



**SONGS
OF MY
SOUL**

by Kirstin Miller

The poetry of a young girl struggling to control social phobia.

Copyright © Jean Jardine Miller

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission of the publisher.

Miller, Kirstin, 1972-1991

Songs of my soul (e-book)

ISBN 0-9731376-0-6

First published 1992 Purpleville Publishing.

Jardine Miller
PUBLISHING WHAT IS
SIGNIFICANT TO TODAY
Limehouse, ON L0P 1H0,
CANADA

CONTENTS

DARKNESS

I Wait	6
Not Alone	7
Time's Eclipse	8
Insomnia	9
Come Alive	10

NATURE

Sing To My Soul, My River	12
Your Song of Love	14
Lion of My Heart	15
The Trees	16
Nature Has No Time For Sorrow	20

SEARCHING

Love's Wandering	22
Beloved One	23
The Search	24
Travelling	25
Somewhere in the Distance	26

DESTINY

Wanted	28
Beyond This Station	29
The Shining Light	30
Nothing's as it seems	31
Close Your Eyes	32
Kiss the World Goodbye	33
Lost in the Wilderness	34
Where Duty Lies	35
Age	36
Freedom and Love	37
Another Time	38

LOVE

Sweet Red Wine	40
Forsaken	42
Love Was Our Treasure	43
Walk by your Window	44
The Rocky Shore	46
If You Were in My Arms Tonight	48
so Desperately	49
Peace and Love	50

THE WORLD

Destruction	52
Breaking the Barriers	53
Goodbye Cruel World	54
Falling	55
Off to the Gulf	56
The Final Story	58

THE PRISONER

Lonely Days	60
Sweet Liberty	61
Without Dimension	62
Break the Chains	63
The Secret Kingdom	64
My Life	66

RENEWAL

Starting Again	68
The Light in You	69
It's All Gold	70

PREFACE

At my daughter's funeral, the minister talked about the times when Kirstin was happy doing the things that were most meaningful to her — *"...times when she was with her music and poetry; times when she walked by the river; times when she watched and cared for the birds about her house; times when she was able to read and think - to stimulate her very fine intellect; times when she was able to let her thoughts be known about nature and the environment..."*

Kirstin was a pretty blonde, blue-eyed teenager who lived, for many years, with social phobia and panic disorder which developed into agoraphobia (an immobilizing fear of people, strange places and unfamiliar situations) creating a painfully lonely adolescence. During one of the great voids of despair that her condition induced, she took her own life. She was just nineteen. Her concerns were communicated in her poetry. To a large extent, they are the things that many young people care most about today. The compilation of Kirstin's poetry into this small volume is, for the most part, a means to communicate to her peers all the desires, dreams, thoughts and ideas which her fear of people prevented her from expressing.

During the years prior to her death, Kirstin corresponded frequently with three very caring relatives who each had a profound affect upon the words and music that she wrote. They were her aunt, Cathy Hufnagel, who during her own teenage years had often faced the same downward spiralling depression as Kirstin; her grandmother, Nola Miller, whose letters consistently expressed her love and concern for Kirstin, and her second cousin, Graham Draper, who was - along with Elizabeth Barrett Browning - Kirstin's kindred spirit. Extracts from this correspondence and from her diary demonstrate the soul and depth of feeling which gave birth to her poetry.

DARKNESS

“I believe everything is sent for a purpose. We go through a karma - some live to be sick, some to be poor, some to suffer so that we become wiser and stronger. We move through the darkness to get to the light. So, Kirstin, smile. I believe you’re a lovely person and I love you very much.”

Letter from Nola Miller, July 1991

I Wait

In the moonlight, as before, I wait.
 the starlight shivers
In the silence dawn ponders my fate.
 the water quivers
enlightened sighs, they catch the air
the breeze runs dry, the trees are bare
In the sudden howling of Eternity,
I wait.

