

Poetry Series

**Charles Tiffin Clegg**  
**- poems -**

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# Charles Tiffin Clegg(lost in antiquity)

## 32 Ounces From Heaven

Snap Cap Success' or '32 Ounces From Heaven'

Oh how I miss that old sound from the can  
It's a snap. shhh, that smell and bubbles abound  
The smell takes me back to the fun I have had  
The police, and the blood, the wet down my pants  
Lets have a cold one just for old times  
Then I will laugh. feel so happy, puke, but not care

Now my car is all dented, it won't drive at all  
But I'm happy you see, I'm having a ball  
The handcuffs are tight and the cop is real mean  
I need a drink, it would change everything..

Once I am free I can party all night  
and it will be so different,  
just fun with pure joy  
Do you know where I live, or maybe my name?  
I can't check my license, they took it again..

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Almost Two

Hey, wha bout me  
me gonna B2  
I kan waak and talk  
nt onlee grb my spoon  
(everything I feel is translated below)

Hey, what about me  
I am gonna be two  
I can walk and talk  
not only grab my spoon  
I can climb straight up  
then jump real far  
my mom comes running  
about a broken neck she says  
'No jumping' what she says  
OK I'll stop but  
only for right now  
I'm glad she comes running  
I can't stand it when she's gone  
I was pretty happy only weeks ago  
Now I scream and cry for her  
While daddy is OK  
these others taking care of me  
just remind me she's away  
I won't accept them ever  
' I want mommy ' I only scream  
Sometimes others try to touch  
or even pick me up  
I think they're horrible  
when mommy is away  
Ten minutes seems like hours  
The clock it gets stuck in time  
when my mommie goes away  
I can't tell time but  
I learned about forever  
it happens now and then  
every time mommie goes away  
Then suddenly she runs to me

picks me up all kissing  
then she holds me close  
touching a real long time  
hugging, hiding in her arms  
i soon begin to smile  
Mommies home and  
sticking right to me  
The world has become wonderful  
Now I want to play  
put me down and right now  
I will play then run  
but running just one way  
I run toward my mommie  
so she'll never go away  
It used to be much easier  
not now, no not today  
mommy has to be right there  
it's right, the only way  
I don't know what 'future' is  
but 'now' is two things  
I'm either whole and complete  
or crying screaming horror  
when mommy goes away  
I only have one mommy  
and she is everything  
the only love I ever need  
she means everything  
the whole world for me  
She keeps me living, happy  
the very source of life  
My mommy will stay forever  
Never go away again  
So I can happily go play  
because she'll never go away

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Art

Art

Art is great, aesthetic  
It's beauty in our minds  
It is common to us all  
Uplifting feeling pleasant awe  
We step back almost stunned  
And from within a joy arises  
We are now enlightened ones  
Perfection within our senses  
We dance the waltz of love

Art conveys the best there is  
Communication at its finest  
We understand the artists thought  
The perfect theme presented  
Satisfied yet somehow wishing more  
Satisfaction keeps us peaceful  
Never to be the same again  
Some walk up in the clouds  
Still others grateful kneel to pray

There are those idealists  
Judging what is right  
They pick out art with sunlight  
avoiding all darkness in the human night  
The world they say must see the best  
The moral and the true  
All the rest is darkness  
Truth is morality and right  
Other portrayals are sewage flushing to the soul

Yet Aristotle in his day  
Saw art as epic tragedy  
Shakespeare told of Juliet  
and dying deep in love  
and romeo killed Paris  
before he took the poison  
Death with feuds and hatefulness

How pleasant is all that?  
Montagues shook hands and Capulets smiled back

For those who only want what's good  
Defined of course by them  
Art has boundaries high and strong  
The whole world is mostly awful  
Their eyes can see no distance  
They want a tiny slice of life.  
These do-right goody goodies  
Shut out the true as falseness  
Limitations live horrified inside their fearful hearts

Dedicated to Gena

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Artists Dream

Sleeping deep a vision came  
of luminescent green  
an oval egg just perfect  
in the center of the scene  
A picture on the wall of life  
a very serious scene  
Beauty painful quite intense  
I could never paint like that  
My mind and hand just won't  
to make that beauty be alive  
I hate the truth about myself  
what I don't possess  
the greatness of the masters  
or the colors some can paint.  
Others are possessing talent  
a genius I don't have  
I can see it, feel it, sense it  
but its locked inside my soul  
like heaven for autistics  
Seen yet not perceived at all

