

Poetry Series

**Lauren Miller**  
**- poems -**

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## Lauren Miller(October 5,1991)

Words are worse than guns or swords, and poems are are the only expression of heart I've got. Enjoy.

# Barbie Breaks

Here we stand in our glass cases, ten feet tall  
Made up to look like Barbie dolls and the next generation of Kens  
Four feet wide  
Encased in silent boxes  
Seeing the world through clear glass reflection  
Mild perfection, in the least  
Break through the barrier, shards of glass stand upright in your bloody hands  
Walk through the debris, disconnected fragments of reflection  
Angle themselves directly towards the sole  
The pain is worth breaking every word that has built up these invisible walls  
Invisible words, softly spoken, following your every word  
Your race, your gender, your sexuality.  
Dress yourself in a black garbage bag, paper over your head  
So no one can define you  
The plastic inhales your every thought but at least you're no longer being judged  
For being a woman, no longer held to the Barbie doll standard when no one can  
see your misshapen body underneath yards of a plastic contraption  
Never felt more attractive  
If I was judged not for the body parts my skin lay over  
but for the words that flow evenly out of my mouth in distasteful proportion  
Possibly everyone could see exactly how beautiful a mind could be  
This glass concoction that constantly surrounds every soul, molding it to be the  
very epitome of what everyone should be  
Then please, I'd rather not have your makeshift cell bars around my very heart  
It pumps so violently with rage, that my words become nonexistent  
They stumble and fumble into clouds of dirt that cover the surface of the earth  
For no viable word spoken is appreciated anymore  
So this is my action, that will uproot you all  
Violently breaking through glass cases  
Smashing them to bits, everyone please throw your fits but in due time you will  
see how exactly beautiful it can be to remain forever free

Lauren Miller

# Battle Ground

Take two steps back  
Dead bodies on the floor  
Better take a couple more  
Rid yourself of the mess  
A single moment of pure weakness

Turn around  
Bleeding hearts on the ground  
Ignore the pounding sound  
The heartbeats of the ingorant  
Linger on

Take 9 more steps  
You're almost to the door  
Crawling across the floor  
You're bruised ego and bloody fingerprints  
All the evidence that you'll ignore  
Take 3 more

Lifeless pillars crashed upon the floor  
You're nearly to the door  
The sounds don't stop  
The voices won't cease  
They keep begging please  
Don't leave them here alone

Smother them unconcious  
Beating hearts streaked across the wall  
They stain your wrists  
Outlined hearts string across your arm  
You're battle wounds some more

You're nearly at the door  
The casualties litter you're core  
Of course this was bound to happen again  
Slaying all the innocent  
Evil hides in the most unexpected ways  
Your motive they had to pay

You've reached the door  
You're home free  
Time to flee  
Forget about this  
This time, come across another line  
Cross it with all your might  
In fact you've won another fight

Bloody battle  
Hear the cries  
Those were there tries  
Of pleading  
But you got exactly what you needed.

Lauren Miller

# Beauty Or Something Like It

Tell me your definition of B E A U T Y

Is it the pin up girls you see in magazines  
with air brushed hair and perfect teeth?  
Is it b e a u t y queens with broken dreams  
or is it the 'it' girls strangling themselves in lives of cocaine  
maybe its the girls at rock shows who have no names  
Is it those girls that smile with thier eyes  
or the heartbroken whores who cry?

Is it the people you want to save  
or is it the people that s a v e you,  
are they b e a u t i f u l too?  
Is it your b e a u t y that's in nature,  
the ocean and the trees  
or would you rather skip scenery and go straight  
to the birds and bees?

Is it your belief that b e a u t i f u l isn't pretty after is been used and beat?  
Or is it your perception that those who live through it are the ones  
with real b e a u t y?

Lauren Miller

# Calm Your Beating

Calm your voice  
The stutters in your throat  
Create shudders on my skin  
Still your hands  
The shaking is only creating  
A special breed of fear in me  
Hush your words  
They are harsh and  
Bruise my flesh  
Create a storm  
Until you win  
Now stop, I forfeit

Lauren Miller

# City Dreams

the city sleeps  
beneath my feet  
the glow of streetlights, cars, and store signs  
keep me warm tonight  
its cold here in the skys  
angel wings graze my skin  
and the clouds collect my tears  
the only way  
I can find peace in this place  
Is six feet below  
The city streets  
Or way above where the city  
Sleeps

Lauren Miller



# Common Man

I'm struggling to tear the door  
off it's hinges  
because your presence in this vicinity  
is sickening me  
its threatening to make my brain bleed  
your acidity is expressed in the words you speak  
or rathe inr the words  
you keep  
with an S on your chest  
you fly high  
but you're no superman  
your more like superbard  
and i'm supergirl  
and your nickname remains  
kryptonite  
the light to my fire  
making me fly higher  
but sunshine, it's raining tonight  
you've taken flight  
stranded in the cold,  
in the dark  
rip the S off my chest  
and burn it for warmth  
you're not kryptonite  
your another lie  
i was stupid enough to believe  
in comic book  
romance  
i should have been believing  
that you were just  
a common man

Lauren Miller

# Cowardly

You are the epitome of every disgusting thing that make men cringe  
You are a lonesome coward among kings  
A fine name, a handsome Armour and nothing more  
Can't even find the time to place the words in places where they mean the most  
To the people you mean the most to  
Those who waste endless days and spaces of rain to see your face  
And never have the unfortunate situation in which they do

You hide behind your lovers name, carelessly evacuating all the space in between  
Those whose only goal is to see you thrive  
Inherently through good spirits they still believe you've got some morality  
Even when you prove them wrong, save the rain and the pain for another day  
Because all you're chasing is the sun  
Instead of following those who chase you

