

Poetry Series

**Myra Jefferson**  
**- poems -**

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## Myra Jefferson(April 29,1953)

I have been writing poems for as long as I can remember, probably as a response to learning poetry in school. English was my favorite subject! While raising a family, pursuing careers, (I am a teacher and an ordained minister) poetry got pushed into the background. Recently, some hard events in my life, have acted as the winepress, to squeeze my poems out and back into the forefront. I write all types of poetry, and some song lyrics, (which have been recorded by gospel artists) , but I only will post the so-called 'real poems' for poets!

# A Visit With Satisfaction

shame how some folks let those three party poopers  
keep her from hanging out  
much better friend than they are without a doubt  
Insecurity, Greed, and Jealousy leave you smelling foul  
but she leaves a pleasant scent whenever she's around  
sweet, she really is, but some will never know  
shows up all the time, waiting to make friends  
some folks never, ever, ever let her in  
at times I've had to force myself to let her hang with me  
even when I didn't feel like her company  
but I never regretted it she showed me such a good time  
The Funky Three had to leave  
wasn't their kind of party anyway  
when people reject her, she immediately disappears but  
she'll sneak back and just wait for an invitation  
knowing that she can't force herself on you,  
it has to be your decision  
that's just the way she is sweet, quiet, and unassuming

when I was driving down the shoreline  
she hopped right in the car with the soreness I felt from the workout  
Friday afternoon, and all my work was done, not perfect, but completed  
'How nice of you to come', I said inside my head  
'How nice of you to have me', she said inside my head  
'Thank you' 'No, thank you'  
sweet, she really is, though some won't let her in  
I'm so glad she's my friend  
coming all the time with a cool glass of water, a balanced checkbook,  
so non-judgmental, she even comes when your ex gets their heart broken

'You know, I would visit everyone, if they'd have me'  
'Well, you are kind of plain. Maybe if you'd dress up a little, with a little  
more fanfare, announce yourself at the synapses', I told her  
'No', she said, 'I am what I am, they either take me or leave me'  
'Oh, I see, well, it's still nice of you to be here'  
'No, it's nice of you to have me, ' she said with a knowing grin,  
'But guess who always comes with me' 'Who?' 'I queried  
'Appreciation, and he's even quieter than I am', she answered  
I turned around and caught him smiling sheepishly in the back seat.

Myra Jefferson

## After A But Before C

Bashful Ben and benevolent Barbara began a boring betrothal.  
But after Benji's birth Big Ben was boisterously banished.  
Big Ben and Benji became best buddies by belting blues ballads, belching bean burritos, bouncing basketballs, and benign buffoonery.  
Big Ben began bringing Barbara Brooks' baby boy back by bedtime, beaming but bedraggled.  
The brutal, belligerent, badgering began.  
Ben bade Bye-Bye.

Myra Jefferson

# Alan's Blues

I woke up this morning  
With another man's child drooling on my arm  
For her, for her  
Stumbling out of bed after a hard night  
Of chasing monsters and bringing water  
Cutting my foot on legos  
For her, for her  
Fishing my razor out of a wastebasket  
Full of used tampons and baby wipes  
Getting in a van with an empty gas tank  
Filling it up again  
Making me late again  
For her, for her  
Avoiding that fine receptionist  
Who grabbed my crotch last month  
I think that's the last time  
I'd been touched  
Smiling at the boss' daily spiel  
Keeping silent keeping still  
For her, for her  
Driving home wringing wet  
In a van with no air  
That could've been repaired  
But ordered blinds instead  
For her, for her  
Inching home with traffic slow as a snail  
Getting the finger at least every mile  
Coming in the door hearing her family sing  
How I'm not doing anything  
And all she did all day  
Was help some hamburger  
What more can I say?

Myra Jefferson

# Art Of Letting Go

When you let go it shouldn't be from exasperation or futility  
You let go still maintaining hope for other possibilities  
When you let go you know the reason  
That it's the season  
For harvesting  
A bloom cannot remain the same indefinitely,  
left unattended it turns to seed  
When you know that you must let go ignore the doubt  
Release your hold, don't draw it out

Then when it's time to go  
remind your heart, your soul, and your mind  
to stay together and look out for one another  
Tell them to hold hands and look both ways at each crossing  
When its time to go, pull up your chin and smile at the new dawn  
Let its warm breeze erase the wrinkles from your brow  
When its time to go, march your eyes forward and never retreat  
And if they weep let them only release tears of joy and hope  
When its time to go, make sure that your hands are free and clean  
And ready to open new doors  
When it's time to go, wipe your feet, watch your step, and tie up your loose  
strings so that you won't trip  
Turn out the light  
close the door  
square your shoulders  
walk away  
and let go.

