



**The
Night Sky
Beast**

**& Other
Poems**

by
R.A.Mildren

The Night Sky Beast & Other Poems

by R.A. Mildren



Published by Mossdell Books
www.mossdell.com

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♥ The Night Sky Beast ♥

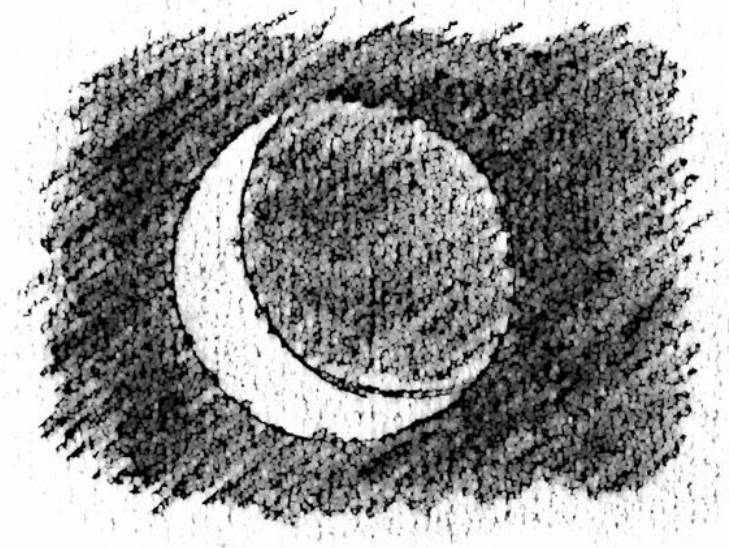
There is a time of each night's stay,
when bats and skunks and squirrels all play,
when leaves and grass awake with ire,
to shimmer in the stars' soft fire.



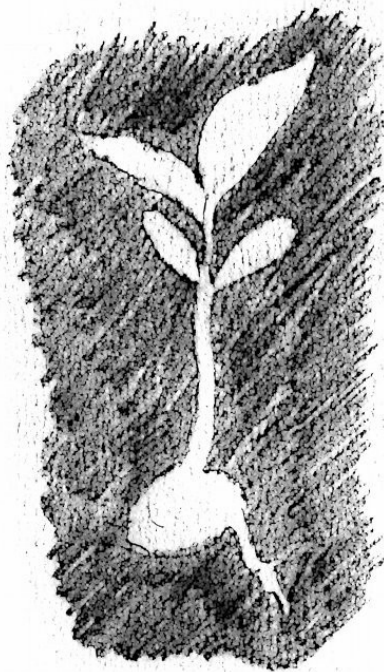
And at this time, if you should stroll,
to a distant treeless knoll,
then you may see, or at least feel,
a wonder that you doubt is real.

It soars the sky and rides the streams
of wind and spirits and dancing dreams.
Its face is kind, its spirit wild;
it whispers like a sleepless child.

And when it passes, you will know,
that in the dark are things that grow,
well nurtured by the stars and moon,
as sunlight feeds bright flowers at noon.



You will be lulled there into sleep,
but as you fall through shadows deep,
right there before your shifting eyes,
an image drifts through both worlds' skies.



Though pale it is and hard to see,
within your heart planted will be
a seed that grows in dreams like yeast,
the memory of the Night Sky Beast.

1997

page 6

🌿 The Golden Frog Pond 🌿

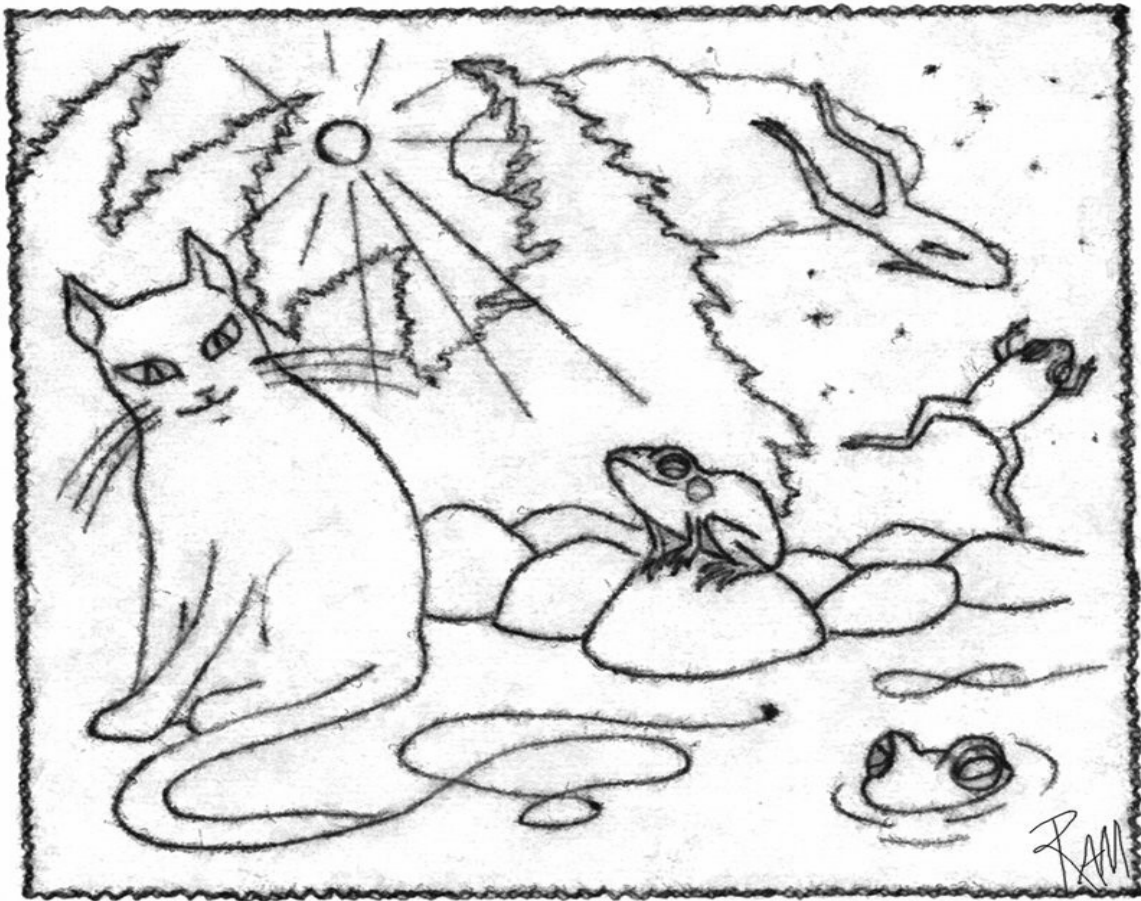
In a shallow pond
with pebbles for their bed,
lived a family of gold frogs
who sparkled toe to head.

Old sun liked to come
and rest upon the stones;
the frogs basked their skin in her light
and warmed their golden bones.

Black cat she lingered,
long tail swinging at ease;
she watched the gold frogs at their play
then slid off through the trees.

Flies danced on water,
painting fine lines with light;
they'd skim within the gold frogs' reach
and then were gone from sight.

White cloud he drifted
upon a gentle breeze
that brought a coolness to the pond
and sang among the trees.



Soon to set, the sun,
a vibrant red her face,
slipped away from the golden frogs
into the hemlock lace.

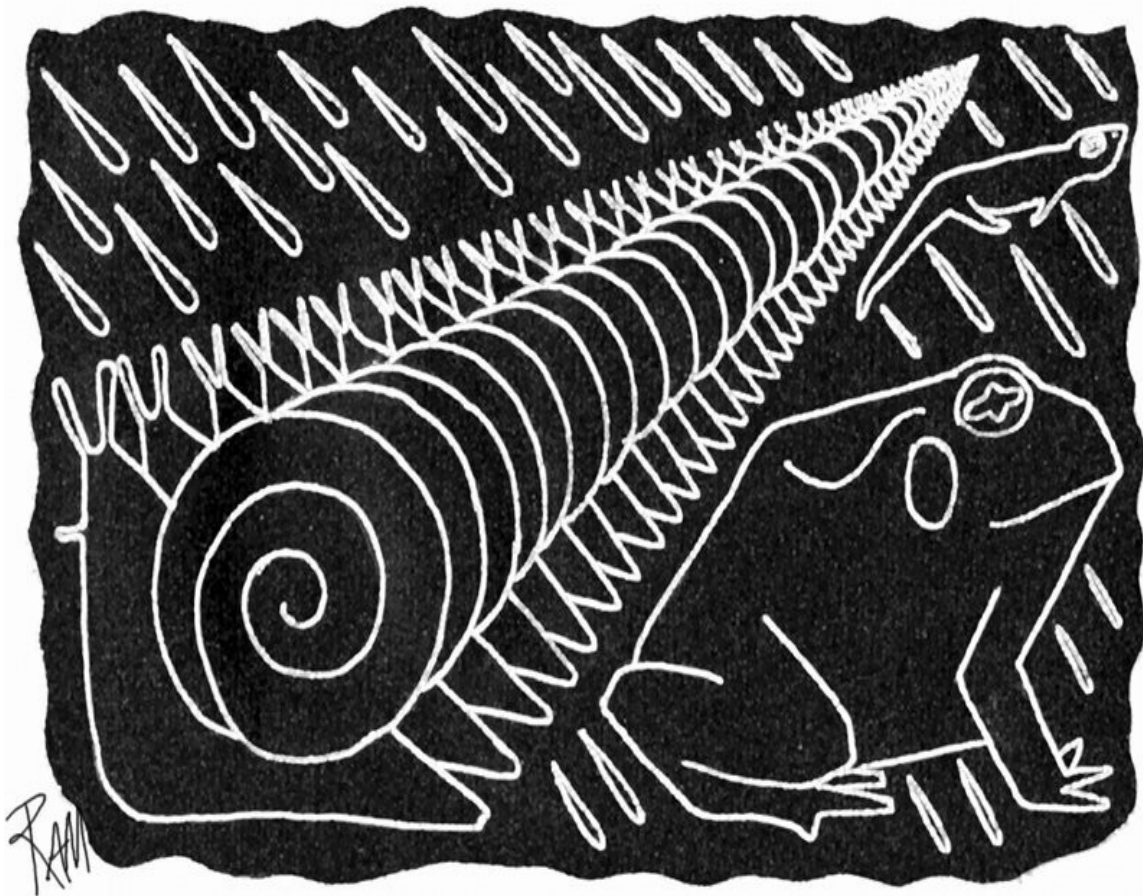
As the stars came out
the frogs began to sing;
their voices in the clean, cool night
held a mystic ring.

All the golden frogs
in the pond, child of streams,
let their golden eyelids relax
and swam the pool of dreams.

1998

🐌 Snail Trail 🐌

fifty little quiet snails
followed by their shiny tails
slid along the rainy road
by the newt and past the toad
they all ran their fastest pace
to get to a distant place
but none of them could pull ahead
no one followed no one led
fifty snails all in a line
with their own idea of time
they thought that they were going fast
but in a race they'd all be last.



Spring 2001

♥ Hall of the Moon King ♥

In the deep dark night on his wide thin wings
our friend bat he likes to fly
in the pale white moon around tall strong trees
that he glides so quickly by.

On those tall strong trees with their bright gold eyes
small geckos hunt and play.
They sing chirpy songs and they swish their tails
and are up until the day.

And the white moon he, with his pale old face,
looks down upon it all.
This is all his world, he the grand, grand king
all of night within his hall.



Summer 2001

🐾 Garden Cat 🐾

I see a white cat
in the darkness below.
His jumping is fast
and his blinking is slow.
He sits in the dirt
with his ears perched up high,
as he watches for some plaything
that might be passing by.

