the poetrie gallerie

Girl Without A Country

If this is the land of the free and
the home of the brave,
Why am I so afraid?
If this is my country tis of thee
Why do I feel the way I do?
Like I don't belong!
Where is my home?
Tell me,
If this is the land of opportunity,
How long does it take
I've waited so long,
Tried to carry on, while singing;
MY COUNTRY TIS OF THEE
I AM NOT FREE!

Catherine Jones
Chicago, IL

Ghetto

A GHETTO's a GHETTO no
matter how far you go;
NEW YORK, DETROIT, L.A.,
they all got a GHETTO
I want you to know;
I ain't saying they all the same,
just ALMOST;
and that's the unwritten law
COAST to COAST;
The minority's the majority in
each and changing that is too far
out of reach;
A GHETTO in every city was not
some kind of MASTER PLAN
It's just a critical situation that's
gotten so out of HAND;
But life in the GHETTO's not all
so BAD
'cause its the only life I ever
HAD;
Someday from the GHETTOS we
will all be free
Somehow I know it was destined
to BE . . .

Doreen Saunders
N. Braddock, PA

Starvation

While walking through the parks
of Philly,
I discovered an awful thing
Overlooked by our so - called
sisters and brothers
Overlooked by all of the others

I stand in the dark watching a
group of hungry old men forced
to eat from garbage pails
Looked thin, very pale

I felt bad, for I was doing okay
knowing I should lead the
brothers and sisters on this day
But soon I realized there isn't a
place for them to survive to be
happy while they're alive

Only they can make it
Must be on their own — not to be
pushed
Must be clever - using strength
and wit
But the role of "Messiah" I did'nt
want to play
Decided to be me
Fed them, gave them shelter too
Let them rest for a few

For I had to do something for I
was tired of reading about the
rapes and people being mugged
We must take care of each other
Black or white

The situation isn't right
Sooner or later there won't be a
soul on Earth
People will be sorry, but the
damage will be done,
Starvation isn't any fun

Treat those who care with love
and respect, think of future
positively, try to be Somebody

Just ask the people who sit in the
park
Who sit in the dark without a
friend
Never using their feelings
Never hopeful only stealing

So remember, help all to survive
Help everyone to have a good life
Be surrounded by children — a
wife
Be with those you love and
Care for.— Be strong — Not weak
The future to be bright — not
bleak.

Mike A. Jones
Philadelphia, PA

We Walk the Same Path

There are many things in life to
see,
Life best can be called a learning
tree.
We grow towards the future,
And branch from the past,
Finding we are similar,
Long and at last.
Though skin shades are different,
Languages too,
Our experiences are similar,
Let's examine a few.
For we walk the same path.

A woman if blessed by the Lord
up above,
Can miraculously experience
such a joyous love
Through tears of pain while
bearing a child,
Through tears of happiness to see
it's first smile,
Then tears of sorrow
When first she knows,
Her child is grown up
And has to go.

The dreams of two men, shot
down by defeat,
Though separate their lives by
country or street
Both may not show sorrow, or
signs of despair,
Yet deep in their hearts, they
need someone to care.
They need a "Well done!",
And a "Try it again!",
So they won't tend to feel
They are less than men.

While attending a funeral at
sometime or some place,
You feel the deep sadness on
everyones face.
Reluctantly thinking in your
subconscious mind,
"I too have been destined to
march in death's line!"

Just what would I do
If my turn came today?
Death helps us remember
It's time to pray.

We walk the same path,
Day by day.
We walk the same path.
Who is leading your way?

Alecia Blakeney Bryant
Chesapeake, VA

I Put My Love To Sleep

Lie down quietly
While I tuck the corners
The music plays softly as it
quiets the mist of darkness
Arms spreading between the
sheets of pastelled raindrops
I cannot comfort you in your
misery for I am one with you
sister to your suffering

Aisha Eshe
Trenton, NJ

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.

Individuality

I am an individual

I have been placed on this earth
to do my best in whatever I do.

I must strive above all obstacles
that cross my path.

I must listen closely to
everything that is said to me,
because I may acquire
knowledge from those words.

I must lend a helping hand
because I might need one in
return,

I must give my love, in that I will
receive love,

I must act in a manner that is in
close relationship to my per-
sonality,

Because I am an INDIVIDUAL.

Tanya J. Bethel
Akron, OH

This Skin

so hot the sun
That I reach for the parasol
dangling at my side
A shame that from such beauty
this skin I must hide
This skin of black if conquered by
the sun
Be dark as the night
A spot in the light
I can still hear momma holler
"This skin be black enough with
no help from the sun
Don't want to be a purple
crayon"
But I don't want to hide from the
sun that makes me feel so
lukewarm within
So black will be this skin

Lee Wealthy Jones Jr.
Chicago, IL

You Name It I've Had It

To mention what I have not had
Is not important; it hardly pays.
But, I have had some dark night,
And some bright days.
Nights of joy and days of fits;
You name it - and I've had it.
I have had failures and also
success,
Some of the worst and some of
the best.
I have had sickness and I have
had health,
I have known poverty and a little
bit of wealth.
The good and the bad I do admit,
You name it - and I've had it.
So my life has not all been
happiness,
But after the joy, then came
distress;
I've had the bitter and the sweet,
I've had both victory and defeat.
This and that, bit by bit,
You name it - and I've had it.

Z.H. HARRIS
Memphis, TN