

Poetry Series

**Rifhan Miller**  
**- poems -**

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# Rifhan Miller()

## "as For Me, I'm Watercolour. I Wash Off"

"As for me, I'm watercolour. I wash off"

So remove this canvas, once over, twice over

I am a pretty picture, a four leaf clover

Peripatetic in the wind: you seize it, and then you release it,

You grasp it again, and then you unleash it, bit by bit,

Subsequently you decide not to enclose it again,

But you keep lingering; your footsteps and stench still remain,

Tailing its drift like an annoying fly to dinner

She said, "The anger would come back just as the love did"

So revive this canvas, once over, twice over

I paint a camouflage: It has a spot that I do not honour.

But I put it up anyway; it looks like a crease on my cheek

Implanted by your filthy mouth: that bleak physique

You plant it again, and you fashion a pretty garden

Of four leaf clovers; withering, its splendours weaken

But you keep reaping, and reaping, without sowing

And so the anger indeed returned, as I wash my colours off

Even though your's loiters, like brilliant thread sewn through me

Clumsily stitching your blemish, to this clover, to its withering tree

And to this canvas, over this gap you left behind.

I try so hard to sponge it down, and undo its grime intertwined

But you keep coming, tainting it, coming again, staining me,

Aren't you an extricated busy bee

Your shoes aren't by my door, but your grubby tracks remain.

Rifhan Miller

# A Memorably Good Year

A journey shouldn't be taken alone, though the ride is yours only  
Sometimes you lose sight and slip away  
Sometimes you seek help, then steer your own  
When you jump to the next car, you can't wrestle both wheels.  
Because at times, a lending hand is a must,  
To your passenger when she needs you.

Sometimes someone joins in; but you can't  
Guide two cars with two travelers and one in another  
You may switch, but it better be superior – and not just superficially  
Leaving the other without a driver  
When we take a wrong turn, we can turn back  
Sticking through will lead you back to where you left  
Without those you missed;  
They have persisted on after a long rest  
You may accelerate but you've lost sight of them  
If they have departed somewhere down, and you won't know where

A drink shouldn't be wasted, though your cup is yours alone  
Sometimes you sip too quickly, but be careful when it's full.  
Sometimes it overflows, but let it be  
When you pour it back in, it'll adulterate.  
Because at times, you'll lose sight of what's important,  
As the ice melts indefinitely.

A door should never be left ajar, though it's yours alone  
Sometimes you open it, and it slams shut in your face  
Sometimes you're careless, and someone slips in.  
When 2's a company and 3's a crowd, 4's a party  
Because at times, 2 leaves for a company  
And it doesn't last.

Her hands are full, but her fingers point in the right direction  
Her heart is heavy, though there's room for some light  
It still was, a memorably good year.

Rifhan Miller

# An Endless Knot

Time is not a vehicle that heals the wounded.  
The mind is.  
Time remedies by keeping it bounded,  
For our pain must be muted.  
So we dress it with acceptance and unacquaintance,  
Compartmentalising it with impenitence,  
&quot;Out of sight, out of mind&quot;;, they proclaim.  
But healing is never tied with time;  
It is no victimless crime,  
It creates distance from a buried secret.

There is no cure from remoteness from a grave.  
You'd think time whisks you away as a linear wave,  
Further and further away,  
From that starting point of dismay.  
But where does it end? Where it's diminished from view,  
Do you rest and start anew;  
To discard your regrets like an expired chronicle?  
Then picking up a blank slate like a past life has seized to exist?

This is where time leads: a full circle,  
Where both threads meet and tie an endless knot,  
All you discard greets with a merry &quot;forget-me-not&quot;;  
Anniversaries, birthdays, these cyclical landmarks.  
They guide us back home, next to your erected tombstones of disgrace.  
No,  
Time does not wander hopelessly,  
It bears an unmoving bookmark  
And we don't ride on its wind to be misplaced.  
Your shameful hallmarks are on display on its sidewalks.