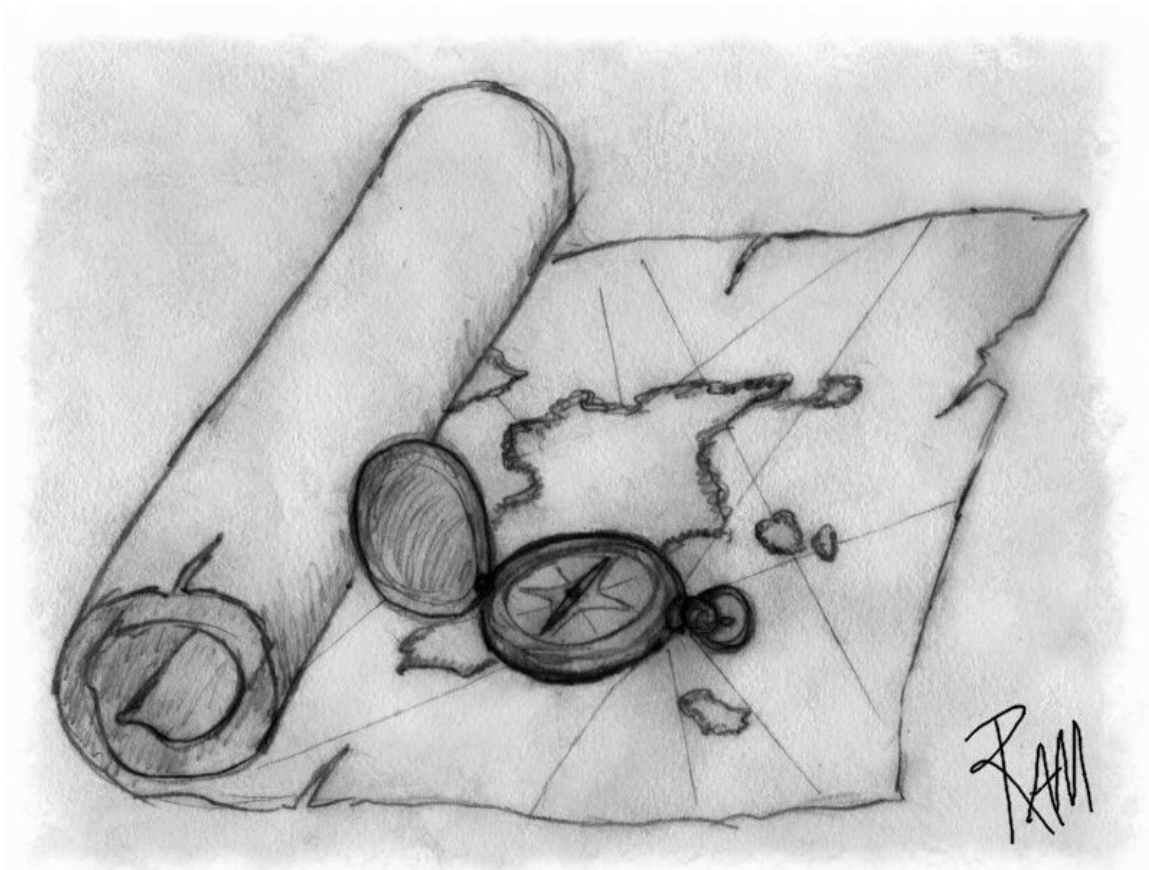


Summer 2001

♥ Engraved on Their Hearts ♥

Silver and gold are precious and fine,
but none are as dear as this child of mine.

Coins are not put in a purse ripped and torn;
you must hold a child from the day he is born
in a hand that is firm, loving and true
for there to be honor in how that child grew.



The moon rises bright in a sky that is clear.
Have your love shine on the ones you hold dear.
Lead them and guide them, provide them a chart,
to be with them always engraved on their heart.

Raise up a child in the ways that are just,
that the world may be blessed with a true one to trust.

August 2003

♥ Terra Incustoditus ♥

Those roots look like an ogre's hand
Its grasping hand, frightful yet grand
That rock looks like a dragon's tooth
Sharp and wicked, shiny and smooth

That fern looks like a goblin's beak
Curled up over its own fell reek
That bush looks like a giant's beard
Wild and gnarled, twisted and weird

That cloud looks like a wizard's smoke
Drifting over his twilight cloak
That dew looks like a fairy's eyes
Bright and deep, joyous and wise

That stump looks like a unicorn's horn
Sharp and majestic and yet forlorn
Those vines look like a mermaid's hair
Waving gently, long and fair

That tree looks like a griffin's tail
Pride and strength, fur and scale
This rain looks like an elf queen's tears
Washing over forgotten years

The moon looks like a phoenix eye
Dying to live, living to die
Those cliffs look like a true king's crown
Above his verdant royal gown

This world looks like a kingdom lost
What have we gained at such a cost?

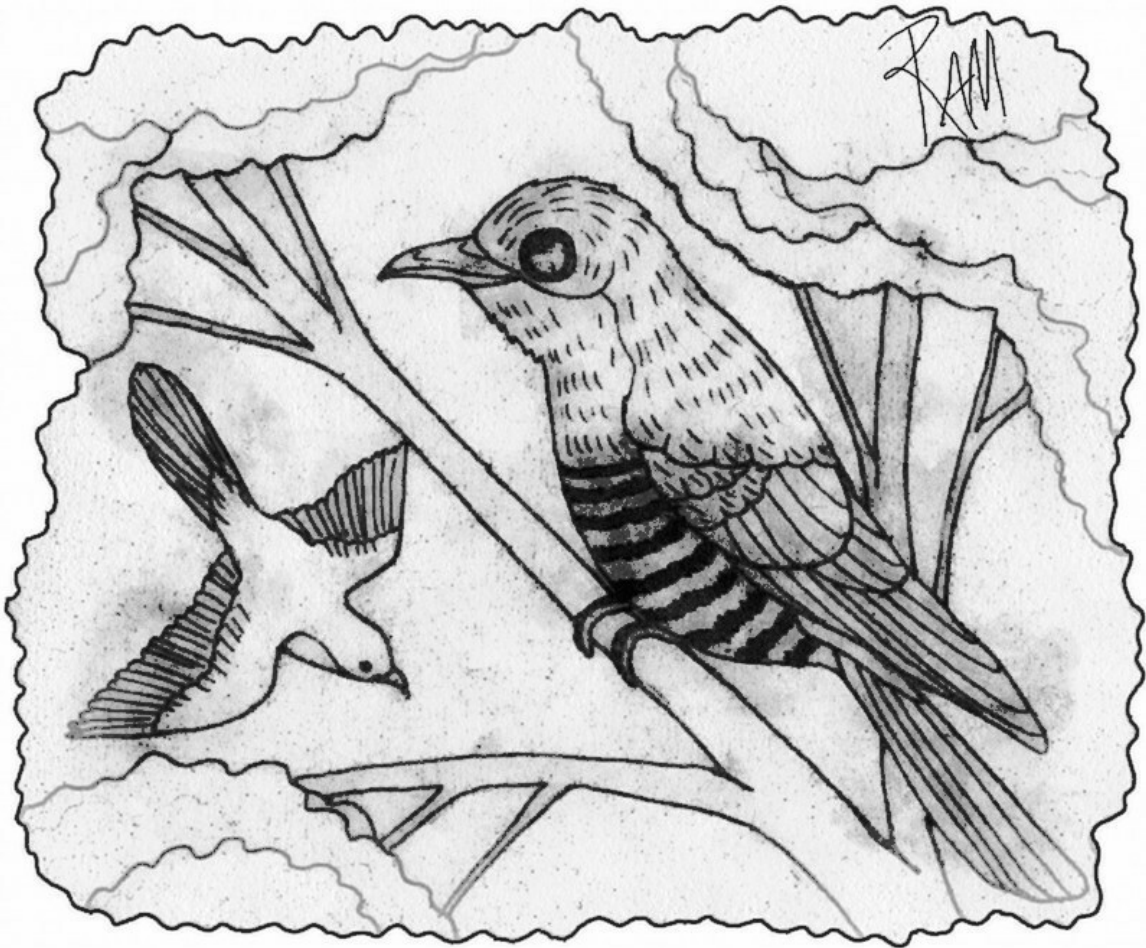


June 5, 2011

page 15

🍷 Two Cuckoos? 🍷

The cuckoo called from my left, from my left
he was calling to me, I think
another called from my right, from my right
he was calling me too
Or was it just one cuckoo, only one
that flew as fast as a blink
just one cuckoo, sounding like two
telling me what he knew



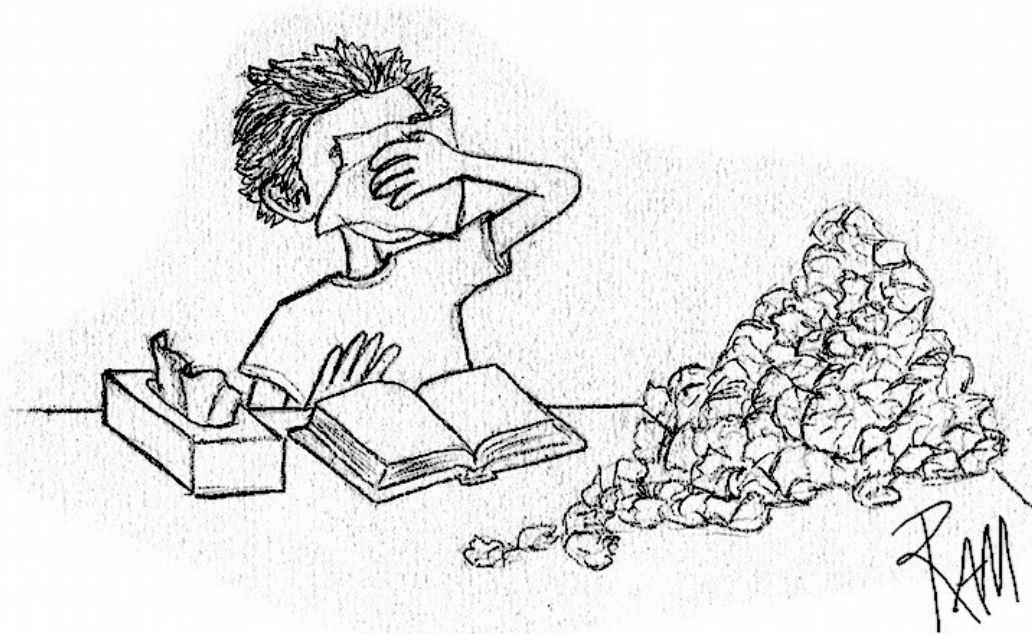
June 9, 2011

🍷 Allergies 🍷

My allergies make me miserable.
My allergies make me lame.
I blow my nose till it's raw and red,
yet still it won't be tamed.

My dad, he likes the scents of spring.
He says it feels so grand
to breath them deep on a long walk,
but it's like breathing sand!

My sisters play with flowers and grass,
their noses both stay clear.
The blooms are pretty, but sometimes
I wish they'd disappear.



The worst is when I have to work
and study at the table.
I try my best to focus hard
but I simply am not able.

For at my place before my pen,
a quickly growing pile
of dirty tissues rises up,
for my nose is like the Nile.

My allergies make me miserable.
They make me dim and dull.
No matter how hard I try to think,
my mind is rendered null.

June 11, 2011

🍷 The Water Bear 🍷

I thought I saw a water bear
Hiding somewhere like a mouse
She looked at me with shining eyes
As I snuck out of my house

She wasn't small like she should be
She was bigger even than my dog
Who didn't bark when I crept out
But just lay there in a dreamy fog

She, the water bear, I mean
Was standing looking at the moon
And it seemed to my excited ears
I heard her humming a gentle tune



I almost dropped my hobo bag
With all my treasures and worldly goods
And I held my feet to gaze at her
Before I dashed into the woods

But she was gone as quick as light
And where she went I couldn't say
So I stood there quietly a while
Then slipped inside thinking I may

Go out again another night
And would not just yet run away
I'd like to see her one more time
So for that chance I guess I'll stay

June 11, 2011

♥ The Fingerprint Thief ♥

Somebody stole my fingerprints
Those curving lines so fine
I don't know when the act was done
Or why they wanted mine

I rarely checked if they were there
Before I lost them all
In fact their shape and pattern
Is something I can't recall

Were they whirly? Were they tight?
Were they thin or bold?
There were once mine, and no one else
Had the like I'm told

There isn't much I cannot do
Now that they are lost
Yet still I miss them and want them back
Whatever be the cost



There's only one advantage
that their loss has given me
I myself can now go around
Heartless as can be

And steal away without a trace
Others' fingerprints
I won't get caught for without my own
I'll leave no evidence.

