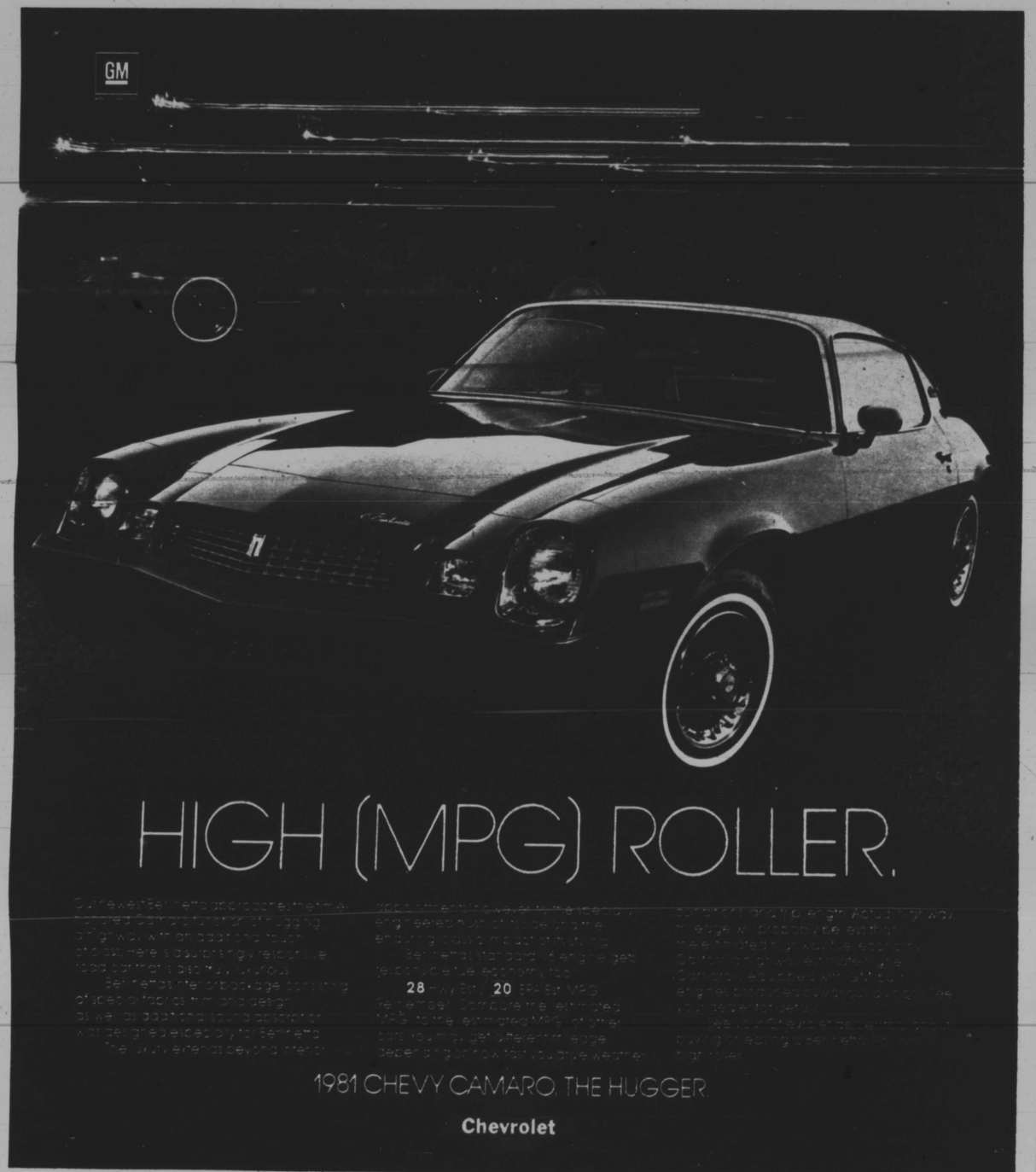

the poetrie gallerie

Bussing

What's all the fussing
about this Bussing?
Whites against Blacks
avoiding the facts,
Wasting our children's minds
to bring about confusing times.
White flight in the night,
still does not make Bussing
right
Blacks busy organizing,
inspite of all this critizing.
Children on and off the bus,
never understanding through
all the rush.
People let's join together, not by
color, and wild demanding,
but through our children,
giving love, and
understanding.

Valorie Denise Patterson
Indianapolis, Ind.

In Praise of a Friend

Your phone call came right on
time
I was in a troubled state of mind,
Felt like there was no way out
But talking to you removed that
doubt
Those encouraging words you said
Inspired me to lift up my head,
Disagreements, laughter and
tears
Have brought us closer through
the years.
Our conversation was a wonderful
exchange,
I'm glad some things never
change.