Rifhan Miller

# Bells For Him

Dungeons, cigarettes, motorbikes and late nights  
Of Sinatra and "diamonds are a girl's best friend"  
Of bastard children of disciplinary lights  
And "are you going to colonize me then? "  
This went for years till "If only... I would date you"  
And months till "I hate you", "I love you" and a little boy blue

In the living room, they planted their weeds  
Then sliced their fruit but kept the seeds  
And raised their voices, then shared choices  
As mothers and fathers then lover  
As the bells were hoisted up a home never built

She said, "You made a commitment... Inaction doesn't translate love... I never had the chance"  
He said, "You had your chance... She didn't wreck any family... It was already wrecked"

...What?

He forgot his heart when he crammed his bags  
And his head on his lap aligned to a cheek  
Mother and child is sand at the bottom of a glass  
On his back leaning against a naked chest  
Though blood is thicker than water, wine comes on top  
And below under dirty blue sheets

Can't stop the bells ringing in winter  
They won't be rung by a boy drifted into spring  
She watches the bells as they reappear  
Through time, they will disappear  
And so will he

Rifhan Miller

# Bubble Boy

I know a bubble boy,  
I knew the boy before I got acquainted to his bubble.  
He gave me a hug and smile  
And then a bubble  
And then another.  
Now two bubbles rest on my shoulders,  
Right above my collarbones-  
Like wings of an angel that rest above my weary chest  
They carefully balance those bubbles- but no,  
There'll be no space for another one  
Because two's just right and three's testing my patience

I'd take a circle round one fragile bubble,  
Run my fingertips down its slippery surface,  
Then I'd take a piece of that bubble  
The one with my name floating in it  
But I'll emboss that name to keep me there  
To remind him-to remind me (you sent bubbles to my woozy nights)  
And as I sleep, those bubbles sing a little tune  
One that sounds as familiar as my cell with his name on its screen  
When he returns, I'll put a little song in his heart- with my smile leading its tune  
He won't be given my bubble; I won't want it bursting in time.

Now those bubbles float around  
They clothe me with optimism and what will I do with them?  
I'll poke it slowly, softly,  
And thread it meticulously with my fingertips  
Let it rest in my palm, gently, like a newborn child,  
Like new-felt feelings  
I won't let it drift away  
Till I do.

Rifhan Miller

# Carcinogen Lady

This Carcinogen Lady:

When God created humans out of soil,

A cigarette-smoking genie blew a balloon and thus she took shape.

While girls are made of sugar, spice and everything nice,

She was a factory produce with added flavour enhancers, preservatives and artificial colouring from dodgy sources.

She does not have a "from non-genetically modified soybeans" label.

Her aura's murky brown. Sometimes, one can even see it with his naked eyes.

She loves the industrial era. She reads Charles Dickens and imagines herself part of his "Illuminated Fairyland"

She also reads Sylvia Plath, only she sticks her head in an unlit oven for pleasure.

She sits at the back of a running exhaust for fresh air.

Her favourite water theme park lies deep underground where the interconnecting sewers slide her through wonderland.

She shampoos with industrial degreasers as it's cleaner.

She dries herself by standing naked on top of a chimney

She dolls herself up yes she does. But construction paint she loves. And she looks gorgeous.

She uses the bristles of a broom for fake eyelashes.

She stands on her roof anticipating the occasional haze.

She had a boyfriend but his manhood shriveled away after their first night.

She once bought organic vegetables and suffered from an infected lung

She stopped by the park one day and suffocated from the clean air.

For Christmas last year, she was given a water filter – those that you stick to the tap for cleaner drinking water.

She collapsed on the floor then rushed to the hospital to get her stomach pumped.

She puked buckets of nuclear waste. The hospital charged her extra for polluting their equipment.

She was put on drips of untreated factory chemical by-products

As her internal organs failed... one... by... one...

She dreamt of mutagen woman: her childhood hero. She said: "I'll see you in illuminated fairyland, my noxious little one and I have a gas oven waiting for you in carcinogenic heaven"

At her funeral, her loved ones wore gas masks.