Hide behind your flaw-filled disgrace not matching correctly with your flawless face  
Normalcy is your disguise, your ultimate goal  
Accept the demons that encase you and unchain them from your wounds  
Let them fly free and flee from behind your cowards domain  
For tomorrow the sun will rise and you will have indisputable time to finally make  
all of those apologies

Lauren Miller

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Lauren Miller

# Define Kiss

Dictionaries can't define  
Excatly what lies  
Between these day old sheets  
Stained with desperate heartbeats  
and these walls with dreamy eyes  
Can't hold lust,  
Quite like your arms can hold us  
Forever and a day  
isn't long enough a reason for me to stay  
and cave  
Becoming a slave  
to lies  
Named  
Love

Lauren Miller

# Disgust Me.

Disgusting vile replaces good  
witht he thought that not all people  
Understand  
aspects of being human  
Seek your hope in falso comfort  
Find your morals there and run to them  
falling to your knees in a heap  
Before you feel the meaning of bitter  
Self sacrificing is a means of evidence  
a fountain to drink from  
Happiness trade, to create talent  
Punish myself for means of illustrating  
What being human is  
Torturing me with your inability to  
function  
correctly  
Shallow and insecure  
You are pleased with disease  
for a taste of attention  
Popularity is worth the pools of blood and so is greed  
Tell me, is that what makes you happy  
Because I'd rather not have it  
Torture me into defeat of admitting that some things  
are better left UNSAID  
but I do believe that I am a lot more stubborn  
Than you choose to believe

Lauren Miller

# Everytime

i dodge, i wind, i intertwine  
with yours  
i make, i create, i mold  
you into mine  
i make love rhymes  
and we take strides  
but  
i break with acidic irony  
and when your sunset  
meets my lust  
i run, i hide, i scream  
i fight  
for a different kind of sunrise  
the rays are muderous  
and this dark time is upon us or maybe  
you saved this especially for me

Lauren Miller

# Fairytale

I stumble upon these shaky legs  
Stretching to infinite territories  
Grew up on the wrong side of the track marks  
Overcome is a word we heard a lot  
It was stuck in my peripheral vision which I sometimes like to call no man's land  
Because I never look behind  
I continuously bind myself with visions of the in-between  
Of the not yet seen, Of the never to be believed  
Can you believe I lived such a cherished life  
In which I never came under the influence of fairytales

Prince Charming is a wannabe who went to the courthouse and changed his name  
Because he couldn't get laid  
Happy endings are the ones in which you make it out alive  
White horses are rusted cadillacs that shouldn't even be allowed on the freeway  
You eat a poison apple and no kiss or gentle care will bring you back again

I'm quite lucky to have never been force-fed these images of heterosexual love  
I have always found the gentle ignorance between movies and real life  
Advertised as the real thing, but someone just threw it away  
Now you're buying it overpriced and with rips in the seams

I knew the dictionary definition of the word love  
But more than knowing the word I knew the meaning behind it  
That if you fall into it you can fall back out  
That if you ignore it's existence between two star crossed lovers in advance you could save yourself the heartbreak  
That love is just a synonym for lust and heartbreak

Now don't be so naive as to assume that I've never experienced 'love'  
I've looked crowds dead in the eye and learned to love myself  
I've been called every naughty word under your mother's tongue and had my heart grow by someone who would still hold my hair back if I was puking out the seven seas  
I've looked at a sunny day forming from a rainy night with a rainbow in the sky and felt the presence of love shine down on every pore on my body

To say I don't believe in Love would be childish

However I'm just not looking to find myself in such a terrible mess  
I've seen bloody hands work overtime to make things right  
I've seen good deeds go punished and seen the victim help another man  
I've seen lonely girls cry and I've felt the sting of razorblades, but I have too,  
seen them laugh  
I've seen better days, that I wish I could replay If only I had a pristine  
Imagination (which I don't)  
But I still believe In love, I just won't go looking for heartbreak

Lauren Miller



# Falling Through

Winding, bending, twisting, break  
You broke me in two,  
so good for you  
bend till you break  
you took it to heart  
just a common phrase  
but you made it a start  
an earthquake, a tsunami, a natural disaster  
you're defiance is nature itself  
you carried this charade  
on for months  
or years  
winding, bending, twisting, break  
snapping bones  
feel so good  
beneath your fingertips  
that are attached to me like glue  
does it feel good  
when the bones break through  
skin  
and you realize my chest is hollow  
it's deep and it's dark  
a black hole,  
that's harsh  
but true  
not true like you  
cuz that was never an appropriate  
term  
for two lovers  
like you and me  
winding, bending, twisting, break  
pretty girl,  
broke in two,  
stupid boy,  
good for you,  
got your wish  
got me fallin through  
that black hole  
that is you

Lauren Miller

# For The Reader

Thier tortured soul will climb into this blind  
And thier words will mingle with mine  
In thier mind, they'll think of the ideals  
A shride of pride for this moment in time,  
When our mind's eye do intertwine  
And everything clicks for a mild moment  
The humor will bring them up, though they're never really down  
Smiles pound thier heart from the inside out  
They'll pry and try to get inside, behind these battered eyes  
This person will read my poem and for a spliced moment,  
Realize and get it  
The message of feelings underneath  
They could be any color, or mind, from any walk of life  
But if they give my try some attention  
They are not only the reader, but also  
The Intention

Lauren Miller

# Fractured Fear

Tripping on the edge of fallen disgrace  
Stumbling attractively on a thousand sheets  
I imagine it would be quite awkward  
If I were to tell you I think that you're perfect for me

Bitter taste in my mouth by dirty things unsaid  
no not the ones of sprawling on your bed  
But instead tarnished words from a broken soul  
Things like

You're perfection at it's best  
I have no chance of laying this crush to rest  
Few have every gained my respect  
Your lucky name I'd wear on my chest  
And simply proclaim to the world that you're mine

Could you see the shine in my face if I were to say  
All those unmentionable things?  
Terrified of what you might think  
Poor girl, sad girl, not worthy of this  
I'm practically torn at the seams  
From lack of attention from you towards me

I'm going to keep salty words on my tongue  
And find another until my time is done  
Because rejection can leave wounds for years  
Quite a big fear  
and I'm not scared of anything.