Distant cries enfold the night
 the Earth will grow
All is well to love's delight,
 it's rivers flow
sun begins its rise, the air is clear
the night explodes, take all you hear
with a purpose that is yet to be.
I wait.

Dreams lift me up above the sting of
 all greed's nations.
Time takes me there to feel the death
 of love's creations
silhouetted there against the sky,
all nature breathes hope's lullaby.
And now that sound is all I see;
I wait.

Not Alone

Take a look inside your mind.
Doesn't really matter why.
Take a look inside your mind,
Listen close and you will find
You're not alone
In the darkness.

Not alone!
Standing on the edge of time,
On your face the fateful sign,
In your head the distant rhyme
Echoes through the sands of time.
You're not alone
In the darkness.
Not alone!

Time's Eclipse

Love lead on
Into the corridors of time's eclipse.
For in the Martian plane
Behold
Another
Waits
Yearning to define my Venus,
Stripped
Bare of all west's shielding,
Chilled
In desert's cold.

Love flow forth
To clothe the east in spirit gold
Blessed with Venusian lips,
Enchant,
Forever
Fold
Embracing gentle Mars.

Insomnia

I can't see where I am tonight.
Love drifts before me like
an open cloud to whom
I cry out in my need.
Dead days are gone,
Time is moving on.
Before I slept;
Now I'm only dreaming.

Come Alive

Darkness falls,
descending sky
the clouds are falling.

Come alive.

Teardrops on the border line
Drifting over seas of mind
On your right what's left behind
On your left the other side.

Come alive.

NATURE

“But of everything you have written, one line stands out to tell me more about the real you than anything else... ‘There is nothing more mind-blowing than nature’. What that tells me is - never mind who is in tune with you - you are in tune with the earth.”

Letter from Graham Draper, June 1989

Sing To My Soul, My River

The day is darkening
The river flows as poison stains her banks.
Redwing cries and birdsongs
Are alive with mystic memories.
The river rushes
This day darkening her beauty.
A piece of my heart is lost here
Perhaps forever.

Sing to my soul, my river,
Tell me there is a hope, a chance
My sweet river.
I lost my heart to you long ago.

Soft moccasins have trod with you
In spirit-whispers
Brave and true
They followed you
Seeking nothing but your life,
Your water's soothing touch as I do.

And your voice,
The sweet voice of a lover forever calling
I dream of your youth, when you danced
Without the stains of man's greed,
Pure and free from the lesser things of man's creation,
Man's death, that lie still like random tombstones
In the midst of your creation.

Your life heralds a time to come.
A hope, dream - not yet a reality.
I cry with you in your pain
Know that I seek your love and wish to follow
As the moccasins in ages past.
Give me your life as you give it to the sparrow,
The cardinal and redwing.
Then, surely, I could fly.

Your Song of Love

Your song splashes through
 the early morning full of forgotten ages.
Alive with sacred memories,
You sing of love.

All I know is but a vision
 of your mystery.
All I see is but one celestial
note of your sweet song.

You sing for those who hear you,
 for one who might stumble upon
Your universal glory,
You sing of love.

Lion of My Heart

Prince of Flame

Prince of Fire

I send you love

Sacred Flame

Sacred Fire

You're my desire.

I need your love

Wand in hand

You stood in my Path

Lion of my heart.

My waters tremble for your warmth.

My living waves seek your shores.

I rise from Scorpion depths

As I hear your mighty roar.

And I embrace your Soul.

The Trees

In the beginning, Love created many things.
There was the Earth, the Sky,
The many Creatures who roamed the earth
And there were the Trees.

Eternally reaching, they stood
Roots deep within the earth,
Their many different shapes
Clothed in magnificent colour
Shed, when the cold winds came,
To stand naked bravely defying all.

The many Creatures of the Earth
Came to know and love the Trees;
Providers of shelter for many,
Food, protection and warmth.

But one creature was to rise,
To be greater than all;
To rule over the Earth.
This creature was called Man.

