THE POETRY GALLERIE

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Rejection

I reached out . . .
And you stripped me naked —
Slit my thigh down to the bone,
Now I stand — a quivering wreckage

Reaching out with empty arms.

I cried out . . .
And you struck me speechless —
Slapped my voice back down my spine,
Drove the sound deep in my bowels —
Where the echo flowed like wine.

I sprang up . . .
And your eyes turned inward —
Fashioned daggers flesh to bone,
Plunged the blade deep in my bosom

Twisted, whimpered . . . You were gone.

Now I lie . . .
And your footsteps echo
Blue - flame cadence in my brain,
Disemboweled, aching chaos —
Dripping love . . . unloved . . . in pain.

ANNE G. RUTLEDGE
Huntsville, AL

Someone Wishes You

Someone wishes you kindness
Someone wishes you love
Someone cares
That someone from above

Someone wishes you a smile
Someone wishes you truth
Someone somewhere cares
Really cares about you

Someone who needs you
Wants you by their side
Someone cares for your day
And your night won't be passed by

Someone feels
With heart, soul and mind
Someone thanks you
For being so kind

Someone cares
That someone from above
Someone wishes you kindness
Someone wishes you love.

WADE JOHNSON
Baltimore, Md.

Sign Language

Sign Language is a living thing
Changing like the buds in spring
With gestures that abbreviate
A joyful way to communicate

I'll tackle it with earnest zest
And try to do my very best
That some day I might help some child
Who'll never hear — to really smile.

When signing frees him to express
The things that make him happiest
Then that dear child will understand
The joy of speech with signing hand.

JOSEPHINE CAMBELL
Washington, D.C.

Why Africanize Your Mind?

The world, our world is full you see,
Of many lands with history;

These lands inhabit many men,
Who claim their turf with life and then;

Would rather die than live without,
Their land, their homes, all their about;

The Poles, Italians and many more,
Have retained their culture and forklore;

With this they can attain great heights,
For they have a scale to judge what's right;

But U.S. Blacks are a too rare breed;
Of empty shells and unfulfilled needs;

Of self-esteem, and self-respect,
And all else it takes to the win THEE bet;

The bet on one to thus succeed,
For this must be planted like a seed;

When one is young one needs to know;
Whose been our friend who is our foe;

While growth is surely on it's way,
One needs to learn the price to pay;

For freedom, friends, or choice of food,
For knowledge, names, or what is rude;

We must know of our true self,
Before absorbing the U.S. wealth;

We must, have our eyes trained to see,
That which is bad for you or me;

Blacks need their roots just like a tree,
Thus an Africanized mind is an essentiality;

The longer wait the worst the pain,
Will surely drive us all insane;

Unless we go back way afar,
When our life style was the standard,

When Blacks epitomized the best,
When we were rulers of the rest;

If we are not to fall further behind,
Then, WE will have to Africanize our mind;

C. A. GARNER
Vailsberg, N.J.

It's Never Too Late

Drugs are for those
Who feel they can not cope,
And feel like they're at
The end of their rope

Your friends may say, "Yeh"
It's cool, it's hip
To get some drugs
And take a trip

That's not what life is all about
Taking drugs is the wrong route
And it's never too late for
You to get out.

I say to the young
As well as to the old
Drugs are for "chickens"
So I am told.

You have a mind
Of your own, so use it
When someone offers
You drugs, Refuse it.

TRINA RAY AVERY
Indianapolis, IN

NO WHITE LIES. NO BLACK LIES. ONLY THE TRUTH.

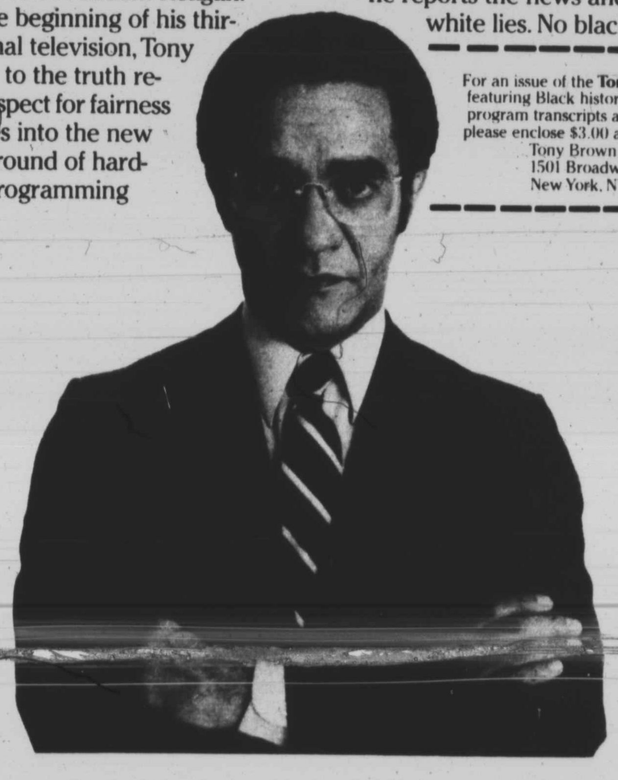
No lies. None. No distortion of an issue to make it more interesting. Or whitewashing to make it more palatable. No lies. Ever. That's the credo by which Tony Brown lives. The credo he has followed during his long career in investigative journalism. The credo he has brought, as host and producer, to Tony Brown's Journal, the longest-running syndicated Black-affairs series in television history.

With probing, thought-provoking programs like ***Martin Luther King: Has The Truth Been Told?***, an investigation of the unanswered questions surrounding his death, and Tony's exclusive interview last March with President Reagan.

And now, at the beginning of his thirteenth year on national television, Tony Brown's commitment to the truth remains as strong, his respect for fairness as firm. And he moves into the new season with another round of hard-hitting, provocative programming that digs deeply into those topics of interest most vital to Blacks. Plus, the 1983 season introduces the concept of the monthly mini-series, four related shows dealing with such subjects as ***The Black Eagles***, the only all-Black flying units ever organized by the United States Military, and ***Black Hollywood: The Way It Was***, an examination of Black film and filmmakers during the highly productive 1910-1950 era.

The new season promises to be an exciting one for Tony Brown's Journal. With new programming, new concepts and a host of controversial new guests. But there's one thing that won't be new. The way Tony feels about the truth. The way he reports the news and handles the issues. No white lies. No black lies. Only the truth.

For an issue of the **Tony Brown's Journal Magazine**, featuring Black historical facts and containing program transcripts and background information, please enclose $3.00 and send to:
Tony Brown Productions
1501 Broadway, Suite 2014
New York, NY 10036



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