Myra Jefferson

# At The Crib

Mama's been gone all day  
Don't know where she went  
Money she gave her already spent  
Clock says she's been sitting here  
Since a quarter to four  
Next thing she knows  
Mama comes through the door  
Then here it comes  
The soul mama's shout,  
'I brought you into this world,  
and I'll take you out!  
Looking at this house makes me delirious! '  
She looks at Mama heart attack serious  
'What have you been doing since I've been gone? '  
'But Mama', she cried, 'Cribs is on! '

Myra Jefferson



# Baby, Baby Where Are You?

Baby, Baby where are you?  
Is this the best that we can do?  
I promised you that we would play  
As soon as I got a vacation day  
When I was working overtime  
You tried and tried to flood my mind  
Now that I have time to spare  
I can't find you anywhere  
Wait, do I hear a sound,  
Does that mean you're somewhere around?  
Or am I writing leftovers, composing on fumes  
While chasing you from room to room  
You seduced me with your rhythms  
Enticed me with your rhymes  
Come on deliver, since I've got the time  
Give it to me now, don't be a prude  
We've got to accomodate each other's moods  
Baby, Baby, where are you?  
Oh well, I guess this will have to do.  
For now.

Myra Jefferson

# Bad Connection

I'm listening, I'm listening what else can I do?  
Responding is harmful, reacting is too  
My face betrays me, it doesn't understand  
I can't jump in, I have no where to land  
Your forest is empty, should I make a sound  
My words go unheard as they land on the ground  
I have nothing to say that has not been said  
My input is thwarted, intentions misread  
My ideas are enemies according to you  
Original thoughts are hiding a coup

I'm reeling from pain that is no way my own  
I'm reaping the harvest of seeds I've not sown  
My will betrays me, It just doesn't see  
That in your world there's no place to be me  
Your wagon is empty, and I must pretend  
That it's full and complete and not rattling when  
You have nothing to say that I need to hear  
Your fear is apparent, your weakness quite clear  
I'm listening, I'm listening, what else can I do?  
Responding is harmful, reacting is too

Myra Jefferson

# Blossom

Embedded in the rich, dark soil of history  
My roots are still a part of me  
Nourishing me, spurning me on Making me face another dawn  
Of uncertainty

Tickled by the gentle rains  
Tackled by the hurricanes  
My limbs drink in the morning sun  
As I face another dawn  
Of mystery

Trampled cruelly underfoot  
Softly sighing overlooked  
Moment by moment I grow strong  
Searching for another dawn  
Of destiny

As I graduate from Mother Earth  
Creation celebrates my birth  
And marvels at what I've become  
Survivor of the dark and dawn  
A blossom

Myra Jefferson

# Complete My Emancipation!

Take the shackles off my feet

Mary Mary said

But I'm with Pete

Not just my feet

Also my hands and my head

Myra Jefferson

# Declassified

Clarifying, justifying, and qualifying  
of the mystifying existence ceased when  
a truce was called  
between gratification and restraint  
wisdom and ignorance  
order and freedom  
emotion and intellect  
charity and self-reliance  
sensitivity and strength  
compliance and conscience  
since it was revealed that none  
were mutually exclusive of the other  
but merely different facets of the same creature

Imagine that. file it under...