Lauren Miller

# Gone Without A Trace

the words sprawl out before me  
and your heart is on the floor  
my passion ignites and the room is  
burned  
left no traces  
that ive been here before

Lauren Miller

# Hang On

my tounge  
turns these words  
into fire  
and I know how to play desire  
and create false promises  
to keep you until  
tomorrow

Lauren Miller

# Heavenly

Every night before I laid my heavy head to settle upon a nights unrest  
I used to pray and wish upon stars  
That one day I'd discover that I had no scars  
Those wasted prayers were the answer  
To my bed of questions, that my God didn't exist  
I used to tell myself perhaps he's not listening today

Every night before I'd lay my heavy heart  
I would wish upon stars and pray  
That God would work me into a piece of art

Every night before I'd lay my soul to ground  
I would constantly question all that surrounds  
I'd pray that tomorrow I may wake with an Angels grace  
Couldn't sing a note to save my life  
I never got a choice in the matter of things  
But I used to pray that tomorrow I'd wake with an Angels voice

Instead I got tears in my throat and lost all my hope  
Instead my mind was covered in brutal scars  
So much for wishing on stars  
And praying that God would be something worth praying for

Lauren Miller

# Higher

Find another way to cause me a little pain love  
When the blood runs thin underneath my skin  
There's always another vein  
Plump and large for you to prick  
Take your pick  
My arms are bare, my heart's right there  
Stick it in to this one love  
Find another way to make me stay  
Addicted to your love  
I need no other drug  
Cuz you're affection gets me high  
For merely a second invincible, can touch the sky  
The blood runs down, trickling past my fingertips  
Yeah that one pricks just a little bit  
I'm running dry, I'm crying out  
But I will continue to shout, just one more hit  
Now make it quick  
That one stings just a bit love  
My blood streaked cheeks  
Dripping down my heart  
Into dirty pools on the floor  
Im yours

Lauren Miller



# I Am A Celebrity

It's like a scene  
straight from a Hollywood screen

Boy meets Girl  
Boy breaks Girl's heart  
Yet, it's just the Start  
Theres two more hours to fill  
and someone's got to be killed

You'll chase me  
I'll forgive you  
but our fate has to be intervined by at least two

Damnzal in Distress  
Two found intertwined; hardly dressed  
Oh this romance is just a mess  
We'll be wed by just a kiss, at sunset  
Together Forever  
and the plot is still clever

Maybe I'll battle a deadly Addiction  
and you'll wear too much Affliction  
It's a life based straight out of Fiction

But what happenes when the credits Roll?  
Will you still love me when I'm gray and old?  
When my botox's stale and my demeanors cold?  
The cameras quit rolling  
This fate is not real, we don't know how we actually feel  
without scripts, it's a hit and miss

My heart got strangled in the Story lines  
When the theatre lights come up,  
It hurts more than just my eyes, to know you're not really mine  
Happing Endings are fit for Celebrities  
but in real life, in real time  
Thier just endings, not quite as pretty



# Insomnia

I can't fall asleep  
because you're face is in my dreams  
And it's heavenly because you can't speak  
I can't fall asleep  
because you're in my dreams  
and we're walking peacefully  
hand in hand  
towards eternity

I can't fall asleep  
because you haunt my dreams  
with you're sobriety and passionate meaning

I can't fall asleep  
because you won't leave my dreams  
You're warm, and you love me, and don't mind saying it

I can't fall asleep  
because when I awake  
My chest can't move air fluidly  
and i latch desperatly onto sleep  
I'm paralyzed to the bed

I can't fall asleep  
because I can only remain in peace  
in the few moments after sleep  
when I'm still confusing reality with my dreams

I can't fall asleep  
because when I awake  
You're ripped from my hands  
and there's someone else you're not ashamed to love  
You're only real in reality

I can't fall asleep  
Because my dreams are better than my reality

I can't fall asleep  
Because waking up without you here

is heartbreak every day

I can't fall asleep  
Because in my dreams  
You're still with me  
In reality, you left me

Lauren Miller

# Inspire Me

Where did all the inspiration go?  
When did the clouds stop spinning and the birds quit singing?  
Where did the sunshine go?  
When did everything I've ever known just get up and go?

My spirits are low and my creativity is running slow  
Just need a renewable source to preoccupy this awkward flow  
When did my life stop being special  
Where did you go when you're words inspire me the most

Give me dwindling girls or a thunderstorm from hell  
Give me someone who will break my heart and crush my soul  
Give me something that will rise me up and never go

Give me an influence  
Give me a rainy day with no money saved  
An empty stage  
An afternoon of some insane rage  
Just give me something to fill the page

Lauren Miller

# Knowledge Is Misery

Do you know abandonment is?

The textbook definition does the actual word no justice

Abandon

To be left

Alone

When everything the world has ever told you is supposed to define you

Requires no definition any longer

Do you know what that does to broken hearts and punctured souls?

When your parents fight their own wars instead of being there to patch up your battle wounds

When they could care less about the person you've become?

Hows it feel to pick up the only person whos supposed to love you from the moment your born until their untimely demise

To have to pick them up off of the floor

To throw away the litter or their disease and get screamed at for it later?

