

Poetry Series

Milla van der Have
- poems -

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Milla van der Have()

Milla van der Have (1975, The Netherlands) wrote her first poem at 16, during a physics class. She doesn't write with a certain goal or subject in mind. Even so, themes like love, death and the woman disappeared regularly return in her work. However, a rocking horse.

Want to read some more? [Check my blog](#) (For now, in Dutch) .

Beloved, I Moan Still

Beloved, I moan still
of the unholy hour in which this dark love for you
this dark love awoke
and devoured the earth.
A tremendous insanity mested in me and beloved,
my body is nothing but a pulsating tomtom
on which a sad shaman is playing his faithless heeding
your totem and devoted to you,
is my body, beloved,
whose lips will never torment mine
and in your eyes my name has not been born.

Beloved, I dream still
That I reached unto the clouds and was powerful
like a river, that I carried your face.
and like the rivers pour out into sea, your image image pours out in me:
I carry it with me
I carry you with me
unto the banks of my unlimitation.

Beloved,
limit me.

It is my rage trekking through the world
and uprooting it
Of the city of your desires I am the dream citizen
and this is my desire, my voice
that attempts to escape from itself
the navel of the world
Where you are
Where you are not.

Beloved, I have planted you as a rose in my heart
But every hour I lack you.

Milla van der Have

I've Hid You

I've hid you and thus
you've grown unimaginably
like a sea that flows, just
north of love

I've hid you and
covered you in loose memories
of sand. And again your form is visible
in the widespread wind until the storm.
Out of preservation I became wrecked, became
lost spread here and there

Just take me on your dark tide
you, Afrika of my desire
I'll never penetrate your jungle, your thighs
natives whose eyes I cannot fathom
and full of translation is your creole mouth

Just take me, I am a new
Samarkand, a lingering caravan
that still remembers ruins and love
and how they give themselves to the highest bidder

Milla van der Have

You Cannot Say Anything

You cannot say anything about love, just this:
she's not there

Who remembers the names I gave you in the hour of the grave
all your names written on your body?
How I felt you in a grand gesture

who remembers how I broke my body
every morning on yours. Like bread
to the destination, like ashes on their way to the fire

who knows about your hair, about your hands about
your lips that tangle me like a memory?

There's no way out and everything unravels
in every danger danger lurks, in every charm
alarming bells ring. The calling is too
grand, love's too severe
to resist

And I unspoken fall
from spark to flint to
breathless moment in between the flames

You cannot say anything about love, just
that she brings what lacks: passion
to the death between the beats.

Milla van der Have