

Poetry Series

Lee Degnan
- poems -

Publication Date:
2007

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Lee Degnan(05/29/73)

Hi, my name is Lee. I grew up in Westchester County, NY and moved to Dutchess County, NY in 1993, following the Hudson River north I guess! I have a high school diploma from Peekskill High School (1991) and unfortunately life's challenges did not allow me to go to college. This did not stop me from studying languages, pop culture, music and poetry, and devouring any books I could get my greedy hands on. I have 3 beautiful children who keep me extremely busy, and a full time job, just in case I think I might get bored.

My writings are for my enjoyment/venting (and a couple of friends and family) only and are just reflections of my thoughts, feelings and experiences. I will appreciate any and all constructive criticism! However, I do not in any way think of myself as a professional ANYTHING, so if you make a comment on my writings I only ask that you keep that in mind.

I do hope that you enjoy my writings, and I thank you in advance for taking the time to read them!

' Altruistic

Ask of me
to help you please
and the best I can,
I shall do.

But what remains
of what I cannot change
I'm sorry,
is up to you.'

-Chris Weersing, fellow Poemhunter

'Have courage for the great sorrows of life and patience for the small ones; and when you have laboriously accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace. God is awake.' -Victor Hugo

) ~one Less Holiday~(

One less chair
One missing presence
One no longer there
Another wishing penance
Fate has been handed
And taken something so dear
And what's taken for granted
becomes all too clear
The mention of holidays
can put a fear in some
And as the days get closer...
Cheer? I have none.

As the days come closer
it becomes clearer to me
the one thing I wish most
will never again come to be
It hurts to know from now on
I've one less present to get
Because you are gone
and this fills me with regret
One solitary absence
Has left such a big hole
Life's lost its essence
Time has taken its toll
The simplest thought
by reserving one more seat
just what reality has wrought
the heart so bittersweet

So a spot is forever reserved
now deep within my heart
My children always know
she's as close as my nearest thought
I once held a heart of gold
now left with me are memories
Missing so much that hand to hold
This fate, unfortunately, is my family's.

November 29th,2007

Lee Degnan

*****hey! ! ! *****

Hey...

do you remember
the times profound
when
our hearts alive
knew no bounds
when
our minds fresh
were allowed free
when
we were just
kids
and the world
let us be?

Hey...

it seems so
long ago
so long
now
have our spirits
showed
an interest
in being curious
why did
life become
more and more
serious?
Is it
the days or the age
that kills
the young at heart
like rats trapped,
confined in a cage?
Working
to live
or working
to die...
working
paycheck to paycheck

just getting by?
Hey,
did you
see yourself
growing old
before it happened,
before your
life got sold?
Well
it happened
and it
just so
happens
you've been
living for a dream
while life
stole your
passion.
Think about it
what did
it cost
think you've done
all you could
not to get lost
in the hustle
and the bustle
that is your life
your dreams
and reality
become your strife
Hey,
I can't really
blame you
life's like putting
out fires too
and right smack
in the
middle
of life's obscurest
riddles
you're expected
to make dream

and reality
come full circle?
Good luck
with that...
let me know
how it works out for you
No pressure now
and I wish
you good luck too
But the older
you get
time goes a little bit faster
Just to make sure
you know
just who really is your master...

And
in the end
what does it really
matter
is it the full life
or who's
wallet is
getting fatter?

Hey,
it's just a
rhyme with a question
But it wouldn't hurt
to live life
like it's your passion.

November 30,2007

Lee Degnan

-._.~ 2007... Or... A Year In The Life Of An Alcoholic's Wife ~._.-

Out with the old
Ring in the new
It's coming to a close
Change is overdue
I'm feeling restless
Nowhere to go
How quickly a year strips
of all that you know?
I look back on it now
what I thought I was
A woman coming into her own
steps so sure, without pause
Made a few friends
and thought I was good
A new definition in life
what I wanted, understood

Didn't care to
keep my nose clean
Didn't foresee
what losing really means

So sure the good Lord
looks out for people like me
never too much to handle
this of which I was worry-free
Such a glorious thought!
but never in my wildest dreams
Would I come to watch
my world tear at the seams...

2007.
I'm not impressed.
Mom's now in heaven
My marriage in distress
I can't keep holding on
for what would I get?

Frustrated for what's now gone
and a year full of regret

So I ring in the new year
Clean slate from the old
And although my path is not clear
the next right thing will be told
I've gotta come out of
this depressing little shell
My intentions for 2008
is to break from this living hell
Seems so simple just
to write it out on paper, ya know?
If I do the right things
I can later reap what I sow?
Then what the hell
was 2007 for?
For me to just shake my head,
turn away from, and close the door?

Out of my rooms
of tales of woe
were people of courage
and who I've come to know...

As for the good Lord
looking out for people like me
not giving too much to handle...
Bullshit, times three.
Such a moronic thought!
but never would I believe
that in 2007 was the year
He tried to get His message...
To me.

2007.
It's me you're not defeating.
Mom may be in heaven
but I'm done retreating
I've held on for so long
for fear of losing out
Only to realize I've given

events of 2007 too much clout.

So I pray that 2008
I get to eat my words
Of what it was in 2007
that made it for the birds
I wish all of you
your own clean slate too
To make your 2008 happy,
the year that can change YOU.

Lee Degnan, c.2008

Lee Degnan

...Before And Still...

If I faltered...
letting all that I hear,
fear, hold dear,
crash before me
before I realize
I could've saved it all...

If I altered...
all the could've beens,
should've beens, and when's
feigning innocence
before I realized
this was my biggest downfall...