As her corpse rapidly decomposed on the way to the cemetery,



A cleaner was hired to sweep up a Hansel and Gretel trail of dead maggots – Yes even they couldn't survive on her venomous flesh.

As she was laid down to rest, her remains calmly and innocently decayed into the soil.

One month later, all the trees in the vicinity sadly withered from the contaminated dirt

Three generations later, an entire civilization of odd mutated creatures made the cemetery their home

- have you ever seen a metamorphosed dung beetle with ten heads and six hoofs?

And so Carcinogenic lady kicked the bucket, but she'll always be remembered.

Her legacy remains.

This is how one becomes truly immortal I guess.

Rifhan Miller

# Horses

Someone once told me  
That I'm some beauty queen  
He couldn't figure why  
But he couldn't take his eyes off my gaze and smile.  
I'm some enemy jet locked on by his missiles  
Always locked but never disengaging.

He never heard me sing, nor had he ever heard me cry  
But I'm somehow the queen of his castles  
Built that second above his heavy head  
I was his sunflower, adored by the sun and rain  
Womanly and sweet, fit to pollinate his kingdom.

So I'll get me some horses, some ponies, some unicorns  
To ride on, to traverse on, to commute on  
Where my demons won't find me  
As long as its militia stays still in your ideals  
In their absence,  
I'll hunt down your posies, your flawlessly blooming manhood  
And maybe I'll find me a merchant, a salesman, a capitalist  
I'll build a prospective market,  
Till I open my hands when my harvest is empty

So I'll find me a religious tailor, some spiritual leaders, a savior  
To design me a new faith, a radical movement, a political order  
Where your demons won't touch me  
As long as its militia stays still in ignorance  
In their absence,  
I'll conceive my clones: To make me a well mother  
And maybe I'll assemble me a society, a civilization, a social order  
I'll over populate your daydream wonderland,  
Till you find nothing left of you on your own terrain

So I'll find me a farmer, some cultivators, a grower  
To nurture me a habitat, an environment, a personalized atmosphere  
Where no demons can harm me  
As long as its militia stays still in trepidation  
In their absence,  
I'll bring Nibiru right to your doorstep, your hospitable welcoming

And maybe I'll plow me a meadow, a grazing land, a novel pasture  
I'll present you some new sunflowers, adored by my sun and rain,  
Womanly and sweet, fit to pollinate my kingdom

What will you do then, dear King?

Rifhan Miller

# I Have A Map. It Rests Next To My Cell

I have a map/ it rests next to my cell.  
A large map/ a dormant cell  
With continents I've visited, tasted, touched.  
Vast seas aplenty I've sailed away on  
Those who sailed away and never returned  
I extract my fingertip:  
I draw a line across two nations  
Cocoon them as a supra-national entity  
-Because they said there're many fishes in the sea-  
I expel those within,  
Into the next international boundary

I fashion:  
A climate, Cool and humid; to not parch his affection  
A weather, Sunny; to personify the warmth in our hearts  
A season, Summer; because he's summer in the southern hemisphere

I paint a cloud:  
I left a space at its core; my yearning heart rests within.  
-Because they say home is where the heart is-

I sketch a home:  
Right beneath. It has a bare garden with a single rose.  
Resting in the comfort of its petals: his heart

Like a cottony blanket with trinkets at its rim  
I shower it. I shelter it. I nurture it. -From afar-

Both hearts thumping to the rhythm of its withering thorns, to the pattering of  
my raindrops  
Both hearts breathing to the momentum of its swaying to the passing wind  
Both hearts dreaming to the canopy of stars flickering from my trinkets

I have a map. It rests next to my cell.  
It has two islands.

Rifhan Miller

# Mother

So you are striving to show some human in you  
by leaving a trail of sorrow with every regret.  
tears you shed at every door.  
You put me on show at every floor.  
So I'll show some human for you.  
With your talk of dependence and need for me,  
I ought to drown with you;  
But below you.

I wish my arms were stronger.  
I wish to hide you: effectively  
you should recover and mend  
without that blanket of pity  
with that last trace of sadness at its tail.  
It'll clothe you till you've fully  
lost me in the sorrow you're designed.

