the poetrie gallerie

Miles Between Us

I've called your name a thousand times
Though you've never heard.
I've dreamed a night of dreams of you;
your kiss, your every word.

You've brightened my life in ways unknown before
Making my joy more real.
You've quenched this emptiness in my heart
And it's your love that I feel.

The miles between us are not far
Even distance has no place.
For in my mind, I still see your smile
I feel your warm embrance.

I've counted the hours away from you
As lonely days and nights go by.
U've wanted to squeeze you late at night
But into my pillow, I cry.

I've longed for you, endlessly
Never giving myself in this way before,
Understanding, without a doubt
That I only love you more.

KATHLEEN JACKSON
Oakland, CA

Far Greater Love

I May not be that of the prettiest nor my vocabulary that of the fittest.
I have something far greater than love.
Something I never obtained through your most lustful hug.

It's more purer than solid gold.
Something that has the ability to release the tighest hold.

It's value has no monetary price.
Something no wrong could ever right.

It's something no one can take from me.
Something that has set my doubts free.

It's nothing specially gifted you see, It's
Something that all of us should be.

It's power is in a class of it's own.
Something that possesses the force stronger than strong.

It's the key to happiness and strength of might. It's
Something that every heart is demanding

I HAVE WHAT ONE MIGHT CLASSIFY AS A VERY UNIQUE WAY OF "UNDERSTANDING."

AFLREDIA OLES
LA CA 90230

Gran's Golden Rule

'Swing Low Sweet Chariot'
Was her favorite hymn
She'd say
"Sing dat song whin I die!
Cause dat chair-ot sho' gone come fo' me by-n-by."
(and say real proud)
"I's earned ma place in de sky!
Ma Gawd sho' been good to me!
He fo-gived ma sins and set me free!"

I looked at her with her wrinkled faced grin
And I knew I could no longer hold it in;
"Gran, how can you say He has been so good;
Living in this raggidy shack of tin and wood!?"

She looked as if I had slapped her face.
(to talk down God in her house was sure disgrace)
I knew then I had better get it all out
Before she started to scream and shout.

"Gran, I said, "I don't mean any disrespect,
But, a person like you deserve a life that's perfect.
Look at your legs swollen and bent!
Look in your purse; you don't have a cent!
Think of your eyes; you're nearly blind!
Gran, don't cry I don't mean to be unkind.
But praising God, what's in it for you?
Going to church in a used dress and ran over shoes.

When you walk in church I wish I were dead.
I would look at you and hang my head.
Stay at home Gran, you're too old to hun fun.
Sit in your garden and bask in the sun.
God isn't doing anything for you anyway!
Sorry Gran, these are things I just had to say."

She looked at me; her eyes swollen with tears.
She suddenly looked much older than her years.

"Hush child," she whispered, "don't say no moe!
I has half-mind to thro you out dat doe!
But it's ma fault; I been so worried 'bout yo' learnin'
De most im-po-tant things you needs to learn; I's been lackin'.

Child, don't cha no wit out de Lawd you's ain't nut-in'?!

Sometimes I could cus de Lawd and die
I feels so bad; I jest lays down and cry.
But I learned from life, it ain't de money no the perfect health
It's de peace-o-mind you's feels fo' yo' self.
And as fo' de way I dress. . .
I goes to church ta feels no mo' no' less.
And fun is the last thing on ma mind
I guess to break de bread and ta drink de wine.
De bread fo' his body; de wine fo' his blood
Dat Jesus bled fo' us ta show his love.
So I mays not wear a dress dat's new
But dere are some who got no shoes!
Ma shoes may be turned over and ma ankles weak
But dere are does dat got no feet!

I's ain't got no fancy foods fo' yous ta eat,
But dere is dose dats starvin' in de streets.

I's sorry I's makes ya shame,
But I's will fo' ever states ma claim. . .
MA GAWDS SHOW BEEN GOOD TA ME!!!
And if yous don't understands dat, , ,
JUST LET ME BE!!!

But fo' yous goes; jest let me say dis,
Whiles you playin' in church, Ill' Miss,
Remember life fo' yous mays not be dat soft
But hows ever bad it gets yous could be much worse off!"

I hung my head. I couldn't say a thing.
I wanted to go to her and cling and cling and cling.
But I was ashame of the things I had said.
Then I felt her hand stroke my head.
I looked up at her, tears ran down my face,
I put my arms around her waiste.

"I'm sorry," "I love you so. . .
I love you more than you'll ever know.
You've taught me more tonight
Than all my years of school.
I think I'll always call this
GRAN'S GOLDEN RULE."