If I'd catered...
to all my whims,
what I'd win, just to lie again,
manipulated it all for me
and not realize
I've backed myself up against the wall...

It never mattered...
because what I've learned,
not earned aside all the bridges I burned
in the process,
nothing I've ever done
got me what I idealized...

Your love, before and still, was never mine at all.

(November 11,2007)

Lee Degnan

.: [static]: .

Welcome to a world
where nothing is as it seems
where beginning and end is
jumbled within like fragmented dreams
and love without hope,
and where hatred is stoked...
Endless is what it all means
Is it of God, or science...
your opinion? ... DEFIANCE
capitalized, demoralized
of many, one
Depicted as wholesome and clean
Spin city makes the shit gleam
How they make it shine for you
that piece of turd
Still the lies are bought willingly
we've bargained away freedom for senility
but who dares to utter
a discouraging word?

For that'll be the unsought strife,
For that'll shake up this ass-backwards life
created by dried up men
and their flimsy lies
who don't care what happens
after they die?
or about war zones, and families
and children's cries...
ignoring their questions
'why did you have to lie? '
Stagnant is the world
in a cesspool of lament and bigotry
with bitter engravings telling all
will be written so explicitly
lament, on a big block of cement
just 6 feet above us
marking the top of our heads...
Wake up and open your eyes, people!
for most of you I know will

quickly comment...
But to change your perceptions
was never your intent.

For those of you who seem
satisfied, being fat and lazy
and labeled, secured, shelved,
and the worldly details hazy...
Satisfied with the 'facts'...
because they've prepared them
JUST FOR YOU!
At least they've made it tasty
even if you know that
it was all lies they fed you...

As long as you get your tax cut.

Lee Degnan

@}~'_. Sing It To Me, Patsy._/' ~{@

The piano opens
her favorite song...
the soothing, melodic notes
of a different era

yes, this is
the song of her
sorrow, her regret...

Patsy belting out
just how's she's feeling
and she's sitting there, crying
what in the world did she do?
he's not there
and her heart,
is breaking in two.

I sing the words
she knew so well
when she felt so sad,
those days she thought
she was alone, unwatched...

... and turn
to see my own daughter
watching the tears I cried,
listening to my mother's song,
regretting I didn't
appreciate her song sooner...
and missing her so much more.

Lee Degnan

@}~` Meggie's Birthday Garden '~{@

If I could make you happy
by surrounding you with beautiful things
I'd plant for you a magnificent garden
to make your birthday as beautiful as Spring
Sunflowers as tall as you are
bright yellow petals around the brown
for you to enjoy, to bring you cheer
and never again would you frown
I'd put rows and rows of lillies
of purple, pink and yellow
where you can watch them dance in the wind
as if they were waving to you HELLO!
Marigolds and violets compliment your walk
water lillies would float in the pond
Fragrant lilacs and bleeding hearts in every hue
of which my mother was so fond
Rhododendrons and jasmine to keep you company
by the bench where you sit
so you could be admist God's beauties
as you write your poems to uplift
You can gaze all day at the roses at play
while the baby's breath follow their cue
Black-eyed Susan's and Forget-Me-Nots
because I love the color of blue

For what your friendship means to me
my friend so thoughtful and pure
I'd wish for you the most lovely of birthdays
that through time and distance, could endure
I'd give to you what my mother has done
before this world she did part...
Created for me, the garden for all to see,
knowing it's where she has left her heart.

October 11,2007

Lee Degnan

`_; *_...Waking Dream..._/*; _/'

Like a flip of a switch
and
shutdown
visions and voices fade
then
voices become disembodied
and vision surreals
allowed to just melt away
unimportant, disconnected
And as the world falls away
I contemplate my own sanity
with panic and calm
as I know
allowances to let go like this
erodes reason and will
with each instance
with each time I BECKON it...
I'm profoundly aware of its power
and promise
sweetly, alarmingly seducing me
deeper
I'm swallowed in,
with a dark and intense curiosity
I go deeper each time
each breath
riding the waves of pain
and pleasure...
What I come for,
and what makes it harder to ever leave...

And it is here
I am with you
and no one can stop me.

November 10,2007

Lee Degnan

A Day In The Life Of An Alcoholic's Wife...

Just like a number of months before,
I awoke from a terrible dream
screaming
I took the next few moments of haze then
scrambling for my bearings
Just a dream, or a warning?
too soon to tell, yet
already
program running out of my skull...
And just like that,
I've armed myself with my old ways
and off to great start to a brand new day

Collecting my thoughts came
easier after the haze of sleep left
And I looked over to you
where you were sleeping
like a baby
Rising within me was not
the fuzzy warm feelings of love
but old regrets and resentments
Somehow I'm to live with your
mistakes
randomly yoking me up from sleep
as if I were a slave
A slave, in fact, to a terrible master.

I kicked myself for throwing the
blankets off, and I shivered
and for a moment it felt as if the
cold
could crystallize my tears
A passing thought to check
your cell phone occurred to me....
but I swore my sleuthing days were over
dammit...
I promised to turn my will to God
for the steps I take within that deed
promises

the serenity that I need.

Shedding some light
hopefully to my thoughts
as well as my room
I reached over my nightstand
for the lamp and my book
I believe the best way to
use such a book
is by way of 'divining'...
for my two thumbs to part the pages
and let the sages of those before me
speak the words
in the language only we
understood.

I searched for the meaning within
closed my eyes, hugged my book
hoping
that I could gain the wisdom-
that somehow if I could unlock it
with the right key
it would be mine...
Vaguely I sensed someone watching
and looked down beside me
and saw your eyes
You asked if I was ok
my answer was 'it's a work in progress'...
Which is the truth.
And I think back to my reading and realized...

