

*A Collection of Poetry ©1998 - 2012*

*By*

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## *As They Should Be*

Without a flutter she brushes against me with white tipped wings. Spiraling cinders in her eyes, I look to see fleeting days spent musing over smiles and anticipation. Above and around her drifts a golden autumn haze where once sunset's last red ember glowed ... mellowing to a soft halo. Embracing her slowly, letting go to warmth within a cozy afterglow of silence – how I ached for this. Our hands would clutch while I felt her kiss on my face. We would be riders unaware in a garden counting our gifts as I lay cradled in her arms. I beg to take her to a soft sequestered grove where mysteries are born nursed to full complexity before a prayer – all, while searching for the moon.

### *Hope is a Better Day*

I cannot kindle a fire within a heart that is still. A task best done with an insight willed by one with hours of longing. Though, if I were given a day to wish, I, with her, would see eternity in a grain of sand, Heaven in her eyes, and the face of love never-ending. I would bind myself to her and at the same time allow her a freedom as cloudless as night without morning. In holy realms above, I can only wonder. I live this thorny life in youthful vanity and if to be wrought with love like a madness is considered foolish – then, I am a fool. Hope is an ill that I endure, for each moment I am with her, I pay in anguish without. These things I cannot touch in gentleness ever briefly in preserved caress. Understanding what is not mine rests in neither her absent kisses nor eyes not upon me, but in all of these. Like a treasure that is never counted, a gain never measured, a jewel from a broken chain, she is like an angelical thief – an everlasting end. I cannot see her as often as I wish, but I cannot see the stars during the day...if only one. A laugh that is vibration and light which comes from one who is like a difficult moment – a terrible day lasting forever. Yesterday, I will never call back if only in passing thoughts which are like silent tears. I weep ... for I have touched a precious stone, felt random blessing, and spoken to a dear soul. Of all this, a stubborn angel I hope to be. Held against Heaven's rivers and winds blown far from home. Though from her torrid words, before and after, it can be said that I do believe in Saints – longing only to kiss one. All I have are words. Hope is a better day.

### *Waiting For My Son*

My only child, a vision of mine and a vision to gain. Your soul is a deep crest beneath mysterious water both lucent and bright. Your face is a mural I have stared upon to give my heart ease – a soft brow's grace, tender as the sea. My life's work is to knit our souls. Hopeful the work begun will rest in Heaven's conception.

Sit beside me underneath the sun in a misty meadow near a cool stream. While the light falls through tall elms in the last hour of our day. Allow me to touch a dawn of gold with a trailing gleam of silver – this is your subtle heart, profound like a dream. In time, you will wander from the father where once there was a thick, fibrous shadow – lingering now, only a transient gleam. Rest near me and allow the embrace as the day's last leaves stray about and the clear dusk consumes the face of the wind against the remaining sky. Let me glance into your eyes as they lift up to hear my voice give note of a quiet welcome.

It is then I will pray you speak aloud, I love the air in which the stars come out. I love the drifting joy of how you come when I call your name. I love the nurture of the hedge and tree. I love how you have seen me through the full soft rain. Most of all, I love you, Daddy.

### *Last Breath*

I love the thought of Winter within a forest green and white. When the tall oaks groan in the northern winds. When the light frost creeps around the bark and dark twigs fall and give an illusion of smaller trees not yet grown. From far away, I can see an open door, where soft yellow light spills outward. A house I would know well sits quietly waiting. Let me wrap peace in my arms now among the frost and snow. Let my prayers bring back a new spring in my aching heart. Under a blue sky, let hawks and eagles soar and circle while I am paired in gentle harmony with faith. While the owl hoots and casts its green eyes toward yearning. I shall melt – then be with you.

## *I Am*

I am weary without you. I watch for warm eyes upon my cool heart. To listen for the call home like an unexpected poem that can steal a single tear unnoticed until it falls against my cheek.

I am lonely without you. Hoping for a light that wraps itself around me in a dream where a child giggles and swims a blue-green ocean underneath a sky lit with a moon so full – as if it has swallowed every star in Heaven.

I am nothing without you. Slipping away without and within the right words and the wrong patterns. Chancing at faith and meaningful errors against will and worship. My hands reach for you like injured birds looking for a nest to roost.

I am only for you. In this place of thorn and briar, I still – from time to time, travel a patch of flowers and within it –I find my rose.

I have spent my life waiting and will spend the rest of it listening – for You to say my name.

### ***What Light***

Like one flower to another the lilacs can never blossom as beautiful as she. As the sun fades, she is my lantern. She is a slight trellis where the honeysuckle cling heavy with green and gold vines. In the midst of any thought of her, there is that plays, a tiny fountain with silvery murmuring; in the background there rises the sound the wind makes through stately trees, on which moonlight shimmers and ramparts a sweet horizon beyond.

## *The Weight*

There is something within our love that always remains an ideal – a mystery – a sun-bright or rainy day – a summit mingling with the clouds above. There were moments I saw glints of faith. This hope I give back to the world and what has come to be known and will forever be – Our place beneath the apple tree. Though, the sun hasn't shown in quite some time, I still see your face against my heart, heard your name and called it, promised to hold you forever, and kissed your mouth – all during cloudy, rainy days ... I do love the sun, but Oh, how I miss the rain. That of which has been my blessing, a better day still falls upon my eyes as innocence falls upon the eyes of a child; quietly, unchosen, and as impartial as the weight of light.



## *Remembering the Promise*

All those in the grip of fear act as if they had a thousand years before them. Whether they dream of dance, they spend their precious hours as though the store of them were inexhaustible. There are haunting dreams and they are so harsh and lonely. Yet, there are those gentle souls; ever so often. I gladly accept the trade. Let my life be a love-letter to the compassionate. A grandiose attempt to perpetuate a smile I hope to have placed in the heart of the ones I love.

## *Sambirdio*

Passion plays and flowing thoughts of elation beyond the limitations of symbols and rituals – none of this is supposed to happen in a weary world. But I felt his downy fur rise to meet my wet and swollen cheek. His soft and subtle kisses, leaving internal cries of joy screaming within me. I remember my tears striking a dirty pillow, but you were there next to me – purring apologetically. It is a fleeting moment now, but even then I knew it was goodbye dancing around our minds. You were like touching stars and tasting cream filled clouds. I see you in my heart and your boundless kitty-like smiles. My dear friend, you allowed me a graceful ascent towards heaven.

## *The Storm*

I know you are lonely, but let me carry you in my arms with swift but gentle conviction.

## *One Day*

One day I will lay down for the last time; wait, and know, unless I had once loved –my life would have just flashed me by.