

Poetry Series

**Jeffrey Philip Clegg**  
**- poems -**

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## Jeffrey Philip Clegg(09/12/1959)

I've been published in several e zines and had several poems published in 'remark' magazine.

# A Life Devoid Of All Vices

I was about to use my blender  
to make a big, beautiful Hurricane  
which I figured would help  
blow me away

Then I remembered  
a lot of folks have told me  
not to drink

Well, I don't smoke anymore  
What's next?  
Caffeine?

Is a life devoid of all vices  
worth living?

I doubt I'd do well as a monk  
I just know the funny hat would itch

But, then again  
I guess I would have  
a lot of time to  
dream about love  
that could have been

or else just sit around and  
write my memoirs...

kind of like prisoners do

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# A Very Thin Line

When I realized I was no longer down  
I swore I'd stay away  
From the demon called depression  
The one that holds such sway

Now that I'm back  
In a deep black hole  
The odyssey seems stranger

The whole time  
On the edge of a cliff  
There I was  
In danger

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Aftermath

After the low spark of the  
crackling  
fuzzy  
red electric guitar  
faded to black  
somewhere around 6 a.m.  
during the weekend

After the Loritabs, alcohol and nicotine  
had worn off

And the wisteria was just a  
dusty, light purple memory

I came crashing back to earth  
all broken again

and

I'm beginning not to  
give a damn  
anymore.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Aubrey

While we laid on a blanket  
in the middle of a field of  
Queen Anne's Lace

I knew you'd move on soon  
in your ambitious style  
and that this would be  
just a fleeting moment  
in your memory

I knew I would never ever  
leave this spot  
that this moment would be  
indelible -

stroking your hair  
and  
watching the  
yellow butterflies  
flittering above

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Backwards Yrteop

Why start at the  
Beginning

When the big inning's the  
End?

Y ou  
R ead  
T his:  
E very  
O ne's in a  
P yre

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Blinded By The Light

I wake up on the side of the road  
I have no idea how I got here

My head feels like a lead zeppelin  
My pants are soaked in piss  
My shirt is plastered to my chest with vomit  
My lungs are still smoking  
I reek of cheap alcohol

Was I with a stripper last night  
or was that last year?

I look up at the golden sky  
The song White Bird is soaring  
through my mind  
and I think:

It's a beautiful day...

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Body Shock (The Joy Of On Again Off Again Chronic Pain)

I wake up for the third day in a row with  
my body screaming in pain  
The insides of my elbows and knees  
feel stretched to the point of snapping  
My eyes are as heavy as lead balls  
They are open but  
blind to joy  
Every muscle in my body  
aching flu-like

Fibromyalgia?  
Medication does no good  
Repressed emotions?  
I have explored inner demons until  
I am blue in the face  
There is no relief until  
sleep comes again

I have never discovered the source  
I just know that it hurts like hell  
and  
I live in fear  
because  
it may happen again  
when I wake up  
tomorrow..

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Bored Games

Sometimes sidling northward  
the knights protect their king

They're off to pick some flowers  
for the pleasure of their queen

The bishops preach with caution  
from the castles oh so high

They pawn off slanted beliefs  
while their crippled king does hide

The warriors corner the enemies' king  
for victory's lust to sate

I laugh at my lunchtime opponent and say  
'This time you owe the check, mate.'

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Breakfast Of Champions (A Poem For Kids)

I am your morning flower ~

I don't wear square pants  
But am, in fact, spongy  
and  
For the most part, round  
and  
Slightly browned

Usually I'm drowned  
in  
Land O Lakes  
and  
I soak in Aunt Jemimah's  
sweet hug

Clean your plate:

I'm a stack of pancakes!