Past is past, what's done is done...
Even as hard as one works it
We're still a walking time bomb
We've got some time
now
under our belt
and although the old habits within us still surface,
and all the hurt that's ever felt,
He goes into his room
and I into mine
the separation within that important

hour
will help both of us find-
Strength of self,
and strength even together
Equipped with this,
things can only get better
The two of us working this
go so very much hand in hand
I tell people it's the way of broken
marriages
but before hocked wedding bands...
I know I've hurt you
and I'm sorry if I ever did
I've my own master, and disease
and God willing, of which I will be
rid
I pray for you every night
that you too find your way...
I love you with all my heart,
forever and a day.

'Keep coming back, it works if you work it,
so work it, you're worth it! ! '

(Written with love for my husband, David.)

Lee Degnan

A Glimpse...

The old woman waited,
standing on the sidewalk
watching the round-about
She seems frail,
a long life, weighted
on hunched shoulders
Yet a look of contentment
nonetheless in her eyes
As the car approaches
she starts to it
A woman, middle-aged,
and obviously her daughter
quickly jumps out of the car
and hurries to her mother
to assist the old woman
The old woman ducks
the outstretched arm holding
the door for her,
scurrying into the car
(refusing to believe that
she would need such help! Imagine!)
with a haste that startled
the younger woman
The younger woman's rebuts only
fell on selectively deaf ears.

As they drove away,
I couldn't help but cry.
Such an ordinary, everyday occurrence
never to be remembered
by anyone...
but me.
The defiance of the old woman and her will
The tenderness of the daughter
and the her appreciation, subconscious,
That she has this time with her mother.
I said a prayer for them...
I prayed that the daughter never forgets
and the old woman

enjoyed her life and that it was full.
And as I returned to my
mother's hospital room,
a surprise pang of jealousy
and regret overwhelmed me.
The search for answers
I know I would never find
filled and crushed my heart...
I entered my mother's room quietly
and sat by her side while she slept.
I prayed for God's guidance
and my mother's peace.
And I watched her beautiful
young face throughout the night.

Lee Degnan

A Mother's Love For Her Child

You are my child,
given to me by some miracle
that I cannot comprehend
I was worthy of.
You've come and blessed my life.

You are my world.
Whatever I've known as my own
now shared willingly
and freely with you.
You've come and opened my heart.

You are my hope,
in a world that's so unforgiving;
in your eyes I see promise
of better things yet to come.
You've come and filled me with joy.

You are my happiness
personified, yet lit even brighter
and with unimaginable beauty
created in God's light.
You've come and saved my soul.

You are my love, unconditional
whether it is given or received
and have given me complete
and utter trust in your life.
You've come and given me ambition.

For all these things
You have given me,
I have become a better soul
For this I do promise you
my love forever,
and ever to become more like you.

Lee Degnan

Angel On A Swing...

I can remember
not too long ago
we sat together holding hands
and I wished you wouldn't let go
Just one of many visits
that we would have together
I banked that many more
were to come... the more, the better
I still can't come to grips
that this is just not meant to be
Why the good Lord would take
you, and your spirit, away from me
I took for granted
that life would just go on
Now I know that
we were all just terribly, terribly wrong

I have a picture of you
and you're on a swing
You are smiling to yourself
and happy with everything
I keep this picture close
imagining that's you now
Up there in heaven doing
what all beautiful angels are allowed
I imagine you up there,
just as always, goofing around
Lighting up the heavens with your
presence, and love abounds
I'm sure the good Lord keeps you close
never knowing what mischief you'll get into
Or maybe it's because He knows
just how good it feels to be near you

No matter which it is
this I know much
How I miss you everyday
knowing I'll never again feel your touch
There are no more phone calls

just to see how you're doing
Only one-sided conversations
and the questions just keep accruing
You were the first person
to see me into this world
You were what I wanted to be
ever since I was a little girl
I guess the Lord saw that
your job here was done
and your job to spread His
good word elsewhere has now begun

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I miss you Mommy
wherever you may be...
Thank you for all you've done
and always being there for me.

Dedicated to my hero,
my confidant, my heart,
my mother,

Teresita L. Stanishia
December 7,1943
April 5,2007

They say a bell chimes
when an angel gets her wings
That's what happened on April 5th
when they gave it to the Angel on the swing

Lee Degnan

Beginning Of Time

Surely I must have loved you
ever since the beginning of time
the planets shifted, the stars collided
ever since your eyes had captured mine

No doubt our souls have met before
a long, long time ago it seems
because as long as time can remember day or night
you were already there in my dreams

And it must have been that time was suspended
as my world was lifeless, yet to awaken
It had to have been the way you breathed life in
my barren world and made it 'heaven'

The way I know this as simple fact
is really quite easily explained, you see
a love so innate, my one true soulmate,
cannot, in a mortal lifetime, just come 'to be'

Surely the two of us were there that day
watching, when the world start turning
as sure as we'll meet again, after another lifetime's end,
our souls will find a new beginning

Lee Degnan

Can'T Spell Crap Without Rap....