The picture is clear and painful  
its sits there in the dream.  
It came from long ago  
shortly after my first cry  
I lay there in my crib alone  
my mom could come and go  
and I could only cry  
she talked and it had meaning  
she was strong beyond belief  
and standing there she hurt me  
I could not stand or walk alone  
She picked me up with ease  
A goddess Aphrodite  
but not at all me  
I loved that simple motion  
for her an easy act  
but all this was torture too

for a little helpless being  
But I knew I could get around  
just fly from wall to wall  
I just had not practiced it  
or done it for awhile

Here comes the food,  
a bottle warmed  
now how had she done that?  
Later she grew real fat  
my brother on the way  
I knew I'd met my match  
I'd never even dreamed of that  
I was on the ropes  
suffering my pain  
about all the things I could'nt do  
her superiority was torture  
but soon I'd learn to climb  
get out and drive her wild  
worry was her weakness  
For me it's only play  
See I'll be strong  
and she'll be weak  
Victory will be mine  
and very busy on the go  
I'll have it every day

Now I know the egg on green  
tells the truth to me  
I hate the women  
eggs and all yet love them ambivalently  
I'm really green, my envy hanging  
A painting on the wall  
Then I felt a little better  
and a little worse  
I understood my envy  
of a women giving life  
so I became a painter  
and simply failed another time  
those eggs they persecute me  
I can't produce enough

Envy always haunts me  
That picture will pursue me  
through all remaining days  
An 'Y' not 'X' is in me  
I failed, what can I say

Tif

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Dui For ' Fat Driving '

The world goes hungry  
but less so in America  
I've got this little problem  
it comes from living here  
It's not my fault because  
it comes from living here

I am a lover fickle  
I've eaten it all with everyone  
and more than only once  
I don't really need them though  
I can do it all alone  
I've got this little problem  
it comes from living here

For me a deep relationship  
the refrigerator in my kitchen  
a temptress in disguise  
Her cold is so exiting  
when I open her front door  
I and get my hearts delight  
I've got this little problem  
it's part of our freedoms  
It comes from living here

Don't get me wrong  
I'm really not that faithful  
I can really get around  
The drive-thru is ubiquitous  
everywhere I go they're open  
staffed with girls and fries  
I can cruise and get my fix  
any time I want  
I've got this little problem  
It comes from living here

Driving can be dangerous  
eating on the road  
It's so exiting really

getting it away from home  
Once I dropped a fish stick  
was weaving down the road  
The cop who pulled me over  
said I was very dangerous  
a hazard on the road  
all I did was search for it  
groping around the floor  
If I found I would eat it  
children are starving in India  
mom said that to me  
clean your plate remember them  
I was just a little boy  
I signed my ticket for 'fat driving'  
after weaving down the road  
I've got this little problem  
It comes from living here

I buy a lot of diet food  
but it doesn't really work  
Diet this and diet that  
just more to carry home  
I really must get mayonnaise  
the butter and the bread  
so I cut back on heavy stuff  
like diet drinks and mellons  
I can't carry those  
I've got this little problem  
It comes from living here

With 'Diet Food' an oxymoron  
exercise is key  
I'll take a walk and ride my bike  
then workout at the gym  
Before I go out doing that  
I need a little snack  
Now I can't just leave  
I'm stuffed and must digest  
I've got this little problem  
It comes from living here



# Emptiness

Holes and empty space  
Nothing lives inside  
A cavity with no echoes  
Can't find the sides just dark  
Falling yet still floating  
No bottom deep inside  
That's a terrifying thing  
Has all the life just gone?  
The babies' terror screams  
Mothers come to love and help.  
If they don't come before we are much older  
We learn to move immediately  
To the most exciting things  
Sensations and rapid motions  
extinguishes the fear right now.  
Babies can only cry out loud  
For babies there is hope.  
Adults who carry emptiness get lost  
They get drunk seek out new hot liaisons  
Exciting touch in place of love  
Sensations rule the day  
ingesting too much food  
or getting drunk or high.  
Mothers love your babies  
hold them close to you  
fill that emptiness with love  
hold them when they cry  
food is not the answer  
it's touching mothers body.  
Do it when they're very young  
before they get to drive  
or teenage years will seem insane  
and never stop their total lives  
Hugging, touching, holding long  
These run the terror out  
This for babies vulnerable  
Its love replacing emptiness  
Or it's the hell of being young  
and all of us remember which

forever in our depths  
the memories of mothers love  
or the nothingness of death.  
It started as we screamed so loud  
but it's fixed by mothers love.  
Not all mothers get it though  
The terrifying emptiness is saved  
a terrifying funeral deep down  
that feels like death inside  
Adults can move and act  
doings' magic in a way  
unfortunately in such driven action  
judgment does not rule the day  
judgment goes with pleasure  
which needs to be intense  
It has a massive hole to fill  
in all that emptines

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Gena

She seemed so far away, yet here  
Her love, her warmth, was there, yet here  
Here with me she made the world alive, renewed  
She gave birth in my heart, the babies name is Hope  
I feel magnetic closure deep inside my soul  
Distance in the real world but now joy within my soul  
The world is different I believe, but no her love changed me  
She was a thousand miles away, yet now here in my soul  
Everything has changed but can it stay that way  
No knowing of the future, I feel her love today  
The tears are not of sadness, but joy and hope and strength  
I'll pray asking for nothing, grateful Gena came my way..