June 12, 2011

♥ I Sell Dragon Scales ♥

I sell dragon scales
The beards of gnomes
The wings of whales

Mermaid kisses
Rainbow stars
Endless wishes
The wind from Mars

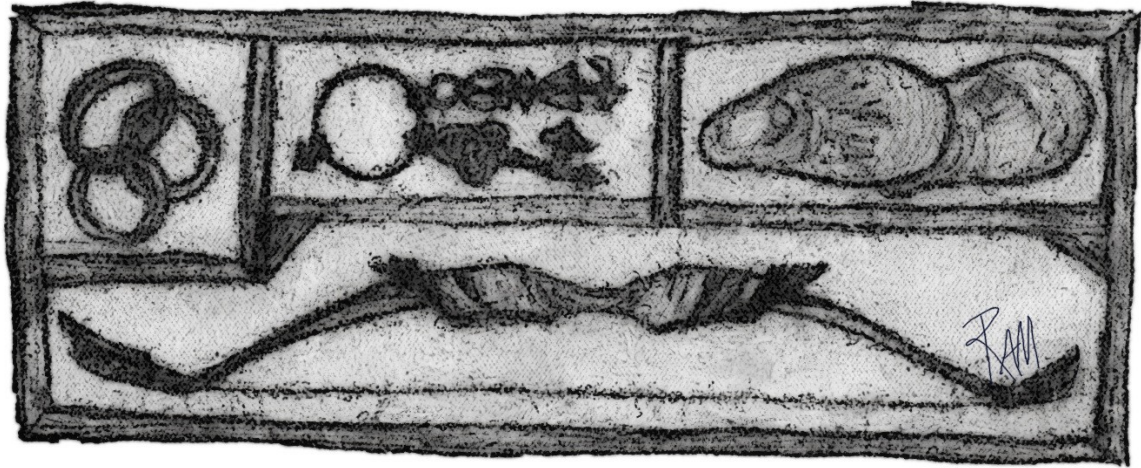


Lightning's shadows
Fairy songs
Dancing scarecrows
Imperial gongs

The heart of compass
The mind of Muse
The wild things' rumpus
Hot dragons' fuse

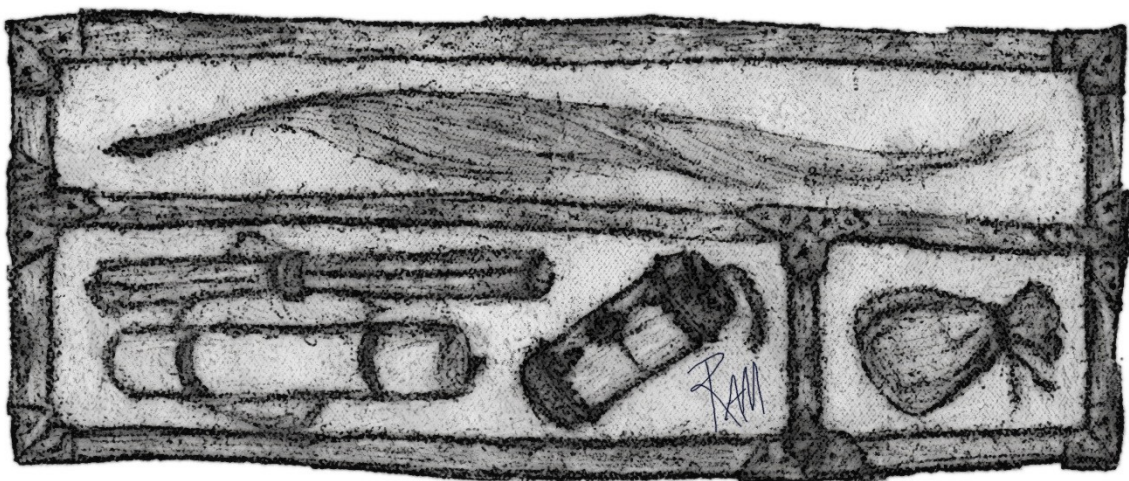
Rings of power
Staffs of lore
An endless hour
Infinity's door

Donar's thunder
Diana's bow
Children's wonder
The Milky Way's flow



Voice of enchantress
Shangri La's maps
The keys to Atlantis
Van Winkle naps

Unicorn feathers
Salamander flame
Bottled weather
And secret name



Freed genii's laugh
Kappa's pool
Monkey King's staff
And Grendel's drool

Sorcerer's soup
Ambrosia pie
Anything you want to buy

So come and browse
my midnight sales
For I sell dragon scales

June 26, 2011

❖ The Mountains Call ❖

The mountains call. The mountains fly
above the realms that fear the sky.

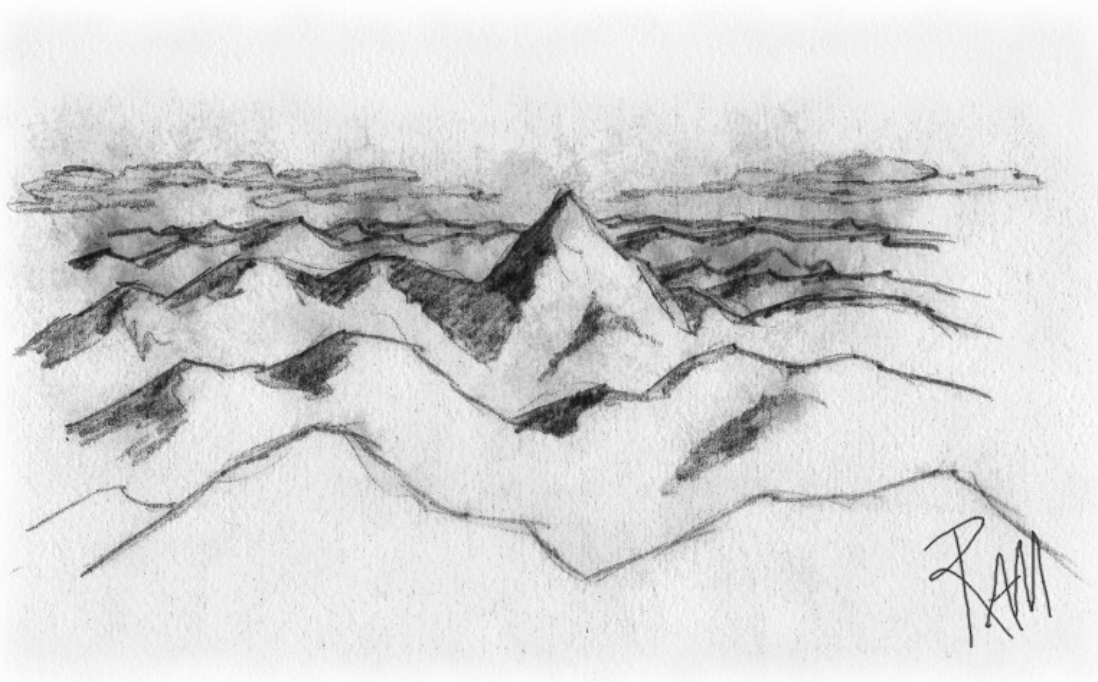
The mountains sing. The mountains stand
like kings outstretching a blessing hand.

The mountains watch. The mountains brood
in sacred domains that none intrude.

The mountains wait. The mountains hide
in mists that veil them like a bride.

The mountains guard. The mountains dare
hearts of passion to raid their lair.

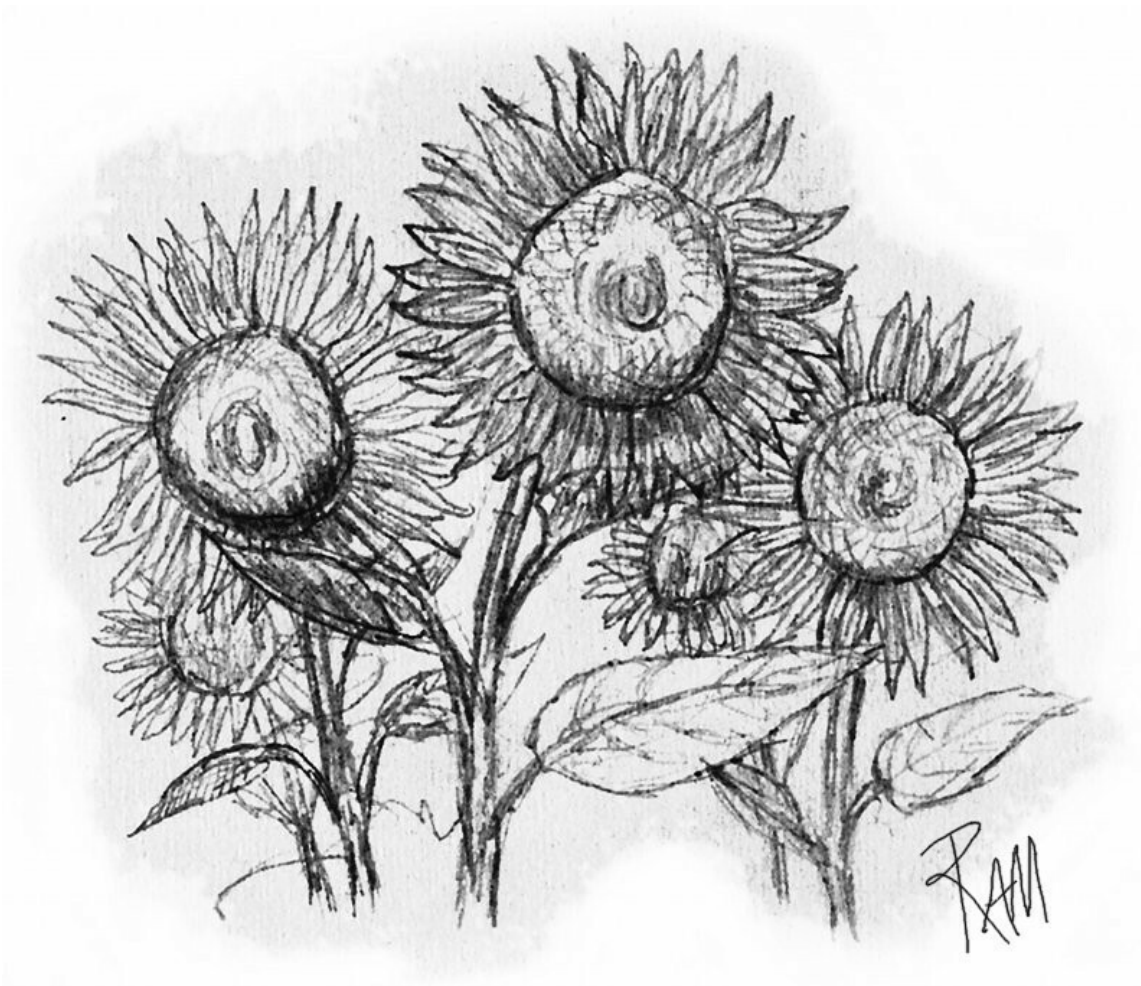
The mountains surge. The mountains lie
and though they slumber, they never die.



July 12, 2011

☪ Sunflowers ☪

Taller than a parent
Nobler than a king
Brighter than sunlight they seem
Brown face in golden ring
Growing fast and mighty
Height and light and seed
In summer joy and art they give
In fall they offer feed
For bees they are a paradise
For children they're a friend
And though they'll wilt and fade away
They will rise up again.



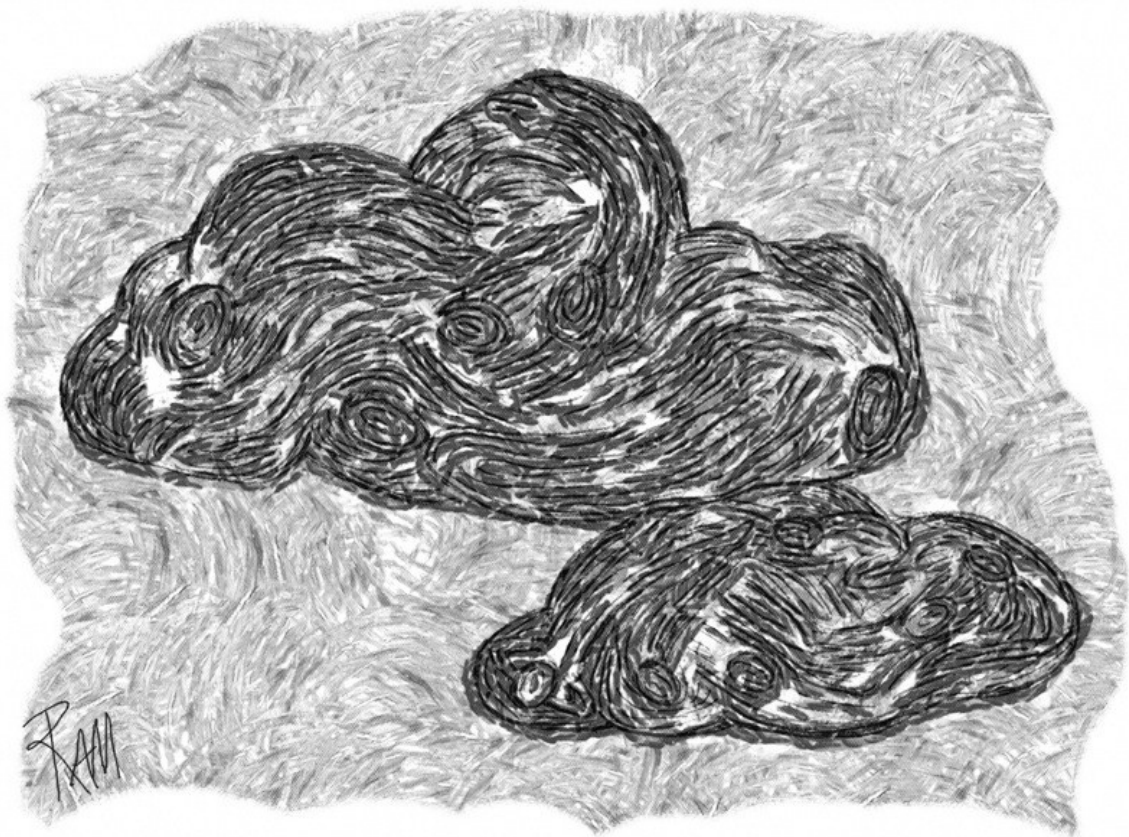
July 16, 2011

♥ Pools ♥

We jumped into the pool
Thrilled by the shocking cool
We splashed and screamed and rolled and sank
And sparkled like a jewel