Music has always been, always will be
my first love
best when as loud as I can bear it
and you can't scream above
it's how I spend every minute, every
second, of every day
even when the stereo's off
in my mind music will play
A fan of most, doesn't really
matter much to me
except for that twangy crap
that people call 'country'
well, I can't really say that either
even some of it is good, yet....
remakes are like drunks on
karaoke night...on a lousy bet
It's when any 'artist' dares to
convert a classic old song
and recreate it into something
horrifically and tragically wrong
Hey, Billy Bob whatever-your-name-is, you had
no business doing that anyway
what the hell made you think you could sing
Led Zeppelin's 'Stairway'? ?
Really, it's all about respect
and this is one person's judgement call
I'd say you wouldn't want Eminem coming
around sportin' a drawl
and belting out 'Devil Went Down To
Georgia', could you imagine him?
You'd consider him destroying that song
if he ever came up with that whim
Another thing I think I'll mention
before I call this poem a wrap
even though I like it sometimes,
'You can't spell CRAP without RAP! '

Respect the music
Respect the artist

Even if you don't listen to it
It's not your song
Stealing is wrong
Nobody messes with my music!

Lee Degnan

Christmas Tears

'Christmas cheer
is not found here,
children, we are too poor.
What's left instead,
moldy and stale bread,
and no fancy wreaths on our door.
We'll have no tree
but something came to me
and it'll cure those blues of yours.'
Then Mother took lights,
and at tree height,
afixed them from ceiling to floor
Criss-crossed and V-ed
yes, it turned out to be
the most beautiful tree evermore...
And with that act,
I knew for a fact,
Mother deserved to be adored!

Then Father came in
reeking of his gin
looked upon this and was floored!
His face ghastly,
turned bitter and nasty,
Christmas lights from the wall he tore
'I'll have none of this! '
and he said with a hiss,
'Woman, you are a stupid wh*re.'
And he left a mess
kinda like us, I guess
as we all cried of Christmas's of yore
Still, as Mother was blue
She said, 'This was meant for you'
And the lights went on the wall once more
She said, 'Don't hate,
Father's anger will abate...
He is only sad that we are so poor.'

This happened to be,

Christmas of 1983,
the saddest of that I am sure.
But what I've learned...
love given is love returned
and happiness is something to fight for.

Lee Degnan

Chrysanthemum

'You know, Mom... you could write
a poem about chrysanthemums..
I like chrysanthemums.'

Not a single word
in the English language
rhymes with that word

but I think that
this was not my daughter's,
my little flower's, concern

that in her remarkably
perceptive mind, on the surface,
seemingly random, thinking

she's actually telling me
that I think too much,
and I should just stop to smell the...

well... the chrysanthemums, of course.

(Thank you, Lauren Marie-9/8/07-Ok, I realize now, thanks to my husband, that
there are more than a FEW words that rhyme with 'chrysanthemum'... but they
were just not very useful! !)

Lee Degnan

Cycle

Living with a cycle
with no end to be found
Living with a cycle
Here we go, spinning round
Time passes us by
like a watch that isn't wound
Living with a cycle
with no reason to stick around

Same s**t, different day
people comfort you like
you've had just a bad day
What you feel
can be explained away
Summed up so simplistically
and that everything will be okay

Never looking deep
they never wanna know
the secrets within you keep
Secrets are like poison
in your mind it will seep
What keeps me up alone
at night when everyone's asleep

Living with a cycle
with no end to be found
Living with a cycle
Here it comes, spinning round
Time is of no essence
when you're not tied to the ground
Living with a cycle
a kind of life to which we're bound

you got nothing to do
Just sitting around waiting
for everything to come back to you
There's emptiness around here
and nothing to look forward to

Candy coated white lies
what I've feared turns out to be true

Memories are mad
What I thought was good
intrinsically, realistically bad
Was the only happiness
or what I thought I had
Tainted somehow by your touch?
my life, ironic, pathetic and sad

Can you please release me?
Can you please save me from your doom

Living with a cycle
with no end to be found
Living with a cycle
Dizzying pace, spinning round
Time will catch up to you with
no friend keeping you safe and sound

Caught within your cycle
killing me inside without a sound.

Lee Degnan

Day Off

I didn't plan it
but I took today
off from work
But not to play...
and for hours
as they burned away
I sat feeling
empty
I'm not sick
but certainly not OK

I lied in my bed
and shook
thinking of my life
and giving it one hard look
knowing something's
gotta change
No happy thoughts came...
Now isn't
that strange?
With that I couldn't
bear the pain;
tears sheared so hot
yet fell like rain
I know the inevitable.
I'm spiraling down
and took a bottle
of pills
and washed it down.

I was amazed to find
that I even did it
it's been rehearsed in my mind...
but there was
nothing to it.
So many times
I didn't pull that trigger,
but no guts,
no glory,

is what I figure.

Then the room
started spinning 'round
Consciousness, I guess,
losing ground
even with my
mind all aflutter
I can still hear
the words you muttered...
I married you,
but I love another.
I closed my eyes
and gave one
last shudder.

My last thought
before He takes me
is why make me love you
just to have
you hate me?
I've given all that I could
I've given you my heart
but it didn't do me any good....
you couldn't love me
from the start.
But what
I find ironic
In my whole little plan...
is I die, as in life,
from which I'd ran...
Cold and empty
feeling
Lifeless and unhappy...
and is my fate
for all eternity.

Lee Degnan

Evergreen Street

Brisk winter air, so cold!
and the sound
of a million snowflakes
hitting the ground,
Never had I seen it
snow so hard
as we got ready
to play in the front yard
Headed straight to where
the plows made dunes,
cutting out alleyways and
cozy little rooms...
Soon dunes became castles,
pristine and white,
Two sister princesses
and one brother knight....

But my favorite part
out of it all-
Evergreen Street,
to watch the snow fall!
My father would pile us
all in his car,
his little Volkswagen,
it wasn't very far
Plowing through this street
making our lone tracks,
branches come out at us
like reindeer antler racks
Evergreens surrounded us
as we drove in further
heavy snow weighted them
like a canopy of winter
Beautiful and sparkling, surreal to
the rest of the world,
made coming here a favorite
to this little girl....