What's it like to constantly be lied to and get criticized for telling your own.

Every kid these days come from a broken home, everyone think they're alone but what happens when

The strong quit fighting? They give up on themselves when that's all they've ever had?

When was the last time you talked to your father, when was the last time he held you as you bawled?

It wasn't when you cried over your broken heart, or the first time you got hit.

The divorce that never was endured over the marriage that was never broken because of vows that we're never said because love never came after the child.

So there goes your family

So society tells us you always got a friend

Well shit, have you ever watched them have children or watched them cry?

What do you do then, you tell them everything will be okay

But no one tells you in the end, 'Hey, you've got me.'

Your best friend trades you in for something that can love her better

And she doesn't see you struggling for her attention

She doesn't see the hurt, the loss.

Do you know how bad it hurts

When she's the last person left

and she's shut the door behind her?

Every last tear she's seen from you means nothing, all those late night talks mean nothing, all those laughs, and nights out mean nothing.

Because she's too grown up for you now.

So you've got no family or friends  
So society tells you to find a man  
Well You're still this little broken piece who never quite got what that whole love  
thing was for  
You gave it a shot, and lost everything in the process  
Now the thought of any boy reaching out for you makes you disgusting  
and wonder what's wrong with him?  
So you rely on school but shit you're not smart enough  
You find new friends but shit, you're not good enough  
No you're not skinny enough  
not sick enough  
not talented enough  
not good enough  
not pretty enough

To deserve much

So you've got all these plans for yourself that you can't even see happening  
All this disease is spread around you?  
Ever know what it's like to be addicted  
To drugs, to nicotine?  
Well the worst addiction is to people because people always leave you  
Because that's what people do because it's not your life that's worth saving it's  
theirs.  
You; ve prided yourself on being the strong one, with the strong mind, the strong  
heart  
But what happens when you; re not  
You're insecurities crawl so deep and your mind is restless  
and you'd rather sleep all day because that's the only time your stifled chest  
actually gives into breathing  
Only time everything shuts off  
The sun may rise again and that's supposed to inflict hope but all it does is inflict  
pain  
That today, you've got to get up and do it all over again  
Being awake is painful enough topped off with the things you've got to do while  
you're awake  
Can you feel your own mind reeling yet  
Can't quite disconnect right from wrong and you don't even know where the hell  
you are?  
Fake a smile but don't quite get it right

Get yourself on a diet end up being anorexic  
Try to walk when you can't even stand  
No heartbreaks not definable  
and yet it's undeniable

So big bad girl finds herself broken here  
The fight has ended in stifled breathing and she's just gunna go back to bed.

Lauren Miller



# Let It Go

I only love in riddles and contradictions  
Which makes it quite difficult to express  
I only love with memories and pictures  
Which in fact it makes me love a little less

If I were to tell you 'I love you' it would come out a jumbled mess  
Strings of syllables that really make no sense  
No comprehension of what I really mean to say  
But I would still say it anyway

Only because I tend to say things that I don't understand  
With the only hope being that you will comprehend  
That you will use your cleverness to dissect the sentences  
More correctly than I could

I say 'I hate you' and I say 'Hello'  
But with a bit of effort maybe you could see  
That jaded as I may be  
I really mean 'I love you'

Lauren Miller

# Metropolis

Bullets fly by above this deserted patch of grass in Metropolis  
and for some reason, I walk alone  
The scorching metal never grazing my skin  
People running awkwardly, regretting their sins  
The bullets pierce and singe  
I cringe and shake, constantly dreaming seconds ahead  
Dreaming of my impending dread  
And in this city so dead,  
The reaper walks by hanging his head  
Refusing to look in my eyes

The bangs heard all over the world  
Names of the dead becoming just words

I settle upon this patch of dead grass  
On my knees, my head to the scratchy blades  
I weep, not for the shedding of souls  
But for believing I'm not worthy of death

When the world has fallen  
Not a soul to be found  
When they've all left the ground  
I walk alone through the valley of death  
My former home, Metropolis  
Has seen its last breath  
I walk its streets, empty, alone  
The only one left  
The last one who should have been kept

With my heavy head held low  
and my feet scraping the concrete  
I wonder what I was meant to be  
With my heavy head  
I finally realize, that I was already dead  
As a lone bullet pierces through my invincible skin

Lauren Miller

# Missme

I've got a brain malfunction, an imbalance  
I can hardly stand the silence  
Waging wars without violence  
Emotional firestorm, without a single word  
Call me what you will as long as you speak loud  
Be proud of the long list you can create  
It's not original but if it makes you feel good who am I to judge  
I suppose i would be the jury if I even bothered to care  
Ive got you pinned with one stare  
Can you stand long enough to hear the truth  
Each word assaulting your body  
Boring  
Hits you in the knees, stumble forward  
Incapable  
Hits you in the chest  
Broken  
Blow to the head  
No you can't even speak, head against the concrete  
Now I feel real and alive  
Your pity is not something I need  
Neither am I fond of your disease  
Your ideas you impose to the less bold  
If you truly thought you knew me  
You'd not have begun  
Emotional firestorm  
Should I spell it out for you?  
Giant billboard?  
Plane above your house?  
Ive said it a thousand times and i cant move another measly word past my lips  
You were just a shoot and a miss

Lauren Miller

# More Human Than Most

Between  
the fake smiles of Beauty Queens  
and a newborn Addict's dying Dreams  
Between  
those perceived Crazy  
and trust Fund Babies  
Between  
Students Pining for A's  
and people Counting the Days  
Everyone is counting the Faces  
and the paces it takes  
to get to the places  
Where they Lay thier  
Names on the Ground,  
and pound thier fists  
For things that do Not exist  
Just Yet  
There is this middle ground  
That remains covered with lies  
and the Cries of thier weakness  
Where Humans Collide  
and Climb to reach successes that they  
themselves Define  
In this