So you thought clumsily carrying me  
On your toes, in your womb,  
would melt me into you: indefinitely  
You thought you'd lug me anywhere you'd plan to:  
the frontiers of bliss  
where your misgivings await dormant.  
You knew you'd love me more after I'd drowned.

I should weave you a quilt sewn with my memories  
and envelope you; conceal you: infinitely  
For nine months I'll nurture with my trail of sorrow;  
My biography  
And maybe you'll melt down below  
And I'll love you more after you've drowned first.

Rifhan Miller

# The Day Before

The day before the day I lost my mind  
Was the day I listened to the second hand of a clock  
And consented it to it trash around my body and echo in my heart  
My arteries thumped  
My blood ricochet along  
as my veins punched repetitively into my tired skin.  
Twas the day I strode to the rhythm of a marching band in disarray  
Twas was the day I spoke in swears  
The day my brain hammered through my screaming skull and pounded around  
my head  
The day I plugged my eyes and left a reservoir simmering right at its brim

Rifhan Miller

# The Lady With The Fringe

I own this page and I possess its turf,  
So I shall divulge that:  
I corresponded on our inconsequential flirtations,  
And his sporadic reappearances when his pond was parched.  
I painfully narrated his transgressive merry-making,  
A crossroad and its long progression to end its intersection.  
I wrote of bad weather – endured by us both – sodden and worn.  
I trusted our fondness had seasoned;  
It weathered upon your arrival,  
Though you were oblivious and then you weren't.

Then I genuinely spoke of release:  
He would do without family given you were his escape.  
He wouldn't have it any other way,  
Because you wouldn't have it any other way.

I'd been sad when another verbalized your defaming,  
And you had me profess through another (Have they been misplaced?) ,  
That you were the crucible all along,  
But you'd stand firm by his guile.  
I have no reason anymore, to reason with you.

You never learned to contemplate both pages.  
You never realized to probe his justifications.  
You never understood you were the barrage,  
And the autocrat to his torpor spine.  
This rivalry - you should never have partaken - (The trophy really is you, not him)  
You never ascertained the bad karma you've generated.  
No... you never learned to see.

But I whisper in my prayers: may the end of this be just,  
Because the world performs without order,  
Though I'd not understand its concept of fair.  
I'd always known I would suffer, but mine will conclude,  
As yours will be set in motion.  
You'd always desired to go to places, and perhaps you will  
He'd always dreamt of going to places – he won't.





# The Table's Dirty

So you say the table's dirty

Then I wonder:

Do you know that for a fact or do you assume the table's dirty?

I wish I could ask you:

Under what circumstance is that table dirty?

Did you notice a gradual degradation of cleanliness over time?

Or did you see a sudden change in absence over an extended duration?

Was your judgment applied to a passing table or one you are acquainted with?

How would the initial appearance of that table pressure your judgment?

Does a white table get dirty easily just because it loses its colour in a more apparent fashion?

Does a white table just get dirty when it's just not completely white?

What if a white table as opposed to a brown table spots the same stain that according to your opinion constitute as a dirty spot or stain?

Is it dirty then only when the stain is visible?

If you cleaned it up and another insists it is still dirty, will that influence your opinion in any manner?

How would dirty be differently perceived if it was your own mess as compared to another's?

How would that vary between an 'other' who's your close friend as opposed to an acquaintance and stranger?

Will an arguably attractive person cause a dirtier table to one aesthetically unpleasing?

How do you compare your definition of 'dirty' to others and mine?

Would a dusty table be understood as dirty?

But what if it were dusty in an excessively dusty room?

How does a dusty table in a room of decomposing trash weigh against a table with decomposing trash in a dusty room?

And how would you gauge splattered paint to spilled orange juice, considering one might be toxic and another fit for consumption in an alternate setting?

Is orange juice only dirty off a glass? But you won't die from licking it off the counter.

So is your understanding of dirty one that complies with what has been socialized within you to view socially awkward as inappropriate thus dirty?