Fade

a void where love was lost... in my heart, a hole
your eyes looked into me, my heart, mind, and soul
you took me into your world, and for a little bit
was I, and a hope that you'd include me in it
I might've been in, perhaps, the longest of dreams
which your smile, glance, I chanced in whatever they'd mean
might I've been a glimmer of what you sought
in your eyes what danced there, I imagined, were your thoughts
for a time I had with you, you kept me by your side
someone to laugh with, dream with, and confide
what I wished I didn't ever have to do...
was how I couldn't tell you I was in love with you

time, never a friend of mine, passing me by
inevitably you too, and became harder to find
never could I ever say I've wanted you to stay
was never my place, yet I prayed you would anyway
I'd hoped this wasn't the plan, that I couldn't be
just an instant, and distant, fading memory
now your smile... a glance, is not what I get to see
both quickly breaking away... seeing you is breaking me
you've given away your smile, elsewhere is your glance
I've been here before though... lost another game of chance
I knew with you I was destined, at best, as a memory
I was bound to a promise, my heart wasn't free
from you I know I would have to break away
For you, my love... somehow must fade away

Lee Degnan

Famine

The world is full of unhappy places,
For only the rich can stuff their faces...
Africa, to be most specific,
has food supply no-so -terrific
Babies, kids, adults alike
are hit with hunger's strike
With not enough food to go around,
famine haunts another town.

And in these times of
Death, Hunger,
Famine, Depression
The Dark Continent
Scarred by Europe
Turns to regression
People need help
finding food
Life is tough.
The Red Cross is there
Because they care
But is it enough?

AIDS, HIV,
Kill the farmers
leaving little
for the harvestors.
As many as 38 million Africans living under
the threat of starvation
And each 30 seconds, an African child
dies of hunger.
Lack of food,
Greatest elimination.
Child's cries
Loud as thunder

And in these times of
Death, Hunger,
Famine, Depression,
The Dark Continent

Scarred by Europe
Turns to regression.
People need help
finding food.
Life is tough.
The Red Cross is there
because they care
but is it enough?

Desolate wastelands,
Drought.
Death is at hand,
children shout.
People are dying
Who's there to help? ?
No one!
Cares only for their wealth.

And in these times of
Death, Hunger,
Famine, Depression,
The Dark Continent
Scarred by Europe
Turns to regression
People need help
finding food.
Life is tough.
The Red Cross is there
because they care....
But is it enough?

... Not nearly enough.

Lee Degnan

For My Fellow Parents...

Parents, your duty calls...
the mission is one amazing feat
One that requires great skill with
all the responsibilities you will meet

From a helpless little baby
you're to do all the fill-in
And see to it that you raise
the next generation's men and women

I know it's not an easy role
and for this not everybody's fit
But it's a job with great rewards
if you only put your heart into it

Kids minds are like hungry sponges,
their hunger to learn just won't quit
And frightening to know that it's all up to you
as to what you put in it

So feed their minds by teaching them
it's what keeps them growing
Teach them love, honor, respect, compassion,
and to do that is by **SHOWING!** !

Being a parent is a life-time job
a task that will never be complete
But one thing that you **MUST** do
is make yourself obsolete

Don't forget to give them lots of happy times
it's something parents can't forget to do,
'Cause when they grow up it's those stories
that they'll tell their kids to

So I write to wish you all the best
and pray for your success too
Because your child could change the world....
Solely on his reflection of you.

Lee Degnan

Hang Up

watch you
watching me
want you
wanting me
can't think
can't breathe
could you
deny me?
wait, no
wait for
don't know
something more?
some sign
you might
not mind
another score?
too bold
oh no
see you
gonna go
can't think
you see
rather you
f*cking me
watched you
watching me
makes me
wanna scream
can't see
you be
ever wanting
to deny me.

Lee Degnan

It Was My Time

ears ringing
it's all drowned out anyway
from the hum of my car
as it accelerates,
to the constant
playback
of the last time we spoke

eyes stinging
like salt in a wound
I can't see the road because
tears do that I guess
yet I push my car
to go faster
salvation
by racing away from reality

heart leaping
as all shuts down around me
I'm no longer gripping the wheel
or this life
I've wanted done
closure
I've so sought, so is found

Lee Degnan

Juniper Hill Road

Pedaling at a steady pace,
I arrive at this special place
warm sun pushing at my back
added to the strength of my attack
Pedaling now, a harder and faster pace,
imagining I'm one in a huge race
Doing as I've done many times before
made conquering this paramount all the more
Juniper Hill Road, you are now mine!
You've beaten me for the very last time!
I know all your secrets now oh so well,
Your time has come, as far as I can tell!
Pedaling furiously, I see the summit
Victory felt so close, so I gun it
Over the top my brother sees me rise,
exhilaration consumes me at seeing his surprise!
Being kid sister he teases me so well,
But for all his doubting though-
he can go to hell!

Lee Degnan

Kata

Close your eyes
Inhale
imagine your lungs
filling with life giving air
As everything in life
is a piece of you
and you of it.
Nothing exists
but the form...
Kata.
So practiced,
so perfect
and falls together
as it's meant to be,
Naturally.
Find the power
from within
the natural flow of your movement
Find the force
of every kiai
beginning in your solar plexus
So strong
Imagine every measured step
breath
and counter
as your enemies
fall at your precision.

Let the sensei
Show you how it's done,
for it is him
you will need to emulate
to be the perfect warrior...
for it is the sensei
who will teach you
how to master your life...

It is the sensei
who will teach you form,

control
discipline
respect...
Kata.

