Johnny Miles is the author of many poems, and creator of many collages. A few of both have been published in Compassion, which is written by deathrow prisoners. Also, collages and writings of his has appeared in the Wing of Friendship Quarterly Newsletter. His pieces were also exhibited at Redux Studios and gallery in Alameda. He's currently working on another poem and collage book titled "THE VERDICT." He's currently looking to publish another finished collage and poem book titled "POETRY IN MOTION," which consists of 50 collages and 206 poems. He resides in California Death Row - Appealing his death sentence. He can be reached at:

JOHNNY D. MILES 5-64-08
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SAN QUENTIN, CA. 94974

Also visit www.artandprison.org to view 2 of my collages: "Identity And Place Behind the Walls" & "An OG's Perspective," which were awarded best amongst 50 Art pieces in an International Fine Art Competition 2014. Half a square metre of Freedom.
NAME: Johnny D. Miles

TITLE: Queen of The Hills

SUBTITLE: She is the rhythm that allows your heart to beat next to her's.
Queen of the hills.

Date: July 02, 2015

Book: Bumpysmooth Poetry

Bumpysmooth poetry is the shock absorber on a luxury car. You know you've just ran over a bump or pothole, but the shock absorber allows you to keep on rolling smoothly.

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Inside of back cover:

Photo of the author—
His accomplishments and future projects, and how to get in contact with him.
Opportunity may knock once
But temptation bangs on your front door. Forever
Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!
Who is it?

"Temptation! I come to create lasting memories. You can experience classic moments with me. Like a squirrel retrieving his nuts from a tree."

Who is it that you say you are?

"Temptation"
FIGHTING FOR YOU  Johnny D. Miles

What's dear and important to you
Is dear and important to me.
I got my boxing gloves on,
I ain't taking them off.

Fall
Winter
Summer
Spring
Ice cream strawberry takes me where
I’ve never been

Ice cream, banana scream, let’s do it again
Ice cream, watermelon chase my imagination
to no end

Ice cream is a woman’s anatomy (richness of flavor)

Ice cream is the world’s greatest academy
Ice cream is a stabled economy
Ice cream is my creative abilities collaging
Ice cream will and forever be a delightful and delicious dessert

A universal treat
Radiant and tastefully unique
The master suite of sweets

Ice cream is
Wanting
Liking
Conscious pleasure
The "L" devotion
Picture us sitting by the fire place
together
Making a clean path, to all life's visible treasures
Fresh in all seasons to make our lives even more better

Two passionate entrepreneurs
Paths to pleasure is in my blood
Spicy mind's like yours deservde to be loved

Wanting
Liking
Conscious pleasure
I'd enjoy having that connection forever...
Caramelized sweet dreams
Pillow dreams
Oh, do I dream!
When I come to rest
I am pleased with the things I discover
We are dressed in comfort
The comfort of a rich evolution
Cozily knitted in a signature style
I would love to have done the things I've discovered when I came to rest
Why put them off till tomorrow?
An appetite to picture in a signature style
Oh, do I dream
Luxury has your back
Your Front
Everything else
It's ready to illustrate the different ways to better your health
Have a rest on the futon
But not alone
There's plenty to sip on
Luxury wants to make you healthy, strong
Before climbing the curvy stairs
Put your hat on!
Luxury
Everything you need
A dream turned reality
Where everyday is an anniversary
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Can I climb them stairs and have it all?

Mirror, mirror on the wall
Can I climb that ladder and never fall?

“Who you be—speaking of paradise, with your reflection within my light. I grant wishes if you treat me right” (Queen of the Hills). “That’s the life. Be adventurous like the gold miners forlorn. A whole lot of attitude with such and such.”

Can I climb them stairs and have it all?
Can I climb that ladder and never fall?