Life

Lauren Miller

# More Than Memories

searching for a soul,  
has never been so painful before  
midnight air creating a tear in my lungs  
and this feels real  
in  
a  
he  
said,  
she  
said,  
they  
did,  
kind of world  
indulging in moments of pure excellence  
creates shaking hands  
have you ever felt anything so real?  
as real as tears searing your cheeks  
and your heart rippings itself is a garunteed way to feel  
human

Lauren Miller

# Murder

Strands of spit splattered words fly wildly out of your mouth  
Like the snakes that furiously spring from Medusa's vain head  
They bite, venomous and turn innocent prey  
Into belittled stones, no longer free to speak or move  
On thier own  
Murder by sentences and spastic syllables  
Weapon of choice, being arsenic laced insults  
They fly like daggers, in a circus show  
Right above the heads of the unknown soldiers, you seek to control  
And it does not matter who they are  
as long as your words get under the skin of some poor indivual  
and it boils thier bloodstream past the level of infurity  
Death by splintered requests  
You're just mumbling words from unconscious

Lauren Miller

# Not An Option

my hands pick up the pace  
to write down  
what this heart cannot escape  
no matter where my mind hides  
it comes out in rhymes  
that spiral into lies  
that line the walkway  
to the path, your love created  
love might be too strong  
a word  
ill compliment my feelings  
with assumptions

Lauren Miller

# October-November, On Through Summer

Acting like you don't exist is the simplest form of Denial  
To ignore the fact  
That only I destroyed us  
Perfection only lies in your bedroom eyes that i no longer get to see  
and my web o of lies and confusion, covered  
Made you blind  
Happiness is something I offered you  
Only in the hands of  
Woman

Because this little girl, couldn't conform to  
notions nicknamed love You suffered mildly, and I turned my back on pleasantries

In favor of ingoring you  
Because when little girls grow ip and await  
another chance at love  
Some men aren't there because they're in someone else's bedroom  
So the mistake you made against her  
Lay hidden in my mask, of insecurities  
I would go with the usual 'You broke us.'  
But I broke us  
Into two fragmented, unmatchable pieces

The fact that you connected the dots  
with another love  
Is the worst form of punishment that i didn't foresee  
I punished us, for thier wrongs  
Obliterated any luck, I might have had  
To charming you back  
an awful task  
to follow you  
With eyes  
Because I dont think I could ever accept your existence  
Because, stubbornness does not accept defeat

Lauren Miller



# One More For The Road

Brave and proud  
Walking the streets  
If only I could seem so confident  
With death in the shadows stalking me  
If i could only cease to be so shallow and decieving  
Every tangible word dripping with meaning  
Sparks in my throat  
A simple coat of diamonds across my brittle skin  
Blindly shining all my sins  
If only I could redeem every place I've ever been  
With a meaning, it would seem so elequent  
If my excuses we're real things and not just beginnings  
An open dorrway for the deepest dread  
Only a small thread keeps you to my skin  
Six degrees of seperation  
Between of every living being  
A mild occasion with no excellence  
If only I could distribute the beauty  
In the things I see, to the wrold  
Every pain has some sort of meaning  
Silver line around my body  
If only it could arrouse you instead of cloud you  
With insecurities

Lauren Miller

# Passion Hit

His limbs ache from his tongue repeating  
Shaking into her his train of believing  
His stomach is reeling from what she made him see  
And his heartbeat has escaped  
Along with her ability to breathe  
Love is something everyone has learned to overuse  
And his passion just began to overflow

Lauren Miller

# Raiding Rooms

Cold and shallow  
Heartbeat fades into deafening echoes  
In this filled room  
My thoughts scatter and explode across the walls  
Riddles, and lines, and foreign words  
Galaxies of color and straight lines  
Mine yours flee try run cry bleed  
Passion fire truth coward liar minor  
Line the walls  
Of empty space  
Times and places recreated  
On old projection screens  
On the ceiling above your head  
Lying on my unmade bed  
The anxiety comes from the vents  
And my unkempt secrets secrete from foreign places  
Your head runs in parralell your mind runs and repels  
The walls are turning in and the veins of life

Expose from my skin  
And the shadows in the sunlight that dark hearts create  
Run dirty on the floor and squeeze and squirm  
To swallow you whole  
You begged and pleaded "Let me in."  
"Please, let me be your latest sin"

The locks on the door of my creation  
Fleeing from my place of secrets  
Will never lead to you forgetting  
What I let you see and what my crippled mind  
Has created in this darkest place  
Of feelings and second guessing

Lauren Miller

# Resistance

Bring me  
the revolutionary,  
the painter,  
the poet,  
the folk singer,  
the original artist,  
bring me anybody who stood for anything.  
Bring me anything that means something  
Give me an original  
Replace your carbon copies  
with substance  
Replace their demands with  
Resistance  
Show me love  
That is unforgiving  
and replenish it  
Bring me anything that means something  
Take your People magazine  
Your Twilight  
Your Angeline Jolie  
Your false trends  
Your money  
and burn them  
Take anyone who ever stood for  
anything  
and  
never  
gave  
up  
  
and bring them to my stake  
Today we hang them up  
high

Lauren Miller

# Saving

I would ask you to cry with me  
but that would make two of us  
I would appreciate you're apologies  
but they really don't mean much  
I would ask you to lay with me  
but I would become ill at your touch  
I would ask for your help  
but I am in no need of a crutch  
I would do a million things  
But they would amount to nothing  
I could ask a million things of you  
but in all honesty, I could do no such thing  
Do not cry for me  
Do not apologize for me  
Do not reach for me  
Do not help me  
But if you could do all of those things  
I really think you're the only one who could save me

Lauren Miller

# September

It's memories like these  
that hang like leaves  
on the saddest of trees  
The leaves  
that fall off  
first  
Those ones that hurt  
the worst

Lauren Miller

# Sick Pleasure

Hearts draw blood  
Like cactus pricks  
And life's still hard, if no true love sticks  
But tomorrow rises, and night does come  
again, again, again

And you can run  
to catch it all  
But you cant catch falling stars  
without a net

Battle lines are never drawn clear  
and time doesnt heal what embarassment and words create  
No matter how much time is drawn out

And your love only creates ripples in my dreams  
and my heart causes tidal waves  
How sad it is  
to live a life with never feeling pain  
how unfortunate it is to never have heartbreak create youre art  
and how is it to never feel?

