

Poetry Series

**Nic Miller**  
**- poems -**

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Nic Miller()

# A Dogs Trip To Heaven

The holiday in hell is not going well  
Life stands still in the Hotel Kennel  
The weather is poor and I've got no money  
Can't afford happiness heaven don't come free  
I know it has been a waste but I don't care  
There is no guaranteed arrival for me out there  
But when the luggage enters my veins  
I suddenly ascend to another plane  
All my problems for a while disappear  
As my Ark finds a higher gear  
I no longer control how far I drive  
This is a reality which helps me to survive  
Some might say I'm lost and foolish  
Controlled by the evil that guides my leash  
For in this world I'm just a dog  
But past those boundaries I walk like God.

Nic Miller

# A Mothers Day Message From Leon James Miller Aged 2 Weeks 5 Days

After nine warm months with caring voices and pokes  
Thirteen timeless hours of dedicated love and endurance gifting me life  
Our skins met I could still feel you shaking  
A photographed memory of family history in the making  
Since that day you have fed, cleansed and clothed me  
Each caring touch, every precious second so cherished and valued  
Your comforting songs cradling me to sleep  
My guardian Angel responding to my nocturnal squeak  
Keeping me content, warm and safe  
The journey of life I shall explore under your guidance and care  
Eat, drink and be merry is our family phrase  
I love you Mum and I'm looking forward to those special days.

Leon

x

Nic Miller

# Angel Of Love

At first I was so scared  
I had never been there  
We chatted on the phone  
You gently eased my fears  
There is love out there  
That is what you said  
At first I didn't believe  
I thought it was a dream  
Then you made me wonder  
When we flew to heavens gates  
Together inside the kingdom

You were the best Angel there

I was singing all your praises  
I did not want to leave  
Now I did believe  
The harmony felt good  
The way you told me that it would  
I was so glad that I came  
That day you were my Angel  
My Angel of love  
Sent from above  
You guided me there  
Noone else could  
Thanks for that memory.

Nic Miller

# Hairy Minded Pink Baboon (Emancipation)

Sitting in the forest watching flowers grow  
The sun begins to fade it must be time to go  
But the sun it never tells you that it's through  
Shining down and criticising everything I do  
All the angels flying around Gods big harp  
And all the ghosts that come out after dark  
You look down while I get on with my life  
A single minded urban antichrist.

But I've got a hairy minded pink baboon  
Resting on the shoulders of my cocoon  
The little ape he controls my thoughts  
Distanced from the trap in which your caught  
I've flown so high I once landed on the moon  
Stepped outside floating like a balloon  
Sailed through space and met a pink baboon  
The emancipated hairy minded pink baboon.

Bubbles of wisdom hit the centre of my mind  
More valuable than the treasures that you'll find  
In the seven seas off Mother Natures shores  
Or between the sheets with common city whores  
Thoughts are something that cannot be taught  
Originality in space ain't fought  
Emancipation of the mind is free  
And that's the way life should always be.

Nic Miller

# I Can't I Can

Can't convinced you cannot  
Not yet across the threshold  
Mentally accepting defeat  
Visualising Everest sized summits  
The ascent too steep  
Distance too far  
For fatigued legs  
Death feels a sole baby step away  
Sensing the crumbling landslide of negativity  
You are ready to quit

Don't! ! !

Climb, rise and escalate positivity  
Dare to discover just how far you can go  
Your greatest stride, one magical step away  
Comfort zone miraculously outgrowing and dissolving this mound before you  
It has never been crowded upon the third pole  
There is no physical gold medal to be presented on the summit  
This achievement will transcend pure sport  
By not stopping you will feel reborn  
Emotionally within touching distance of a personal heaven  
You will get there  
You can

Nic Miller

# Morning Sentence

Black eyes with a touch of red  
Sweaty bed and legs like lead  
You've jobs to do by a certain time  
You won't get up and that's a crime  
Again your bed's become a prison  
Whilst you drown in hedonism

The morning criminal strikes again

All motive absent from a pounding head  
Don't want to rise wish you were dead  
You've places to go people to meet  
Yet every morning your white as a sheet  
Day to night a funeral procession  
Murdered by your hedonism

The morning killer strikes again

Every morning your the same  
During the day you feel insane  
Only drugs keep you on track  
You've fallen off and got the sack  
Derailed by your own obsession  
A victim of your hedonism.

Nic Miller



# My Lovely Baby Boy (To My Unborn Son Dec 2010)

Mistletoe Xmas kisses, gifts and wine  
Yet my best delivery will come March day nine

Living nine months inside of the womb  
Our skin will soon touch in a hospital room  
Vision of perfect health, innocence and beauty  
Every finger crossed that is how it will be  
Let the bells ring as bands of Angels proclaim  
Your wonderful first breath words and step

Boy blossoming and growing to man  
A journey I shall nurture and lovingly guide  
Both sharing the emotion and fun  
You ready for that ride my son?