Our lips were turning blue
Our fingers wrinkled too
The skin upon our ears and back
Had turned a scarlet hue

The clouds were drifting by
White children of the sky
Just like us they swam the pool
Ours low theirs vast and high



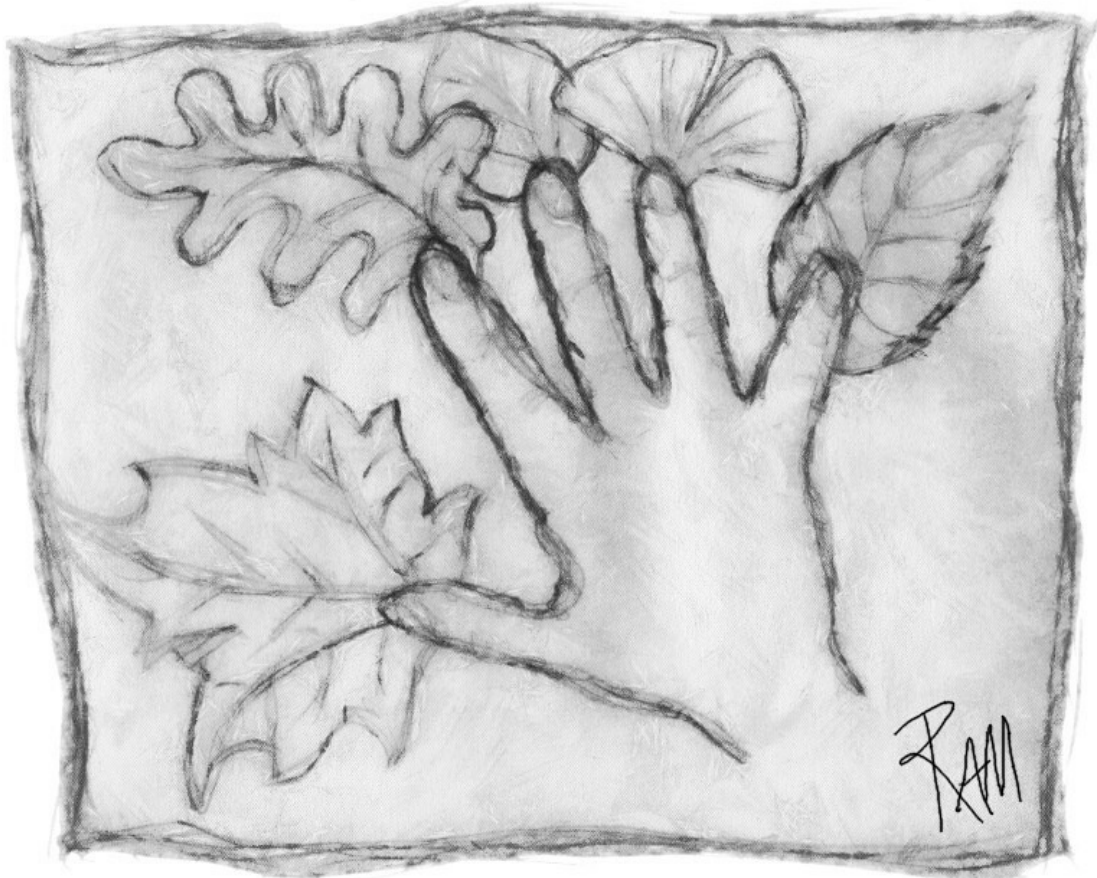
July 16, 2011

🍁 Naughty Autumn 🍁

Autumn plays with finger paints,
but does her mom get mad?
Does Summer say, "Go to your room!
How could you be so bad?!"

when autumn rushes round the house
and leaves her trail of hues,
using up her reds and browns
saving greens and blues?

"Look at that oak, my sofa soft.
It used to be so green.
That birch, my lamp, that beech, my chair.
How could you be so mean?"



Does Autumn try to hide her act
and paint the leaves at night?
Does she shrug like, "I don' know,"
when Summer catches sight

of all the green things she defaced
to have the world her way?
And how does she feel when baby winter
blows all of her art away?

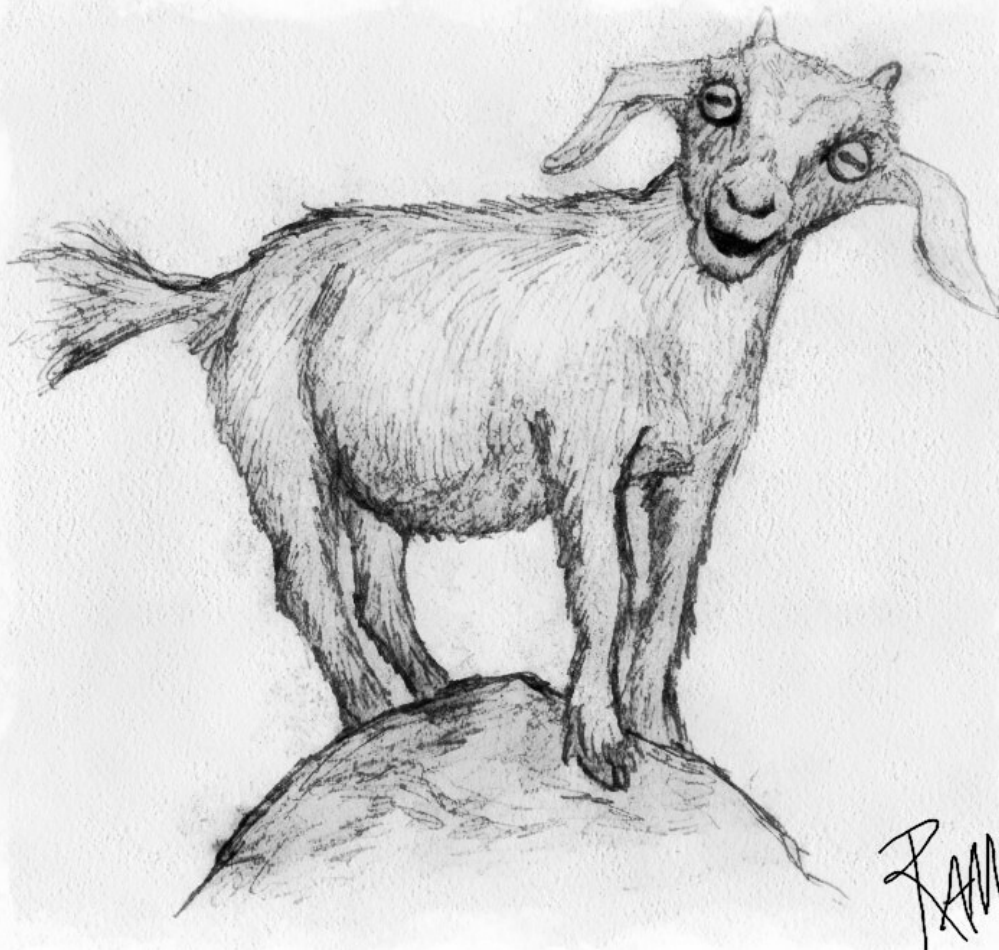
September 5, 2011

🍷 King of the Hill 🍷

Kettle bellied little goat
Bleating on the stone
Your mother's gone into the woods
And left you all alone

Why would she wonder off like that
When right there by your feet
The grass is waving in the wind
So fresh and ripe and sweet

Perhaps she went to find a den
For you and her to share
To keep the rude night wind at bay
A cozy little lair



Or could it be she saw a friend
And went to share some news
Or is this just part of a game
A playful little ruse

Do not be sad while she's away
O do not bleat in fear
She will return you can be sure
It's you she holds most dear

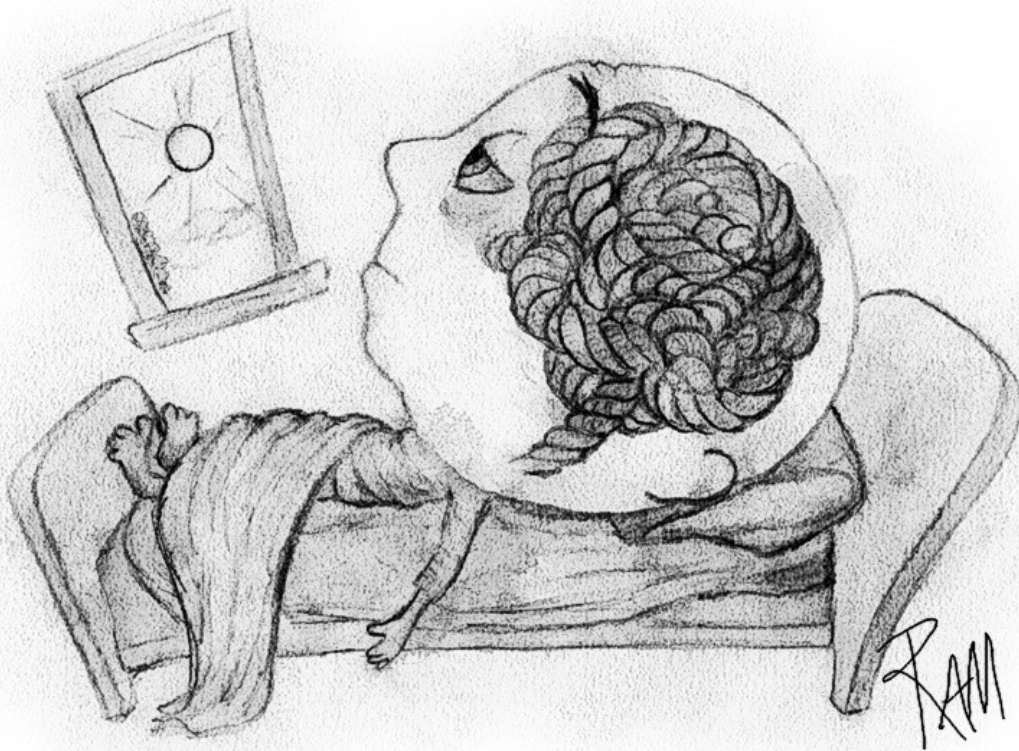
So taste the grass and feel the sun
Upon your budding horns
Dance on the rocks, run through the ferns
And nibble on the thorns

You are growing swift and strong
And one day soon you will
Protect your mother, find a mate
And be king of the hill

September 2011

💖 Insomnia 💖

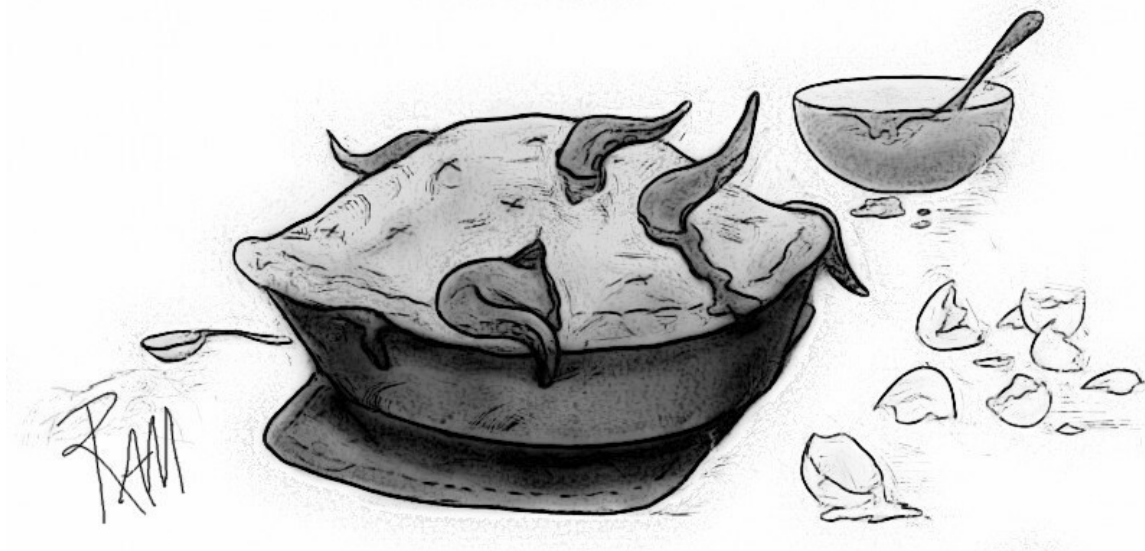
"Stop running around in my head," I said,
but my thoughts didn't heed or obey.
They swirled and whirled on and on all night
like toddlers addicted to play.
I tossed and I turned while my mind flashed and burned
with a million stray ideas and thoughts.
When the round sun came up, like a frisky young pup,
my brain felt all tangled in knots.