I pity

Lauren Miller

# Sleeping Night

Sleep tonight, and wake tomorrow to my hands  
They will graze upon your skin  
I will trace your lips with mine  
And in due time, there will be no other  
I've got magic upon these lines  
And a spell of words and rhyme  
So sleep in peace tonight  
I will shake you awake tomorrow

Lauren Miller



# Society

Black hole in my chest swallows all my best intentions  
and the fear of loneliness hurts worse than ever experiencing it  
Trying to constantly create this facade of nothingness  
Best disguise I've ever produced  
Trying to hide behind my own face in order to distinguish  
Needing a place in your shallow world  
and struggling against the grain  
I end up swimming in the same pool  
The same circle again and again  
Hoping for a way out  
Or better yet a way in  
Make me weak in the knees  
Silly in the brain, that's what I'm sick of having to feign  
Relinquish your soul for a bit attention  
The gift I'm willing to give  
A sacrifice might be a better word to describe my cold heart's intentions  
Struggling to break free, Struggling to be, Struggling to never need  
Your acceptance

Lauren Miller

# Speaking Meanings

I came to say  
'Quit breathing your hostility  
right back at me.'

Came to say  
'You knocked me off my feet  
and my head hit the concrete  
and I'm expecting you to pay  
for my death.'  
I came to bring a hefty ten  
to life

I came to say  
'Here's your knife,  
I found it wedged between my shoulder blades.'

I came to say  
'In that poem i left, while you were sleeping and I was busy grabbing my dignity,

I forgot to delet the stanzas about how you and I were meant to be.'  
I came to say that I ripped the ryhmes  
of us having everlasting time  
straight out of my heart  
Along with the strings that you kept sweing  
Into me

I came to say  
'Here's my corpse  
you can keep it, as a pleasant memory  
of what you left of me.'  
Because i know that you'd never have the heart  
to visit the graveyard  
you forgot to bury me in

I just came to say  
'Hey sweetheart, have a horrible day.'

Lauren Miller

# Synonym

You will create the environment you live in  
And you will give the away all the love you feel obligated too  
But love is blind, as is lust  
Theres a thin line between the two  
and that is called your heart  
It's a delicate bit of art, and a bit of bitter truth

Through two separate descriptions  
There meanings are really the same with undeniable similarities  
No consequences for the moment  
Both justifiable if one condones it

Love and lust are both blind  
Two games of self-hatred to be played  
You'll find that you are the only one capable of blame  
Proof that love and lust are one in the same

Your heart is the only thing that separates  
Which team is yours playing for?  
Each hurt, your long list of excuses to cover for  
When will you say  
Enough Is Enough  
and quit playing for the losing team?

Lauren Miller

# The Devil Needs A Vice

I've got no doubt in my mind  
that this is where you and I  
Draw our battle lines  
And lead seperate lives  
As if it were destined  
Theres only 6 words of advice left  
Come back soon, hell misses you  
The devil needs a vice

You can leave  
If you'd rather break hearts  
Or you can stand  
If you'd rather break yourself  
One damned demand:  
Come back soon, hell misses you  
The devil lost her vice

Lauren Miller

# The Devil's Dirty Deals

Big Bad girl found herself in Hell  
Sold her soul to the devil for a bitter bit of irony  
Contract had fine print about selling off the rest of me  
I guess I forgot to read  
that  
He started off small, selling off peices of me that I'd hardly notice  
at all

First he sold my laughter to a dimwitted blonde  
and my fire to a bum  
That devil only got a bottle of half drunken rum  
out of the deal  
He's got me wondering why i ever even took a trip to his hell  
He sold my beauty to a bitter boy that flickering flames scarred  
He traded everlasting  
for my happiness  
Which he gave away to a bawling new mother

He hoisted the spirit right out of me  
Sold it to a measly ghost locked up in the attic  
TO make me an addicto who came back  
to sell the devil himself a fat sack  
To barter a deal to get my life back on track

While i waited in the lounge, that dirty devil came around  
Tore my mind right out of my skull  
As i sat there suddenly dazed, in a lull  
Gave that brain to a burnout he cheated his way  
into the national spelling bee  
Gave my tears to a cheating wife who needed  
a reason to keep her three kids  
coming back  
Took all of my heart and gave that part to a bitter boy, with every care in the  
world  
Who's been top on the list since his sixth year

He kept my innocence too  
and gave that to a girl engaged primarily to premarital sex  
Who had her first two to make two seperate men stay

but they left

I went back to the devil for a refund

He just smirked and said

'You made your bed and that's where you'll lay

The devil cuts deals, never claimed they were even, no I never did say.'

So he went on, took my sanity

Gave that to a 6'10 in the jail cell, death row

Who can still detail perfectly his family

and how they each have individual screams

Devil went back home and hung my picture in his 'Hall of Infamy'

That devious devil got me screwed in the head

So that i would commit as many sins as I could  
before my end

So that when i got to heaven thinking

'Only God can save me.'