At first, he lived in peace.
He was kind to the Trees
And respected their wisdom,
For they had lived much longer than he.
They, like all growing things,
Knew that one must strive to reach the sky
And, even when hurt,
Must keep on growing.

So they lived on;
All the Creatures, living in Love
Until Man, the great creature,
Started to wander away.

He began to get greedy.
He ruled over everything.
He, surely, need not follow
The path of all others.
He could find his own way
And all power would be his.

He wandered the Earth,
Destroying other creatures
To make room for himself.
Along the way he named things,
Deciding what was good and evil,
Enslaving all in his bitter monarchy.

The Trees could do nothing
But watch, for this was their fate,
And bear witness
To the massacre.

Man's desperate "human race" goes on
And, today, the Trees
Are one of the saddest victims.
For Man, who was destined to rule them,
Rules with cruelty
And is destroying his Earth.

We cannot live without the Trees;
They contribute to the air we breathe.
We must ensure that they survive
So that all Creatures on the Earth
Can breathe, in harmony, together.
This is Peace. This is the Breath of Life.

We must co-exist for until we do,
The Trees will continue to stand alone,
In their majesty and ancient wisdom,
Bearing witness to our crimes
As we slaughter them. Oh, Love,
Let us see their tears.

Nature Has No Time For Sorrow

A winter walk;
The snow is melting.
A valiant red coat flashes before me
As the brave cardinal seeks his favourite perch.

Naked majesty unfolds.

I find a young shrew
Drowned pink in the cold river.
I find a hole under a small tree;
A safe tomb guarded by loving arms.

Sweet rest.

The birds flutter on;
Nature has no time for sorrow.

SEARCHING

“I’m sensitive about these things but angry that I can’t do anything about them and I need to get a job but I’m terribly paranoid about doing anything that could hurt the world in any minute way. I’m progressing from fearing the world to hating it - well, not the world, itself, but the power it has and the way it hurts me. I sort of pity it but, being terrified of becoming part of it, the pity is pushed aside.

So where does my soul lie in the midst of all this? I don’t know. I’m just sort of hanging on to the little bit of it that I know and praying that it will guide me. I couldn’t face becoming like the rest of the world - so out of touch with god/love yet destroying every manifestation of it in the search for it.”

Letter to Graham, January 1990

Love's Wandering

One day in late July,
We set off across the sky
To see what would be born
In the clouds of early morn.

Now it lies upon the land,
Like a castle in the sand,
Love's wandering.

As we stand at heaven's gate
Mad winds tell us of our fate,
Torn between the darkness and
Love's wandering.

And in the soft rainbow cloud's womb,
We will find our true love's tomb
Silver winged eagles declare
As they cut the cosmic air.
May the satyrs hear my rhyme,
Through the starry waters of time,
Love's wandering.

Beloved One

You got what you wanted.
Ah, it seems ages ago
you got what you wanted;
what you wanted told you so.

I'm looking for what I want
in the fire and in the snow.
I've no idea what I want
but when I get it I'll know.

You made me scream,
you lit my dream,
you took me high
oh, beloved one.

You saw my lie
You made me cry
You have my heart
Oh, beloved one.

Oh, let the darkness stain my eyes
I can't see love now that you are gone.

You told me I would love life.
Now you're gone and it seems you were wrong.

The Search

Long ago in ancient past,
in dark land of Ealindast,
a knight - a daring mortal proud
with all the wisdom pride allowed,
sought to find true love for
his adventurous life had become a bore.

Dragons he'd fought throughout the land,
ogre troop and goblin band,
saving helpless maidens was such a drag,
from brainless bimbo to heartless hag

He set out on a ship one day
to find a true love far away.
Through swirling sea and desert vast
through forests dense and down rivers fast,
he searched and searched but, alas,
where could there be that type of lass?

To search for perfection is all very well
But to look for heaven is to live in hell.

Travelling

Travelling down the road at lightning speed.
It may sound easy.
It's not as easy
As it seems.

And if you feel that all is lost,
Don't worry.
No, it's only lost
And broken dreams.