July 2, 2012

🍷 Octopus Pie 🍷

A bit of flour, a pinch of salt
Spoon in the sugar, pour in some malt
A little milk, a lot of legs
And just as many well-beaten eggs
Then sprinkle on some spice with flour.
And bake it for a half an hour
Just until it starts to brown
Like the color of an autumn down.
Then take it out and let it cool
And let your mouth begin to drool.
Oh, octopus is great to chew
From octopus salad to octopus stew
And octopus jerky and octopus fry.
But best of all, you can't deny
So crisp and chewy and make-you-sigh
Delicious, nutritious, you've got to try
The world's greatest treat - sweet octopus pie!
So sit right down. It's time to dine.
When your slice is gone, please do have mine.



October 13, 2012

🍂 Squash Face 🍂

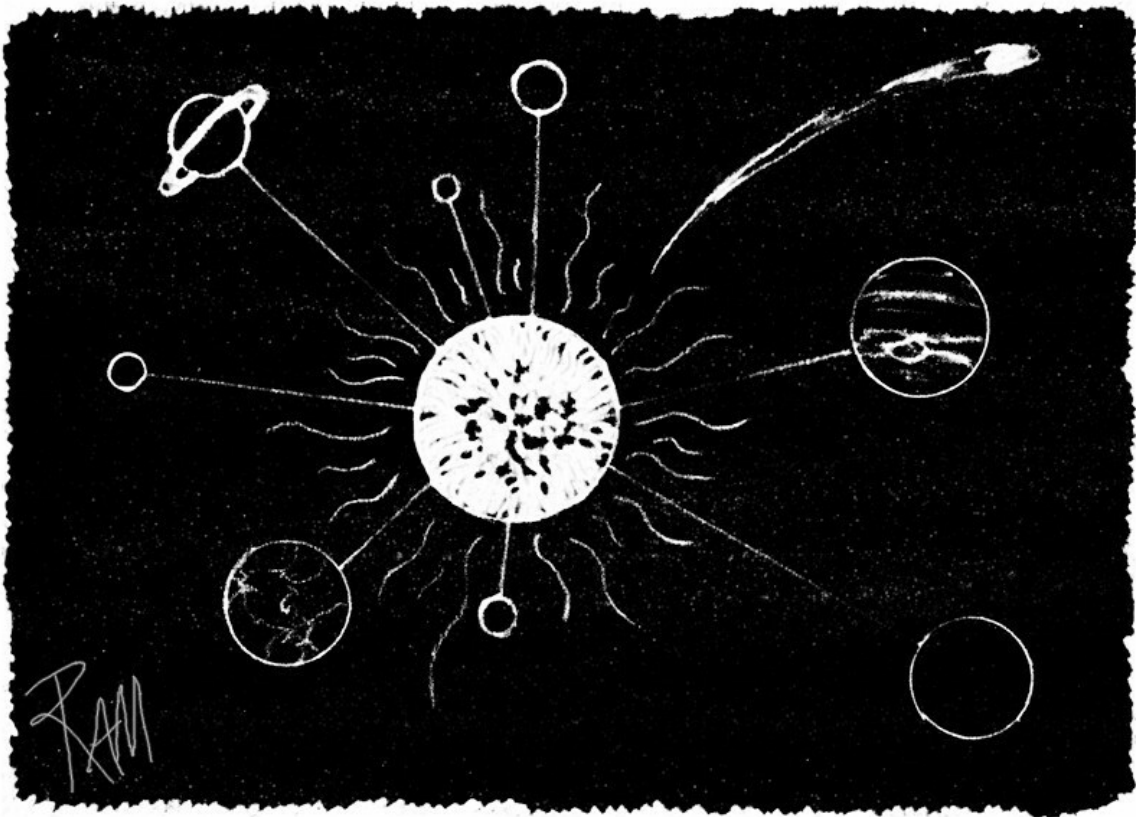
There is a face hiding deep in every orange squash
just like a mud pie baker's face before it gets a wash.
To show the dirt-caked child's face a cloth and soap will do.
But a pumpkin must be picked and torn from out the field it grew
and taken home, thought upon and drawn on with a pen,
set on paper (like in a lab) and opened up and then,
when that is done there finally loom the last steps to give it life -
to scoop its gooey innards out and stab it with a knife!



October 14, 2012

♥ Dying Light ♥

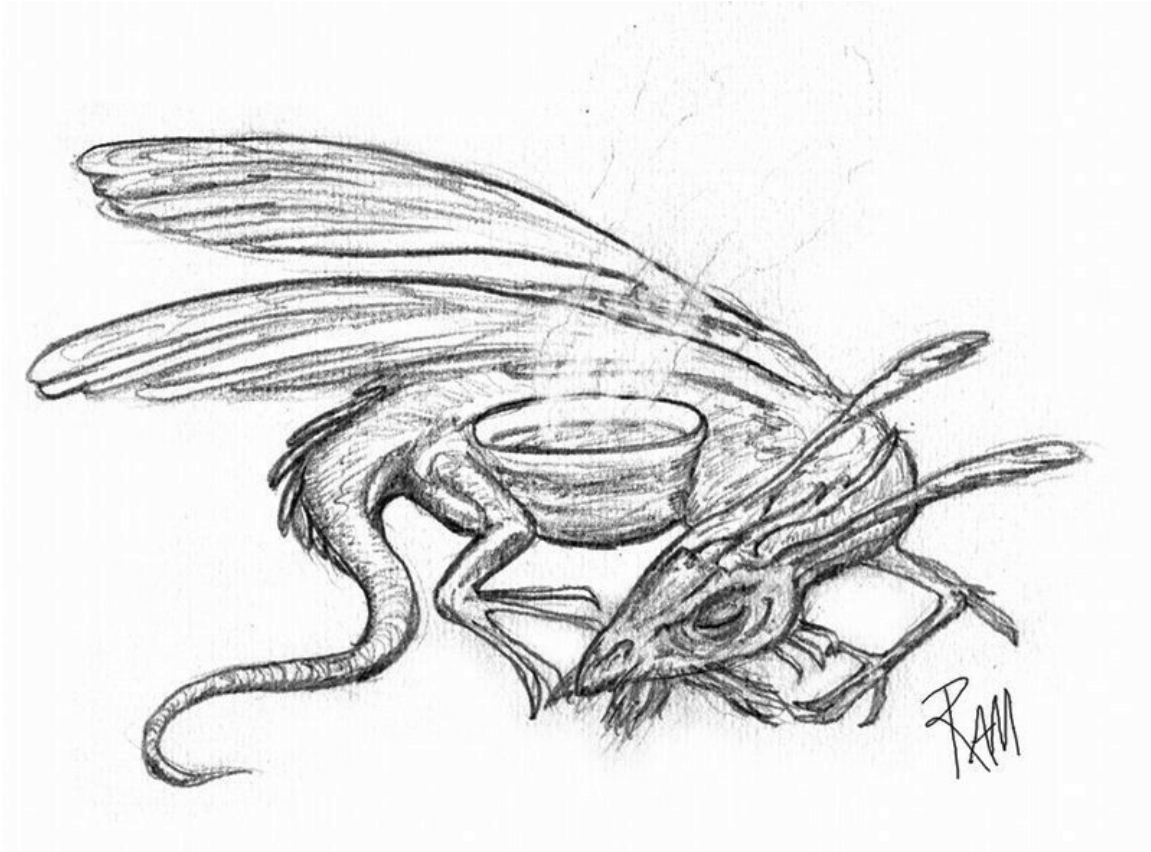
Hot and huge and distant,
burning fierce and bright,
bathing the earth in radiance
throughout the day and night.
Swinging planets on their leads
like dogs taken for a walk.
Flinging comets back into space
like a slingshot shoots a rock.
More ancient than the world itself
this Titan of untold might.
And yet she too is a mortal thing,
our slowly dying light.



October 20, 2012

🍵 I Have a Dragon to Warm My Tea 🍵

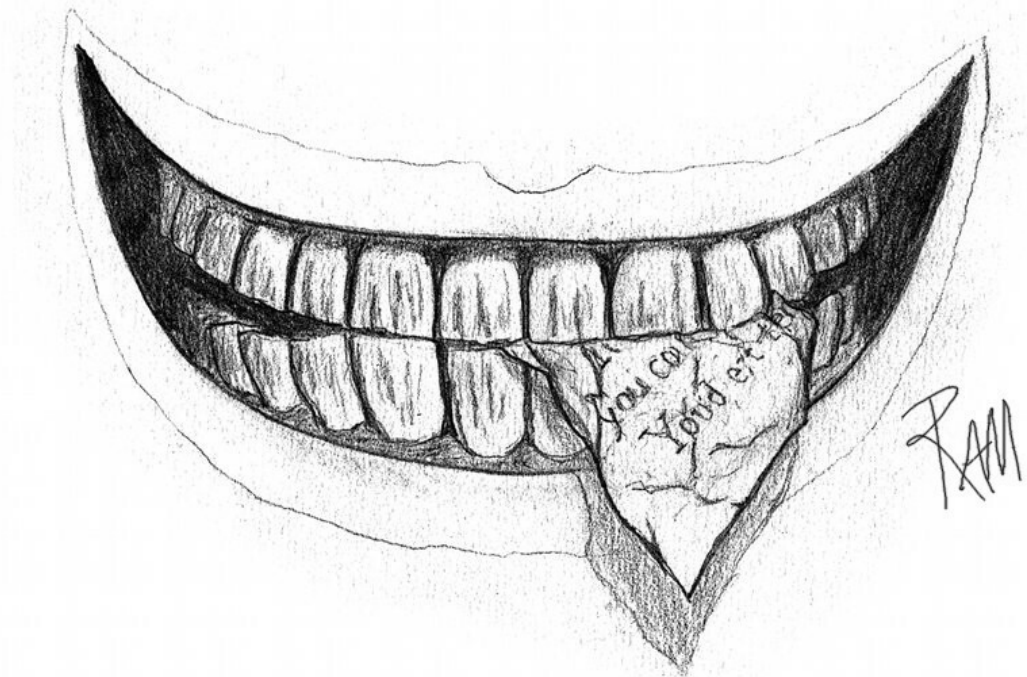
I have a dragon to warm my tea.
He cuddles up around it when
I don't have time to drink in peace.
He waits for me with belly hot,
Steam rising from the ceramic cup.
When I return he gives a yawn,
And I scratch his head as I sip.



