the poetrie gallerie

Black Woman

Once upon an imaginary cloud I
loved, I laughed, I played and
sometimes cried
I was going to be all that I wanted
to be.
There is a great future that
awaits me.
My life is going to be beautiful,
just you wait and see.
Awakening from a very short
dream,
I came to one conclusion:
My conception was only a
visionary illusion.

Once upon a nightmare I had to
face reality
A dream once cherished had
lived and died
Ceased like a fading tide
To do my best, I know I tried
Then I knew
Black woman you must be
strong.
Your man, he's gone
In this world you stand alone.

I am now chief provider in my
home
No longer one person am I, I'm
two three and sometimes four
At times I feel that I just can't
take this anymore.
I am so tired of being soooo in-
dependent.
Want to be a little dependent
Not on weflare, on my man!
I want to walk with him hand in
hand
I need him to help me, to keep
him part of this great land.
Is he so blinded that he cannot
see, —
All of the things that he doing to
me?
I know,
Black woman, you must be
strong
Your man, he's gone.
In this world, you stand alone.

All my hope for happiness has
subsided.
My dreams for love is slowly
fading
I am so tired of constantly
debating,
Tired of holding back my tears
Replacing them with a "S.O.B."
or a "G.D."
I am not made of stone.
So tired of struggling all alone
Whatsoever comes, until the end,
I will go on
Because I know.
Black woman, you must be
strong —
Your man, he's gone
In this world, you stand alone

Mary Davis Hudley
Philadelphia, Pa.

All I want

Don't build me a castle
or win me a war,
the purpose gets lost in the plan
Just hold me near
and always be here
and love me as much as you can.
Don't quote from Browning
or sing me long love songs,
you say it so well — on your own
Just speak soft when you talk,
take my hand when we walk
and try not to leave me alone.

Don't send me flowers
or wrap me in silk,
the beauty I seek is in you
Just be gentle and kind
and the beauty we find
will forever be blossomed and
new.

But if you should build me a
castle,
I'll make it a home
If you leave for the war, I'll miss
you.
If you quote me from Browining,
I'll cherish each word
If you sing me a love song, I'll
kiss you.

If you bring me fresh flowers,
I'll treasure each bud
Your touch is the silk that I feel
But if you should find,
you can't give all of these
All I want is a love that is real.

k. a. Susa
Milwaukee, Wis.

Does Love Come Only Once

I once had a truly wonderful love
which I let slip through my
fingers like so many grains of
fine sand.

This love was so perfect in
everyway, but by not recognizing
true love, I didn't realize I held it
in my hand.

Now that I know what true love is
all about, seems as though it's
nowhere to be found.

But if I should ever hear love's
sweet whisper again, I truly hope
I recognize the sound!

Lloyd Eugene Lowe
Detroit, Mich.

Black English

Black English. What dat be?
A way of talkin' special to me,
To me and Blacks all over dis
land
My mama use it, and she be just
grand.

But language be a tool to use
many way,
And I be learning in school that it
be
OK, to use other ways to express
myself,
Especially these days when jobs
are few
And it takes more schooling to do
the things we use to.

So, I'll prepare myself for other
places,
Other jobs, other faces and
races,
And I'll speak so I'm understood.
I always knew I could,
I'M JUST THAT GOOD!

Shirley A. Miller
Kansas City, Mo.

This Time

I'm trapped in this cage, made of
concrete and steel, and it's hard
to explain just how I feel.
Just stuck in this cell, when I
need to be free with the time
rolling on, forgetful of me . . .
I'm told here to just hurry up and
to wait and I'm told here not to
kill, or not even to hate
But I'm shifted around, like a
grain of sand
Being sent to prison all over this
land . . . to become a warrior any
way that I know and to fight for
life, everywhere that I go
I've forgotten most of my
friends,
on the street that I know, because
now that I'm here, I've found
they're so few
So I just grab my feelings and I
hold them in, and just let this
time drift on with the wind.
Because I can see the future, and
what it has for me, it's being on
the street,
Yes, it's being free

Steven Jackson
San Quentin State Prison

The Miracle of My Mind

I caught a cloud
in the sky and rode it
to your door
but you were not at home,
So I made myself a seed
and grew as a flower on your
front lawn
But you never noticed me
So I became a raindrop
and fell on your face
but you mistook me for a tear
and wiped me away
So I can but come to you
as I am,
seeking your acceptance.
I shall surround myself
with a thundercloud
and the lightning shall be
my smile,
I will move over you
while riding on a breeze
and rain down on you
in love . . . . . .

Timothy Michael Gregory
Norfolk, Va.

Being A Family

Being always ready
To lend a helping hand,
Or knowing how to listen,
And then to understand.
Willing to go when needed,
No matter the hour or day,
Sincerely showing that in caring
You're not going out of your way.
Enjoying each other's company,
Giving praise when praise is due.
Remembering that being a family
Means being good friends, too!

Deborah C. Johnson
Philadelphia, Pa.

Kiss My Lips Softly

Kiss my lips softly and kiss them
with passion,
Hold my hand gently with your
own feeling and fashion.
Comfort my thoughts with words
that are pure and true,
Making my heart more and more a
part of you.

Give me your comfort and show
me your affection,
Let our love be that of great ex-
citation.
Keep me in your thoughts as you
are in mine,
And our love will last until the end
of time.

Scywona Davis
Tifton, Ga.

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