the poetrie gallerie

Twentieth Century Witch

She kicked the slats from her cradle;
She's a witch, spelled with a "B";
She's a gal that is able,
absolutely able, to crucify, tarnish,
a real bureaucratic "B".

Cunning, unfeeling, unscrupulous, vain,
Determined and extremely evil;
This witch has a sting
as a bee on the wing,
attacking, never defending.

When she reaches her goal, her instincts unfold
a storehouse of untrue sincerity,
yet the tendency to tire
of the accomplished desire
sends her seeking another prosperity.

In days of old
this witch would be sold
to the nearest hot pyre . . . agree?
Her key to success, is weakness . . . no less,
of those who tolerate this witch, spelled with a "B".

H. JAYNE JOHNSON
Los Angeles, CA

Same Old Story, Same Old Song

Same old story, same old song
You hear one thing, then another
Someone's lying, something's wrong

Same old story, same old song
First you smile, then you cry
A different story, another lie

Same old story, same old song
You feel alright, then you've been wrong
Another story, now you're alone

Same old story, same old song
Blues are here, blues are gone
A continued story, the song goes on

Same old story, same old song
I heard it all, no need for more
The song and the story been told before

The sky is cloudy, it looks like rain
All the worries, all the pain
It's not the end, it just begun
Same old story, and the same old song

ADRIENNE HUGHES
Ecorse, MI

What Is Love

What is love?
Is it something to play with
Can you make it
Can you break
Can you turn it off and on
Is it a new and glorious morn
Does it really make the world go round
Or does it make you wear a frown
Is it feeling pain, hurt and sorrow
Hoping things are better tomorrow
Can you take it from some other
And give it to another
Will it fill your life with joy and bliss
Based upon a little kiss
What is love
Do you leave it be
What is love
You tell me

DEBORAH A. PRATT
Palmer Park, MD

Happiness

Once, I searched for something
That we all pursue each day,
The thing that we call happiness
But could not find the way

I walked as many roads I could
And bypassed only some,
Yet, all the paths led nowhere
End reward did never come

So, finally I gave-up the search
And returned to normal life,
And though the road is rough sometimes
I try to do things right

Then, one day, on a brick wall
I saw some words that gave me faith,
And those seven words said,
"Happiness is a direction — not a place"

KEVIN D. WILSON
Wash., DC

Gossip

If having heard
A rumored word
We've chosen to relay it,
Our honor is
As strained as his
Who was the first to say it.

For gossip starts
In careless hearts
And thrives on lips which treat it,
Or finds an end
In one good friend
Refusing to repeat it!

GEORGETTE WEISER
Scarsdale, NY

Mood

The slings and arrows of my life
The toil, frustration and the strife
Are all a very small price to pay
In comparison to just one day
Of children's laughter, love and play
Their sparkling eyes
Their rosey cheeks
Their wrinkled noses
And busy feet
Give wonderous illuminations
That thru it all, love overcomes all limitations.

GLORIA STEGALL
Detroit, MI

Response of Love

I give you my hand to hold when you need to hold on
I'll lend you my eyes to see you through difficult times and to see things differently
I'll hold out my arms to cradle you when things get too tough
I'll give you my legs to lend you strength to walk on and do the things needed
My laughter is yours when you feel you have nothing else left
The love I feel in my heart, my mind and my soul are yours to keep you secure in the cold of the night
I give you my body to lay beside and gather all that's needed to be
And in my sleep I give you my dreams to share
Because on today I've given you me.

CAROLYN S. HARPER
Philadelphia, PA

Mail (less) Inmate

Mail to an inmate, is like honey to a bee.
Or like his release date, when he knows he'll be free.

Mail to an inmate, is like money to a miser.
Or knowledge to a student, which makes him wiser

It's like toys are to kids, when they have none.
Or a paycheck to a worker, when his job is done.

Mail to an inmate is like shoes are to feet
Or that beautiful intimate feeling, whenever our hearts or minds meet.

Mail to an inmate, is like pampers to a wet babe.
Or the "word" of a believer to a commitment they've made.

Among the many things in life, that makes us "all feel better."
Is to receive from friend, kin, lover or wife, that long awaited "letter", ...
Cause mail in these parts, is what cures lonely hearts.

YUSEF ALI
Los Angeles, CA

Patent Dream

A world that I was in last night
Forever let me remember that state
Every human being was treated the same

Skin color didn't mean a thing
Who cared if your eyes were brown
Who cared if your eyes were blue
It didn't matter where you came from
Or what type of work you do
Splendid was the time, while I was
In this vast land of righteousness
Men and women policed themselves
Love was spread everywhere
The feeling was extremely out of sight

Like a feeling of being in heaven
If dice could be rolled, surely
They would fall seven and eleven
A world where friendships are of Mutual trust.
Where happiness has been bestowed
Upon all of us.

MORRIS WILLIAMS
Van Nuys, Calif.

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