Myra Jefferson

# Dee Candidate

Two of us started up the hill  
Tweedle Dumb and Tweedle Dee  
Tweedle Dumb, you thought you had it made  
Tweedle Dee didn't trust Dee Cee

It's the land where True Blue Foes and Envy Green Friends  
and other creatures lie in wait  
Did you fall or were you pushed?  
We'll never know, but that won't be my fate

You thought I'd join you in your descent, well here's a scoop  
I only pretended to be suspended  
So I would have time to recoup  
Check for clearings, get my bearings  
And reassemble my troupe  
Who'll bring the net, so I won't get  
Injured when you take your fall

Dee name's not Jill and when you fall down  
I won't tumble after you  
I'll keep my crown and run in this town  
And win like I planned to do

Myra Jefferson

# Has Been

The team moved to a different state  
without me  
But I made it anyway-late  
Apparently  
unwelcome, uninvited, uninformed  
underrated by decree

Without a position missing the call  
Without direction missing the ball  
Out of bounds, out of compliance, out of sync  
I think

Without a game book  
no knowledge of the plays  
Without warning  
of the different ways  
one could be tackled  
and knocked to the ground  
by one's own mates  
What a deafening sound  
Huh? What did you say?

Congeniality went missing,  
sport abandoned me  
now I just fill a uniform  
and replay my memories

Come eulogize my skills  
this ghost on the field  
i disappear in the sun  
I'm absorbed by the shade  
you know the outcome  
this game's been over played

Myra Jefferson

# Home Alone

I'm building this house to my own specs  
It's mine, all mine last time I checked  
I'm the one who lives here, you're only a guest  
I determine the time, I determine the day  
You can come when I invite you, you must leave when I say  
Your bullying tactics don't work anymore  
Follow my house rules or find your way to the door  
These windows are mine, I can see out just fine  
I happen to like rose-tinted blinds  
I can open or close them whenever I choose  
Whatever I see is from my point of view  
What I happen to notice does not concern you

I'm building this house, I'm my own architect  
I'll change the blueprint, I don't care who objects  
Throw my plans in a closet, or file them away neatly  
Follow through with each one, or neglect them completely  
It's perfectly correct to assume I'm the one occupying all the rooms  
So I can wallpaper all day and paint through the night  
Rearrange or start over, I've got that right  
I can leave open spaces or put up partitions  
No one has to approve if I add some additions  
This is not an apartment, a duplex or a flat  
I'm not a conjoined twin, single birth and that's that

Myra Jefferson



# How Do I Take My Love?

How do I take my love?  
I take my love hot and steamy  
But not so much so that it burns  
But with billowy clouds of joy released  
And wispy streams that twist and turn

When I draw it towards me it feels warm on my face  
Like the sun on a winter morning  
And all of my dreams fall into place  
With high hopes and no hint of warning

And should it cool off it will taste the just the same  
There's no loss with the fire retreating  
The sweetness and spices still remain  
And grow stronger with each reheating

My love will compliment a full course life  
Or satisfy with its fullness alone  
When I thirst it refreshes along with my portion  
When I hunger it's a feast all its own

Myra Jefferson

# Inevitable

I objected voraciously  
Argued vehemently  
Reasoned pointlessly  
Campaigned feverishly  
Failed miserably  
Conceded abashedly  
Accepted finally

Myra Jefferson

# Inside Out

Inside out, outside in, the end is where you must begin  
The found are lost, the brave don't know  
The cowards show the way to go  
The rich are poor, the poor have wealth  
The living are sick, the poor have health  
The winners lose, the condemned have dreams  
Nothing is really as it seems

The small are great, the great are weak  
The deaf can hear, the mute do speak  
The students teach, the blind can see  
Friends conflict, enemies agree  
Less is more, most is none  
The father's mentored by the son  
Prepare to lose and you will win  
For when you're out, you're really in

Myra Jefferson

# Instructions

Take my hand  
understand

Pull me near  
dry my tear

See through me  
help me see

Forget the past  
make this last

Laugh a while  
make me smile

Love me now  
show me how

Appreciate  
reciprocate

enough said  
come to bed

Myra Jefferson

# Legacy In 17 Haiku

Both parents sterile  
Such a paradox  
I come anyway

Like the bloom and fruit  
A most bountiful harvest  
Without and within

Their mouths utter words  
That their eyes disagree with  
And I can see it

Too young to be old  
Bored by school yard equipment  
I dream of real flight

I set up my house  
I do as I please in it  
But I must pay too

Legal confinement  
Without bars on the windows  
Come from words unsaid

The smile that he wears  
While viciously attacking  
Offends honest men

The truth I once knew  
Has returned to reclaim me  
Straight from my own womb

The fragrance I breathe  
And for shame became used to  
Is stronger this time

Must not neglect it  
But tenderly encourage  
Less it fades again

From the love within  
More concern for my young ones  
Than for my own life

Foresight is vision  
Erasing dark nightmares  
Lighting the pathway

To walk the right path  
As posterity follows  
Is life's greatest joy

As I taste the bread  
My young ones devour it  
Gain more strength than I

Of paradox born  
By contradictions brought up  
Honesty matures

In one family  
Determination has joined  
Memory and hope

Our mirror proclaims  
As we dance proudly past it  
We know who we are

Myra Jefferson

# Life

I like where I am I love how it feels  
What I see what I hear what I taste what I smell  
I plunge into showers of coming attractions  
I dress in the remnants of sweet satisfaction