“Who!
Climb them stairs
Climb that ladder—
Who is all that matters”

Once upon a time...
A gift box with triple cherries
Along with a life-style that carries
Pages within your book...
Rich stories!
The-way-it-was-meant-to-be
The-greatest-tasty-of-glory!
Which is acclaimed outside of the window frame
Where you're out and about doing your thing
That's because you play
Play to win
L A T I N G, it is how you make our world spin
So keep doing it
Again and again
Play to win
The curtain opened
The music of love was in the air
I can only take a seat
And imagine ever being there.
The smile on your face expresses
The right moment in the right place.
I celebrate your past
Your present
And your future.
May you be nurtured in a very special way.
Everything in heart.
EATING YOUR WORLDS

Me... eat your words
Girl’em to me in flavors I descende
From A to Z
While I pumm the sky
And turn the volume up high
Freedom is the wild side
The wild side
Your flavorful melodies
I wanna taste your emotional gravity
Girl’em to me in flavors I descende
From A to Z
Me... eat your words
The benefit of spending time in the nature of my studio
Is to play on
Because your flame burns a bit brighter
Igniting enthusiasm
Though your flame is full of mysteries to solve

I treasure that beauty to unravel and resolve

Play on
Because your flame burns a bit brighter
Piquing curiosity
That circle of life made so free
Which provides sustenance for my longevity to exist
I'm likely to feel the same way every tomorrow that comes... titlist

Play on
Because your flame burns a bit brighter
Each day that the sunsets
I will enjoy it... a bit brighter... Play on
I'm bass 'n' it up with a bass violin
I'm your romantic brother with the hot hand
I'm like sawdust under your land
I'm the starter belt to your engine
I'm the sunrise shinin' in all directions
I'm that finger ring you love suckin'
I'm that Bentley to riches from nothin'
Picture me free ...
And relaxin' under the palm trees in Compton
Early mornings on the roof top
crownin' a whole lot of somethin'
The key to being human is freedom.
The key to need is freedom.
The key to a dream is freedom.
The key to desire is freedom.
The key to hope is freedom.
Well as the key to hope is my business.

A cub walking toward freedom.
The key that clicks life is colorful.

The key click! click!
The Future is Now

New ideas to bring to the table

I could of been a billionaire...

But I'm still able

The Future is now

You're the shining light in my underground

Crack the safe

Release me from doing time

Top office suite

I shall recline

It's all about business

Your's and mine's

Tie. Tie watch

The Future is now
Making a difference is life’s recipe
In making the world a much bigger place
It’s a universal language
That momentarily arouses interest
Well as the characteristic elements of
a sweet spring
(Making a difference)

Marxists desire...
Here is where I stand
At the shore of my imaginations
Loving every beautiful sunset
Eagerly anticipating another
While wondering if I made a difference
Here is where I love the notion of having
another slice of life
Well as sharing the appreciation as well...

How sweet is that?
Having your slice as well
The set is all inspiring
When making a difference
Today's favorite chat room is every room in
the house.

Throughout
But the kitchen gives every room perfectionism
That harmonious tasty representative
Which is the mother of pearls of sweet
aromas
Fragrancing its entrances upon us
with a cheerful motif
For pleasure as well as inspiration
Come on!
Stop by for conversation...
So we can discuss the subtle spices of life
You deserve a slice
Then another
My style is all about giving you comfort
The residence of my curiosity
Today's favorite chat room is where I'll
be
So stop by and visit me!
Little big man

Looking out the window of his cell
A new creative culture is truly unveiled
And to make beyond
He finds new ways to define his imagination
Both internally and externally
Wishing to be free
So relax...

And be the honoree

I'm yet finished with this story
Little big man!
I've already seen the future
As I walk through this maze
With lecture titles to stay paid
Seven digits layed
Everyday getting a raise
Evah since I woke up I roll his way
Stretching my imagination across the
landscape
The beauty of it... I just can't escape
Because I'm on the outer edge of this
Fantasy
Just today I kept reaching for that reality
It's a firm grip where I should be
In front of that picture window
Checking out the scene
Picture me placing my awareness
just before you dreams
You too can roll this way
After my lecture days...
I’m still trekkin’
Trekkin’ up that mountain
While circclin’ all of life’s signatures
As the scales of justice balance
My fate