On the road, you don't look back
Or you may find
You've lost
All that you've seen.

Through the labyrinth of my mind
I see behind me
Only ghosts
Of what I've been.

After years and years, all I've left
To guide me
Are the echoes
Of my screams.

Somewhere in the Distance

A hundred million miles away from shore
Don't think I can get there anymore.
D'you know that in the distance I
can see a fighter plane
moving over the hill and valleys in the rain?

Somewhere in the distance, I think I'll go.
I've never been out there or does it show?
Perhaps, in a moment, I
might feel brave and strong
but if I don't... so long.

Somewhere in the distance there,
There's a dream that I could share.
I'm alive, and you
are the light
so take me there.

Somewhere in the distance,
there's a loving golden sun
and everything has begun.

A hundred million miles away from shore
Don't think I'm still there anymore
Far off in the distance I
still see the fighter plane
disappear into the sun beyond the rain.

DESTINY

“You say in your letter how ‘perfect’ it is that I give you information about the time you need it or begin reading on it. Good choice of word. I’m so glad you didn’t say ‘amazing’ or ‘surprising’ or, worse, ‘a coincidence’. If you’re into Carl Jung, then read everything you can on what he called ‘synchronicity’. I’ve been looking at synchronicity for a few years now and it explains so much. What is happening here is that you and I are now ‘linked’ or ‘synchronizing’. Sometimes the written word is inadequate to convey what you and I are discussing. It would be easier if we were talking face to face and receiving immediate feedback but, at this time that is not possible so, as I see it, The Force steps in and creates a synchronicity between us. Thus, events in your life and mine are synchronized over the miles to keep us in touch at a level above either the spoken or written word.”

Letter from Graham Draper, May 1991

Wanted

Far outside the physical,
On a mountain rests majestic Love;
Alpha and Omega.

One in All
and
All in One.

Love roams,
Love soothes,
Love breathes in Mars
and Venus.

Thither me.
Take me
and behold me.
Wanted.

Beyond This Station

I have been here before
with nothing to hold onto,
and it's hard to hold on
when there's nothing to hold onto.

Take me back without adventure,
blindly talking to the sky.
Within the question lies the answer
leaving only endless why.

Beyond this station endless ages
Hear their last and timeless cry.
Through the whispers of the sages
Beyond history, only sky.

The Shining Light

There was a time before you changed my mind;
When I was suddenly blind,
I found myself upon a beach
The missing piece just out of reach.

feel

How I long to feel the rain again

see

See the sun rise over the land and then

hear

Hear the calling of a distant shore

And walk towards the shining light once more.

As sweet as redeeming love can be;
It can't defeat the loneliness that's claimed me.
At last let the open doors reveal
The wooden chests that still conceal.

You've given me life, hope, lifted me up,
Let me see dawn in your crystal cup.
I'll be your soldier, sword and steed;
Just, please, guide me towards what I need.

I see you in all my thoughts and dreams;
How like a star your guidance seems.
Lead me, at last, to the mountain of love
To hear your doves cry to me from above.

Nothing's as it seems

You hold it like it's some forgotten dream,
but it's not.
It's real

Don't you know that nothing's as it seems?
Live laser beams
cut through hard steel.

I looked up to touch the sky,
feelings fly.
You wake up only to say goodbye;
don't die.

In a while you'll return to me
and I'll return to you;
like lovers do.

Close Your Eyes

The preservation of the soul,
The fluttering of thought's control,
Sonic chambers, lethal tears;
A hovering angel stoops and peers.

Love's grip receding,
My soul is bleeding.

And the machines that keep us alive
Until we die - is it wise?

Close your eyes.

Kiss The World Goodbye

Deep in the sky
the angels are calling.
I answer;
Now I'm falling.
There's a shadow over my soul.

Naked with wings
they're flying.
The sky so wild
but forever dying.

Kiss the world goodbye.

Your eyes lead you
beyond your chosen path;
See how you're drawn to me
Deep inside love's wrath.
Oh, there's a shadow over my soul.