When I taste the sunshine, I feel the birds sing  
And the sound of the darkness fits like a glove  
And every new dawn smells like love  
then I fly toward the future with nothing to fear  
with new understanding, I'm glad I'm here

Myra Jefferson

# Love Me Less

I meant what I said I know what I mean  
I need to get out I don't mind being seen  
Doing what I do  
I'm me and just me  
Not an extension of you

I can dress myself I've done it for years  
I've never cared much for hand pleated fears  
Or shirts without color or shoes without sound  
A wardrobe is empty without people around  
What you try to discard is precious to me  
So just love me less and let me be free

Myra Jefferson



# Miss Red

Red was my Mama  
They called me Little Red  
Sometimes I think I see her  
But it's just my reflection instead  
I'm the spitting image of her  
From my neck to my fiery head  
She's gone now and I'm the Queen Mother  
That bakes the Manna bread

You can call me Sister Paradox  
Or Hermeneutica, it's all cool  
Even call me Sister of Mercy  
Just don't call me a fool

I'm misunderstood, misused, and mistaken  
Misinformed and sometimes misled  
Misinterpreted and often misquoted  
But mostly I'm just misread

Myra Jefferson

# Mister Jim

Mr. Jim I remember him  
What made me think about Mr. Jim?  
All the brothers that don't have a clue  
But not Mr. Jim, he knew what to do  
When work was scarce and he couldn't punch the clock  
Mr. Jim went down to the dock  
Unloading all day was no small feat  
But a labor of love so his family could eat

When grandma was sick and couldn't perform  
Mr. Jim went on like it was the norm  
He loved her, and changed her, and caressed her brow  
Mama said it was incredible how  
He made grandma laugh in spite of her pain  
And stayed by her side with nothing to gain  
With another man's children, most men wouldn't bother  
But he wasn't a step, he was really a father

He was called Mr. Jim, but granddaddy to me  
With no fear or shame, I sat on his knee  
When we walked downtown to get tennis shoes  
Which ones should I get? The red, white, or blues?  
The choice is obvious, don't you see?  
Little Red, I think you deserve all three  
The longer I live, the more men I meet  
But none of them can ever compete  
With Mr. Jim

Myra Jefferson

# Mr. Right

He's loving and kind, working hard for a living  
With me on his mind, he's thoughtful and giving  
Handling my fragile heart with the utmost care  
He's a tough and tender teddy bear

I find that his honesty is very appealing  
His heartfelt and sincere words quite revealing  
Investing in us, leaving nothing to chance  
He freely practices the art of romance

With wisdom and faith he challenges me  
And encourages me to be the best I can be  
As the day wears on and my energy's fading  
He soothes me to sleep with his sweet serenading

Intelligent, disciplined, and well-rounded  
Not a dreamer, but dreams while remaining grounded  
Blessed by a love that is so hard to find  
I'm his cheerleader and he is mine

Myra Jefferson

# No. Thank. You.

Hello Miss, would you like to  
Before you go on, no thank you  
But did you know, and may I show  
That's okay, thanks anyway  
It'll just take a minute, look at what's in it  
That's very nice, but I told you twice  
No, thank you  
Let me tell you, I won't try to sell you  
I'm only in this area today  
Try it for free, isn't that better?  
It comes with a letter  
of authenticity  
If you decide to buy, after you try  
There's a money back guarantee  
you can't pass up an offer like this  
Hurry now, so you won't miss it  
Won't you? Why don't you, give me three reasons why?  
I'll bet you can't give me two  
Here's your three, listen carefully  
No. Thank. You.