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Carnal Geeks

I was sitting on our sofa  
reading a book about  
the original carnival geeks  
when I realized my girlfriend  
sometimes bites my head off  
as though I were a chicken

Of course  
she gets as mad  
as a wet hen  
when I call her  
The Bearded Lady

Then we wrestle -  
I pin her arms to the floor  
and  
like a beagle puppy  
I lick the tip of her nose  
She screams at me to stop  
but can't quit giggling  
as we begin  
to tear each other's clothes off.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Cheaper Buy The Doesn'T

I sit here staring at my sausage and eggs  
still so angry  
I could throw the whole plateful at you  
Calling me 'cheap' last night  
in front of everyone at the party  
just because  
I was wearing a shirt from  
the clearance rack at TJ Maxx  
even though I have some Polos  
somewhere in my closet

Of course  
you'd press charges  
and I couldn't sit with you at  
Caribou Coffee any longer  
so you'd have company while  
you drank your espresso  
and alluded to Keats' odes  
as though an expert on the subject  
just trying to impress  
people nearby whom  
you don't even know

Well, I'm not an abuser  
and I sure as hell wouldn't want to  
break any of your  
Wal-Mart dinnerware.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Cody

I never just tell you straight up.  
Instead, it goes something like  
the old beer commercial,  
in a slightly animated, altered voice:  
I love you, man!  
This takes the edge off the real emotion.  
Less direct.  
More comfort in this zone.

Our cat is back home after several months  
and you are almost thirteen years old.  
Wanted to stroke your brown hair  
when you laid on the kitchen floor last night,  
watching Poindexter eat his food.  
Wanted to say,  
I love you,  
but couldn't leave my safety net.

Have watched you grow from a sweet toddler  
into a fun-to-be-around, nice kid.  
Hard for me to express how much respect  
I have for that about you.  
Know you'll grow into a  
man who can tell his kids,  
unconditionally,  
he loves them,  
without fear of exposing himself to judgment.

Am afraid of what you might think of me,  
knowing of all my flaws, failures and shortcomings.  
Somehow you probably forgive me these iniquities  
because you are a brave soul.

Makes me want to print this off  
and hand it to you some day,  
with the last line reading:

I love you.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Crayons (A Poem For Kids)

With a yellow crayon  
You can color the Sun  
This can draw You  
Close to the Son.

With an orange crayon  
You can color an orange -  
Orange you glad  
God  
Invented crayons?

With a red crayon  
You can color an apple  
Have you ever 'read'  
Cool Bible stories?

With any color crayon  
You can color  
God  
And it will always tickle  
Him  
pink.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Creating What I'LI Never Have

I try to run from the real me,  
but I am glued inside myself.

Who I espy in the mirror,  
usually revolts me.

My evolution is atrophied:

Fear directs my life -

Controls me...  
Aborts me.

When I draw my final breath,  
the collective pool of tears amassed,

will have created the oasis

I always craved.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Don'T Captains Go Down With Their Ships?

Dear God,

Since I fell into a black hole and  
Can't seem to claw my way out  
Are you just testing me again?  
If so, I have my doubts...

My tears bring me no clarity  
Instead they calcify the pain  
Of worry and depression  
Ne'er-ending self disdain.

Loneliness and anxiety  
My two constant companions -

Is my ship sinking, Lord, and  
Do I merely go down  
'Mongst the galleon?

Amen

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Down On Me

The thrills of Spring  
The fun of Summer  
The pills of Winter  
To lift the bummer  
Of delusively sitting on  
top of the world  
Then watching my  
insanity come to  
unfurl...

I sit back and wonder -  
Is my pen to blame  
for false visions of grandeur or  
fortune and fame?

Fantasia led from one thing  
to another...

Now my spirit is penniless

Can you spare a dime  
brother?

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Entropy

The rains of this November followed  
The uncertainty of this October and  
Began with the blue lights in September  
Revolving in my car's rear window.

December bodes chaotic  
Desperation, fear, confusion  
Entropic disorder reigns and  
Leaves me like a cornered rat  
With less and less time for  
Well thought out decisions...

Don't they study rats  
After certain sharp incisions?  
I know they ground up their brains  
To research the 'wondrous' Prozac...

Where am I left as my  
Mistakes become exponential?

God, will you show me a way?  
Don't you have the credentials?

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# First, There Is A Mountain

The eagle saw the mountain and it existed.  
The buffalo roamed the prairie and it was there.

Man saw the eagle and the buffalo and they  
are now hard to find.

Man is working on the mountains and prairies.

We can eventually hide in our skyscrapers  
and await the wrath of Mother Nature.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Flight Eternal

Fight or flight  
Which is right?

Darkness turns my  
Day to night

Overcome with  
Doubt and worry

Anxiety makes my  
Future blurry

Maybe Jimi's way  
Was right

Eternal sleep would  
End my plight

So...

