else I'd weep
But on yon parallel bluff sits a skeletal tree
Being perch and post for one great gray host
Now turning it's large, unblinking gaze on me
This beast of the air, who scares me most
With strangled cry, in my terror here fix
It stares, like through my soul it doth prowl
As it stands silent vigil o'er the River Styx
Being guide and guardian, the unwavering Owl

Milan Van Zuyen

Little Storm Chaser

Standing in the open field
Watching the roiling black fury of sky
Come harrowing ever closer without yield
As brilliant lightning flashes by and by
But while I should be quaking with fear
I am instead stuck fast in abject wonder
Ov'r the magnifecent display of power here
Punctuated with cracks of rolling thunder
In place of terror, I feel oh so alive
I'd not seek cover but rather revel in the rain
With the storm coursing throuh my veins, I thrive
Now forever changed, ravenous to feel the storm again

Milan Van Zuyen

Lovely As A Shooting Star

I look down upon this city
Like a many facettted jewel
Countless tiny suns dance in abstract glory
I stand on the knives edge
That I may look across the abyss
That is this breath-taking night
Oh sweet surrender, take me away
To wash my soul in this sea
Of sparkling stars
And I, wishing without hope
That I had wings to fly
So I might soar without limits
In this fragment of heaven
Find that alas, I am ever earth bound
Whilst I am yet caught
In this unsavory mortal coil

Milan Van Zuyen

Sweet Youth To Sad Truth

Sunsets and daffodils
A sea of golden bliss
White lace and fancy frills
A stolen kiss
Sweet summer days
And the fleeting moments of youth
Are sadly naught but a phase
Life's cruelest joke in this simple truth

Milan Van Zuyen

The Dragon Bard

Oh Dragon's soul, that breathes the flame
Always twisting, learning, and new
Passionate yet conceited, you seek not fame
While strange, pretty baubles you pursue

Dynamic, tenacious, and charismatic
Possessing eloquence, confidence, and poise
With cleverness and wit, you're a maverick
Ever in pursuit of new escapades and joys

You're stubborn, ruthless, and obstinate
Such as all great rulers are known to be
You crave attention yet work best in private
With stately form and a predilection for tea

Being inherently contradictory and auspicious
Inspired your philosophy of intrepid audacity
Wary of others who oft are cruel and suspicious
Vigilantly remembering mankind's mendacity

Despite many hard lessons, dauntlessly you proceed
Finding solace in your passion for diverse art
And to dance, sing, and write you still gaily accede
As it is pure folly to do aught but follow your heart

Milan Van Zuyen

The Fogged Lament Of A Broken Soul

Puff puff on the shimmering bit
A cloud of thick fragrant smoke
I ponder the life's mysteries as i sit
Even as I imbibe a hearty toke

My smoke ring is slowly fading
Into the thick growing cloud
How long have I been waiting
Still feeling lost in a crowd

I have no bite, I have no sting
Powerless and weak-I stand alone
My voice rising in a crescendo-I sing
For all my faults I would atone

If only my penance is not yet too late
Will no one grant me absolution
Preferring to leave me to my fate
To suffer in abject contrition

No. No one is coming to lessen my woes
I have failed the one dearest to me
Heavy is my heart, which scarcely shows
How my sorrow feels as deep as the sea

Milan Van Zuyen

The Knight's Quest

An hourglass with golden sand
A meadow in a barren land
Sitting sentinel for all to see
Alone and lost, in the mist is me
I stand guard here, for time untold
Awaiting my valient Knight so bold
The Knight with his song so sweet
That the flora bloom about his feet
And this for my Knight so true
The heavens gave him, bidding adieu
The Knight doth bear a single key
Holding fast my captivity
And holds my heart, of this I swear
To ever love his lady fair
Sweet Knight! So brave and bold
To face such beasts of old
All to save his lady sweet
And deemed to sweep her off her feet
Forever to be his lady love
And ever after his sweet dove

Milan Van Zuyen

The Last Dance

She danced with Death
A beat, a breath
Her soul in his palm
Still, she remained calm

Barefeet capering on hallowed ground
No salvation herein to be found
Smiling, Death took the lead
Holding her closer than there was need

For she would not think to run
And as for tears, she had none
Reveling without remorse
Knowing Fate has set its course

Long had she awaited this day
With the Reaper come to sweep her away
Spinning, twirling, her body a blur
For a moment, Death was unsure

Laughing merrily without a care
With gentle waves in her long sable hair
Death captures her mouth in a bitter kiss
Of eternal bliss

Milan Van Zuyen