Myra Jefferson

# Other Daughter

So I'm your other daughter  
Although I was born first  
Now I come in third, fourth, or even worse  
place on a shelf completely out of view

When the spotlight finds me  
you magically appear to get your share  
When no one is looking you dare not come near  
Shattering my dreams  
Ignoring my screams  
Frightened it seems  
Because I know the truth and I have the proof

What's that you say?  
It's not that way?  
Well all righty then  
Two can play  
Oh him? He's okay  
It's too late now, don't even bother  
How does it feel to be my other father?

Myra Jefferson

# Predator Prey

He hurt me and hurting, I hurt someone else  
It's the hunger I suffer in spite of myself  
I'm excited but sickened by what I do  
To ease my starvation, I've got to hurt you

The pain of the past must be erased  
By the taste of the hunt the scent of the chase  
I'll charm and disarm you, until you give in  
Once you are mine, it's all over then

He hurt me and hurting, I hurt someone else  
It's the hunger I suffer, inspite of myself  
I'm excited but sickened by what I do  
To ease my starvation, I've got to hurt you

You never imagined it would turn out this way  
To be trapped and then eaten by predator prey

Myra Jefferson

# Recollection

It's late and my city never looked so pretty  
Indigo velvet with rhinestone accents  
As I sat at the table, I'm completely unable  
to contain my own excitement

'First time, here? . Well welcome my dear'  
She winks as she leaves the menu  
Perusing the list, too hard to resist  
I see why he choose this venue

I'm beginning to wonder, as I hear my heart thunder  
What in earth is in store for me  
When in walks my hottie, and orders biscotti  
And joins me for chamomile tea

Totally inconceivable and hardly believable  
But everything else after that is a dream

Myra Jefferson

# Sister Paradox

My scream is only a whisper  
Don't play my game  
My cry is only a whimper  
Sister Paradox is my name  
Do you see me? I don't think so  
Can you feel me? I say 'no'  
Poster child for the struggle  
An invincible queen  
A fragile bubble  
I'm not what I seem  
To show my weakness would be a shame  
Sister Paradox is my name

You could call me Chameleon  
The changeable queen  
From the loving brown  
To the fearful green  
See how I change?  
The more I love the more I show fear  
So that the way that I feel does not appear  
I can take you or leave you  
That's what I claim  
Do you hear what I claim  
Do you hear what I'm saying?  
Sister Paradox is my name

Myra Jefferson



# Sonnet To The Song

What happens when the song is sung?  
Barricades of hate are moved  
Uniting men of different tongue  
And their right to war disproved

Tender companions are released  
To travelers picking up their stride  
Their wrinkled brows are bathed in peace  
And silent, lonely tears are dried

Specters of doubt begin to fade  
When angels dressed as hope appear  
To expose their cruel charade  
And plant sweet kisses on the ear

Even though the dark may come  
The light returns when the song is sung

Myra Jefferson

# Southern Comfort

Why my baby boy sittin' here lookin so poly  
on a fine Saddy nite like dis?

Why don't you git out  
and go sportin' about  
wit some sweet and sassy young miss?

I tries to madea, I really do  
but paw keepa shuttin me down  
He say, 'Not huh son, no not dat one'  
seem like ain't no girl fo me in dis town

He ask me huh name and what street she live n  
and den he ask me if I ever kissed huh  
den he say; 'Careful dere son  
don't mess wit dat one, I think she might be yo sista'

Well son, it's true back in the day  
he had sportin ways  
ain't a ole wench in dis town he ain't had  
but 'bout who to touch  
don't you worry too much  
'cause yo paw ain't really yo' dad

Myra Jefferson

# Speak

Your voice is your voice, so speak  
Your voice is your voice, small but not weak  
Your voice is strong enough to carry a message  
Too heavy for a heart to hold  
A message too great to remain on your island shore  
Precious cargo needed more  
Must be allowed to reach its destiny  
So remove the anchors and set it free  
Quivering and wavering let it go  
Across the sea of uncertainty  
And let it reach its destiny

Myra Jefferson

# The Performance

Must I starve to be seen?  
Must I die to be heard?  
How many measures co-exist in each word?

There's no rhythm in the blues  
There's no reason to the rhyme  
So why is the chorus the same every time?

If practice makes perfect  
Then why is it worse, every time I get to a verse?

Is it a solo, a duo, or a trio of three,  
A quartet, a quintet, or maybe just me?  
What about the audience, can they hear me okay?  
Do you think that they'd notice if I just walked away?