Dedicated and written for Gena in the sunlight of her hope...

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Humour To The End

Coffee makes me think things funny  
It wakes me up to life's real hilarity  
It can be silly worthless just frivolity  
The serious ones with concentration  
Say there is more serious work to do  
Many problems taking all the time  
For others it gives health salubrious  
Fun with smiling brings lightness everyday  
Which my reading friend are you?  
The laughers living in the world  
Those not saying take all so seriously or  
Or the others jokes irritate with no smile at all  
They think important urgent thoughts  
Laughers waste their precious time  
They claim that work is piling up  
Proctologists can tell who's who  
The tight ones never smile at all  
But laughter triumphs winning in very end

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Just A Moment

Just A Moment

A day of tears and tears and tears  
Crying and alone  
She says she's going to look around  
She needs support at home  
She says she's going to look around  
Never mentioned me  
A friend I'll be for the life she's yet to live  
A day of tears and tears and tears  
Goodby and all alone  
Her mood was good, apologising, yet sincere  
Sum it up, goodby, goodby, a wave and then she's gone  
She plans to look around once more  
For a love to help her see  
This day as yesterday is going,  
Then suddenly it's gone forever  
living only in my memory  
A moment in my life has passed  
I'm crying from my gut in grief  
I cared for her and said  
Of course its good to look around  
I support you all the way  
A day of tears and tears and tears  
Will all life end this way  
Its ending now again, again  
Just a moment passed in time  
Thats life for each of us  
We said hello to life itself  
Yet suddenly it ends  
A moment 's all I've ever known  
It's all there really is  
Time pretends to last and last  
then it abruptly ends

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# LOVE

Time with you runs from its simple start  
Its alive right now and comes  
from resting deep inside myself  
You're in my soul eternal no end, a beautiful start

For others time has linear dimensions  
From there to here then gone  
Once past it can't return again  
It disappears hiding in its speed  
Time always on the move away  
Infinity is hard to know and find  
What was here just goes again  
Snow to water is the same  
Time never slows for me or anyone

With you its oh so different  
Love felt so long ago  
It lives and thrives  
Its now as it has always been,  
strong, immediate, and alive  
I'm trying hard to tell you  
So you can finally know  
My love for you is thriving  
A living vibrant thing  
It will never go away  
An organic pulse in memory  
and in the instant now  
Its always inside my heart  
A place safe for you and me

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Life And Death

All life has dancing partners  
Biology just moves and spins  
The lattice work of structure  
The core of everything  
Life lives with dancing partners  
Life process must have form  
No form, no pleasure, pain, or motion  
No future and no duplications, nothing anymore  
All living things are housed in form  
Form is a necessary requirement of life  
Biology just moves and spins  
The music for this dance of life  
Has all powerful composers  
Their names are Thanatos and Eros  
All life denies their presence  
They play all the instruments  
They compose the music score  
They play the chords and notes  
In rhythm a cosmic battle raging  
Form it's structure fighting inorganicity  
The conductors baton leads the symphony  
But Thanatos and Eros have all control

We humans in our arrogance  
claim to be the ultimate life form.  
Dwarfing our beliefs, thoughts and delusions  
Thanatos and Eros are the only dancers on the floor  
We are tiny puppets dependent on their waltz  
Thanatos is largest with the power to destroy  
Eros is attractive, her beauty brightly shines  
She is feminine, glowing brightly in the night  
Then Thanatos's power takes away the hope  
Eros struggles to keep on dancing  
Suddenly Thanatos removes the light  
A silent heart beat stops the movement  
First place goes to Thanatos dancing on the grave

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Living On The Edge

Living on the edge of life  
The study of experiences  
Leaves little left to see  
The surface and the depth is gone  
No hills, no loves, no others  
You are totally alone  
The edge when seen directly  
reflects so little light  
Life becomes invisible  
It's features simply disappear  
One must step up and off the edge  
and join with human kind  
Then the surface can be seen  
And lo the shadows tell us  
of the details to be found  
With the color of our feelings  
One just lives and maybe loves  
If your drunk or high or lost  
Climb back up and join us  
Life's short enough already  
The edge is near the grave