In a black and white picture
To colored

It’s just the fortitude of my nature—still wanting to dialogue with ‘cha
It's your brother again on the radar—
like an animated star——
I can hear your heartbeat from afar——
So I feathery Feathery Forward
My thoughts in ink
Because opportunity makes me think
The scenario became a universal
collage
Making the horizon ours
From sunset to sun up
Sista keep your head up
It's your brother again on the radar——
like an animated star——...
As for the common belief that compassion can improve a human life, one can certainly see Dr. Life might seem to agree. Though compassion don’t come cheap. It has its spikes and dips from A to Z with side effects on reality. Still it appears that Dr. Life will treat about anyone who wants to live a better life within and beyond these walls of prison by willingly entrusting their mind’s and heart’s to millions. And so like wise! Let’s start at “A” as compassion leads the way...
No off days are arranged in lines, quatrains, and poetry. Two lines with me.
Everyone has a story. That one done yesterday.
That was done today.
Surely it will be done tomorrow.
Some admired some not.
Some go cold some stay hot.
The latter means from mild to severe.
Interest.
Just above the middle of the spectrum.
Our experiences.
The world's continuous spin.
Our duties in life never ends.
For family and friends.
There are no off days.
After engineering your crew
From laying pipes all day in those
cities that are in so great a
need of them.

A view from above is where I picture
you resting your presence of mind
To unwind
And to find

The relaxation that accompanies the sweet
smell and taste of success
From night to day
Then day to night

Lord knows how many a year—
you busy yourself so dear—
within the job you choose as a career—

A long champ with out fear—
Delicately crafted to carry us near and there—
within our legal affairs
you’re so chic in every way
It shines within your DNA ...
What's the best
My wants
My needs
That planted seed
An efficient cultivation that's guaranteed
That planted seed that's so nurturing
My irrigated dreams
My wants
My needs
The best...
Above the Fray
How and when will you say
Like back in the day
Death Penalty Overturned?

Above the Fray
The biases and unconstitutional entities
are prevalent today
From California, and throughout other states
Surely the scales of justice are held
down by retribution’s weights
I’m sure you have noticed
Not one, but many mistakes
Retribution hasn’t abolished crime—
So what’s at stake?

Above the Fray
Who will sit in your chair?
Like back in the day
And say
Death Penalty Overturned?

With greater hopes it shall never return

Above the Fray
The Death Penalty shouldn’t have any relations
Within the experiences toward the life
Which humanity professes to proceed
A Non-Murderous Society!

Above the Fray
Folks are waiting for you to say...

So say!

Above the Fray
The assessment man at his best
walks optimistically
As the scales of life tilt's his way
Pragmatically and victoriously
Dignorous so is he...
At big Mama's house, you were definitely fed...

After all the day and part of the night, then would I see big Mama sit down in her lounge chair to rest. Still she would compensate as long as company had stayed. But big daddy would long been off to bed. Once company had packed then did I notice the exhaustion of big Mama's toiling from that day. As big Mama would walk her tired self down the long hallway, to her room, so that she could get some sleep...

She would say, “You young'un's get to bed For tomorrow is almost here.”

I knew big Mama would wake at Sunrise, to toil the laudious duties she loved to do, for family and friends; for those who were ever coming from afar, and near.

At big Mama's house...
Perhaps you can give me the best in design

culture and style

The barest taste of the Nile

More sights

More sounds

More imagination to spin around

Calmly put a bookmark in my mind

When we're changing conversation moving forward in time?

Fate's Find

Intriguing

Filled with gleaming words on a page to read

The keys to life's discoveries

The best in design

culture and style

Seeking your sights

Seeking your sounds

Life's truest discoveries
Beloved Mother. I asked for freedom from conflict. And you said: “Happy are those people who make peace.”
Beloved Mother. I asked for a sign to give me strength. And you said: “Straddle the street called love.”
Beloved Mother. I ask for fame, and to be perceived. And you said: “Embrace upon the international heartbeat of knowledge.”
Beloved Mother. I asked for freedom from fear, and doubt etc. And you said: “Seek guidance from God to release your dreams and fantasies, for a beautiful reality.”
Beloved Mother. Again I asked for a second place to dwell. And you said: “We’ll bring your butt home!”
Beloved Mother. I asked what you want of me. And you said: “Now that’s what I’m talking about.”
May the musicians, dancers, choreographers
and poets
sweeten your day
granted this birthday collage to champion
your wishful way
after you blow out the candles on your
cake
be driven by the spirits of love
laughter and hugs
shared with good fortune
as if navigates many more days as
this one to come