Kiss the world goodbye.

Our love runs in stages
Slow to rise, yet fast to fall.
Your mind lies bruised in mystic cages
Safe behind your wall.

Lost in the Wilderness

I'm out of control;
Sometimes I can't see the forest for the trees.

I'm a mass of contradictions.
Sometimes I can't see the world for it's people;
They're wounding me too deep.

Find a stone;
Find a stone in the mountains.
Then, take a hand and cast the stone into the sea.
Maybe someone will find that stone;
Maybe someone will find me.

I'm all alone,
I'm a light in a deep, dark tunnel.
Lost chromosome.
I'm too small for anyone to see.
I'm leaving home - lost in the wilderness is where I'll be.

Where Duty Lies

Sweet beauty, I am but a child
Enraptured by your song so free
And spirit-fruit so wild.
A piece of perfect pattern's lace
So I would contented wait,
A prisoner of time and place,
Trapped within the cruel world's fate.

So my duty I will try to find.
What my soul says lies with you
Yet, as a child of human kind,
I'm forced to fit - deny my heart -
As a last forgotten piece,
A worldly puzzle's missing part.
Searching for which will never cease.

Age

When you're young you ask
about the earth and sky,
and how the birds can fly so high
What makes the water wet?
Why does the sun shine?
Why is there the number nine?

As you age you learn these things,
The bell of wonder rarely rings.
You form opinions about things you understand
and things you don't even try to,
You support ideas, stand for your rights
live, love, try to learn and do.

You get old, stop, rest a while;
everyone treats you like a child
All things you've learned, said and done
fade away - destiny the sun.

Freedom and Love

freedom;
freedom is nice
but is it worth dying for?
love;
love is like ice
and what do we need fire for?
Freedom?
You'll never really love;
you set yourself free
until
fall,
fall into love,
fly into the stars

You'll never really be free
until you live in love.

You'll never really be in love
until you set your love free.

Another Time

I've seen you dance across your sacred tomb.
I'm looking for the past.
Have you seen it?

I know that morning will be coming soon
And I am lost;
So very lost.

Well the memories whisper softly as you dance
And in your eyes;
Only tears.

I've seen your dream and heard your cries
Echoes of a softer,
Gentler time.

LOVE

“How does one reveal love of such power that it tortures one to have it? To seek love from the skies is the answer. Forget human understanding. Perhaps I’ll never have that, but I must express my waters to perhaps give comfort to the lost. I pray someone will hear my song. A prince. A beggar. It doesn’t really matter. How many birds are there that sing so beautifully... and few listen? I shall not die with my song unheard.”

Diary - May 26th 1991

Sweet Red Wine

I took the time to read your rhyme;
I love your poetry.
And when I died, the world had lied
and love rushed over me.

*Look out the window, see where the road bends
I will lead you down the path that never ends
Through mist so fine I see love shine
Yourself you'll find; just drink the sweet red wine.*

In spellbound bliss, a sparkling kiss
is what you gave to me.
On your return, passion will burn
and love will set us free.

*Look out the window, see where the road bends
I will lead you down the path that never ends
Through mist so fine I see love shine
Yourself you'll find; just drink the sweet red wine.*

Your eyes on fire, whet my desire;
you're taking hold of me.
The night so dark, you are the spark
that burns so I can see.

*Look out the window, see where the road bends
I will lead you down the path that never ends
Through mist so fine, I see love shine
Yourself you'll find; just drink the sweet red wine.*

The great dove sings, he spreads his wings
He flies above us all.
Just take his hand, you'll understand
that now you'll never fall.

Forsaken

You left me standing there
Broken flowers in my hair.
I knew that I had been forsaken

How can you say this dream is over?
How can you say our love has reached its end?

It seems that love is left to chance,
It's only fools wait for romance.
Only romantics can be so mistaken

How can you say this dream is over?
How can you say our love has reached its end?

