

# Daddy, I Admit

*by* Paul Milenski

The pain is blue  
First beneath my breasts

Then with each dry sup  
A purpura on my skin.

In childhood  
Legs spread open

On the flat rye grass  
At your headstone

It was easier to submit  
In dark play

To the grey granite  
Impervious artifice

Than to grind eastward  
To the sea.

Now in Sodom's  
Mists I am

A salt-struck isolate  
Ashamed of my cloak

Hatchment removed  
Tattered in ambition.

The lioness  
Finds me defenseless

A fatherless  
Poetic apostate.

Her large obstinate  
Jawbones attach

As she slowly drags me  
To the sea.

# Sylvia's Sonnet #1

*by* Paul Milenski

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Oh, corruptible blaze, I can keep you blue  
Your heat is captured in a smog of delicate hue  
You are like the electric throng that from the  
Good doctor's hand dazzled my point of view.

But now I am in charge, the pun enough  
For my comedic sense, to choose my path  
To visit you when our atmospheres align and  
Your silent, seepy, sleepy rhythms conflate

To gray disk moons, to the yellow glue  
Videos of my British sleep. It is not the art  
Cold as it may be. It is not the children.  
Impactful as children are. It is not Ted.

All men delight in sight, the female as she might  
Who views delirium in a short blizzard-filled life.

# Sylvia's Sonnet #2

*by* Paul Milenski

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Life you are a prisoner released too soon  
Undeterred in thinking we are yours  
No useful purpose for the past, no time for present,  
Only the future dark is brightly understood.

All is fog, the dim understanding between  
Streaks on windowpanes, too misty for the moon  
Too wet for daylight dawn. You insist and  
Repeat from day to day for others

Who in rapture think the night is day  
The sun, the day, the moon, the night  
In between we find a moment's useful purpose  
We create and recreate when you stand still.

And then we know you best of all  
When recaptured we know you not at all.