November 28, 2012

♥ The Poem Eater ♥

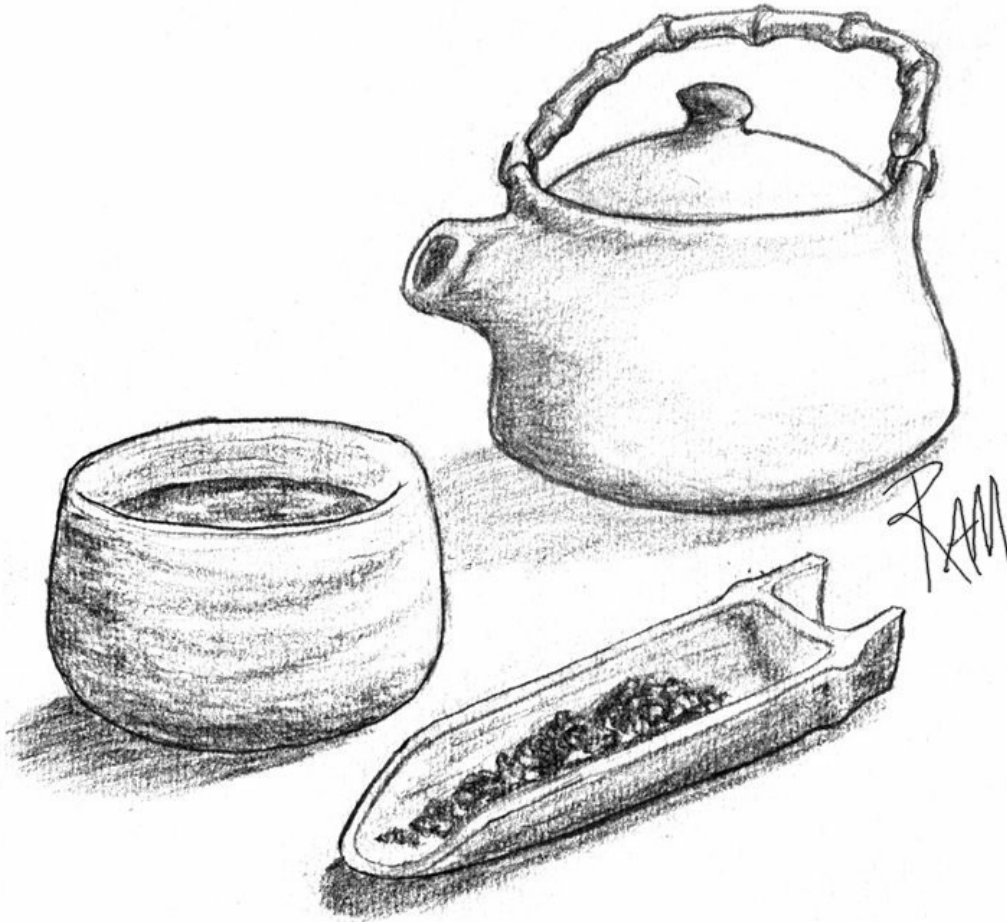
I will eat up all your poems!
I will eat them up like glue.
And I will not spit them up
Even if you ask me to.
I will eat up all your poems,
Without ketchup, without salt.
I'll gulp them all like jelly beans
And wash them down with malt.
I will eat up all your poems,
The short ones and the long,
Every epic, every sonnet,
Every limerick, every song!
I will eat up all your poems.
It's what I was made to do.
If you could see how delish they are
You'd eat them all up too.



December 4, 2012

🍵 Living Teapot 🍵

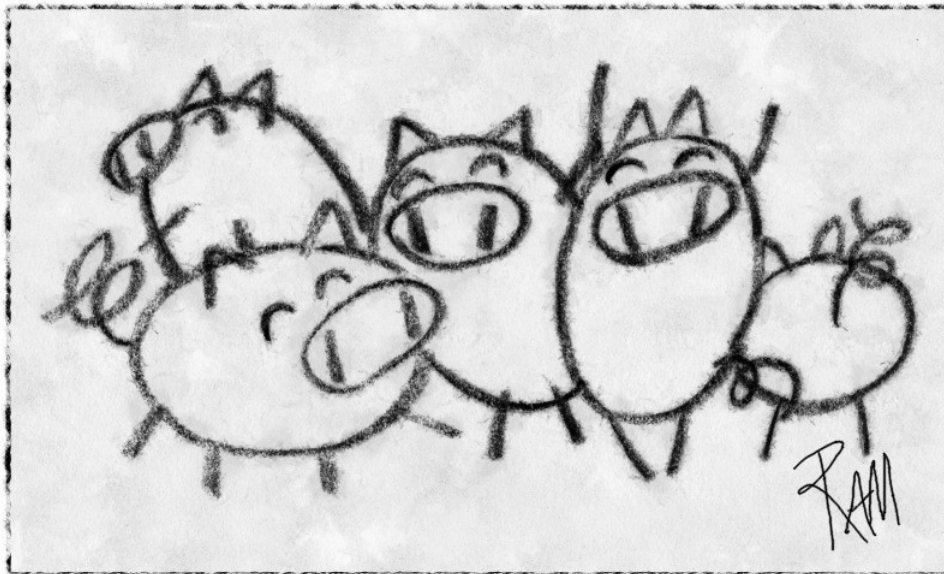
Poems are like the leaves in a cup of Chinese tea:
The meaning of the poem is what your heart makes it to be.
So drink each poem down with joy, savor it while it's hot.
And let it live from your own life - the poem's living pot.



January 3, 2013

♥ The Scribbler ♥

Pretty purple piggy
Drawn by little hands
Ran right across the table
And on to distant lands
She frolicked on the telephone
And rolled over the chair
Then did a jig on piece after piece
Of Grandma's china ware
She skirted round the sofa
And danced upon the door
Then with a crumbling crayon
Piggy hopped upon the floor
And purple pig laid down right there
As did her sweet creator
So I'll hold this sleeping artist now
And wash the pigs off later



January 4, 2013

🍎 Fruit Roll 🍎

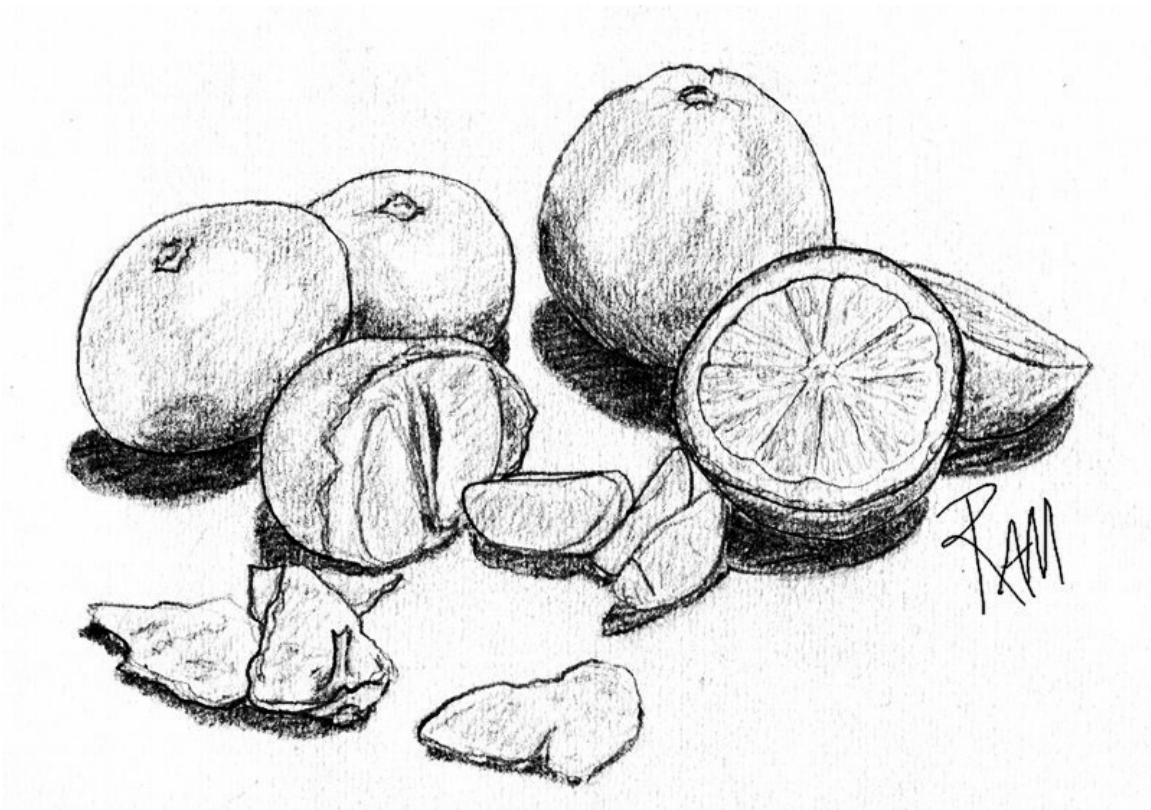
In the deep of winter
I put on all my shirts.
Packed on my feet are socks
And socks and socks until it hurts.
And then go on the jackets,
The pants, the gloves, the hats.
On top I bundle lots and lots
Of towels, rugs and mats.
Finally when all that's through
I wrestle on each boot,
And then I simply roll outside
For I'm as round as any fruit!



January 6, 2013

🍊 Orange Kin 🍊

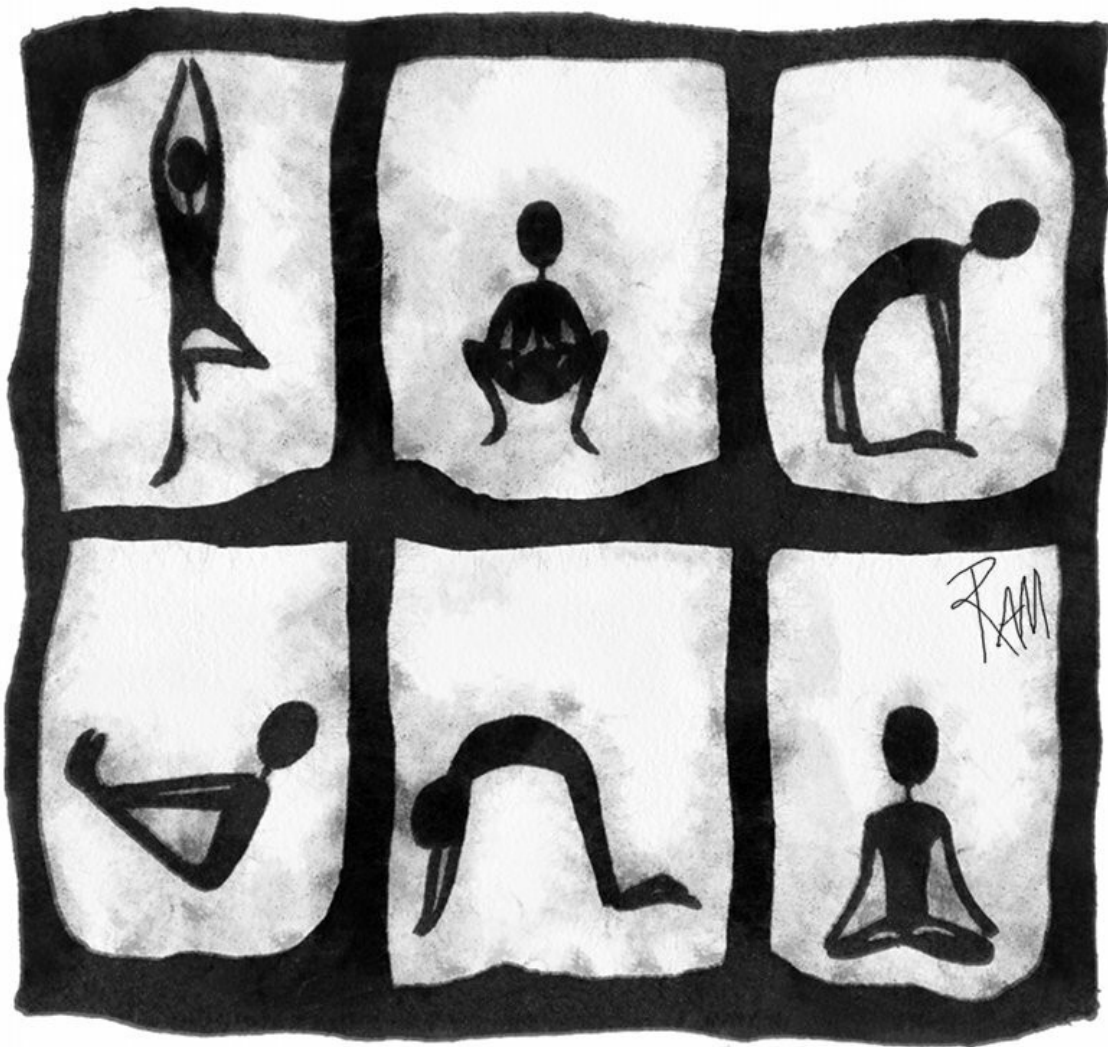
An orange is round
And has a tough skin
That is harder to peel
Than with that of its kin,
The squat tangerine
Whose peel is quite loose
Like the cheeks of a bulldog
Or the chin of a moose.