Love Was Our Treasure

When we met,
There was magic in your eyes;
Love needs no alibis

For need of someone being there,
Promises were made.
You never called

I'm left alone to wonder why,
When love was our treasure
You kissed it goodbye

Wait by your Window

My love, you wait by your window;
I don't have far left to run.
Divine love burns in your eyes
For I am your promised one.

*Wait for me beloved one
And for the love that's yet to come,
I will love you forever and ever.*

It has been long since I've seen you.
Away at war among the dead,
How often I have dreamed
Of you lying on our silken bed.

*Wait for me beloved one
And for the love that's yet to come,
I will love you forever and ever.*

Oh, my love, sweet dreamer,
Take the heart that now I bear.
We'll make magic in the waters
While the world sleeps unaware.

*Wait for me beloved one
And for the love that's yet to come,
I will love you forever and ever.*

My love, you wait by your window
I climb away the winding stair
We meet; your eyes are haunting,
But no love waits there.

The Rocky Shore

Thoughts take wing
ignite under
an electric sky.
and the search
goes on.

Thoughts take wing;
Ignite under
An electric sky.
Can you turn me on
Like a sky of diamonds.
Have our love weave patterns
In the stars?

Feelings crash upon
the rocky shore
as we meet
passion to passion,
lust to lust.

Feelings crash upon
The rocky shore,
As we meet passion to passion,
Lust to lust.
Come dance with me
Forever and through all,
Alive with fire.

Onward;
for the call
sings on unanswered
and cries for love
without life cannot hold.

Onward for the call,
Sings on unanswered.
Crying for love's kiss,
Echoing like waves,
My soul is bleeding;
Lethal tears of crimson
Stain the night.

You stained my dream

I seek
deep refuge
in my soul.

If You Were in my Arms Tonight

If you were in my arms tonight,
You'd be drowned in my love.
But instead you're moving out of sight
And there's pain I just can't rise above.

If you were in my arms tonight,
I'd take away your fear.
I'd leave you nothing left to fight
And then you might stay here.

I don't know where I'm going,
but I'd like you by my side.
I've known your sadness
and I feel your pain.
Let me be with you in the rain.

If you were in my arms tonight,
I'd give you all I know
But I'm not sure that that would be right
You might take it all and go.

Now you're in my arms tonight
I've got all I need
and I'll be forever at your side
As through the rain you lead.

so Desperately

If ever I die, I'll die for you
and
If ever I live, I'll live for you.

I've climbed the highest trees just to begin.
You took away the love I held within,
So I must again begin
so Desperately.

Take whatever you need just to exist.
See all enchanted things you may have missed
For I have to exist
so Desperately.

Dream about dark worlds and love's eclipse.
The love which dies beyond my fingertips
As cries escape my lips
so Desperately.

Love is dying,
Faith's denying;
Heart's defying Love.

Love is dying,
Faith's denying;
Heart's defying Love.

Love.

Peace and Love

What I would give to have a love
As bold and true as heaven above.
As lasting as the earth below
From which all things of beauty grow.
As strong-willed as a wise old tree
Alive with many branches.

And this love I'd struggle for
Like fearless knights in ancient lore.
To free love's song, I'd bravely strive
Were this love ever to arrive.
What I would give for such a love
To be at peace, fly like a dove.

THE WORLD

“I have discovered many things today, but first I must record that we are at war. It both puzzles and terrifies me, and I continue to search for a true and deeper meaning to what may be the beginning of the end.

War is evil. War is not in accordance with love, and it spreads until the killing is stopped. That is the only way we will end this war. To kill is a cowardly act and it is true bravery to die for love.

In allegory, when one of the species rises up and kills, the act of killing spreading throughout the species - how does one stop it? Does one think to make it die out by more killing? In nature - the most holy reflection of love - this would never happen. All species must co-exist if the animals are to thrive and all animals must co-exist if we are to thrive as a living world. War is not part of man's nature itself.”

Diary - January 21st, 1991

Destruction

Waiting for the sky to burn.
Something's coming;
 Love's return.