MARYANNE SMITH
Chicago, Ill.

Sometimes When I'm Alone

Sometimes when I'm alone
I ponder many things
The world and all that's in it
And what each day will bring
Sometimes when I'm alone
I think how nice it is
To be a human being
To laugh to care, to live
I often wonder too
Just where I might well be
If I'd been born a different time
A very different me.
Sometimes when I'm alone
My thoughts flow to the past
To things that did occur
Though nothing ever lasts
Sometimes when I'm alone
I feel the path of my life may take
Just isn't quite decided
In the choices I could make
Sometime when I'm alone
I know the best that one can find
In being honest with yourself
Through total peace of mind.

DUANE BROWNFIELD
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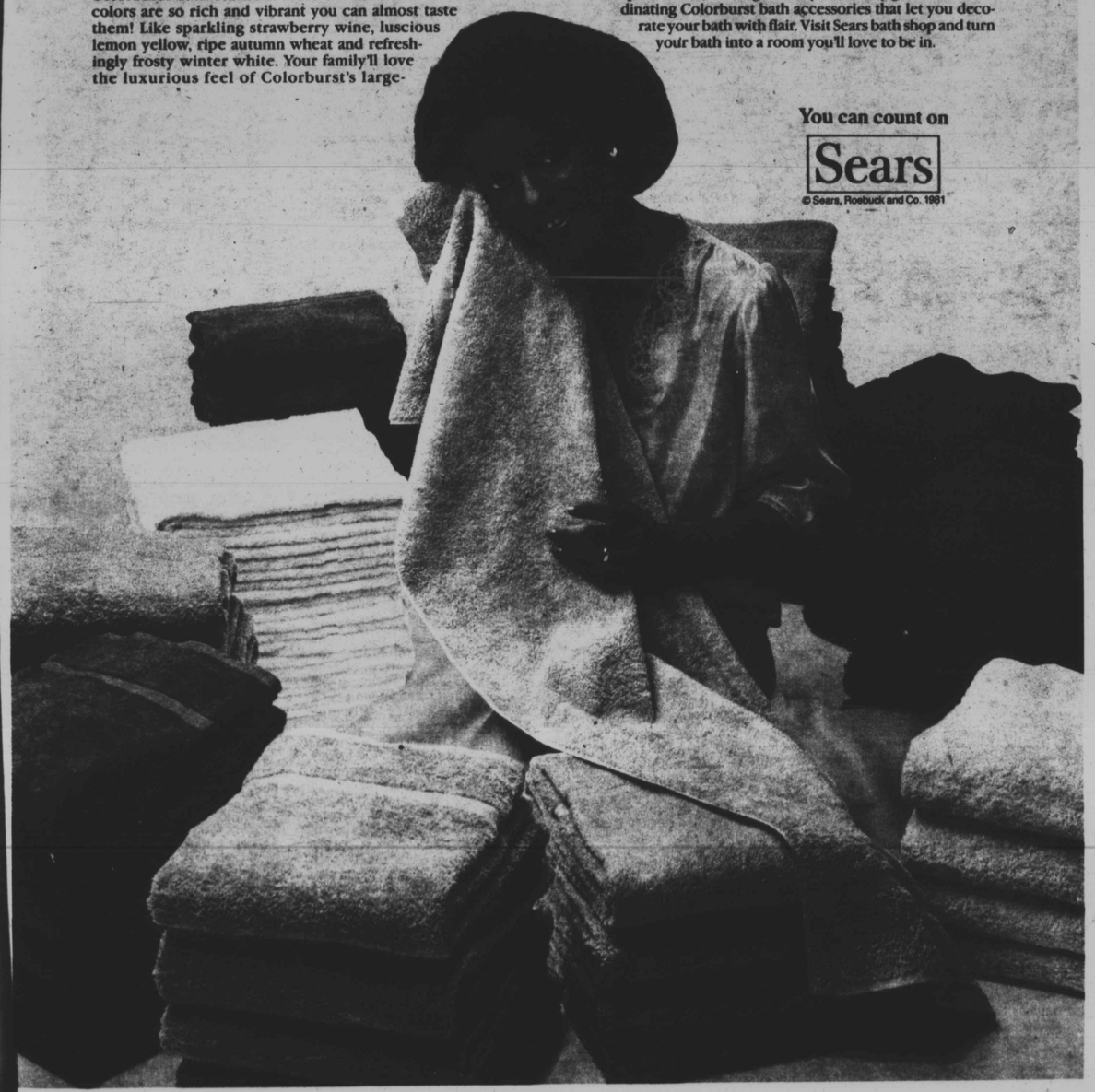
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