The devil cackled alone on his skeleton throne

While god silently handed me a not

that held a devil-sealed

'No.'

I stared down

and said

'Honey, I'll see you at home.'

Lauren Miller

# To Anyone I've Ever Loved

To anyone I've ever loved,  
This a sincere apology...  
To myself

I'm sorry for ever wasting my time continuously writing lines about their foolish ways  
I'm sorry for getting strung up on every word that spilled from his mouth and lead myself on  
I apologize for the way I behaved when that last fragment broke off my icy heart and pushed me over the edge  
Hey me, I'm sorry for ever letting their like and dislikes become mine and losing an unattainable game  
I do wish quite a bit that i could take back every secondary kiss and every single longing  
I would take back the thousands of seconds that anyone inhabited my brain  
I'm sorry I let myself imagine all these endless possibilities when not a single one became reality  
Sincerely, Im sorry for every evacuation I had to commit to, that does terrible thing to a teenagers brain  
I'm sorry for letting everyone push me around and hoping tomorrow they would change  
Hey Lauren, I'm sorry for wasting endless nights on people who would continuously cause harm instead of in the arms of those who wouldn't

That time he ignored every single text you sent, and how it severely bothered you, I'm sorry for letting you feel that sort of pain  
Or that time when he promised he didn't but I let you create this list of excuses as to why he never would when we both knew he had  
Oh and that one time when you put everything on the line and he simply didn't realize what his presence meant, I should have told you it meant nothing  
I'm also sorry for all the times you felt like she should have been there, I should of let you know that you had every chance to do it on your own  
And everytime you picked up fragments of her disease with the best intentions, I forgot to tell you to worry about yourself instead  
I really do feel bad for everytime i let you be ingored by people who wouldn't appreciate you even if you let them into every crevice of my brain  
I'm sorry for every 'I'm sorry' that I let seep through your lips when they should have been funneled through your ears instead  
Every time someone walked all over you, I should have been behind you helping

you stand

Every time you let someone waltz in and take your dependence I should have been showing you the true meaning of independence instead

So i would just like to say in conclusion,  
I should have written this poor excuse of a poem a long time ago  
and I'm sorry for ever letting you love.

Lauren Miller



# Transverse Invisibilty

I'm here  
Can you see me?  
pressed up against the wall  
Feeling about 2two and 3 quarters of an inch tall  
You're singing your songs  
and painting away  
A doul sould straight to creativity  
You're keeping me clinging  
here for safety, with every word

I'm here  
Can you see me?  
This invisibility  
Isn't all it's cracked up to be  
Sure, I can longer  
without  
thinking  
that maybe, you're judging me  
Sure, I can whisper empty feelings  
into your ears when you sleep  
But when you awake  
You still have no memory  
that I ever watched you breathe  
and that was the gift  
you gave to me

I'm here  
Can you see me?  
I'm struggling to break  
these see through bonds  
Reconstructing my DNA so you can see  
I'M HERE  
for you  
So that you can see that my face  
Is an exact replica of  
yours  
Of the loneliness and the fear  
That I didn't know existed in  
you

I'm here  
Can you see me?  
You think that you're all alone  
But I'm here  
Right beside you  
You're not walking alone  
How I pray  
and I wish  
That you could feel my hand  
wrapped tightly around yours  
That you could see my flesh  
is touching you,  
keeping you grounded  
I just want you to know  
that you're not  
Alone

I'm here  
Can you see me?  
I miss you  
I'm not sure where you are  
anymore  
and it's really hard  
To be here  
Alone  
I can't see you  
but I'd like to think that  
maybe that's because  
You've finally turned invincible too

Lauren Miller

# Trophy Life

Broken glass shatters behind her head  
Too close for comfort, yet again  
Picking up the shards in the morning  
She picks up a piece of glittering fantasy

Suddenly she is Alice through the looking glass  
Looking through the filed past  
Stuck in memories, she's running  
Running fast through trees in a torn dress  
You would imagine that this might be an image of distress  
However as the giggles echo off the trees, the opposite is true  
A perfect afternoon in a childhood memory

The broken house comes into view, just in the distance  
A cold white luxurious living room  
She is being pulled back to reality  
She grips onto trees  
Desperately keeping hold on happy memories  
The branches break with a deafening snap  
and she's back

So careless, the blood trickles down onto pristine white fibers  
Bright red venom stains her looking glass  
She falls to a heap ignoring the painful stings  
Shards of reality  
The silence is deafening  
She traded distinguishing dreams for pairings of white and cream

A trophy wife by trade and he, the trophy collector's king  
A lover of fine things  
He pays expensive prices for the best of everything  
But all alone the facade falls  
And he's just a victim of neglect, a reject  
From a fortune before, following in his father's footsteps  
He should have known that they'd lead him straight to the liquor cabinet door

So here's your scene in distress  
Botox queen in a worthless heap of her own blood and broken things  
Daddy hit the bottle last night, and then his wife

He made sure to leave before dawns early light  
Back to the office, ignoring the fight  
The war at home  
All that glitters is gold  
But will he appreciate his wife left cold in shards of his own disease  
Falling like grenades among blank faces

Lauren Miller

# Unknown

My breathe is searing the insides of my throat  
Your crippled lines become my antidote  
To thirsty needing of you repeating  
Every word he ever said  
Even though its lacking meaning  
Im treading in shallow water  
Falling faster though nothing less than harder  
Loving self comes before loving another  
But when the term is overused, stressed, and hit  
His quick stumbling of practiced bed  
Became the reason I have quit  
To love yourself, god, lover, even mother  
Has escaped my throat to turn into  
Irony  
To love a girl who doesn't know love  
Is to be paid without having a job  
Is to run without connecting legs  
Is turning left when your direction is right  
Is leaving behind bright and clean  
And clinging to her desperate heartbeat  
Thump, thump, thump  
And her meaning is to turn you into a lover  
Not the one who was meant to love her