I have sat inside its shade
and mused upon the last decade;
 IN ANGER.

The echo calls across the crowded room,
a hundred people in a single tomb,
a handful of dust is all that will remain
of all the joy, the hope, the sorrow and the pain.

Breaking the Barriers

The forces of destruction
raise their mighty hands
And the seeds of hatred grow
within every man and woman.
Modern scribes and pharisees
weave their wicked spell,
As the human race runs its course
towards the gates of Hell.

You've got to listen to the prophets,
prophets past and still to come,
And you've got to listen to the love inside,
the love we all come from.
Because if you love you brother
and your sweet sister, too,
You'll break down all the walls of hate —
the barriers between them and you.

Goodbye Cruel World

We live our lives in desperation
Turn off our minds, turn to a television station.
Let's take a look at the state of the nation;
It's riddled with lies and beyond explanation.

Good bye Cruel World

I took a ride on a vision of sorrow
The other side is coming tomorrow
I'm not talking about suicide
But how else do we escape this world's genocide?

Falling

The sky is falling on us all.
The air breathes softly
Through the poison;
Take my soul

And the waves are breaking,
making, creating
and they call.
The silence sings to me;
We have nowhere left to fall.

Off to the Gulf

On the banks of the mighty Tigris
Stands the city of Bagdad;
Once a place of fame and riches
It's now ruled by one who's mad.

He took the country of Kuwait,
Her oil fields he ensnared.
Now he controls many a fate
And acts as no man's dared.

*Our three ships sailed off to the Gulf
To fight and die for oil,
But while the U.S. talks so tough
Will our blood stain desert soil?*

The U.S. to the rescue
Full of arrogance and scam
But their guns will only serve to
Make another Vietnam.

*Our three ships sailed off to the Gulf
To fight and die for oil,
But while the U.S. talks so tough
Will our blood stain desert soil?*

And here at home I wonder,
With the beauty of each day,
Will war again bring its thunder
To drive sweet beauty away?

*Our three ships sailed to the Gulf
To fight and die for oil,
But while the U.S. talks so tough
Will our blood stain desert soil?*

The Final Story

The serpent stabbed the eagle with his dagger of fear.
He said, “Man, ya know ya gotta nerve comin’
around here.

You know this is my property. It’s called Paradise
Lost;
Where people kill for power at whatever the cost.”

The eagle said, “I’m here to tell you, you’ll soon
disappear.

Though you may not have noticed, I’ve been here
many a year.

I’ve been watching all your horrible deeds from
starry sky;

I’ve seen the innocent slaughtered, heard the multi-
tudes cry

They scream:

‘We’ve raped the earth; we’re sorry.

Is this our final story?

If death contains no glory

Then there’s no point fighting anymore.’

Liar,

You’ve tricked so many into eternal fire

So turn your vicious way and then cast the last stone

For where you’re going you’re not going alone.”

THE PRISONER

“... depression and self-pity can make one awful to be around. I’m rather in that state myself in that my illness has become very bad and I hardly come out or speak to anyone at all. Perhaps the way I’m feeling is caused by seclusion and disjointment from reality. Reality seems very strange to me. Everything is so predictable and I become very impatient with other people’s wants. Getting more into literature doesn’t help. Masterpiece Theatre played “I Claudius” again and I’ve become embroiled in Roman history. Then I read “Antony and Cleopatra”. I know this is just distancing myself more and more from reality but the drama of it all seems more real to me. So, needless to say, I’m not being a warrior. Perhaps I’m just resting for a time. My beloved poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning was a recluse and she found love and beauty. She didn’t do so by hurling herself into situations with dangerous people and, if she had, she couldn’t have become the incredibly deep-feeling poet she was or a spiritualist. You see, I’m trying to convince myself it’s not cowardly, but it is and every time I venture forth, it becomes more risky for I’m more defenceless because any skills I had with people are shut down. Somewhere I am aware of all these negative energies conspiring against me, but all I can hope to do is reach a balanced state.”

