

Poets Don't Get Laid

By Kristopher Miller

Poets don't get laid
because they don't look rich and smoke cigars,
and they do not even get laid backstage
even if they perform poetry in bars.

Poets just don't look sexy most of the time
because they don't play Gibson guitars
and they normally don't drive around
in expensive low-rider cars.

Poets are viewed as pretentious
and only as some high-browed elite.
While in reality, we write poetry about sex, drugs, and radical politics,
the kind of shit rock musicians, hip-hop artists, and techno experts compose
about
and we even sometimes craft poems about what we bother to fucking eat.

Us poets offer a different kind of sex appeal,
the kind you find by flipping open a page
and when you read what we have to say,
your libido will break open your self-imposed cage.
You hear us read aloud and you will get hot and bothered
by our verses, by our rhyme scheme,
and you will want to take your clothes off article by article
as you hear us deliver our poetry, meter by meter,
and not in a mosh pit and not in some loud fucking club
but maybe in some small coffee shop or library somewhere
where the light shines on just the poet and the microphone
for the poet does not sweat when performing,
the poet makes you sweat in your seat while you are watching,
the poet gets you hard or the poet gets you wet
not by beating up the crowd
but by turning on the crowd.

So, just to clarify,
poets don't get laid.
You get laid by poets.

Anxiety Screams

By Kristopher Miller

I have this old friend, you see,
his name is High Fucking Anxiety,
who's been possessin' me
and he's churnin' and burnin'
in my guts
and I twist and turn
and choke and burn
as I am kneeling and feeling
like High Fucking Anxiety is bitin' in my stomach,
'cause High Fucking Anxiety ain't subtle,
'cause High Fucking Anxiety is an asshole
who likes to be the life of the party
so he makes me dance around like an imbecile
and to show people how I twist and turn,
how I spasm and spin,
wow I stutter and stammer
when trying to woo the girls,
or when trying to buy the drinks,
to calm High Fucking Anxiety down,
but High Fucking Anxiety can't get drunk enough,
and I am drunk on High Fucking Anxiety
because High Fucking Anxiety
is bitin' and clawin' at my brain,
making me tired, depressed, and insane,
and making me thinkin' and wishin'
that I was somewhere else
from all the people I think are starin' at me
like I am Patient Zero
to spread High Fucking Anxiety with,
and High Fucking Anxiety loves to do some
stabbing and searing at my heart,
as I am cryin' and dyin'
from High Fucking Anxiety
and my heart keeps beatin' and being eaten
by this old friend

Writing Raw

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who has it for breakfast, lunch, and dinner,
every minute and every hour,
every day and every night,
every week and every month,
and every goddamn year
from New Years Eve to Doomsday.

The Goddess is My Temple

By Kristopher Miller

My goddess looms over me
as I lie on a cold slab.
She lets me into her warm temple
between her thick thighs serving as her temple's pillars.

I gasp like she is revealing an ancient secret to me that I always craved
as she crawls on me to taste my lips.
I sweat and pant as she gives me a blessed kiss;
my body goes electric with her power as her breasts bounce with each
movement.

She presses her hands on my shoulders as she pushes down on me,
I feel my mind is on fire as her eyes pierce into mine,
as she gives me all of her secrets of her universe.

She closes her eyes with ecstasy.
Her sweat pours down on me
and it mingles with mine.

She growls as she digs her nails into my chest.
I moan during the ritual as I reach up to her breasts and grip them
and raise my head to kiss her lips.

She rides me, harder and harder
for I am her stallion
as she rides me closer and closer
towards the climatic end.

Then she cries and grips me,
and I yell as I hold her.

She covers me with her love
and I fill her with myself.

My offering to the Goddess is complete.
I took her to the highest heights
and she took me back down to Earth.

Surrogate Lover

By Kristopher Miller

You kiss me not because you love me
but you do it to comfort my psyche.
You hold me not for romance
but for some mutual friendly intimacy
I am grateful for you feeling my body
but not sapping my very soul,
even though the next day comes
and we wash our mutual passion away
and afterward,
we look at each other like we just talked about yesterday's rain.

You help fill a void dug out by the last woman I was with
even though you are loyal to your current man.
You don't try to jab hooks and strings onto me
to keep me forever attached.
I am grateful for you feeling my body
but not sapping my very soul
even though tomorrow morning
we smile like we were just close friends.

You are my surrogate lover
for we kiss and touch but we do not connect
and we know each other's secret side.
But during the next morning, we cover our act under the bedsheets,
and we dress up to cover our basic desires,
and afterward,
we just stare at each other in a casual and friendly way.

Because you are my surrogate lover,
for our bodies join but our hearts do not,
and we hold each other not to be together forever,
but just to fill each other's empty self for the night.

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Kristopher Miller bio: Kristopher Miller has been scribbling random words since he was just a little dude, and he's continued scribbling down even more words as an adult. Apart from being featured on Writing Raw, Miller is also featured in Down in the Dirt and Burning Word Literary Journal. He has also written and released his first novella, The Maze's Amulet, and the poetry anthology, Poisoned Romance, on Amazon and Barnes & Noble for digital download in 2012. To visit Mr. Miller, e-mail at magickmaze@gmail.com.