God,

This night  
Arrest my heart

My pain and I to  
Finally part...

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Friends

Real friends accept your flaws  
True friends detach your clause  
That states, 'You are mine! '

Devoted friends know where to  
Draw the line  
Because, in the real, round  
World  
We turn each other on and  
Set off  
For a better place  
In time and pace  
Each other  
for  
Real kinship  
Not of fools  
and  
ignore the  
Knot of fools...

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# God, Please Say I Did Not Scare Her Away

I

Dear God,

You know I have requested another Angel  
Just one more

And You know that I tried to scare her away  
That I tried my damndest to

Before we ever spoke

I let her read my poetry on another website  
I let her see the RIDICULOUS photo of me underwater  
I wrote to her, before we EVER spoke on the phone, that

She was 'making fireworks go off in my Heart'

I let her know that I was studying to get a  
Sleazy Law Degree

You know I tried every trick in the Book  
To scare her away

Then You scared me half to Death  
because

After we talked on the phone and  
Thought we understood where to meet

There I sat, at Caribou Coffee  
Without her cell phone number and

There she sat, at Starbucks  
Without my cell phone number and

God,

You know I

Hate myself sometimes

But You saved me

You gave me just enough sense  
Knowing what a Dumbass  
I truly am

To drive down the street and  
Find Her  
Moving toward her Honda SUV  
Floating like an Angel

and

I thought she was going to tell me to  
Go to Hell  
For being late

II

Dear God,

As we drank  
Caramel Coffee  
At Caribou Cafe  
Which we drove back to because  
She does not prefer Starbucks

I thought, Dear God,  
Don't let me blow this  
Don't let me say something stupid  
Don't let me say something that might come across as arrogant  
Don't let me say something culturally offensive, because she is from the  
Land of Supremely Beautiful Women:

RUSSIA! !

As we discussed:

Rachmaninoff and Mussorgsky  
Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky

Chekov and Tolstoy

Pediatrics and Forensic Pathology

The English Patient, written by a friend of  
John Irving

Italian Supra Guitarist  
Al DiMeola and his  
French bandmate and his  
American bandmate.

And everything else under the Sun....

III

Dear God,

You know I had tears streaming down my face  
As I struggled with how to write this not-poem

Because as I recalled

Her jet black hair  
Her green/brown eyes  
Her full lips  
Her perfect teeth  
Her smile  
The beautiful way she spoke very fluent English

I had a Dream:

She was dressed in White

Walking down the Aisle

And I wept openly

In front of the entire Church as

She approached Me

And I said, as She faced me -

You will never know

JUST how much

I love you.

IV

Dear God,

You divinely guide me and  
I can only ask that if

She is not  
The Angel

PLEASE

Just let me  
Never Forget

The hour & forty-five minutes

I sat in

Heaven  
With  
Her.

Amen.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Howling Universe

Beneath the myths floating across the night sky  
sparkling

I walk amongst lakes with surfaces in starlight  
glistening

When eagles are replaced by owls  
hovering

While wolves raise voices to the moonlight  
shimmering

I watch in wonder at the shooting stars  
diving

And I am brought to see the heavens  
dancing -

The gift of the Big Bang  
glowing

The Milky Way  
showing  
me  
the paths to follow.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Hydrostatic Tantra Cycling

You get in the  
Pool  
and then you float  
Face up  
Eyes closed...

.  
If you can't float, you're either  
Stressed or  
Angry -

Which is worse?

If you can float,  
you stretch your arms wide:

Then you  
Clear your mind  
of  
Stress and  
Anger

and

You begin to go down one of two paths:

You either feel like you're  
Endlessly looping backwards  
like on the  
Mind Bender at  
Six Flags

Or you feel like your body  
Is slowly spinning.  
On the  
Surface of the  
Water

Either path leads to the same place:

The Dream Machine,

Who is God.

And

I'm beginning to think -

Probably a

Female:

Shakti! !

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# In The Morning, When We Rise

I wake up and  
you're  
still asleep.

Your  
breath reeks.

You  
don't have any makeup on.

Your  
hair is tousled  
as though  
you  
stuck  
your  
finger in a  
light socket.

A small damp spot,  
on  
your  
pillow, indicates  
you've  
been drooling again.