If it was indeed socialization of cleanliness standards, should that be argued as

cultural brainwash then?

So, dirty is conveniently labeled to one that does not conform?

Does this direct cause and effect make a substantive claim then?

What are the guidelines to which you subscribe in determining such?

Who socialized that benchmark to you then?

How was the benchmark substantiated?

How do you draw the line that stretches clean all the way to nauseating on the other extreme end?

How do you evaluate the line that differentiates 'not clean enough' from 'dirty'?

Are there other external factors that may influence your verdict of such?

If you hated milk as compared to orange juice, does that make spilled milk comparatively revolting to you?

Well guess what: I love milk.

So I'll ask you again:

Do you know that for a fact or do you just assume the table's dirty?

Rifhan Miller

# This Roof

Under this roof, our hearts are pure; we don't cloak for show,  
We don't tell: farce knows its place. We love; we are free.  
You aren't disremembered; we aren't someone else's fairytale,  
We materialize with no precondition.  
We're unburdened with secrets, because those out the windows:  
They are distant: they don't exist.

We saunter over the oceans, proud.  
Seasons don't shake us; you slumber through them, in my solid arms.  
The streetwalkers and flagrant prevaricators flourish in their habitats.  
Let them persist there, and know their place.

You'll never know: how the tides beckoned me,  
Surging me to a frontier where darkness found a friend,  
And I swam forever to see no horizon.  
I couldn't hear through the cumulating storm  
And for a split second, your face disintegrated in the thickening fog.  
I faltered in the soundless seas, open for poaching.

You'll never savour: the acute stinging in my heart, till it burned.  
Attesting to my own renouncement, where my tongue was severed,  
And my standing flustered by another's shame.  
The anchor that held my ground disengaged,  
And my weary hands, spent from abounding burdens:  
They almost lost their hold on you in our quavering home.

But now we look on, proud.  
Under this roof, our past has concluded its chapter; we are free.  
As long as the streetwalkers and flagrant prevaricators remain in their place,  
We persist now, on a road that'll lead us far from here.

Rifhan Miller

# To The Man Deemed 'Perfect'

It's midnight: 9th of June.  
I am dreaming of a holiday,  
Lacking your baggage clutched to my left waist.  
Lying on a single bed,  
Listening to my favourite tunes.  
Painting my youth on an untainted canvas,  
Without a brush out of a lock of a child's hair  
I was beautiful, and I could swim in the turmoil oceans alone.

When I saw you last, you seemed aged  
The face from 6 years ago has saddened.  
You arrived for another's agenda:  
To clean your slate for her;  
But you left with your own scheme;  
You reported of a different woman.

You've traveled under a woman's dress to another  
And departed without a conscience.  
You had stood there with a rose in your promising lips  
And concealed two more behind your back;  
For others waiting in the wings.

I mistakenly thought a gypsy ignorant of a mother's destitution  
Acquired that rose and walked with your arms over her shoulder,  
One that was shared with mine.  
I was asleep beside you as you sauntered out through the night  
I overlooked your misplaced boots for almost 3 months.

You regarded my love like a fictional novel  
And I returned home nobody's wife;  
He returned home nobody's son.  
Now I hear you're erecting your love lodge  
And swept me under your rug;  
The one with the bed you make love to her on.

What else can I say to you now?  
My ex-lover, my assassin, my karmic debtor:  
I guess I miss you, but I forgive you,  
Though I'm relieved she stood in the way.

Your elapsed past sends its regards.

If you ever came back here again too late,  
You'd be dust under our feet - you and her  
And we will not recognize you.  
You have compartmentalized us at the frontier of your memories:  
We will burn it down for you.

And then you will be free again;  
To travel under a woman's dress to another,  
To depart without a conscience.  
To stand there with as many roses in your promising lips  
Till it chokes you as their thorns slit through your tongue  
And you'll never be able to lie again.

Rifhan Miller

# Truth Is A Double-Edged Sword

Two sides of a page never co-exist, and won't convene  
Though the front's all you've seen.  
Its intentional ink blots and lipstick stains are obscured,  
Its integrity smeared and blemished.  
It left blanks with my name printed over  
With an abrupt "And they lived happily ever after".