For my sensei,
My teacher,
My father,
Lou Stanishia

Lee Degnan

Mahal Kita, Mommasita! ! (For Mother's Day)

I wish I was there every minute
Just to look at you and sit by your side
And hold your hand when the pain hits
and pray that it quickly subsides
I wish there was a magic potion
that could take all your cancer away
If only praying to God and showing my devotion
would cure you, I would never again stray
If I could take back time before this
and paid attention to all your clues
never again would I ever think to dismiss
my obligations and would've gladly paid my dues

But now I am left to struggle here
and watch you suffer and slowly die
you're my pillar of strength and what I hold dear
but the loss I feel somehow, I can't deny
What lesson is it am I supposed to learn?
Will I ever be told a good reason why?
these question will still inside burn
until the very day that I die
It really has been incredible how
in one month your life has changed so
living a full life up until the here and now
consciousness just seems to come and go

My sense of justice, crying, screaming
'how could this happen to my mom?
wake me up, I must be dreaming!
and why are all these doctors so damn calm? ? '
And I suddenly realize that the hate,
remorse, bargaining, denial and despair I feel
is because there's no control of what is your fate
That this is your life and this is your ordeal.
You taught me nothing is easy, that to survive is to fight
I just hope that you still have it in you
to give this all that you have, all your might...
Because I'm right here, holding your hand, to see you through.

=====

It's now a month since you've passed away
and I just read this poem through
and I'm finding that the feelings I felt that day
are what my heart still knows to be true
This past month has been so hard, Mom
and I'm really trying with all of my might
Outside I might be handling it with great aplomb
but inside I think I might be losing the fight
For this Sunday will mark the first Mother's Day
of many I will be spending without you here
my tears my children will wish away
but the day has definitely lost its cheer

So now that you're up in Heaven
I need to ask you if you'll be my angel
and with your help maybe it could leaven
the pain that keeps threatening to strangle
I need your strength now for my children
for this thought now scares me the most...
Their mother is replaced with a broken woman
in the shadow of her own mother's ghost
Help me teach them what Mahal Kita means
as you've shown me my whole life through
Love doesn't always have to be seen
if felt by the presence of you.

This poem is written in two parts: the first was written back in late March, just mere days before my mother passed away (during her second chemo treatment): the second was written a month after her passing

Lee Degnan

Men... To My Friends

I love my men-friends
This I really have to tell...
I've really have to thank them-
for without them life would be hell!

These men are my balance,
my missing half to my soul,
without their insight in my life....
in my heart would be a hole.

I love it when a man shows
exactly what he's about
I'm not talking about those boorish men,
the ones that scream and shout...

The men I'm talking about
are gentle enough to wipe your tears,
Yet strong enough when you need them
and become wiser throughout the years...

The ones that never intentionally hurt me,
as inevitable as anything ever is!
But this particular set of men realizes his
mistakes and hopes women forgives...

He takes responsibility ever in stride
never shies away from any hard work
Understands and always lends a hand
not ever making you feel like a jerk....

He is calm, cool, and collected;
he's charming, honest and polite;
He can argue anything from any side
but will concede when you are right....

He's certainly taken many punches in life
and still strong enough to stand tall,
You'll hardly ever hear him gripe

yet maybe sometimes this is his downfall...

He's upbeat, compassionate, trustworthy,
and his loyalty for his friends has no end,
I've found some great ones on Poemhunters
and I'm blessed to have them as FRIENDS!

The men I've encounter that
proven to be such men,
and whom I dedicate this poem to:
Doc, Arkay, Lee, Roger, Duncan, Chuck, Nimal,
Uriah, Darrin, FjR Jr, Geoff, David

You guys are truly a rare breed.
I was aware right from the start....
Thank you so much for being you
You've really touched my heart!

Lee Degnan

My Chemical Romance

I wanted to tell you
how it is that I love you
it used to be so easy
I'd pick up a pen
and let the words flow in
choosing the right ones so freely

But then I'd let someone
talk me into destruction
of all thinking and feeling
Just once a day this pill
which, at times, makes me ill
supresses... well, pretty much anything

Now it seems like every day
feels strangely the same in every way
like lifeless circles of day and night
They treat me for depression
by drugging my brain into submission
yet somehow, I'm not a zombie... right?

Forgive me for my senseless rambling
trying to keep my brain from scrambling
A battle I very much seem to be losing
There was something I had to tell you
but what that was, I have no clue...
Hmmm... I think I need a nap.

Lee Degnan

My Soul Sacrifice (For A Child) Content***

***warning: Harsh

it was in those beautiful
cool eyes
the birth of my madness
and an innocence demise
you had no right to bring me
into your cruel little world
i was just a little girl
i was just a little girl

didn't anyone hear me f*cking
scream
at night, shattering their selfish
pleasant dreams?
no use was it crying for my mommy
i don't want to hear you're sorry
i don't want to hear you're sorry

bared naked was my
little soul
you took whatever good in me
and raped it whole
no longer a person but this shell
who'd love to watch you burn in hell
love to watch you burn in hell

nothing to stop you from
what you did to me
seething hate for you
from which I'll never be free
I'll never grow up to be someone's blushing bride
no one would've cared if i died
no one would've cared if i died

nowadays still in dreams
you will creep
louder I heard your laughter
when you made me weep

inside i'm still that little girl
trapped in your f*cked up world
trapped in your f*cked up world

I know what I wrote here
isn't the most pleasant of themes
but this is what haunts me
whenever I hear a child scream....
or when I walk by the TV
when the news is on,
it might be a breaking story, but
believe me I know what's going on
Child abuse, in any form, runs
rampant in every country
yet efforts to avoid this horror, in my
opinion, seems rather paltry
God forbid if such a predator,
no matter what you do,
were to target any one of your kids
or anyone else close to you.
I wish I didn't know this
or even that I ever care
I guess it doesn't matter as much
if you can't say you've ever been there
Not here to win any
popularity contests,
or to win the Nobel Prize,
I only wish you to remember this
when you look into a child's eyes
Because if you forsake a child
by ignoring what you hear
it will be the end of human decency
within that child's tears
I'm bearing my soul, naked,
for all the world to see,
if for even only one child from
this fate, would ever be free.