You  
make soft snorting sounds,  
like a baby pig,  
and  
that's when I know:

I love  
you

and that  
you  
are the most beautiful  
woman

I've ever seen.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# It Never Ends

Sitting here at this fucking computer  
Wondering what I'm going to bang out next  
Life all twisted like shards of shrapnel  
Body aching, death around the corner?  
What I'd give for a fistful of painkillers -  
Make it all go away.  
Beer to help me sleep  
The occasional cigarette makes me a little sick  
Clean up the act  
Or go to the final scene?  
Is physical trauma just fallout from the mind?  
Is emotional turmoil just embodied in the head?  
Is the answer that there are no answers?  
To be continued...

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# It's Too Late

When I was in  
high school,  
before I could play  
an electric guitar  
worth a damn,  
I wanted to form a band  
and call it  
Broken Warrior.

Now that I'm a  
broken warrior,  
I wish I could go  
back in time,  
to high school,  
where I was a  
long haired  
loner,  
and fix myself.

But,  
it's too late,  
and my hair  
is so damned  
short now  
anyway...

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Just Three Words

I am euphoric  
as I arrive at your place  
with flowers in hand  
to give you  
after my big  
premeditated announcement.

I know how significant this evening will be  
and I am as nervous and jittery  
as a schoolboy  
about to walk out on stage  
to star in his first play.

We sit down  
shoulder to shoulder  
on the expensive couch  
you were left with  
in your most recent  
divorce settlement.  
I say there are just three words  
I really need to tell you.

I begin by saying:

Number one is 'I',  
as you start to look nervous  
because you know what else I'm going to say.

Number two is 'love',  
as you shyly avert eye contact with me  
because you feel the same way.

Number three is 'you',  
as you begin to look extremely vulnerable  
because you will make the same vow to me.

You tell me,  
'There are four words that I probably  
should have said to you a week or two ago.'

You begin and end by saying:

'I'm seeing another man.'

As my heart disintegrates  
into my stomach  
I feel like I'm floating  
as my numb feet  
carry me out the door  
for the last time.

The roses  
I had been holding  
unknown to me  
dropp from my hand  
and cover the word  
'WELCOME'  
on your front porch doormat.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Licking Balls In Velvet Fingers Of Grass

Oh verdancy! Dear verdancy!  
Oh vast expanse of space!  
You want Zen?  
Where've you been?  
This is the time, the place!