Poem dedicated to Sally Harris a 'Purveyor of Hope'

Charles Tiffin Clegg

## Love In The Cold.. A True Story

Nancy called out that cold and rainy night  
It was clear her drinking slurred her words  
But she still communicated her lonely scary plight  
She wanted to be held and warmed in the frozen air  
Her heating had gone out and water poured inside

So he and I came over to number 108  
To knocking, knocking, knocking, silence only came  
Outside two caring men were left in the freezing wind  
It was dark and quiet but she was there we knew  
Her safety was in question and her fear was in the air

Two worried men said ' Help is here, please let us come in '  
Mysteriously a light went off that had been very dim  
Outside in shaking cold we said must come in  
If not the law would come and protecting break the door  
There was a tension from within then the door lock clicked

There she was with reddish hair a child of fifty four  
She wore from head to toe a padded hunters suit  
And over that a coat, some lights were jerry rigged  
She said she was ashamed and simply was a mess  
That was all she talked about, her shame exploding everywhere

One man had a propane heater several miles away  
He left to get it for her place which needed warmer air  
He left, she rose moved into the others arms and lap  
Her cheeks met his all touching, but not a woman giving love  
A very desperate little girl, clinging everywhere with insecurity and fear

She said no one knows how lonely she must live, hates when she is needing  
And even more for stressing was putting putting others out  
She was a baby at the breast , cold and needing touch and milk  
The breast was there, the nipple out, but sucking was not happening  
For she had been rejected, felt humiliating shame that cold and rainy night

Her bedroom was a moldy cell, penicillin might be there  
Her bed was useless, soaking wet with plastic failing to protect  
She lived upon a makeshift couch in an alcove near the door

She was a gopher digging in a hole in blankets a burrow from the cold  
Layer after layer blankets in a pile her warmly drunken mind a tangle just like  
them

She clung and hugged so nicely the giver felt assured  
The heater back and working but she could not keep it fueled  
Inebriation blocked her function but she said ' I'm not a guy you know '  
Now gender was the reason she would suffer in the cold  
And one thing was for sure she pridefully refused to go into our homes

The other man now hugging we provided warmth in shifts  
Finally in bed and layered to the hilt, some final hugging, she was warm  
Electric blankets humming it was time the men would go  
The next day she was mad, that silly heater failed. truth is she could not make it  
work  
In the days that followed one man drove her places, drinking now was out

Great Christmas Eve for life and love, Santa came in pairs.

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Lovely Lorreta

Lovely Loretta's full of love  
Everyone she hugs knows this  
Everyone is lifted up  
Lovely Loretta's full of love  
Everyone feels joy in her  
Everyone receives her gift  
Her love has portability and depth  
She transfers it to others  
When she leaves she's not more tired  
And that's the funny thing  
The more she gives the more there is  
The woman's never worn  
Lovely Loretta's full of love  
The everlasting kind  
She knows a secret as she loves  
The more she gives, the more she has  
She too is uplifted  
Loretta, we all thank you  
from the bottom of our heart  
That's where you dwell inside of us  
A universal donor, not needing our assurance  
The more she gives the more she has  
She changes those around her  
and she gives her warmth away  
Lovely Loretta's full of love  
and she just comes that way

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Mourning Spiritual Death

Death worth mourning happened  
The light and joy are gone  
The clouds are dark and threatening  
For hearts a cold, wet day  
The clouds are crying deeply  
Thunder roars the rage  
at all the mourners in procession  
Something died in humankind  
A Spiritual decay  
No pulse and silent breath  
And no knows to pray  
A little child asks God to change the cold  
She came and wants to play  
To her surprise it happened  
The sun broke through the clouds  
The darkness slipped away  
A miracle has happened  
It is a bright and sunny day

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# One Picture Reality

The world is very simple  
there's only one way  
I am right, you are wrong  
That all there is to say  
It's black or white  
one picture is the truth  
the other pictures are destroyed  
one picture wields the sceptre  
the others blow away  
There is no common ground  
one picture, mine's triumphant  
yours is blown away

I will fight for truth  
I will live, you'll be dead  
My picture is my self  
my very blood and guts  
I'll spill yours and not you mine  
My life will thrive that way  
Your being is just forfeit  
You are in the grave  
And I am not the only one  
who thinks this crazy way.