January 8, 2013

🍷 Yoga 🍷

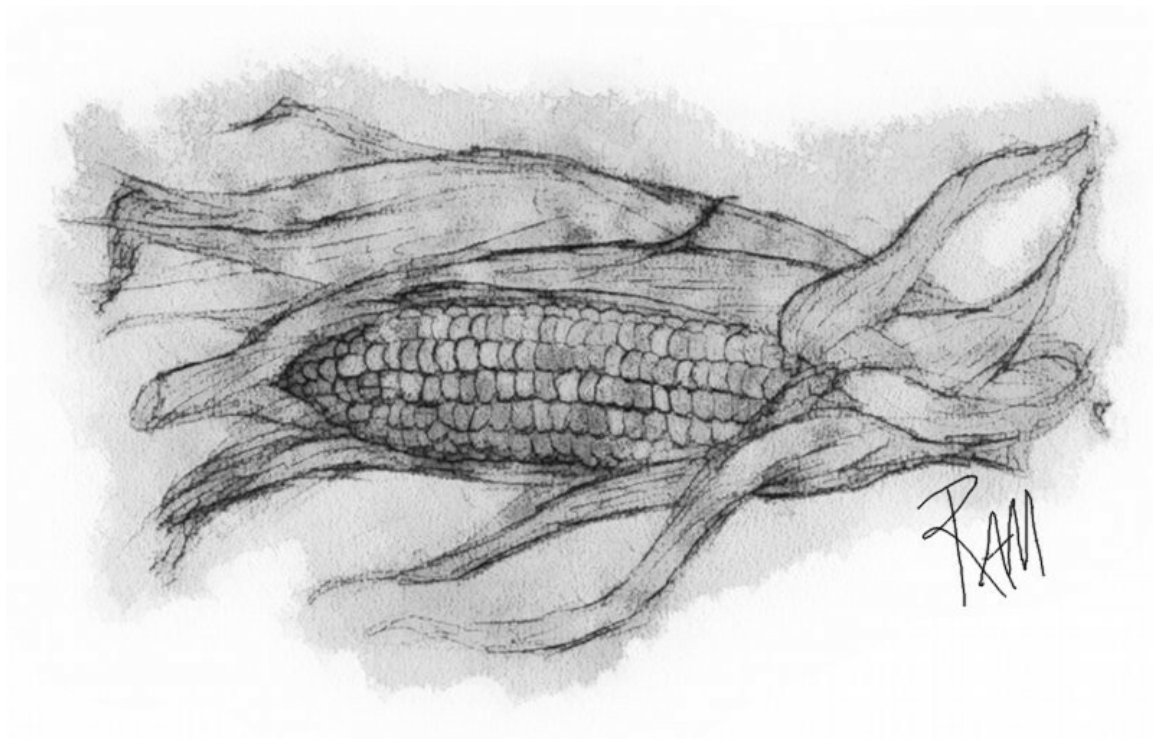
Balanced in tree pose
Squatting down in crow
Looking up in camel pose
Back bent like a bow
Muscles tight in boat pose
Arching back in cat
Legs crisscrossed in lotus pose
On my yoga mat



January 13, 2013

🍷 Golden Cob 🍷

Curving yellow hills
lined up like the teeth of a shark
around and around
on and on
until returning to the start
steaming, dripping butter
or not
bursting at the pressure of my teeth
reminding me of summers past
and of picnics
and gardens
and racing to be the first one
to peel away
the green treasure-chest shell
from the firm
cob of gold



January 13, 2013

🍷 A Diminutive Start 🍷

Every animal
in the zoo
was as tiny as dust and then
they grew and grew and grew.
From the turtle to the elephant
to the kangaroo,
they all had
a minuscule debut.



February 8, 2013

🍷 Rain in Winter 🍷

Why does it rain in winter?
It doesn't snow all year.
It always seems so dreary when
those icy drops appear
and all the white is washed away
and turned to murky slush.
Come on now rain, give snow a chance!
Why be in such a rush?



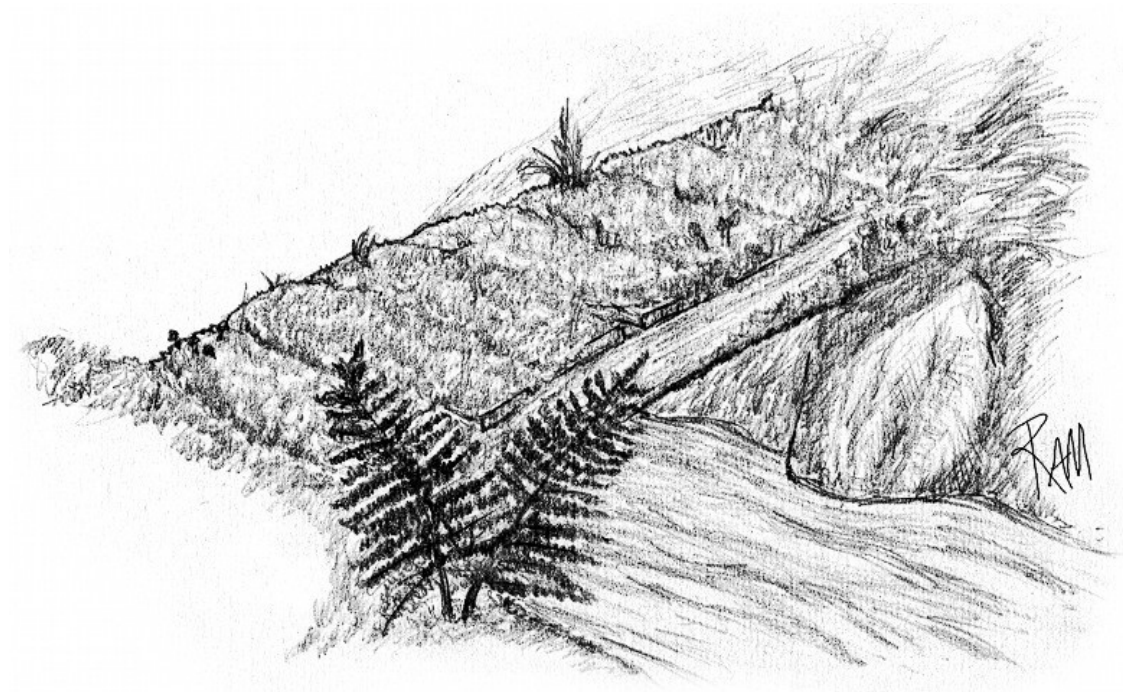
February 19, 2013

♥ The Bridge ♥

The bridge ran over the brook.
I crossed it in the spring.
I stopped to watch the bubbles swirl
and hear the current sing.

The moss was thick and dewed.
The sunlight blessed it well.
It was an old forgotten bridge
in a forgotten dell.

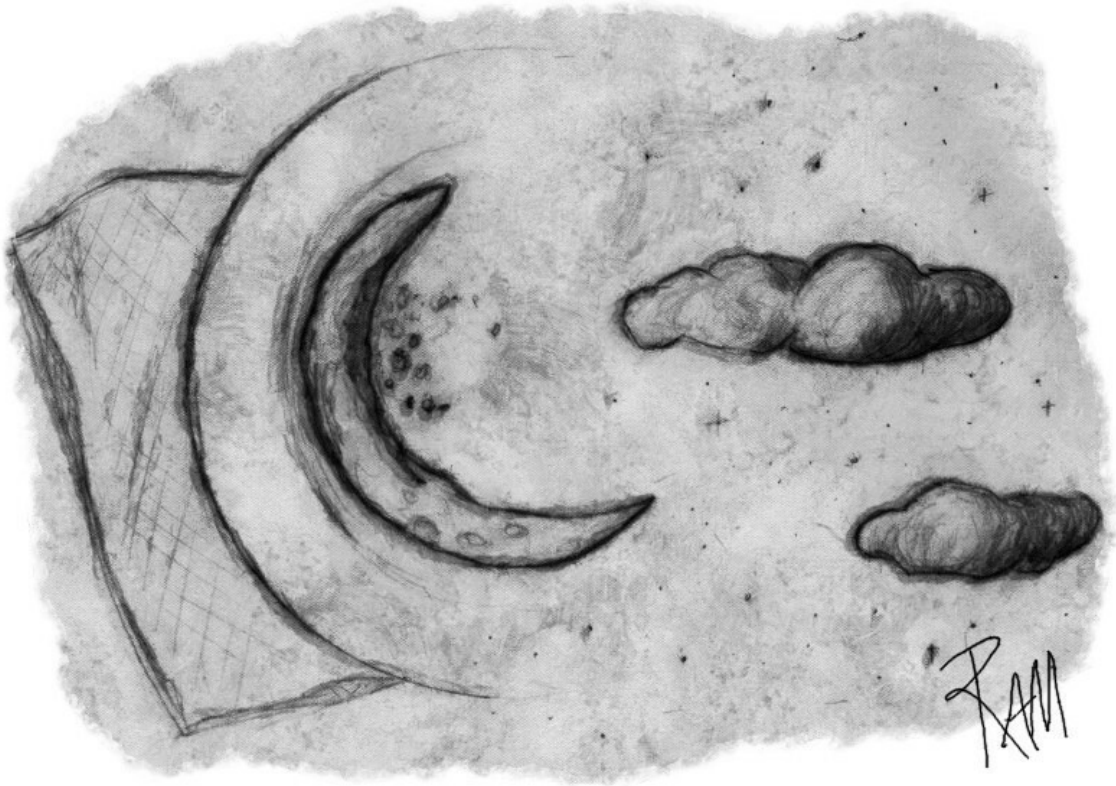
I'll visit there again
when my mind is bent with care.
I'll sit upon that ancient bridge
and breathe that new-born air.



March 1, 2013

🍪 The Moon 🍪

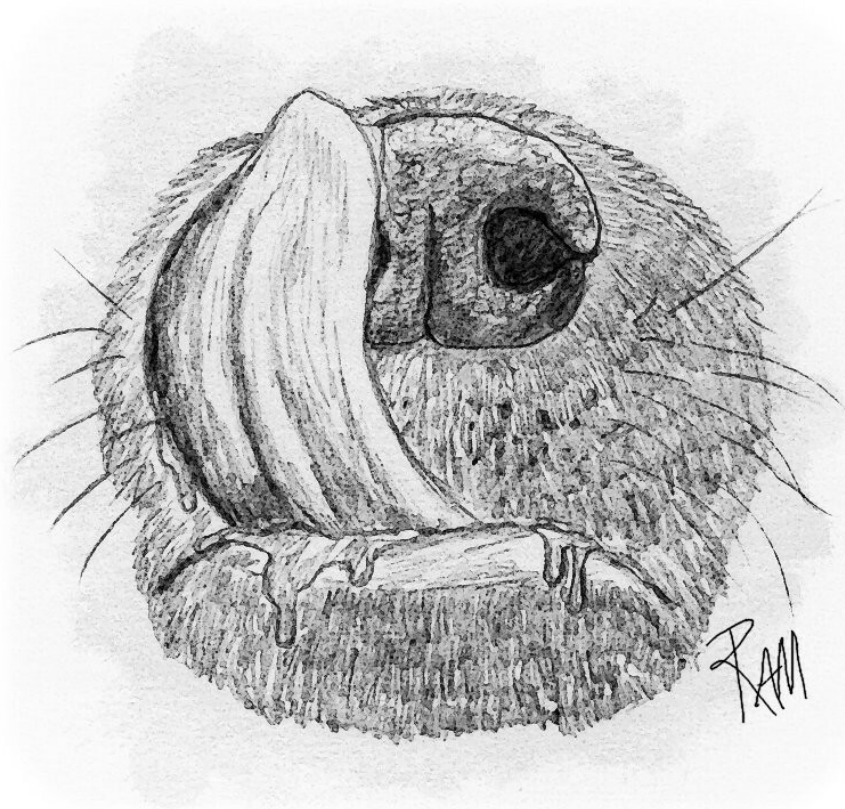
The moon is a cool cookie on the dark table of the sky.
Its flavor is vanilla and it looks a little dry.
You think that it would crumble when someone takes a bite,
And yet it keeps its shape till it's a mere sliver in the night.



May 23, 2013

🐾 Dog Nose 🐾

A dog's nose is wet
And cold
Like pudding in a bowl
They like to press it into you
Like a tunnel-digging mole
Sometimes they sneeze and shake their heads
So that wetness flies about
Sometimes they use their long warm tongues
To wash those chilly snouts



May 24, 2013

♥ Mud Flight ♥

If a tree can hide inside a seed
And a saurus inside an egg
If a clam can hide its whole body
And a turtle hide every leg
Then maybe I'm hiding something too
Maybe there's more than meets the eye
Right now I'm stuck in this dreary mud
But maybe someday I'll learn to fly



May 23, 2013

♥ The Dragon's Heir ♥

A cat is like a dragon whose hard scales have turned to fur.
Its roar became a meow and now its growl's a warm purr.
Where it used to fly across the land and eat up bleating sheep,
Now it simply chases mice a bit when it's not curled in sleep.