Bring your picnic basket  
and hard-boiled eggs aplenty  
Swing your arms up toward  
the clouds  
Oh there are so many!

~~~

Now, I've had Women  
'Kick' my balls  
And make my lil nub quiver.

But, I've had Men  
'Lick' my balls  
And make the back net shiver.

Actually...

When I lose my balls  
I feel rather free

I live on a rubber mat:

I'm a drivin' range

Golf ball

T

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Little Man Off Compass

The shards of  
glass

From my shattered  
spirit

Push outward through my  
skin.

My dreams bleed from  
the

Pulsing red  
wounds.

I grope for truth while

God

Shakes his head and

Weeps.

He wants me to wander

Out of the forest

But I keep

Waltzing around in circles

Bleeding to death in the

Dancing  
rain.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Loneliness

When sweet words no longer pour out of my soul  
Like the pain now seeping from my heart

When the real world knots my stomach up  
And I can't see or feel art

When the music plays  
But I'm tone deaf

Is the orchestra just stone?

As the hot tears roll right down my cheeks

Is it just God calling me home?

When I feel I can't go forward  
With the weight of the world on my back

I don't see light at the end of the tunnel  
Everything just fades to black

Is it even worth trying to find a path to a

God

I seem to lack?

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Marrow Smith

Have I told you how pretty you are,  
and how I'd jump off of a cliff  
if you told me to?  
But then I couldn't kiss your lips,  
so I might as well have  
jumped off of a cliff.

I'll try to hang onto you,  
but if I tie you down,  
you can tell me to  
jump in a lake.  
I'd be drowning  
in my own  
pith anyway.

So...

Just give me a kiss?

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Nothingness

I remember thinking  
I had talent and could write

'Twas during spring and summer  
that my mania took flight

Now it doesn't matter what  
I can and cannot do

It did not matter then  
I only thought that it was true

When God planted the demon seed  
deep within my mother

He decided I would have some talent  
but that I'd mainly suffer

Now that my collision course is  
at its final stop

I am  
again  
at the bottom  
looking for the top

I silently  
flail and kick  
drowning in cold water

I am meeker  
than a lamb  
being led to slaughter

As my lungs fill to the brim  
and my throat is slit

The 'artistry'  
God gave me  
Seems to matter  
not a bit...

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Ode To A Vietnamese Poet

The Master now rests  
Having left his mark  
The Light of the East  
Illuming the dark  
The student I was  
The writer I am  
Encouraged by Him  
(The blood of the lamb)  
Urethane flowers  
Explode into space  
The moon in my hand  
The sky in his face

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Ode To John Mclaughlin

Miles beyond,  
On a  
Cool train to  
Eternity -

You know there is a  
Meeting of the spirits  
In the noonward race  
Toward dawn.

The awakening of a  
Lotus on Irish streams,  
Carrying a  
Vital transformation  
To the dance of Maya.

The devotion and surrender of  
A love supreme.  
A meditation of  
The life divine.

You know it is the  
Master of  
Orchestration,  
The inner mounting flame of  
The Mahavishnu's  
Soaring  
Guitar.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Of Human Blondeage

When you meet  
Who you  
think is the  
Most beautiful  
Woman in the  
World,

And  
She's near enough to touch,  
But if you do,  
You might contaminate  
Her,

Do you just sit back and be in love?

When you'll never forget  
The moment you first laid eyes on  
Her,

Is the memory, alone, good enough?

When you can't look at  
Her anymore, because  
She'll know what you're thinking,

Is  
She still beautiful?

When you don't recognize  
Her anyway,  
Because all  
Blondes look alike,

Is  
She still really there?

I live in a condo, up the hill from a  
River:

Is it the  
Lethe Stream of Forgetfulness?

It must not be,  
Because I cannot get  
Her  
Out of my  
Heart.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# One Day Closer

As I take a funereal  
look at my life  
and how many times  
the rug has been pulled out  
from beneath my  
rare periods of  
seeming happiness,

I never forget that

I was born a loner.

I have long been held back by  
a ball and chain of  
sorrow, insecurity and shyness,  
dragging it around like a  
murky shadow.

My latest barrage of setbacks  
seem permanent, insurmountable.

I see that the supposed happiness  
was just an illusion,  
an oasis,  
in the desert,  
that was only a mirage:

Mania.

However, I do,  
having a dark sense of humor,  
always look at the bright side:

Everyday I wake up,  
still alone and despondent,

I am one day closer to...

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Rejected

You know I gave you everything  
And you simply walked away  
Wasn't asking for a Purple Heart  
But you left me alone and blue

Was like being lost in a forest  
With no one to grasp  
The foliage shimmering green  
Yet unseen by me

Not given any choice  
But to hold myself  
Cannot look at you any longer

Reduced to a naked animal  
Retracting inside myself  
To a flawed embryonic state

Was honest with you  
Yet no chance was taken  
The sliver of doubt  
Eaten like the apple of Eden