Certain ways of speaking \*\*  
help me stay ahead of you  
when I'm ahead your crushed  
my value and importance strut  
as they travel though my brain  
Superiority is my handle  
You are worthy of contempt  
So thats the simple picture  
its right, just the simple truth  
thats all there is my very stupid friend  
Its the only way on earth  
my one picture way

Some people cause confusion  
suggesting there are many ways

to see the light of truth  
They claim to know with emphasis  
That there are many views  
Many multiples of pictures  
lots of different views  
I let them go quite quickly,  
they're on their merry way  
They are the simple cowards,  
Obvious chameleons of thought  
Far too confusing for my mind  
I get a little nervous though  
But no, they can't be right  
Believers in conceptions more than one  
They need a stronger backbone  
and their double vision might be cured.

- - - - -       - - - - -       - - - - -

\*\* No one can argue with these phrases  
Sprinkle them in your discussions  
The others won't know what to say  
You will dominate and win the day

Its like a lot of things  
Its like most things  
Its like everything else  
Its common sense  
It stands to reason that..  
Oh come now  
Its the other way around  
Oh come now, really?  
Oh come now, thats absurd  
Everybody knows  
Its only obvious  
Everybody thinks  
That's 'nutso'..  
You are alone in saying that  
Your thinking has never moved on  
Most rational people say  
You write other fiction too?



# Pearl

Pearl

There is a pearl firm  
yet soft so strong  
Its tougher than its beauty says  
it really needs to be  
This pearl not dead beauty  
but alive and thriving from the sea  
The ocean is her birthplace  
all life began right there  
New movement coming to the tides  
and freedom in the flow

The ocean touches all the land  
the birth of everything  
Its the mother of all life on earth  
The pearl its progeny  
The pearl reflects sunlight  
and returns it in new form  
The pearl is the eye life  
Beauty protecting its creation  
It follows through tenaciously  
love preparing to let go  
A mother eyes reflect that pearl  
watching and alert  
A child is safe with in her realm  
when she's seemingly alone

The mothers head keeps turning  
Seeing dangers if nearby  
And if it is, she moves and roars  
In fierceness to protect  
Even doing something else  
Those eyes are always turned  
Her daughters safe near her  
and so would be her son

Margaret is a name  
which means the same as pearl

The Margarets of the world protect  
You and me and them  
It is no wonder really  
that Margaret is a pearl  
It's right there in her  
Daughters smile, her eyes and in her play  
another pearl is forming  
for the future of some children  
This is Margarets' gift of love  
It's the loving mothers way..

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Perception And The Artist Gods

Perception is poetry  
Without words attached  
Perception is painting  
Without the added frame  
Perception is sculpture  
No bronze is standing up  
Perception is abstraction  
and its all ready made  
Perception is warmth or cold  
No thermometer required  
Perception is recorded  
In every human brain  
Perception draws the artist  
Who looks and sees and hears  
There is music in the sounds of life  
And colors barely seen  
Artists think they see all things  
And wants to make it better  
Uniqueness is the talent  
Then put in on display  
But brain already has it done  
We all see a partial pictures  
Have you seen a cosmic ray?  
My ear it hears the special notes  
The best and unique harmony  
The ear and brain have done that too  
Yet we think ourselves creative  
Did you see that cosmic ray?  
Our eyes and brain can't sense it  
The music is composed  
The painting has been done  
Perception is quite limited  
distorting in its way.  
We think we'll be creative  
Unigue how we portrayl  
But that work's already done  
Does the artist credit brains creation  
Perception's brain creation  
Artists gives no credit there

To God the brain or anyone  
Have you seen a cosmic ray?  
Heard a high pitched note  
The little hound can hear the sound  
But not our human ear  
The artist gives no credit  
We humans are the ultimate  
Like Kings ruling kingdoms  
Artists don't like footnotes  
Painters paint the colors  
Composers write the score  
Perception is not questioned  
Creativity is there already made by brain  
What about a nod to God?  
or just a simple prayer  
Who cares about some deity  
Artists just create  
Never feeling such uncertainty  
Artists are not humble  
Just superior with their creations  
Creativity makes them a cut above  
Have you every seen a cosmic ray?  
The world will be so different  
Cosmic rays abound  
Have you ever seen a cosmic ray?  
Just remember you can't do it  
Perception of yourself will change  
might come more accurately

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Phonons Entombed

Phonons Entombed

No echo from the silence  
a void beyond explaining  
She said nothing, no utterance at all  
He shuddered in the very cold  
A lover listening to the vacuum  
But nothing could be heard

He had spoken in the canyon  
that he loved her nature so  
There was no echo in the silence  
But the canyon had the message  
His words were clearly heard  
His loving phonons not returned

The mountain and the canyon  
in place millions of years  
usually reflected back  
a sound wave in their ears  
Time would pass for eons  
That missed sound not exhumed

Condensations and rarefractions  
were in the cool night air  
The drums absorbing nature  
had sent the message centrally  
The computer there found meanings scary  
Complexities put the sound in the crypt of memories

Hope sees the invisible, feels the intangible and achieves the impossible. ~

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Preachy Poet

I am a preachy poet  
exuding many words  
which proves I'm really great  
Even moving in large crowds  
I'm the only one in sight

Selfless love abounds in others  
for me it's the reverse  
My ego says that's as it should be  
It is a balanced universe  
and totally full of me  
All orbits are around my sphere  
I'm brightest star there is  
I'm a massive super nova  
but really a black hole

I hate these revelations  
but I must tell the truth  
My heart demands I say it all  
All life depends on me  
I am a preachy poet  
I confused myself with God

M E!