Doris Roberson
Inglewood, Calif.

Wisdom

Hey! Somebody, Anybody, listen;
I'm tired of being alone.
I'm tired of wishin for love and
happiness, forever lastin;
tired of needin.
I'm tired of trying to find someone
to share and appreciate me.
Ain't there a good person,
anywhere?
I'm tired of striving for the top and
deceivin myself.
I'm tired of the everyday ups and
downs.
Tired of being hurt and having
problems,
Tired of suspicions and lies and
protectin people; who
don't protect me
I'm tired of sympathy and misery
Tired of temptation,
Tired of hope,
Tired of Idealism, Realism,
where's the truth?
I'm tired of war and worry, sorry
and anxiety,
Somebody listen, please, 'cause
I'm just plain tired.
Hey! why didn't somebody tell
me;
this is Life?

Ms. Deborah M. Jackson
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Just Us

Sometimes we do injustice
to moments spent together.
together—
understanding should take
place,
and beauty
should be revealed,
one to the other
say - yea!
Conversely,
when shadow games are played
against a background
where,
neither player catches the
images,
nor recognizes the shadows
or knows the rules
of
the game,
Say-Nay!
Justice Over ruled.

Viola Lacey
Willingsboro, N.J.

I Am

I am
that young black woman
looking for a place-a place to call
mine
something I acquired on my own
on my own time-my own efforts-
even my tears
something positive and uplifting
a place in life-a place in someone's
heart
all these things I hold deep in my
heart
I am
that black woman
who is aware and sometimes sure
I am-will be-can be
that woman of versatility
I am-want to be your black queen
you can put me on a pedestal
or lower me to the lowest depths
yet give only what I deserve
if I deserve strength from you,
give it
if I deserve love from you, give it
if I deserve contempt from you,
give it
if I deserve praise from you, give
it
if I need you, give of yourself
if you need me, I will give of
myself
I am
a woman
a woman is like a flower beginning
to bloom
expanding-growing-maturing
a woman is a complex creature
full of surprises-she intrigues you-
puzzles you
a woman cries over little things
a woman laughts when she should
cry
a woman should be strong-sure
of herself
a woman is weak when weakness
is due
a woman can only love-love a man-
be one
a woman can be the person you
can turn to
a woman's body is as soft as the
cloud in the sky
a woman is your friend-your hope-
your life line
a woman can hate with such in-
tensity-it can
make the world burn
don't make me show hate, for as
easy as my love
can be shown, my hate can be
twice this though
I am
a woman
with things on her mind
trying to lead-search-teach-find-
cry
listen to me-you can learn
things on my mind-make me hurt
deep
I despise betrayal-false love-a
false you
I fear for today but not for
tomorrow
I look forward to tomorrow
as sure as the sun will rise
I look forward to you
will you be there?
I am that woman
I am
I always will be here
watch me-love me-admire me-
teach me
but let me be the woman I am
I am
I am
that woman.....

Gail M. Smith
Jamaica, N.Y.

If

If you need me
Trust me
If you want me
Tell me
If you love me
Show me
If you understand me
Respect me
I'll show you the way
But if you don't care
Then it's useless

Kay Walker
Winter Haven, Fla.

The Past, The Future

Digging through the remem-
berings of the past, hoping to find
a life ahead.
Reaching out for a better
tomorrow, very cautious but so
afraid.
Not afraid of people, or the foul
things they can do or say.
But afraid of our own destiny, for
it's always been this way.
A bright light shining down the
roads of Hell, telling me our
future's strong.
Yet a pain in reality, an arrow in
my soul to prove the light is
wrong.
For my people *I* can see no
yesterday, and only a sad
tomorrow.
But it benefits us all to be tough,
walk straight ahead, let there be
no sorrow.
They call *us* the minorities, when
really we're *majority* who just
could not understand.
The evil, the wrong and lying
ways of a gone astray desperate
man.
We came from slavery, at least
from the chains to have our own
say-so.
Don't stop now my people, please
stick together, we're yet a ways to
go.
When there is two blacks, not one
black to two whites, then we can
surely say,
We have become the freeman and
found our freedom, our place, our
home, we'll stay.
Don't turn your backs and walk
away saying that's just how they
talk.
Get off your knees, no more say
please, stand up on your own and
walk.

ALFRED BROWN
Compton, Calif.

All materials must be accompanied by a stamped, self - addressed envelope. Address all correspondence to The Editor, DAWN Magazine, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. 21201.