Letter to Graham - July 1991

Lonely Days

Here I stand
lost and forgotten

Oh, oh lonely days.

A prisoner of the ground I've trodden,
I wove the web that now I'm caught in.

Sweet Liberty

Sweet liberty corrodes the soul
And life is a stage where you play your role;
Senses collide as time ticks away.
Behind enemy lines we must take cover,
Man to woman and lover to lover,
Lost behind a tragic curtain call.

Freedom we need, but is it worth dying for?
Peace is the purpose, so what are we lying for?
Take love away and you have nothing left
Stab at holy systems and process your luxuries,
Then try to find your soul in wastelands and dying
seas;
The countdown grows closer as each new day dawns.

Without Dimension

Time and space are nothing
and serve only to separate
mind from mind and soul from soul.

I have searched for you,
Above and below,
but find you only in my heart.

I sing to you,
I sing to a far-off soul
with a far-reaching love.

Release me from this prison.
Enfold me with your fire
and fill me with your strength.

Break the Chains

What glitters beyond
the chains of sanity?

What shines beyond the
pains of doubt?

Break the chains!

Beyond good and evil
lies only love.

The Secret Kingdom

Maketh there a kingdom
Between sky and ocean deep,
Where I can be a sheltered prisoner
With my wounded heart to keep.

And let there be no suffering
For whatever hope can reap,
And let there be sweet music
To sing my soul to sleep.

In the darkness there's a place
Where only love can hide,
And it's hidden in a fortress
That lies on the other side.

It's guarded by a warrior
Who wishes he had tried
To hold the one he loved,
Who from loneliness has died.

Sweet deserted ones,
Although they cry and scream and moan,
Can't climb the walls of steel
Inside their hearts that now have grown

They watch and wait within
The silence they have sown
And, in their secret kingdoms,
They die their deaths alone.

My Life

I've spent my life a prisoner of your caring
I've seen my life mirrored in your eyes,
So I try to break the bonds that hold me;
I would die just to see my dreams survive.

RENEWAL

“...Grampa also gave us something more - something that shines to me in ancient systems of revelation and that I can see entrenched in you dear Aunt - the courage to confront that darkness, those evil strains of fear and pain, and to overcome it and rise above and reach one's true destiny. You've proved it. Oh, I know how lives are darkly flecked with fears and self-loathing but think how much more the pure fiery moments are when we realize our warrior natures and act true to them.”

Letter to Cathy - August 1991

Starting Again

My soul is erased,
lost wanderings
control me.

Nemesis disgraced
but slowly.

Echo's calling

Never to be deceived
by love again.

No longer
sold
not bold
but dreaming
softly...

The Light in You

Take confidence I feel;
Step into the sun and see it shining
It's all in me, all that's real.
Now I'm going to find where it's hiding.

The mysteries of the earth
Are in Him and in Him abiding.
He's in me and my true worth;
I can see it through senses colliding.

With time comes experience
And in experience you will find truth.
Take a breath with your soul, not your lips,
And heal the scars of youth.

Don't judge by appearances,
Don't put limits on what you can do.
You can't climb a mountain if you've blinded your-
self,
But you can do it with the light in you.

It's All Gold

Choose life;
Take a step inside my soul.
You may have already got what you want,
You might just need someone who's there to hold.

Indifference
Confuses common sense.
I don't want to play at life the way I'm told;
don't ever fence me in
or tell me I can never win.
I only want to remain unsold.

I'm sure
In time you'll see
what real love can be.
And you'll realize it's all gold.

EPILOGUE

Kirstin's song is heard now and we, who loved her, as well as those who relate to her through her poetry, must — like the trees, — strive to reach the sky and, even when hurt, must keep on growing.

This electronic version of
Songs of My Soul
has been published
to commemorate
the tenth anniversary
of the death of
Kirstin Miller
November 1972 - 1991

JARDINE MILLER
LIMEHOUSE, ONTARIO, CANADA