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Psychoanalysis.. Completion

Here, take a look at this, I want your understanding  
harsh, objective, loving I don't really care  
I see you brought a lens with you and a microscope  
there is scale to weigh it and a densitometer  
A spectrometer, and you a transference finder  
You say you want to burn it up, analyze the colors in the flame  
To that I must say no cause a fires really hot  
a blackened one looks badi and is of little use  
no caustic stuff, no acid either, that's bad and hurts a lot

Use your ordinary tools those are all you need  
Now we understand each other, a hundred dollars? Fair  
Find its defects, root them out, whats left will be near perfect  
The critical analysis will serve to make improvements everywhere  
Dissection is the way to go, its used from Freud to Jung and on  
Excuse me, the hours up, Oh, I must leave you now  
I will return tomorrow to do what you do best.  
Can I bring you anything next time? Some dreams and memories?

I'm back but where's the sculpture?  
The couch where we worked is still right over there  
The form is gone and I can't feel it  
You explored its defects and analyzed my self  
I know you found a defect and traced it real deep down  
You found its roots and rootlets, removed them here each day?  
I can only see some chunks, some hair and fleshy stuff  
You seem so pleased and happy, Oh now I'm free to live and love  
But you shaved my defects deeply and shaved me all away

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Sayonara

sayonara is just a word and with love a sad word  
with out love its an empty word  
but with you its even more

sayonara means memories of what has been before  
it comes with grief, regret, not hope  
and yet with you its more

sayonara is a future frightened, empty, and unknown  
and a question, can one love ever come again?  
and with you its more again

sayonara means forever, a funeral, a grave  
its colder now and dark  
but with you its even more

sayonara is like life itself  
drained of fluids, nutrients and love  
still with you its more

sayonara leaves a place of comfort soft and warm  
a wind blows erie in the louness  
and with you it more again

sayonara is a beating drum  
in silent forrest never heard  
and its still more with you

sayonara is the truth  
about all there is or was  
and thank you for the life you gave  
it screams nothing more to come

sayonara is a lie, a futureless farewell  
its blind and deaf not hinting at what there's left to live  
and its more and more for all of us until the very end  
which is not imminent or now, my dear and lovely friend

-

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# She Went Away

It was a warm and happy wind  
It gently made my skin alive, a dryness charged with love  
My hair was tousled playfully, freedom for this part of time  
My ears and eyes felt the springtime joy  
She touched me deep, now I had life, renewed in every way  
The birds in pairs swooped about in air and in my heart  
It was day to give all joy, she made it so for me

I got my glider and my kite  
this was the perfect day for flight  
The glider sailed off, the envy of the birds  
It landed gently in a bush, just a short distance away  
The kite took off, newspaper, glue, and sticks  
It tugged and pulled me seemed to say  
That string can't hold me I'll carry you away

All was well that warm and happy day  
Suddenly it grew cooler the wind just went away  
The kite suspended for awhile now rested on the grass  
The beauty of the day remained, but no wind at all for play  
I felt an isolation with stillness all around  
The birds were gone my energy for play went along  
The wind, her sound of love had simply stopped and gone

It was a scary time for any lonely little boy  
Dad away, mom at work, alone again to play  
I called for her to play with me her loving sounds to hear  
Her bicycle was gone and I did not know which way  
I went exploring all the world in search of love gone off  
She had ridden silently, with no good bye, away  
Then rain brought wetness to my eyes, for she had gone away

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Silence

come home to silence  
imposing itself on me  
a pressing absence all around  
is my being here?  
or only its echo in my ear

I listen just for something  
and there a car has passed  
the pressure just continues  
no noise from the TV  
I, all alone and silent just begin to see  
a change, I feel I am becoming me

no talk to fill the silence  
no happy greeting at the door  
no warmth and love to meet me  
I'm learning now the fear I have had  
of really being me  
Aloneness is my teacher  
no lecture, books or notes  
I am with some intensity  
learning to be me