Stranded in pain and anguish  
Will never walk again  
Looking blindly inside myself  
For something only I seem to see  
You have destroyed me  
And I am here to die  
Beneath the canopy of life.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Rubber Soul

You come out of the master bedroom closet  
in the daintiest of nighties  
I do all the talking as we  
lay down on the bed  
I whisper sweet nothingness  
into your unhearing ears  
I fill you with my love and  
you make squeaking sounds

I would offer you a post-consummatory cigarette  
but I fear you might melt

I rinse you out  
I deflate you

I stick you back in the closet...  
next to the air pump

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Seams Of Darkness

The poison in my head  
Filled my heart with dread

Now I soar above my deadened soul  
A coffin doth my spirit hold

Seems when I needed God the most  
I could not find the Holy Ghost

My ashes float into the night  
Not of life and out of sight

Seams of darkness engulfed me whole  
Loneliness was my predestined role

Though I tried for years to persevere  
The path too cloudy, was never clear...

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Shake, Rattle And Roll

Gold and black  
With diamond back  
I slither toward my prey  
Close to the ground  
Without a sound  
I smell what I will slay  
In silence I prepare to strike  
My presence still not known  
The victim's failure to escape  
Is like a seed not sown  
I sink my fangs into its heart  
Injected venom swims  
The little body shakes a bit  
And then its life force dims  
I gulp the creature wholly and  
Thereafter rest a while

My forked tongue it flickers forth  
And I appear to smile

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Starry Knight

As a Viking, I marauded the seas for  
golden treasure and women  
As a slave, I yearned for a  
rainbow of freedom and choices  
As a hungry wolf, I hunted for flesh  
and drank from sparkling brooks  
As an eagle, I soared above my  
various selves and became a Gryphon  
As a galactic spirit,  
I exploded into constellations  
now guiding me  
through the night  
so I can search for  
Oneness  
again tomorrow.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# The Bottomless Well

Sometimes I think the curse is over:  
It's all expunged.  
I don't have to write anymore!

But then I excavate some more  
feelings of sadness  
and out comes the ink.

Well,  
like blood spatter  
on a white wall,  
the melancholia  
keeps on  
dripping  
out of my eyes and  
out of my fingers and

I am cursed to write  
some more...

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# The Broken Warrior Reigns Again

I was listening to Rubber Soul  
while reading poetry and  
poets' self-written biographies  
(which I think, by definition, are actually  
autobiographies) and  
I thought about a Vietnamese poet  
whom I have read a lot  
and then about  
John Lennon and  
George Harrison  
and then  
I couldn't handle it anymore.

Afterwards,  
I blew my nose,  
looked for and got Help! ,  
re-started my computer,  
which was making  
not-so-funny noises,  
wrote this and wondered

Is it another piece of shit  
or am I just falling apart again -  
or both?

God, I could use a shower  
(and it's cloudy outside too) .

As an afterthought or three,  
my computer is nice and quiet now  
and my new medicine is  
kicking in.

I'm taking a few deep breaths and  
telling myself,  
'Calm down, dude.'

And the lyrics end:  
'What you see is me.'

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# The Gathering Of Grays

I stroll away  
beneath the cobwebbed sky  
having stolen your spirit  
which implodes within me

I cannot leave behind  
though  
the shades of gray  
that  
when gathered together  
blacken my soul  
while I try to forget us  
and the pain I caused.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# The Glistening Dagger

For me  
there is no fun anymore

The spring has dried up

The mud is cracked  
like large flakes of rust

The wilted flowers  
have blind roots  
wandering nowhere  
striving for nothing

The uncloaked dagger  
is fallen upon  
and the glistening red  
points toward

the Heavens

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Tinted By Dark Gray

What if all I see now  
is tinted by dark gray?

Should I just keep quiet  
until something lights the day?

The path is not always easy  
and certainly not clear

I am in a locomotive  
I have no clue how to steer

People say it will work out -  
How do they know it's true?

Their words spoken in yellow sun  
while I am feeling blue

I have read of ups and downs  
inherent in depression

How long can I hold out for a  
potential pain cessation?

I lose more confidence in myself  
as each day marches by

And what is up above me but the  
Godforsaken dark gray sky?

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Too Much Self Contemplation

My letters used to fall on paper  
Like rain drops from a cloud

Now that I doubt every word  
I don a pedantic shroud

Free verse used to flow unchained  
But now it's all fenced in

The waterfall has frozen over:

Can too much self-contemplation destroy Zen?

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

## Tuesday Afternoon

Your glare at me seems to have  
a million meanings -  
none of them good,  
yet they all revolve around the  
same cycle of life.  
As we listen to  