But it's the eyes of these two beasts that gives the link away.
And the silky way their bodies move when hunting or at play.
So as I write this little thought right here in my old chair,
Upon my lap in deep content I hold a dragon's heir.



June 6, 2013

♥ Sail ♥

A sail is like a dragon's wing
White with mist and pearls
It lifts with keen deep longing
and with vast dreams unfurls
It is the guide to changing worlds
Tween the water and the skies
With the sailor's will it breaths in air
and with the wild wind it flies



June 9, 2013

🍏 Apple 🍏

How tempting is an apple?
Is it really such a lure?
An apple seems so innocent,
So fresh and sweet and pure.
It's true I'd like to eat one,
But it's also an easy bet
That if some food's gonna temp me
It'll be sweet chocolate.



June 12, 2013

🐰 Rabbit in the Rain 🐰

Our rabbit was left out when the rain began to fall.

She didn't seem to mind that downpour at all.

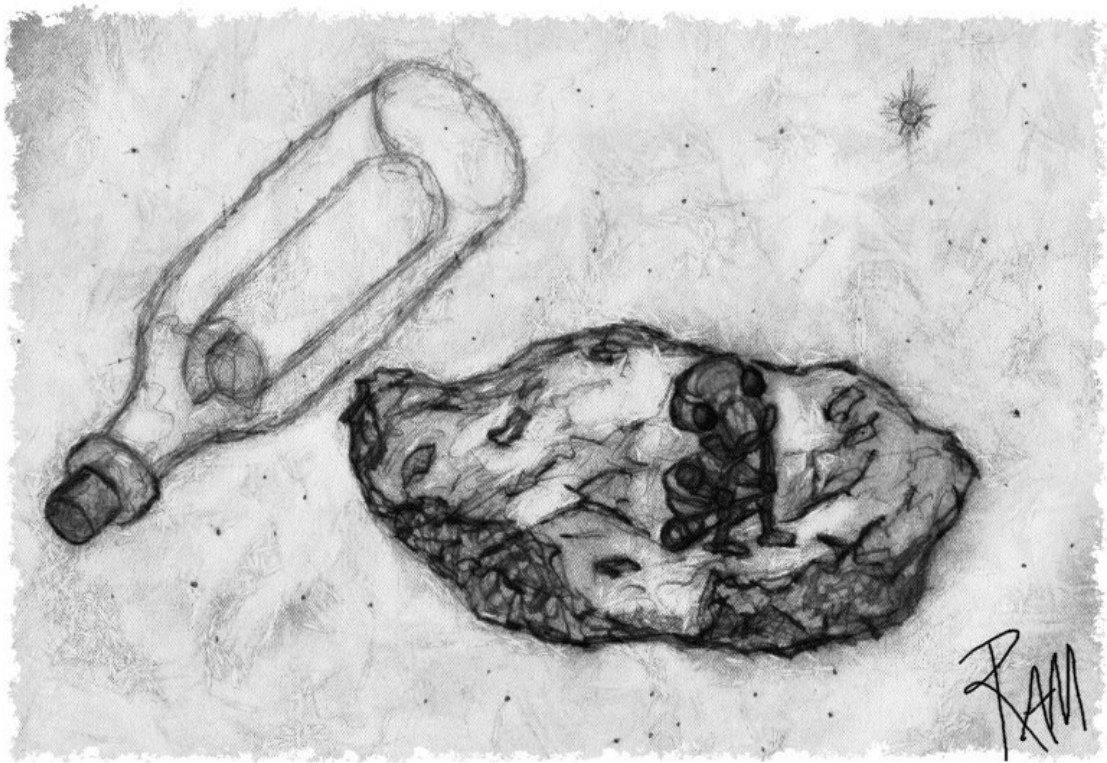
She simply sat there soaking the falling drops right up
Like a chocolate chip cookie soaking milk out of a cup.



September 3, 2013

🍷 Bottle in Space 🍷

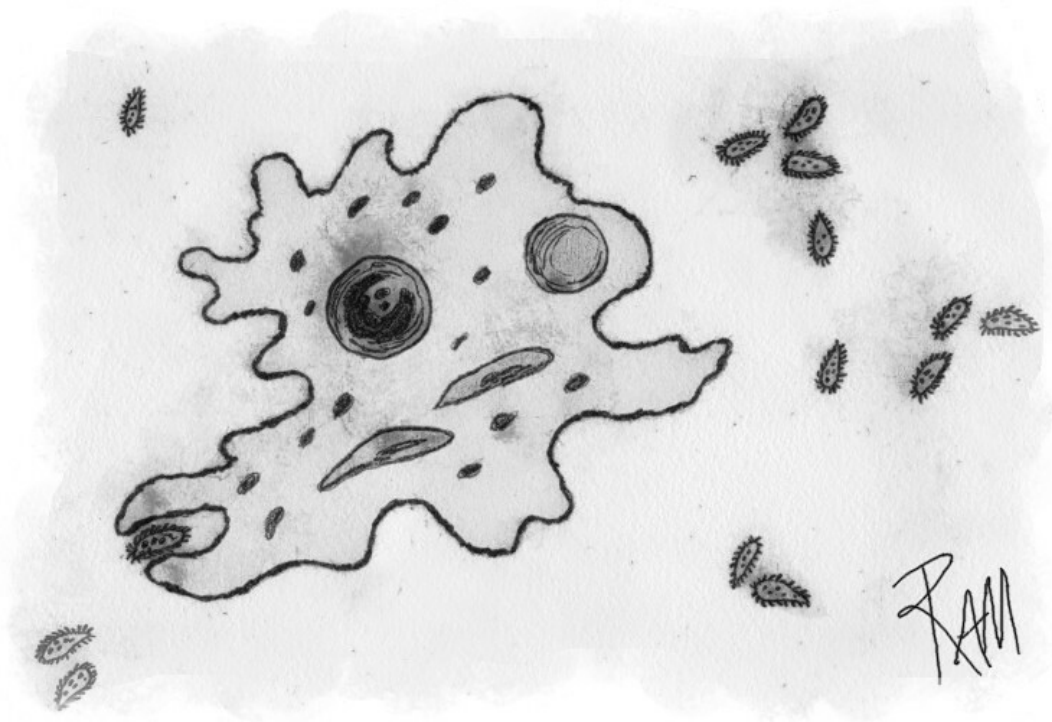
I sent a bottle into space
with a secret message inside,
hoping someone far, far away
could use it as a guide
to come and find me where I sit
so bored and all alone
as my metal joints corrode away
upon this cosmic stone.



September 6, 2013

🍷 Amoeba 🍷

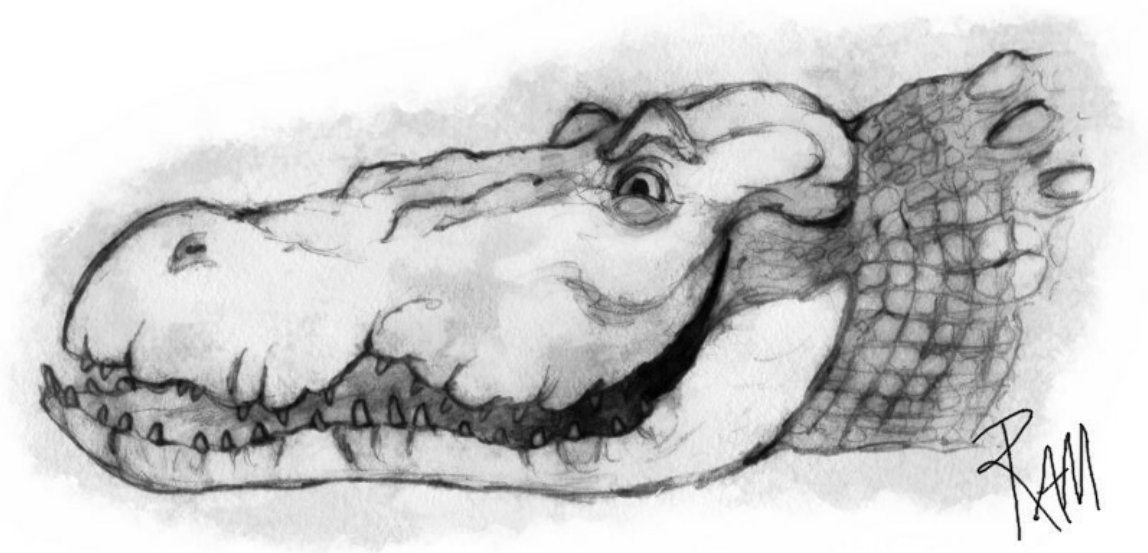
Jelly blob spread in the pond
tiny beyond sight.
No head, no mouth, no ears, no nose,
no sense of dark or light.
It morphs, it grows, it splits in two
then eats up twice as much.
As tiny as it seems to us
gazillions dread its touch.



October 24, 2013

🍷 Who Likes a Crocodile? 🍷

Who could like a crocodile?
Who could trust his grin?
Who could be so senseless as to
scratch under his chin?
Who would hire him to come
and babysit their kids?
Liking such a huge, scaled beast
common sense surely forbids!
And yet I like a crocodile
and smile when I see
that most congenial reptile
just smiling up at me.



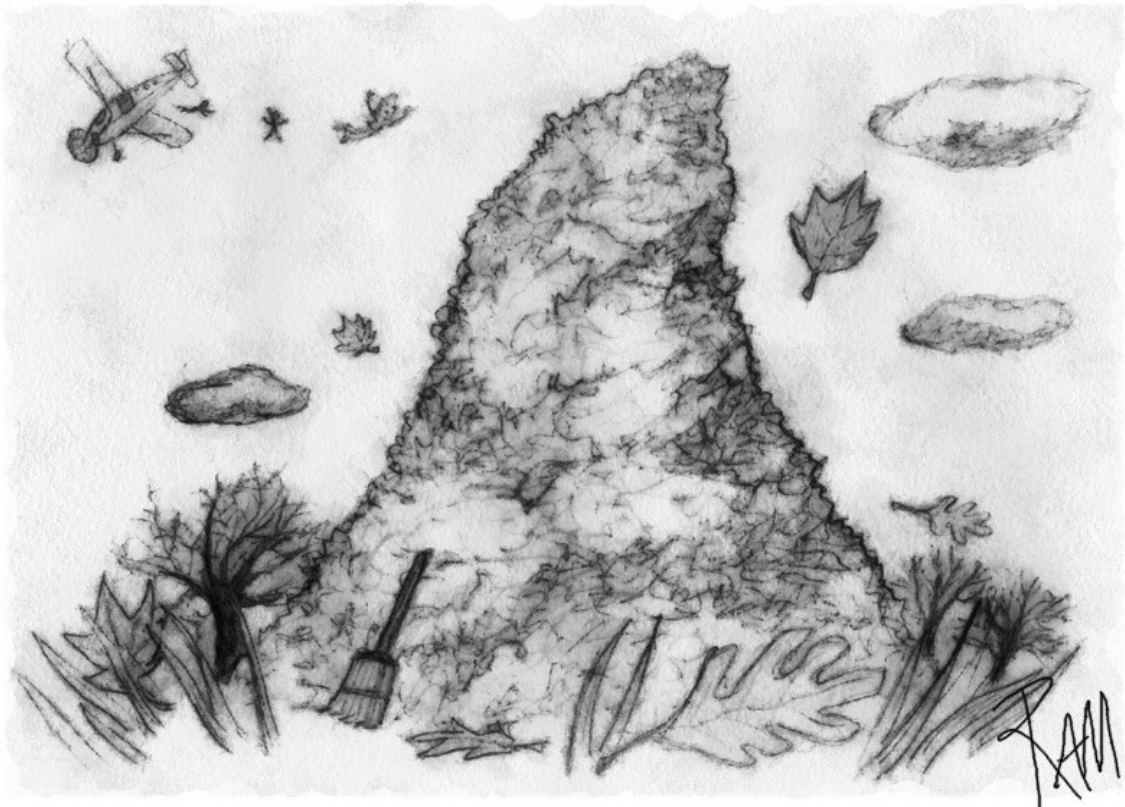
October 25, 2013

🍁 A Pile of Leaves 🍁

A pile of leaves right up to the sky,
That's what I'm going to build.
I'll do it myself 'fore the others get home.
Man, are they gonna be thrilled!

I'll stack the leaves up till they brush on the clouds,
Till the birds must go around,
Till the top leaves are looking from miles away
Way down at the fading green ground.

I'll just keep on going and raking them on.
It'll be so cool and insane.
When I'm finally done and it's time to jump on,
We'll have to jump out from a plane.



December 5, 2013