November the Fifth
Birthdays with a twist
Happy Birthdays ...
We are the flesh platinum globe extending
From the universe
A reflection of all that had come. First
spent and circling around
Wise as the shepherds that once walked
these grounds
Sharing a love that create a welcoming
glow
A flame from the past that still has its
flow
Through you and I
Which through our mother's warm hands
created our third eye
That flame - that's forever lit
And forever still it rise
So created to create
So welcome our shine
When all is said and done
The done isn't actually done
After the done
There's always a new one
To carry on
Because it's an ever-evolving task...
To ask hello

How May I help you?
Which can be spoken in many different languages and dialects
The meaning remains the same
The need of needing help is a worldly thing
So I colloquially framed hello!
How May I help you?
I'm needing help too...
Mixing the two formulas together creates
the formulation of...
Let's do what we gotta do
How May I help you?
If you're so smart

Cook me up some of that old school
corn bread

While the judges clear the roads
ahead

For me to travel down

To come get a slice...

If you're so smart

We can cruise all night

Then read the book of life

By the fire light

If you're so smart

(To be continued)
Emotional pain showers like rain
When family and friends remain
So distant
Far away
Across the California plains
That a collect call silences to no connection
Dial one and the (Area Code)
Then the Number
Hope rings like a letter in a corked bottle
Tossing in the waves of the telegraphical sea
Mailing to and fro
Brush stroking my heart like an impasto
Despite the immense efforts to reach shore
The stroking continues within a mirage of hope
Hoping the infinity of all the possibilities
One being that the showering rains...

Change from emotional pains
To all goodness of gains
For hugs on the California plains
Wetting our connections
These days my imagination I wear like a Cape
Some days and nights
I can be seen flaring brightly across the sky
Over the tallest mountain high
Aim
Focus and pillar in closely
To film my Manquetry
After landing high atop of the mountain peak
For an architectural journey
Caped and yet still flaring
Keep your film rolling
Look! Look! Look!
It's a bird... it's a plane...
No it's Johnny Doane... Miles!
Wearing his Cape
Enbrightening the landscape
Power up

It's time to upscale
weighed heaven and hell

Featuring a diverse selection of...
Fresh out of jail

A tycoon found o' where's my mail
That enchanting spot to watch
Our mail box
And according to the tic. tic. toc-
Our incoming letters should never stop

So power up and keep it hot
The champagne cork is about to pop!

Power up...
Old School
New School
The spotlights on you
within these hidden universities
The real world wants you
real learning we must do
because the real impact is when we're
back in society
It's our world
Welcome to it
Old School
New School
Committed to quality
A hardcore study
So stay sweaty
Every day it's like a walk through the desert
Water is the sun
Every step we take is food
Our incarceration is a open book for
Many to view
Now the spotlights on you
Since you're back in school
If you're thirsty
You'll sweat too!
So take a sip of this sunshine—
Welcome to it
Old School
New School
Cool December
You always remember
The day of the 12th
I'd like my cake and ice cream too!
The hat and balloons
Cool December
This day I'm claiming my birthright
Defining my legacy
I appreciate you remembering me
Through your love I shall sleep
At the mountaintop all will increase
So highly and efficiently
I'm blowing out the candles and making a wish
Cool!
I'd like to give a toast to your sweeter health.

Up doing all the things you love doing... being yourself.

Those celebrated moments spent with family and friends.

Out on the town again.

Then... back relaxing in solitude reminiscing of the days plenitude.

The conversations,

The smiles,

The hopes,

The wishes.

A chance of meeting again.

From the balcony of your book, you've allowed me to turn the pages to read where I stand and breathe.

The Godly words of true wealth.

I'd like to give a toast to your sweeter health.
Liberty gawds many flavors of ice cream.

A trumpeter composing a familiar theme.
This is art.

Plaider for comfort.
I'm so candle lit to want it so let the mirror reflect rose of the roses.

As we become the pages between the covers.

Titled liberty.

Ice cream tasty sweet liberty.

Liberty.
Liberty.
Liberty speak!
Mused...