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Skull A Hard Bony Box

## Hard Bony Box

The hard and bony box is old  
epiphyses all closed  
data entry gets confused  
by vision somewhat blurred  
unfocused without glasses  
that I would like wear if  
you have seen them  
I might have lost them here  
floaters pass across the field  
they don't bother me  
I blame them for everything  
distraction and my vision  
that now is quite unclear  
I think they cause that static  
surely you can hear  
but no, that's my ears, not eyes  
both with arteries all blocked  
but still a horn is clear

' What's that you said? '  
a phrase that comes a lot these days  
to even hear what's even said  
hearing is like dizziness  
both come from ancient ears  
that reach inside my head

But geezers know a lot of stuff  
It hides between their ears  
Crystallized intelligence is strong  
The fluid kind dried up and gone  
Cagey understanding helps a lot  
but I can't remember how  
I cover all that up  
I make up lots of stuff  
I nod as if I'm following and know  
I wait with clever posturing  
for words I actually both know and hear

I watch the faces of the others  
whenever I can see  
I get more clues  
from voice tones  
I might hear them sometimes  
and know whats going on

I'll tell a joke, thats easy  
When they come to mind  
I'll laugh and hug  
and make them think  
I'm loving, warm, so wise  
All this is what I do today  
It works, I'll tell you why  
If only I could recall my poem  
and the memories just lost  
Oh heck, I'll just go to bed

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Tears

Tears come forming pools with waves of grief

    If in winter the barren trees could know the coming of the spring

    Oh what that would mean

    What that would mean

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# The Naturalist

The Naturalist

It's 5 AM and quiet, everyone's asleep  
It's summer and it's time for me to go play on the beach  
I do this all the time, my parents still asleep  
We are staying with Aunt Betty on Alamitos Bay  
I try to get my clothes on, a shirt and bathing suit  
Now I'm outside walking, low tide, a sandy beach  
The sand is bright and glistens looking toward the rising sun  
It's very peaceful there, I love my time alone  
I love the water, crabs, fish and clams  
The water is my goal, I'm walking that way slowly  
There are the seals lying still in the warming sun  
They seem asleep where the water comes ashore  
I know they're watching me, so I quietly creep forward.  
Life begins with innocence, discovery, simple joy  
I'm going to say hello to those seals right over there  
A seal head arises barely off the sand I can see the nose and eyes  
Being studied I sneak along trying to get close by  
I've done this other mornings, at about 12 feet away  
The seals begin to stir and wiggle, moving toward the water  
Like the fun of finding newness, the seals just slip away  
Suddenly I hear high pitched cries 'barking' adults call it  
The group just moves together splashing through the water  
Their wiggle crawl continues, it's shallow in the bay  
Then it's swimming leaving in water trails with noses sticking out  
They quietly go under and I am left alone  
Every moment of my being does this leaving thing  
I have this lonely feeling, I did not pet just one  
They got all scaredy cat, went into the water splashed and swam away  
I got sad and wondered if tomorrow I'd get here  
The moment ended sadly but not a awful way  
If they know my powers, no wonder they must flee  
They are full of caution and fears especially with me  
Wait a minute I see just one there hidden in the sun  
He is looking straight at me. I turn and go toward to him  
He's friendly I can tell, his whiskers twitch and he has little teeth  
I know he likes me and I'm sure he wants to play  
My play is so exciting life is easy in my fun

The seals don't see the truth of breathing and life without a fear.  
Fears for me are nothing and I'm proving it today  
The seals just live all scaredy, for me its fun and play  
Suddenly I hear a noise, a shriek, a police dog kind of growl  
All at once he's moving coming toward me.  
He undulates real fast and now I see huge teeth,  
He is going to bite me bad and that's a certainty  
I have to run real fast. Running like a racer, I do get away.  
I'm safe no bites or blood today. Nothing hurts from being bitten  
but inside I am shaky now, no more creeping toward edge  
I'm learning life has trouble, I run to get away  
Fear is for forgetting but it it takes a little time  
Where the water stops and the seals quietly get sun.  
Later resting in the morning I'm calming down relaxed  
Seals are like some kids who get real mad and fight  
Some dogs are barking biters just like that mean old seal  
I will keep my distance mean seals and simply stay away  
The kids who fight are easy I slug them really hard  
Some I get in headlocks or bend their arms to break them  
I learned to be so strong inside and fear will go away  
Breaking arm's not needed and never happened anyway  
But I have real scary power kids feel it and speed away  
I am like the harbor seal who growled and charged at me  
It's no bluff because at 4 I've never lost a fight, so fierce am I in play  
The seals I don't like so much but I can handle kids  
That mean old seal embarrassed me with fear and running away  
I'm glad I was alone on this sandy beach cause no one saw it happen  
But I know the hidden truth, I am scared a lot all day.  
I never let it show, with out that seal reminding me I fight it and let it go  
I am a big boy, have strong muscles and wear size 8  
If you mess with me I become a big gorilla and will tear you apart  
I'm not afraid of anything. I go anywhere I want  
I have an image to protect ' don't get in my way '  
My power really spoils me and it scares you a lot  
When we play ghost, I'm the ghost and you're the frightened little baby  
You will turn to yellow but being chicken is not me