Two sides of a page tell the same tale, unflawed in semblance  
They articulate reciprocated misdeed,  
Though each claims its innocence  
Flip it over: It's the side you haven't seized;  
The one you don't comprehend.  
It's the part with the abrupt "The End".

The horse's mouth is shared by two partitive voices  
But only three, not two will forge its bridges  
They are attended by a pair of ears – Yours alone.

Rifhan Miller

## Tuesday

The one who had swept me off my feet:

He has planted me back into the parched earth again,  
and shackled me to his green-less thumb.

He is forcibly nurturing my attachment

Oblivious that like a neglected rose, it's all departed,  
Withered and hung over.

He was my knight in shining armour:

Sauntering my way, with his sword tucked beneath,  
with his heart on his sleeve. The one in the yellow shirt. Who is he? He appeared  
out of nowhere and said hello.

He has since removed that armour

Now exposed, there is nothing there that I wanted before

His strong arms no longer catching my fall.

His forceful voice silenced where my own is drowned out.

He was the one to ride me into the sunset

and start a civilization at its frontiers

but he stopped our journey prematurely

And built a house without a window. I can no longer watch that frontier. I can no  
longer smell his horse.

Now tell me:

What's the use of a house, when it's not my home?

What's the use of a roof, when my own arms are wide enough to shelter my  
broken dreams?

Why think of a child running his hands through my hair, when they're your eyes  
looking up at me?

Rifhan Miller

# We Don'T Bind To A Clumsy Spine

These hands do not seek the touch or warmth of another's grasp.  
For no one turns to a pair of begging hands, with a grain of sand and expects gratitude.  
But they do not let go when they rest in a pair of palms that feel like home;  
They will not unravel when secured through fingers that fit like a puzzle.  
They stretch like an open book, with sections for writing,  
and do not revise its inscriptions for a shorter sentence,  
just because a different pen is raised.  
All because a different read is asked for.

I do not stand on my own in this chapter.  
But my words are all I have, to cut through its margins -  
To bring you back to where our story thrives.  
For I do not throw a punch, as well as an insult,  
I cannot place you in my shoes as well as "You hurt me".  
I'll only say how much you mean to me in between the lines, in metaphors.  
So do not scratch the surface like it does not go deep enough to be felt,  
because you scratched after all, and it leaves a mark not to be ignored, not to be corrected.

I dare say I guessed the road would darken and stray,  
when all the fiction dropped and your fairy tale ending unmasked itself as a new page.  
Reality never bites hard enough to unblind you, but wake up, wake up...  
The book's closed but it does not conclude, nor will it bind you to its clumsy spine.  
No one stands at the end of a lost cause and says, "We've made it".

Rifhan Miller



# When The Sun Hits

When the sun hits

It feels like walking into a brick wall

Sometimes being led out of darkness is not a good thing.

I still don't see any better now than before;

What is and what was ahead of me: It glares.

Only the path before was more familiar.

This restorationist sentiment

I took a step back: I hit a brick wall.

I take a step forward: I hit another brick wall.

The pre-existing permeating perfume that jolted me gently from slumber,  
dissipating from a distance, now a tinge, just a whiff:

A brick wall

A certain voice, it muffled. It softened. A certain feedback buzzed in my ear. It  
got inaudible. I couldn't make out what it said:

A brick wall

A touch; velvety, soft, sweet. Serenading the edge of my skirt. Running through  
my hair. Then it scratched. It lifted away. Just a faint ripple in the air where that  
touch hovered:

A brick wall

A phrase, a song, a tune:

A brick wall

When the sun hits

It feels like falling onto a hard pit

Because I fell, and I know I fell. Hard.

Only I thought I wasn't alone.

I got up, felt around. There was a door: It was shut.

Only I had expected it ajar

Because I had left mine wide open.

Rifhan Miller

# Whiteshoe Boy

You: Whiteshoe Boy

How are your shoes today?

and those feet that rest in them?