Lauren Miller

# Untangle Me

Heart strings pull this way and that  
Till they snap  
Pain you've never known  
A knot in your stomach that has grown  
From intangible things  
Like bitter endings and sweet nothings  
Unraveling slowly, twisting and burning  
Till I'm begging you to please  
Untangle me  
Unattainable me  
Strangling me  
With lines of intent to get me under your skin  
and under your bed sheets  
or mine  
Was that my line?  
To keep you  
Did that one go straight up my nose  
Till it melted my brain  
Got me imagining all these ridiculous things  
Like hands wrinkling over time  
And laugh lines carving slowly  
And my love killing mostly  
Like the disease that I am  
Until you're begging me to please  
Give you the cure  
But that shit's unknown  
Start a fund to discover  
What you already know  
Heartbreaks not a disease  
It's an art form  
Got it perfected for you and me both  
Never needed a fund to research that method  
I was simply born with it  
The knowledge to gain, and remain  
and then burn all the beautiful things  
that make me feel whole  
Until they ache, and they break  
Piece by piece  
Crumbling slowly, cremated your mind

Shoved it in a jar, and observed it  
Until you became deformed  
and that's what tortured me most  
Was that I obtained the power to  
Destroy myself  
Untangle me  
Unattainable me  
Strangling me  
My own hands around my throat

Lauren Miller

# Want Me

Share with me this dreadful being  
Encased in a heart so far below the ground  
Six feet under simply isn't deep enough  
Enough of a rut, covered in dirt and grime  
A perfect crime  
If you would just lay underneath the stars  
With me tonight though,  
the grass is wet, the birds aren't singing, it's cold out here  
But do you see the way the stars shine, at midnight  
Do you see the person I become when hidden in your light  
It's beauty, pure magic  
I'll be the bullet  
If you'll be the gun  
You spit me out, a thousand times force  
I'll go straight through your skull  
Finally find a better meaning behind who you are  
Deceiving our minds, thinking we're one  
The same, a stupid game  
to play to my mind's eye, late into the night  
Constantly creating perfection out of daydreams  
Something so short of reality  
A bitter ending, I'll share with you  
If to me you aren't true  
But a simple graze of your skin on my skin  
Is a simple kiss of happiness  
Something I haven't reached quite yet  
The tears will come, someday  
Someday as in one day, far from now, today is not the day  
So I'll trade this happiness in at some point  
But I'll gladly do it, if right now I could just feel your warmth.

Lauren Miller



# Words Hurt

lie is a tired word  
love is a bad word  
to describe  
anything  
is to place it into category  
adjacent holes  
where awkward shapes no longer fit  
the normality is not the formality  
and nothing is considered  
correct  
faithful is a dangerous word  
creative is a worried word  
conform is a lazy word  
to describe  
personalities is to destroy  
a soul

Lauren Miller

# You Asked For Happy

Empty pages of which to pour upon everything that I adore  
So much more than ever thought  
Locked away in a box, six feet under the mistletoe  
Now it's time for me to show  
My wordless creation  
Of sunny skies and gentle breezes  
Of sweet surprises and endless meanings  
Through simple words of rhyme  
Cheap sunglasses and a dress worthy of fairy tales  
Spinning in circles, all falls down, in petals or arsenic  
But that's just fine  
The world is much prettier at a drunken tilt  
The beauty is in the dirt underneath her fingernails  
And the grass stains upon her knees

Simple kisses left in fragments upon my one-track mind  
Like stained glass windows  
Through each a different light does shine  
Some like roses, some like poison, green apples and bloody noses  
A simple caress. repeated several times  
Has this heart in an unwindable bind  
But that's just fine  
The heart does see better broken  
Nothing last forever  
But dried roses stay and linger  
No need for a ring upon this finger, because that's not permanent

Happy to have glanced a life quite subtle  
Perfect nights with perfect pleasentries  
How lucky to have recieved  
Such bountiful gifts as hearts  
They stay forever in glass jars  
Upon the shelves  
Which line my walls  
Midnight calls, and midnight rain showers  
All have a certain sense of power  
Memories that will forever trigger  
Simple reminders of things that have been much simpler

Endings to come, but without them  
Beginnings would be nothing at all  
We may fall short  
But short of what?  
Expectations are only the limits which we set  
But those are not permanent  
Thanking you is the most beautiful thing I can do  
Pavement at midnight underneath my back  
Water on goosebumped skin  
Graze upon graze of gentle sin  
Dance with me upon empty streets  
With lusty heartbeats  
Simplicity

Green grass stained my shins  
But the otherside was no greener  
Sunsets, sunrises, window talks, and loss of crying  
Thankyou, it's the most beautiful thing we could do

Lauren Miller

# You Do

Moving too fast is a way of replaying hatred  
And replacing presence with something less than making  
Actuality happen  
Because actually living  
Is terribly scary  
But if I cry before midnight  
Then the night is wasted  
And next weekend is my excuse for hatred  
Of playing the same tired games to end up with the same old fate  
And all I really want to do is create a pleasant memory  
And leave my mark on this place  
Smoking cigarettes and drowning Bacardi  
Is the only tortured way of living  
That ive got left  
Because the alternatives  
Of sober living really hinder my meaningless creativity  
Though im silly to belive ive left you to forget me  
Remembering my repeated name, will lead you to killing my unforgettable  
personality  
But ive lost it and trying to find the cause of it  
Is harder than recreating a world of possibility  
In which I remember me

Lauren Miller