THE POETRY GALLERIE

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Gypsy Dreamer

How I'd love to be a gypsy
Dancing through the summer night
Bathed in silver like the full moon
Spinning wild in sheer delight
Flying skirts and golden earrings
Gypsy lovers at my feet
Singing 'round the burning fires
Castanets to keep the beat
Violin strains from the wagons
Drive knives of madness through my heart
Only ruby drops of waking
Take me from this world apart

BEVERLY ARENBERG
Baltimore, MD

Me, Myself and I

All my life I have been in a whirlwind
Spinning around faster than time
Unable to grab hold, just growing old.
I have always lived to please
Never minding my own needs.
Sometimes I felt like a Christmas present
Neatly tied with ribbons and bows and ready to be presented
After living so long for everyone else;
Now I am trying desperately to find myself.
I have reached a point in time;
When I've realized my life is mine.
And I feel if I don't take control,
grab on tight with all my might;
I will lose an important thing you see,
Because I will be losing ME.

ELAINE M. HARRIS
Pittsburgh, PA

What?

What makes it right? When it seems all wrong!
Unable to finish a sentence or complete a song.

When the plans you make just don't seem to work,
And to you, you're the only one who ends up hurt.

Trying to recover all things that were lost
From the girl in the park, to the great idea
You had in the dark.

So, I guess it's all just as well,
Because it's hard to solve anything
When you're going through hell.

WAYNE MORRIS THOMAS
Chicago, IL

Moon Fondness

The moon's love is shady
not warm like the sun's
playing with affection
teasing me from a distance
going where I go
stopping when I stop
mischievously grinning
making stars smile
causing night dew
to wink and glisten
a cunning lover
making friends with the sea
even tides dance
to the moon's song.

GRACE L. JOYNER
Philadelphia, PA

Fame

An empty space
that shows no trace
of the constant race
of this everlasting race
to become the best known
face....

LONZO CLANCY
Jamaica, NY

Measurin' Up

"Study gal," my mama said,
"You put sometin' in your head,
White folk can't take it back,
No matter e'fen you is black."

"Git book learnin' honey chile,"
Aunt Sue said, with toothless smile.
"We done chopped, and plowed, and picked
So some schoolin' you can git."

Pa joined in with a pensive note,
"You're our hope"—was the words he spoke.
"Gal, you our only earthly treasure,
You got to come up, to the fullest measure."

Now these three who loved my baby
Have gone to their eternal rest;
As they look down upon their treasure,
I pray their smile, is one of pleasure.

LENA D. BENNETT
Tulsa, OK

They Didn't Know You

Papa left, there was no money
With a farm to work
A house in Disrepair

They talked
"She won't make it
with those little children
and no man"

By hand, we cleared the filed
Monday through Saturday on
many a day
Dawn to dust, as need be

They laughed
"She's going to work
herself and those little
children to death"

Handouts, we asked for none
With polite silence
We met the questioning eye

They wondered
"What kind of woman is she?
she works hard, asks nothing
say nothing"

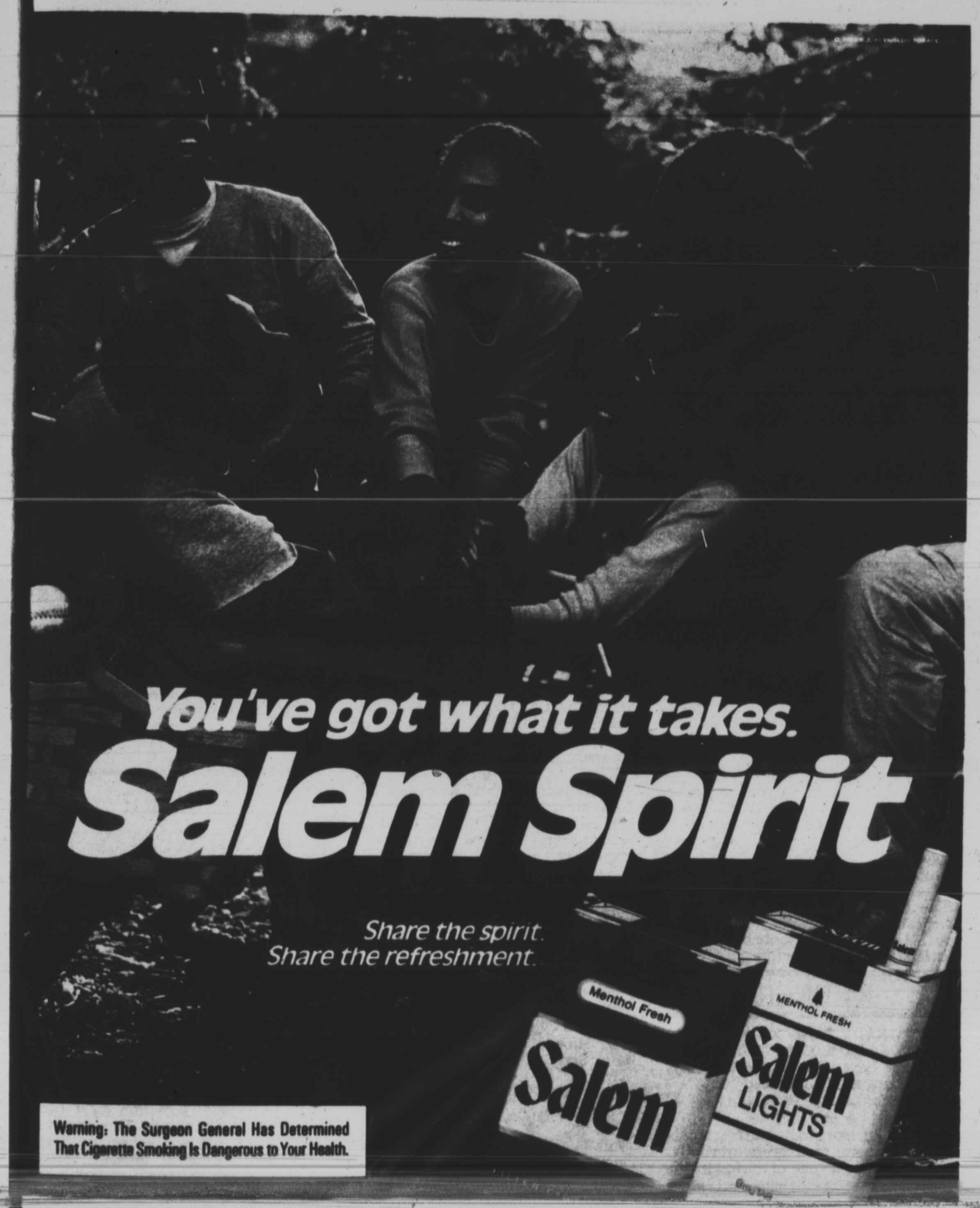
With Lula Bell the mule
An assortment of tools and such
She plowed the fields, we planted
by hand

They stared
"She can work like a man
it won't do any good though,
she's going to fail"

We hoed the grass and pulled the weeds
Our crops grew, a find harvest we produced
The surprise they could not hid,
the impossible we had done

They were amazed and puzzled
"How did she do it,
With those little children and no man?"

GERTRUDE (Trudie) GRIFFIN
Olando, FL



LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.