The Moody Blues,  
your eyes ask,  
Why are you looking at me  
so funny?

After you find the  
crumpled bag in the trash,  
your piercing stare asks,  
Why did you eat all the  
Doritos, you pig?  
And speaking of trash,  
your seemingly malicious,  
yet unspoken  
queries continue,  
Why the hell haven't you  
taken it out yet?  
I've told you a thousand times,  
The garbage man picks up on  
Wednesday mornings!

I try to disappear  
into the couch,  
like a cornered mouse,  
buying time while  
plotting to dart out from the  
approaching claws of a cat.  
Your eyes scream  
that the remote control,  
located inches away from my  
now withdrawing fingers,  
is more important to me than  
you are.

Your look continues  
with the complaint that  
I was like a dead fish  
in bed last night.  
Oh my God, I think,  
Here comes the  
once-a-month  
'Our love life sucks'  
lecture.

Just as I begin believing my  
'I'm just a selfish,  
incompetent boob'  
theory,  
I remember,  
and say to myself,  
for the hundredth time,

She's having:

'A Kotex Moment'.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# We Hope The Snow Melts

Velvet mountains  
covered in snow

Fingers of wind  
through our hair blow

Grass screams out to  
spear toward the Sun

Krishna, the flutist,  
blows notes for the One

Arjuna, enlightened,  
the great warrior prince,

Sends help to our injured  
with rose petalled scents

We hope the snow melts  
and leads us to Spring

So, once again,  
we can all dance and sing...

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# What It Is And What It Ain'T

Poetry  
is  
Catharsis.

A privilege.

It's not necessarily a  
Jackson Pollock  
sling fest.

It's a craft.

It  
DOES matter  
how  
Words  
are spelled  
&  
where  
Commas  
come and go.

It's not some arrogantly thrown  
Noise  
against the wall.

It's using others' ideas to help you through.

It's always,  
All ways streaming,  
All the time.

It's young poetesses striving for  
Reality through dreams.

It's going to Lonely, Colorado &  
extending  
Your hand.

It's writing backwards because it merely  
reflects the  
Beginning.

It's  
REAL TIME.

It's a  
DREAM MACHINE.

It's  
GOD.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

## What Sad Passion?

We all know that flowers need rain  
But what dark desire, has a man, for pain?  
The seasons arrive and spin their spells  
But what sad passion drives a man to Hell?  
Actuality, knowledge, experience: life  
Can only wisdom transcend this strife?  
When a man has love and lets it go  
Is he a fool in what he knows?  
If perfection is really nonexistent  
Must a man seek it, so consistent'?

Goodbye, my child, of hope and want  
Your memory, to me, will remain a haunt.  
Goodbye! Goodbye! Fare thee well!  
Why goodbye?  
I cannot tell.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# When Beagle Puppies Lick You (A Poem For Kids)

when beagle puppies lick you  
it means they love you

when beagle puppies lick you  
it means that even if  
mommy yelled at you  
and even if  
daddy ignored you  
when you sang  
jimmy cracked corn

beagle puppies still love you

it means that when  
mommy drags you to church  
dressed up like an  
eddie munster doll

and all you can think about is  
going back home

~ while you draw  
~ beagle puppies on your  
~ church program

so beagle puppies can lick  
you some more

it means

GOD

loves

YOU

and

your

Parents

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Who Are We?

When are we who we really are  
and not the meds we take?

When do we actually know ourselves  
and know that we're not fake?

When we look into a mirror  
Is the reflection what is real?

Or is who we really are  
Merely how we feel?

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Why I Want David To Be A Quarterback

Green, green grass &  
Shiny red fiberglass.  
Bright blue cloth & silver too.

Brown, brown pigskin,  
(My all time favorite color) .  
Neon yellow goalposts &  
Black & white zebras.

Pretty, pretty cheerleaders &  
Beautiful screaming girls  
Who understand football! !

Throw the ball deep Dave &  
Pick the  
Girl of your  
Dreams...

She MAY cook for you.  
Regardless, you MUST bring her flowers,  
Of all colors (except brown) &  
Tell her  
She's the  
Prettiest Girl in the World  
&  
Mean it.

That way,  
She'll  
Love  
You &  
You'll be in:

HEAVEN! !

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Within The Corridors

You are within me,  
yet I am without you.  
In order to find us,  
I push through  
the evolving door.  
I feel the wind:  
Oh, the air  
in my face!

The truth or  
consequential lies,  
beneath the drumbeat  
in the floor,  
within the corridors  
of my mind,  
tell me  
you are  
not gone  
without the wind.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg

# Wood Or Wouldn'T?

I was on a hill,  
reading  
from a book containing  
a poem by Allen Ginsberg,  
about sitting on a hill  
with Jack Kerouac,  
and how they were looking  
at a metallic sunflower  
powdered with the dust of  
industry,  
and I wondered whether  
they too  
had seen things  
in dusty trees that  
you people  
wouldn't believe  
or  
wood...  
not leaf alone.

As I leafed through  
a few more pages,  
more images blossomed,  
and I wondered whether  
poetry,  
as a rule of fingers  
and thought,  
blooms and grows  
forever.

Jeffrey Philip Clegg