A succession of leaping strides prides my
starry move
Mused by the Muse's fate
Doors upon doors opening where squares create

The Myths of new
Far from fictitious
Yet so true
As the Fog clears from the Valley
The hills
And the mountain tops
A Castle still stands
The Goddess still remains in true righteous hands

The knight once again roams the land
Securing it all until the day
The day he's announced to be King!
I & I

I & I

Plus the sweet honeycomb pie
Crosses the bridge to optimize
Where you and I stand and say come along
as we take lead

To give the city our personal identity
While focusing on the scenery
And taking advantage of the basic principles
of how our lives are suppose to be

Living Carefree
You and I are I & I

Plus the sweet honeycomb pie
Dipping the honeycomb stick
Waving it in the sky
Because you and I are I & I
And I & I is you and I

Plus the sweet honeycomb pie
Let's have a seat outside!
Your life is like a luxurious escalade
The weather forecaster predicts a
warm sunny day
A prediction...
I predict everytime you roll my way.
One of these days
From out of the doors beyond my dungeon
I'll be on my way
So I may walk barefooted across your
shores
to your warm and breezy days
Forever more...
Fan greater in flavor
A bowl full of Ice cream is a major
He who holds the spoon is the player
Let's hurray!
And magically appear
In my original collage here
We descend to lightnessly Feudon
And escalate
Just milk
Extra cream
Yet remain
In a luxury plushed dream
Yadda yadda yadda!
It's its me
Home grown
About to put my shades on

It's a natural connection
Around the curve in your direction
My Mind is the accelerator
So this is how I proceed
To your secret ingredient
You planted the seed
It's still growing in me
And I feel home grown
While in the right frame of mind
Do call me home for meal time

Home grown
About to put my shades on
They say you can't put a price on love
But I do it everyday
I put in an original song
Then send it on its way
Across the bridge through the bay
Then off to L.A.
My blood, sweat and tears is the pay
Love is seeing every worthy thing properly placed
Life is in our face
Doing everything for love
There's a price to pay
Gotta do it this way
Gotta do it that way
In the hopes of resolving L.O.V.E.'s Mysteries
Surely they will embody a cultural originality creating an original song
To grow plentiful crops, farmers need a king. It was one of my childhood dreams: To be a Farmer. I can remember back when my father used to take me out to my grandfather’s Farm. That was when the idea of being a Farmer was born. And Heaven knows it’s still one of my dreams. You want plentiful stuff... Vote me king?

California dreamin’ N’
We’re all buds in the garden of life.

Time is the warmth that steadfast our blossoming growth.

Students of this ever-rotating earth,

circling a new birth of all experiences

that we encounter in every tomorrow.

be mindful

Turn around

remember

Time began in a garden...
Momma is doing exceptionally fine—
Just beyond the most pristine landscapes
Beyond Heaven’s gates
Welcomed by her greatest love—
Her husband
Now the both of them are now occupied
by a luxurious heavenly adventure
A reunion of love forever
A perfect base for exploring an undisturbed
Marriage
We’re the tree within their one way
Window
In the kitchen with family
Then the dinning room
Being served spicy dumplings
And Ice Cold Orange Ice tea
I can hear Daddy and Momma saying
Now that’s the way it’s suppose to be
...You know how Momma loved being in the
Kitchen
Writing and collaging has been my greatest escape from imprisonment. I can go anywhere I’d like within my dreams and fantasies. The reality of it all, has given me a strong purpose of staying grounded to my surroundings, that allows the comfort within. By putting my writings within between the front and back covers, which I’ve created also, for this book titled: “Queen of the Hills”, gives me pleasure of sharing my world with you.

The writings were created from collages that I’ve created over the years, and mailed out to family and friends. In the United states, and outside of the USA. Hopefully one day those pieces (collages) will find their way between the pages of a new book. For artistic purposes, and inspirational means. A reunion of such.

Writing and collaging has given me a whole new world to live within. I’d like for your interest to step right on in, and take view of my artistic beginning — May you find joy and comfort within.

I give thanks to family and friends, and all those who would love to see me succeed. This is only the beginning.

Like the squirrel in the tree, in the front color of my collage. I’m just trying to get a nut.

The Author
Johnny D. Miles
Muse Euphoria Raison d'Étrep
Eating Your Words
Liberty
Play On
Sweeter Health
Tha Hot Hand
Cool December
The Key
School
The Future is Now
Power Up
Making a Difference
The Cape is Just for Flair
Today’s Favorite Chat Room
Hope
Little Big Man
If You’re So Smart
The Lectures
How May I Help You
Dialogue