Bits we shall navigate wrong  
Other times we shall steer right  
You had better pass your tiny hand, trust and hold on tight.

Nic Miller

# My Son The Bright Sun - To My Unborn Son (12/09/14)

September twenty fourth  
A new dawn of pure perfection  
The fusion of a radiant bright sun  
Producing wonderful spectrums of light  
A vision of such beauty  
Luminous glowing stars  
Cause solar systems to pause  
Satellites cease circling  
As Earth witnesses a brand new life  
Interwoven with Mother, Father and Brother  
Boling plasma fuelling a natural climate  
One of shining happiness and excitement  
From this joyous union you my son emerge  
Then suddenly grin  
Instantly my heart melts  
Skin to skin  
Life's journey we shall now begin

Nic Miller

# Preface

The page stares at me from the table  
The blank pulp lays as I am unable  
Like a sleeping baby in a cradle

No words  
No message  
Just calm innocent rest

One day you will wake and be able to present  
Words that are personally sent.

Nic Miller

# Sky Blue Zoo

Lost in a monotonous kaleidoscope desert  
Carrying my clock and copper spoon  
Out on a hunt for cheese on the moon  
I pause as three camels glide along the Hawaiian beach  
The Ogre then follows me to Tower Bridge  
Where the smoke melts as butterflies learn to walk  
The dinosaurs wake and eat their cornflakes  
Whilst I remain trapped in my invisible cage  
Collecting sea shells in my mothers jam jars  
Out on a hunt for chocolate on Mars  
I pause as a surfer runs across the English sunset  
Then race a sea horse to the sun  
It's all happening in the Sky Blue Zoo.

Nic Miller

# The Madness Is Real

All the world stands  
straight in line.  
Together we stand  
divided we shall fall.  
Earth's twin clears itself  
of the toxic fumes.  
As the brand new  
world reveals itself.  
A great fatigue  
floats into my head.  
Pleasant slow positive  
vibrations drift on by.  
Visions in my mind  
pure, relaxed and divine.  
On a boat  
with no sail.  
I've crossed over  
that thin white line.  
Lost all control.  
At the mercy  
of the tide.  
Confusion anchors up  
docking in my port.  
It has me  
in it's grasp.  
Now the world  
has gone insane.  
The madness is real.  
Somebody please tell me  
how does it feel?

Nic Miller

# The Magic Carpet

A smokey haze clouds the air  
As I dance carelessly along with Claire  
Slipping away we break free of our strings  
Gliding gracefully round romantic smoke rings  
Our battered shoes have soles filled with magic  
Together we sit back and ride the carpet  
The stars rotate as we milk the rush  
Then from the sky comes a deadly hush  
Out of the silence the sun starts to rise  
Me and Claire kiss, but it's just a disguise  
Refreshed not clean we start to move  
Snaking along to the daytime to groove  
Our minds feel the grass as it strokes our feet  
What have we done to deserve this treat?  
This is the day of rainbow gold  
We honestly prayed that it never would fold  
Surfing along me and Claire shall live forever  
Constantly dodging the mines marked 'never'  
Living on the edge is so much fun  
After all what is done is done  
We've gone too far and can't turn back  
Who ever made our strings go slack?  
The moon looks down as we pass  
Me and Claire first grin then laugh  
The stars rotate as we milk the rush  
Then from the sky comes a soothing hush  
Her head is down for me that's fun  
She steers the carpet towards the sun.

Nic Miller

# The Skunk

The potent Skunk  
Creeping through the air tonight  
The Skunk is playing with your mind  
This is the leaf that will make you feel so divine.

Nic Miller

# Waiting For The Man

I'm waiting for the man I'm feeling kind of low  
I'm waiting for the man to make this feeling go  
I'm waiting for the man and I feel like shit  
I'm waiting for the man and I need another hit  
I'm waiting for the man to take away this pain

To take away the pain  
that's driving me insane  
The pain is twisting  
and pulling my insides  
Suddenly  
my lights go out like the tide  
As I sail through the darkness  
chasing the fool  
Find another hit my body calls  
I sit on the deck  
sweat and feel cold  
This is a junkies story that already has been told  
Ten thousand times before  
by other fallen men  
Our washed up souls never to be dry again  
Some have been weak  
some have been strong  
But all of us feel as if we do not belong  
We just drift on and hum our song

We're waiting for the man and we all feel low  
We're waiting for the man to make this feeling go  
We're waiting for the man and we all feel like shit  
We're waiting for the man we need another hit.

Nic Miller