the POETRIE gallerie

All materials must include signature and mailing address. Address all correspondence to The Editor, DAWN Magazine, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. 21203.

Same Place Different Time

A book report written back some-
time, bout the same place same
mind.
Title, July Eight Teen Sixty Three,
same place different time is all I
see.

A high school essay called a book
report, bout some people who is
New
Yorks streets held court.
Men lynched on lamp post for all
to
see. Must people go on hating like
July Eight Teen Sixty Three?

Twenty years have past since I
first
read that book. The mob rule
events
still have me shook. The riots a
hundred sixteen years ago are
some-
thing few people want to know.
Now it's Nineteen Seventy Nine,
same
place different time

Those Events Bother Me. .

I still see conditions that caused
July Eight Teen Sixty Three
Can twenty more years bring a
change we can see?
Will people just keep on hating
like July Eight Teen Sixty Three?
Must men hang men on lamp post
for
all to see?

A book report written bout the
same
place different time. People now
dangle from public assistance
lines.
Give your child a little love.
Working too hard got to shove.
Same place same mind?
Same place Different time?

Lynching easily leaves some
peoples
minds, specially when its same
place
diffetent time
Will a change come that time will
see?
Will a hundred sixteen more years
just shake its head like it has
since July Eight Teen Sixty
Three?

My son you are eight soon nine.
I pray your desiny is not with
a line.
Round your neck or around your
mind,
twenty years from now what will
you
find?
Same place same mind?
Same place different time?
During my lifetime, I hope,
DIFFERENT PLACE,
CHANGED MIND.
LEONARD R. HIGGINS

Teen-Age Prayer

Heavenly father, father of Grace
Bless my man's Handsome face
Bless his eyes that are so bright
May he always hold me tight
Bless his hair with all the knots
May he always love me lots
Bless his legs with many hair curls
Keep him safe from all other girls
Bless his hands so full and strong
Help him keep them were they
belong
Bless his parents who are not
wrong
Because of them he came along
Bless them both short and tall
Because I love him most of all
Bless us both that we may marry
Bless his children that I may carry
Bless us both so we won't fight
To keep the neighbors up all night
And may we always be content
Thank you lord for one man you
sent
Hard to get, Hard to hold
This is how my prayers are told
Heavenly father from above
Please protect the man I love
AMEN,
CATRINA McCLENDON

Youth of Africa

Yesteryears they called you
native
your sunny land they called
the dark continent
your culture they called
primitive
your religion they called
uncivilized
and yet they dared to plunder your
natural resources
can you dig it?

Today they call you
rebellious
your sunny land they call
emplosive
your culture they call
remnants
your religion they call
witchcraft
and yet they continue to exploit
your
rich lands
man, this is unreal.

You are young, proud and
powerful
your land is sunny and
beautiful
your culture is intact and
enviable
your mind is sound and
sane
get yourself together and
use them.
ERNEST D. SIMELA

Youth

Y oungsters
O f the
U niverse
T reasuring
H appiness
TWILAH STEPTER

A 39th Street Ride

We people of color riding the bus
To get to work, we ride it—we
must.
Crowded in the morning it will
cometimes be
Late in the evenings, just wait and
see.
Old women talking and laughing
on board
But on the way back home, they
are just to sore
In the back of the bus the young
ones get high
Laughing and giggling and
wanting to buy
Some more of that herb for the
ride back home
While all day long, they'll just
stay stoned.
On snowy days, the bus is late,
But we stand and wait no matter
how late.
Cold and sloshy the wind is bitter
My nose starts to run and I get the
jitters.
But the rides back home are
always quiet
After a long day's work
everyone's tired.
Again we squeeze together on the
bus
Leaning against one another too
tired for distrust.
Despondent sometimes when I
ride the bus
But to get where I'm going I ride
it—I must.
Yal E. Itell

Museum Pieces

A sight to behold
Some are large
Others are minatures
A few brightly shine
Many no longer glow.

They look familiar
Yet— they seem strange
What tomorrow will they be?
Who can tell?
They are antiques.
W. P. McLEMORE

We Must Quiet All Their Guns and Take away Toys of War

I am not a happy poem
for happy
faces
smile upside down
to eyes
that have lost
the will
to laugh.

This is not a happy poem
happiness is
selfishness
when flesh is
eugolized
by dialogues of
human rights
& wars
& rumors of wars
plague unwilling
heroes
while lifeblood is
pumped by
cold tin soldiers
who stare piercingly
with
quiet eyes.

This is not a happy poem
but sadness is
an unrestrained
virtue of
a masochistic mind
& I
who can not smile
but will not
grieve
can no longer allow
brownbabies
to be crucified
by manganese men
who unscathingly
program their
destruction

I must teach them how to
cry.
AMIRA N. MURRARA

TORONADO '79

If you could design your own car, you'd tailor it to meet your specific needs. And that's just what Oldsmobile has done with Toronado for 1979.

A smooth, comfortable ride. Toronado's front-wheel drive is combined with independent four-wheel suspension and electronic leveling control. So you can enjoy comfort, as well as easy maneuverability.

A new world inside. Toronado offers more standard luxury than ever before—AM/FM stereo radio with power antenna and side window defoggers, for example. And that's not all! You get the ride you want; the style you like; and now, you can even choose the engine suited to the way you drive—a standard 5.7-litre (350 CID) gasoline V8 or the available 5.7-litre diesel V8.

So even if you could design your own personal-luxury car, why bother. Simply let an Oldsmobile dealer help you pick a '79 Toronado that's just right for you.