Cause there's just too much shadow  
And not enough light  
So which way do I exit?  
Stage left or stage right?

Or is on the stage where you do what you do?  
Can you take direction, do you have your cue?

Do you know the author?  
Do you know the plot?  
Maybe you're acting, maybe you're not.

The melody is simple, the tempo is too  
But you can; 't even sing while you do what you do

Will you starve to be seen?  
Will you die to be heard?  
All I can say is, your song is absurd.

Myra Jefferson

# The Touch

Velvety skin soft to the touch  
He never imagined he'd love it so much  
When he touched her hand

Surrounded by his drawn up to his face  
Asking forever to share her space  
He touched her hand

Lifting the ring with loving care  
Trembling as he placed it there  
He touched her hand

In the midst of her body swollen with love  
Underneath his as they felt every move  
He touched her hand

Watching his queen in the glow of the flame  
Weep as their princess changed her name  
He touched her hand

Placed on her chest in the final fold  
Vowing he'd never consider it cold  
For the last time  
He touched her hand

Myra Jefferson

# Why I'M Not With Stupid Anymore

What a  
Stupid man  
He ran out here with a  
Stupid grin on his face  
Molded me into a  
Stupid frozen pose  
Put a  
Stupid hat on my head  
Gave me a  
Stupid scarf  
And thought I'd be his  
Stupid trophy forever  
He was too stupid to realize that I'd leave with the  
First spring thaw

Myra Jefferson

# Words

I am totally and completely in awe of them  
These two dimensional forms and figures  
These variations in sound waves  
The power they possess is beyond my comprehension  
They creat life and take it away  
They build dynasties and destroy them as well  
They bring people together and tear them apart  
Their absence forces others to take their places,  
If only in the ears of the anticipant  
When formed incorrectly, or released prematurely  
They complete an unintended, unauthorized mission.

I am totally and completely in awe of them,  
these two dimensional forms and figures  
these variations in sound waves  
Elaborate buildings have been erected to house them  
Their chariots are varied beyond limitations  
yet they will not be harnesses, these messengers of the soul  
Nations, clans, and yes, even individuals have tried to  
capture and subdue them, but without warning  
they escape, change directions, and lend themselves to another.  
They are disloyal, they become one entity to one,  
and a completely different one to another.

I am totally and completely in awe of them,  
these two dimensional forms and figures,  
these variations in sound waves.  
They exist in every crack and crevice of civilization,  
on a wall, under a rock, in a pocket, in botles in the ocean.  
and whenever they're discovered in these  
they cause a great commotion.  
They have been known to dilate pupils,  
increase heart rates, and cause perspiration.  
they will bring life or death, joy or sorrow, famine or feast,  
without repentance or apology.

I am totally and completely in awe of them,  
these two dimensional forms and figures,  
these variations in sound waves.

They have caused me great frustration,  
for when I thought that I knew them,  
I found that I did not.  
I have tried to employ them,  
called upon many of them and their kin,  
reformed and reshaped them, wrestled with them for hours,  
and when I needed them most, they did not help.  
When I had given up, more came too late and taunted me,  
saying, 'You should have used us'.

I am totally and completely in awe of them,  
these two dimensional forms and figures,  
these variations in sound waves.  
They have served me well.  
They have brought me much joy.  
They have been my soul's release,  
my spirit's healing balm.  
they have been welcomed companions,  
I've enjoyed their fellowship.  
Try as I may, I will never master them,  
I am completely and totally in awe of them,  
and I love them.

Myra Jefferson



# You Don'T Get Me

If you don't get me, then you don't get me, you get me?  
You should get me from the cover,  
from the front or the back.  
Okay, maybe at the dedication or the thank yous. If not,  
the credits, the prologue, or the preface should clue you.  
At the table of contents, you should have me by then.  
I'm so easy to understand, understand?

I'm really not technical, but quite sentimental  
And I might make you cry,  
stay up until dawn and remind you why  
you choose me in the first place  
and you can't wait  
to see how it turns out.

But if you keep going all the way through,  
and still don't have a clue  
or have to revisit the same chapters over and over again  
or you need to take notes and have a review  
then you don't get me, so you don't get me, you get me?

Myra Jefferson