Lee Degnan

Nightly Storms Predicted....

There I sat
taking in the screaming deluge
of insults
Only he can drown me with...
Every mutterance
eroding away my love and all that
I've ever been,
utterly washed away by words...
There he pointed
as if his finger meant to stab at me
accentuating and cutting
and leaving me bleeding before him...
Ignited by my tears,
I watch as his liquid anger surged,
runneth over,
fascinated I am by his fixed hatred of me...
And as predicted...
the storm rolls away in a drunken stumble,
and door slams,
abandoning me, finally leaving me alone to bleed.

Lee Degnan

Nightmare Screaming

Oh no,
What have I done?
Hate to see
just what I've become
I wasn't the type
that ever stayed sad
now mourning for the things
that I once had
No longer living
No longer care
Twisted in knots
for feelings no longer there
I feel as if
I'd been dreaming
And woken into
a nightmare screaming
I know that
I've gotten into this mess
and now I want out
That I must confess...

Time's been awasting
how much I don't know
the fear that keeps me here
Though just won't let me go
Never venturing before
outside my little world
Now not left with a choice with
how my life has unfurled
So I pick up the pieces
and try to follow my heart
to directions unknown
and nowhere to start
I know I'm
no longer in love
and there's so much to hate
After all
wasn't it he
the first to forsake?

I feel as if
I'd been dreaming
And woken into
a nightmare screaming
I know that
I've got alot at stake
But I don't know how much
more my heart can take...

Now time, it's come and
I must make my move
my will and my desire
and my own worth I must prove
I'd never believe it
would ever come to this
The things I'll leave for good
are things I'll learn to miss
I hope you don't mind that
I don't say goodbye
Somehow I feel guilty inside and
cannot look you in the eye
It's funny
my leaving
though cuts like a knife
cannot
overcome this
empowerment in taking back my life
I'm alive
and no longer dreaming
And ending
forever the nightmare and screaming
Right now I might not
know which road I will take
But it's better than knowing
that your life has all been a fake.

Lee Degnan

Poem Of You

I sit and listen to
the pouring rain
as it patters and taps
on my windowpane,
my thoughts escape
me as they do
But no matter what
they always turn to you

As if I need constant
reminder more
My brain tricks me
to settle the score
Indeed it's you, my
secret addiction,
imprisoning me with
this obscene infliction

So I listen to the
rain a little more
to try and think of no
one I adore
But even then they
whispered your name too
As if my mind needed to...
I thought of you.

Lee Degnan

Prayer Warriors-The True Heart Of

Seek within Poemhunters, and you shall find,
Faith and love so strong, and one of a kind
hearts so true are they in their cause
and have given their 'enemy' much to pause
They are Prayer Warriors, so mighty and true
Kristin Davis, this circle starts with you!

None better is there to lead such a crusade
than Doc Wilde, foundation of values now laid
Catlin Crawford, upon reading his poem, was moved so
The two breathed life into us Warriors, and so it goes
Now united as Family, and going strong
As of this writing, we're 124 Warriors long!

Much of what Warriors do is misconstrued
about who they are and what it is they feud,
why, just ask Lee Stedman, ask him 'what gives? '
Every Warrior has a story, and he'll tell you his...
You will also learn of his beautiful and kind heart,
his words of encouragement, he's got philanthropy down to an art!

But there is no way that I can stop there...
Too many other Warriors have touched my heart too with their care,
So thank you Anna Russell, Uriah Lee Hamilton, and FJR Jr....
your love for others is what will secure Prayer Warriors future!
More names I would like to mention and cannot forget-
are Duncan Wyllie, Patricia Gayle, Mary Nagy and Charles Audette!

There is only a small portion of the Prayer Warriors listed here...
If you're part of this Family, trust that I hold you in my heart too so dear
It's only one lone view... but there must've been something within you too
that ranked you as a Warrior, so you're included in this big 'Thank You! ! '
You've undoubtedly shown true heart, valor, and love for another
Therefore, and in no doubt, touched another Warrior sister or brother

They say that the pen is mightier than the sword
How true that is with the Prayer Warrior's written word!
Slained is despair, with Warrior prose written with such flair,
Their outlook in life contagious... they're humble, yet they 'air'- DEBONAIR!

Come and see for yourself, and maybe become a part
of a Family, in Kristin's honor, of poetry... from the truly good at heart.

Lee Degnan

Roses For Laura

Roses for Laura
dressed with baby's breath
I give these to her
after a near brush with death
I'm trembling so
cannot believe my eyes
when I see her glow
after I arrived!
She's lying there
pneumonia stricken and ill
so unlike my lively friend
the image is with me still
I grabbed her hand
and placed a kiss on her forehead
and in barely a whisper
I cried and begged,
'Don't you ever scare
us all like that again,
I was so afraid
I was losing my best friend! '
'Lose me? ? ' she said
and gave me a weak smile
'I'll outlive you
by a great long while! ! '
I cried at that.
I didn't know what to tell her;
because for a while there
she didn't get any better.