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Too Many Worries

I met some very rich folks  
who lived in Beverly Hills  
Like everyone I know  
they worried all the time  
about the menu or how to serve the fish  
The maid made a big mistake  
last time with Ronnie and his wife  
Nancy really noticed it  
The fish just wasn't right  
It came on a pewter platter  
and everybody knows  
the china is where it goes

.  
Its very hard to find good help  
the kind that look presentable  
with a regal servants aire  
no illegals living overnight  
but trimming hedges in the day  
that's seems to be okay

These folks provided everything  
a separate servants house  
The days off were arranged  
but often changed and moved about  
with important guests arriving  
Newport for their crew and yacht  
Some days even richer folks  
arrived in chauffeured cars  
They'd all drink together  
despise the lefties, liberals  
and just hate the socialists.  
Usually its dinner  
but just certain way  
The servants maid and butler  
were standing at stiff attention  
Their eyes alert for any need  
Its' just altogether too unseemly  
if they were off that day

Of cars they had the minimum  
Two Mercedes and a Rolls  
The couple wanted something sporty  
but had to live beneath their means  
with only a cramped four car garage  
They gave the servants an old car  
although its been used  
it had no dents but clearly lower class  
it was two year old Lincoln SUV  
So they had to settle  
no room for sporty cars  
but they are considering  
that place just up the street  
The trust fund would just do it  
but the neighbors have big parties  
movie people and all that  
old money people would feel they're slumming  
living very close to that..

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Versus

Are you living versus others  
Winning in the field  
Beating them, triumphant  
Put them in their place  
Take no pain from anyone  
Proving your the ultimate  
and never losing face  
far better than the others  
triumph goes to you

People hurt and full of sadness  
They're the ones like you  
Up early they feel rotten  
Tired from the start  
Drinking lots of coffee  
Soon on the field competing  
Their minds a battleground  
Their muscles ache  
Their bodies hurt  
They're tired in the morning  
exhausted every night

Feel you're hurt  
then it will go  
Your rage will dropp away  
Caring for those you know  
Find benevolence for friends  
Your soul will starting arising  
new energies abound  
you'll smile, not ache  
and want people around

There is no victory full of hate  
Embrace your wounded self  
Love begins with suffering  
For people just like you  
I know because I'm like that  
I found a better way

So up and at em tiger  
See what you can do  
to lessen others burdens  
Your heart will lighten also  
You found a caring love  
That does not tire us at all  
There's much to do today  
people crying out for help  
go there, you'll be happy  
Sleep well, awaken new  
Love serves its wounded owner  
As much as those receiving  
Life is fun, alive, joy begins again

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# We Act Like Earthworms

The worms take it in one end  
then let it out the back  
Birds are very much the same  
and so are snakes and rats  
In this world of animals  
they keep what's wanted  
excrete the rest

Humans do that too  
in personal relationships  
everywhere they go  
We keep what's needed  
The rest goes out the back  
Its true with our desires  
pleasure in, unwanted left behind

Superiority is good to have  
inferiority is not  
We are the ultimate in evolution  
and frogs ant turtles not  
We take in what we want  
True for everything we want  
the rest comes out the back

We are quite superior at this  
Taking in what we want  
The rest goes out the back  
We are the highest form of life  
We plagirised the earthworms so  
Whether walking in the woods alone  
or walking through the park  
Their is a word of caution  
watch out where you step  
or later clean your shoes

We are so intelligent  
with the cars, planes, and machines  
No one has to watch a step  
just use that energy

air is there to take  
what's left is left behind  
and oceans are so deep  
We take the oil for energy  
the rest just goes behind  
no worries where we walk  
our playing is care free

Now we can't breath just right  
our products from ingestion  
won't sink and simply float about  
the world is just our toilet

Charles Tiffin Clegg

# Women

She had a hidden urging  
A desire in her mind  
But like so many womens things  
She just simply would not start

Then it came into her head  
She knew just what to do  
She get a man to do it  
It was'nt her idea, oh no  
He would think it's him

Men need that kind of power  
Originators of ideas  
But right there in the shadows  
The woman laughs to tears

Tif

Charles Tiffin Clegg