Those feet that draw footsteps in the sand

The ones I wish'll make their way to my heart

The same ones I'd love to follow

all the way to the end of the widest sea

Oh what a sight to find:

Oh what heaven it'll be; your footsteps lined up next to mine.

Yes you: Whiteshoe Boy

How are your shoes today?

and those hands that own them?

Those big friendly hands that shook mine

The ones that'll slide our wedding band through my finger

The ones with strong Herculean arms adjoined

The same ones that'll sweep me through our door;

on our wedding night.

Oh what a sight to find:

Oh what heaven'll see; your hands cradled in mine.

Rifhan Miller

# Words Are Meaningless

"As empty vessels make the loudest sound",  
"So they that have the least wit are the greatest blabbers"

Words are meaningless – Like a temporary tattoo;  
They wash off when overlooked  
Like cigarette smoke tailing the drift of the wind;  
They linger long enough to diffuse into insignificance  
Just like the mints one takes after a glass of beer.  
So when you say you love me, I forget you did  
Because the reek of rubbish loiters longer, as lies and deceit.

We should have left it alone: guiltless, unscathed, and unadulterated  
And I won't scrub it all down, as words taint  
It leaves marks where it upsets; it leaves tears where it bites  
Whitewashing it's dissimilar to an untouched canvas  
As what lies beneath surfaces through its peeling corners  
Let it age and weather  
Let it heal on its own and manifest as experience.

So when I need to tell you I love you, I won't.  
Because I'll do so as you sleep,  
In the still of the night as you inhale and exhale – to drown it out.  
I do so by not doing much, until you don't do much;  
Just to remind you, that I do.  
I don't do as I'm told – not because you don't matter  
But because you do, and I'm self-destructive.

Words are meaningless – They shouldn't communicate  
We're so used to talk; it matures into an entity of its own.

Rifhan Miller

# You

You're like a mobile Dejavu  
Ambling in and out of my dreams the manner I window-shop  
Drifting through my apartment,  
Like a wandering ghost-  
With its feet neither in this world nor the next  
But as sedentary as my paintings on the wall.

Your angels are just as migratory.  
Rootless, transitory and fickle as the men in my life,  
Promising when they laid their itinerant hands in mine,  
Nurturing as they led me down that yellow brick road  
And quick to follow the tail of an unclaimed kite

I stood unswerving to a barrage  
That lowers itself then ascends as it pleases  
I mounted my heart on my sleeve,  
Lay quivering as seasons shook me  
And the changing tides quavered my home.

Everyone has something to say these days  
Their truth is my farce, their convictions biased  
Every man Jack should defend their duplicity  
And every whore would secure their plunders  
As close to their scissoring thighs

Weren't your prophets the ones who claimed  
That you will stand with the righteous?  
Upright has been mistaken for black and white  
And you should know that my greys are the best I can muster.  
Kindness shall not bondage me  
Especially when it changes its mind

Rifhan Miller

# Your Favourite Novel

You should know, I've only loved with my head  
Even though my heart has ached with yearning  
My heart: It was never an open book  
I wrote what only looked good for reading.

It has labeled bookmarks, and dividers on the right  
They're names: and they only see what I've selected inside  
Left a coffemark and lipstick stain  
A doodle on the margins, an inkblot, watermarks,  
Smearred drawings, and a greasy blemish,  
Highlighting only the paragraphs they'd cherish  
And remember me by.

But with you; you were the hand that flipped the pages  
You: you were the ink that completed my sentences  
You: you filled in the empty spaces  
You illustrated my thoughts at the beginning of every chapter  
And stamped "The End" before "And they lived happily ever after"

When you run your fingers through its pages  
Don't you know it feels like they're running through my hair?  
You have left it worn and dog-eared  
But that somehow gave its character and flair  
It is the most honest fiction  
Without the blatantness of a diary

Take it along with you like your favorite novel,  
Hold it close to your chest like a bible.  
Keep it right next to your heart in your front pocket  
And refer to it like a manual.

Rifhan Miller