And all the 'could be's'
was just so scary to me
I didn't want to think
how my life would be
Tomorrow will come
and I have to pray
that God will give
me back my friend that day

Roses for Laura

and she took them and smiled
They're her favorite
she said after awhile
She's looks perkier now with
Little Adam in her arms
little bluish eyes staring
up at mommy as if charmed
'Today he's fussy'
she said to everyone
and we called him grumpy
old man to poke fun
And I marveled at
how daddy Jim
took his newborn in his arms
and how he talked to him
I took in with extreme
joy of all this
to see them united
finally was total bliss
most of all seeing how
much better she was becoming
now smiling at her family
a promise that good times were coming
But, ah, what a beautiful day
tomorrow will be
knowing she'll be right
there with Jim and me

It was all the 'what if's'
were just so scary to me
I didn't want to think
how our lives would be
Tomorrow will come
and already it's on its way
God, thank you for giving
me back my friend today

Roses for Laura
because I wanted to see her smile.

Lee Degnan

Secret Admirer

I know I'm not supposed to be here
but listen if you will
It's as if I cannot think clear
life's a bitter pill
Endless days and sleepless nights
completely robbed of sleep
those times it's you in my thoughts
my secret that I keep
mesmerized by eyes seducing me
by no fault of your own
But I'll be damned if I can ever be
trusted on my own
if there was one day you might
ever feel the same
chances are it would probably incite
the utmost dangerous game
I've tried and I've failed to
let these feelings go
but seeing as I've come to you
I've let my feelings show
luckily you didn't notice this
you are not to blame
this girl who'll eternally imagine your kiss
remember not my name

Lee Degnan

So Tired

Lifeless and barely breathing
body so cold and cyanotic
from the exposure of you
the icy ocean of your being
as if you've taken my soul,
raped it and left it for dead
those eyes that seem to pierce
right through me
down to the very essence
that was my spark
and you're snuffing it out
just for your amusement
how is it that you can just find me,
after I picked up the pieces
from the last time
you were here
only to come back
and disassemble
everything i've built up
like blowing down a house of cards
There is no fight left
nowhere to run away
you have it now so easy
to do as you will with me
So I take your bitter pill
and let the waves hit me
because I want to feel nothing
no more, no less.

Lee Degnan

Trois Raisons D'Être (Three Reasons To Be)

Three brightly lit stars
lighting up the night sky
Three smiles shining like the sun
so warm, bringing tears to my eyes
Three masterpieces of art
created by angels, just for me
Three reasons why I choose what I do
today, tomorrow, and as far as I can see
Three very distinct personalities
yet cannot think of them apart
Three more precious than gold and
diamonds, held so closely to my heart
Three words I will say to thee
everyday, in every way, 'I love you'
Three most special people in my life:
David, Lauren and Matthew!

To my Trois Raisons D'être

Lee Degnan

Wasted Time

...and all I can do is sit here
home so cold and empty without you
yet so tense when you chose to be

time for you to self implode
reek havoc, have your fill at
just spewing anger at all of us
when we've waited for so long for you
to be here
just to be with you
hurt and frightened little faces...
hate wells up within me yet

All I can do is sit there
souls all torn, feeling always without you
you're so cold when you chose to be

time for you to disappear
to do what else? have your fun
just waste your time and money
on cheap thrills and chemical highs
call me what you will, lord knows
I've taken enough shit from you
to make me hard enough
but without energy to fight back.

It's like you don't even see me sitting there!
love can't survive without you,
you're ripping me up when you chose to be

times I wish would stand still
love and laughter, yeah we have those!
times we can look back on together
when things seemed alright with the world
damn they seem so distant
like another lifetime, like a dream
in black and white, or did they happen
to someone else? christ.

I've nothing else to do but sit here
reminiscing as I always do, without you
and knowing you f*cking chose not to be

time wastes no time...
reminding you that you're dying inside
life's too short for living lies, being
unhappy, wasting time, unloved, rejected...
You seem to have no use for me, nor
me for you, time wore out love's welcome...
I want my life, you want yours but
surprise, maybe it's time...

... that I walk away and you can just sit there, it
may feel good, and you'll do just fine without me...
Yet, already missing you, I'll never chose to.

Lee Degnan

When Turkey Day Becomes Turkey Week!

Every year it's the same old story
Turn away if it gets too gory
Certainly not a tale for the frail and meek...
This is a tale of how Turkey Day becomes Turkey Week!

Now I'm sure that my family can back this up
My turkey dinner is like Emeril's, only a step up
Stuffing's divine, gravy more delicious than wine
Even Martha Stewart, for a taste, would stand in line!

And then there's the turkey, beautiful golden brown
Just the smell of it brings everyone around
White meat so tender, dark meat with amazing flavor
This turkey dinner should be for anyone to savor!

But even with this self-proclaimed acclamation
can't escape the same ending; in summation...
My turkey, as it is yours, will overstay his welcome
It is Turkey Day to Turkey Week we all will succumb

Things are still happy from Day One to Day Two
Black Friday, Yippee! ! I've no cooking to do!
After all that damn shopping, I'm glad to have it
A quick flash in the microwave and we can all sit!

But then, alas, and on cue, comes Day Three
when turkey just doesn't sound as appealing to you or me
And already that damn Turkey has had its way...
You've now had half a week of Turkey Day!

Days Four, Five and Six go by in just a blur
as everyone in America will absolutely concur
that their Turkey, in secret, must've flown their coop
... until every Momma whips out their Turkey Soup! !

I kinda feel sorry for the Turkey's annual situation
Every one of us thought, 'What if I made instead...' in assumption
that there's a cure for this epidemic... but the outlook is dismal
The endings the same, you're just changing the animal!

Lee Degnan