THE POETRY GALLERIE

All materials must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address all correspondence to: The Editor, Dawn Magzine, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, MD 21201

Muse

It is almost 4 in the morning as another Roach makes his way to the kitchen, hoping
that I left some crumbs worthy of consumption.
I would put an end to its life, but not being one to destroy life, I will grace its presence.
There are some things that always prove to be what
they should, like a roach, you can always depend
on one appearing, as you can count on waking up late,
being hungry all day, then stuffing your face all night long.
Is all of this enjoyable, or just something we can expect?
Like cold nights and hot days, and as I look forward
to the sun shining through my window,
I think of days when time and money didn't matter.
Bring me those carefree and joyful times, and peace
enters my heart.
The roach looks my way, raising on it's hind legs, as if
in a beggar's stance. No crumbs to be found,
the roach dies.

G. E. Woodson
Tulsa, OK

Knitting

I sat in my room one day
just thinking away.
My little sister passed by,
and she looked.
I got up just to take a break.
When I came back, I saw
my little sister tryin to knit
I watched her trying to match
the design

I watched her frown
I watched her get all
tangled up

I watched the sticky needle
stick her

Then I saw her cry
I went to her and said, don't
cry

We all get stuck before we
get our design together.
We often cry trying to
get it, and frown on those
who try to prevent us
But in order for us to get it
untangle we must first
know what our design IS.

KAREN KIRKSEY
Shreveport, LA

Divining

The birds are dark
camouflaged
against the ledges
upon which they roost.
My people are dark
camouflaged
against the cities
in which they live . . .
Both
As if
Through
Prophecy.

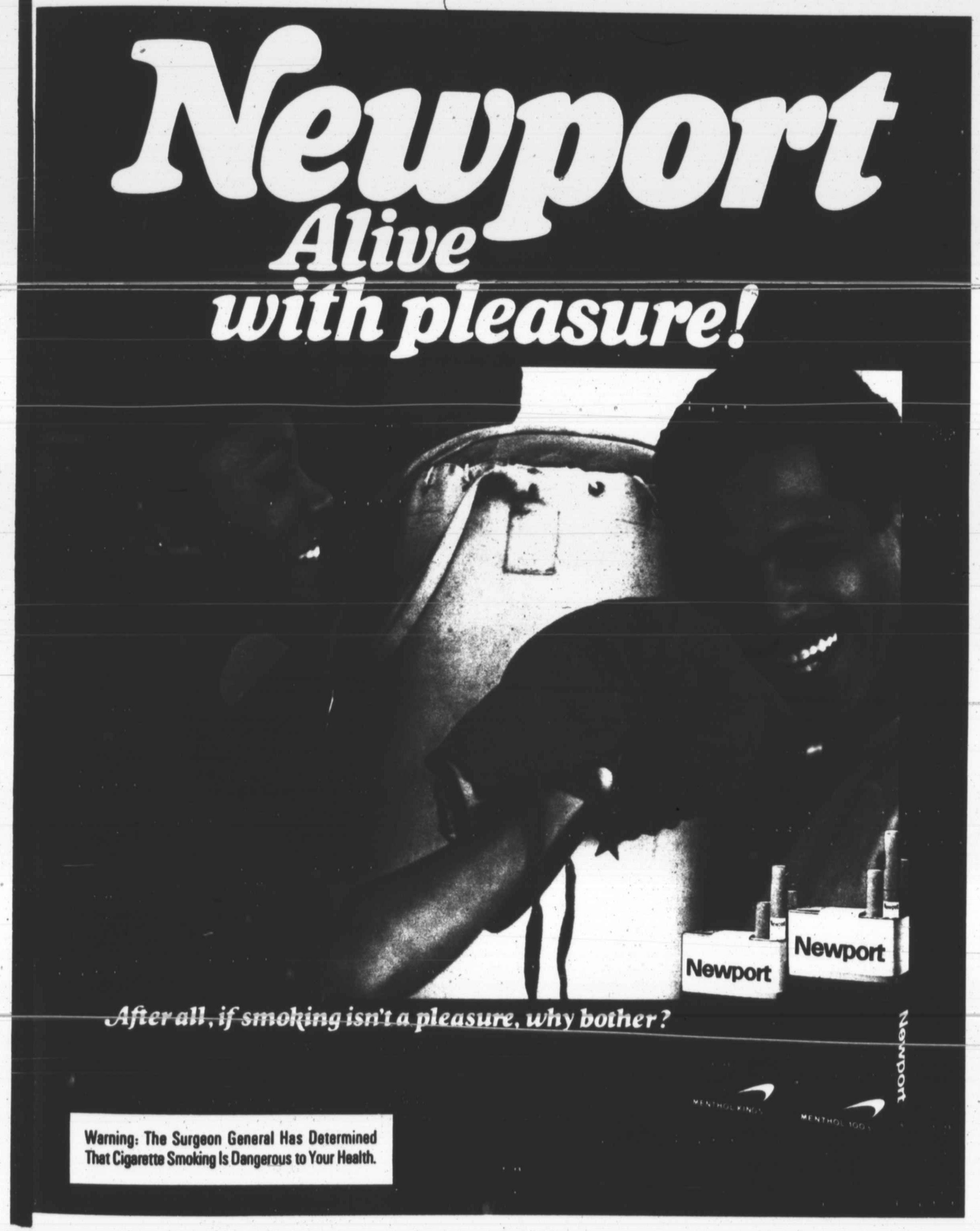
TERRI L. JEWELL
Louisville, KY

I Shall Not Be Moved

I shall not be moved, sitting in an open field cushioned in green grass letting the wind swirl around me, I shall not be moved.
I shall not be moved, war is going on all around me, daughter against mother, son against father, the air is filled with hatred, yet I shall not be moved.
I shall not be moved, countries are struggling against each other and are making bombs to destroy one another, yet still I shall not be moved.
I shall not be moved, children are committing sex acts, getting high on dope, and some committing suicide, yet still I shall not be moved.
I shall not be moved, people are dying on the streets from starvation and poverty that has forced them to leave their homes, yet still I shall not be moved.
I shall not be moved because reality has turned my heart to stone and a stone is neither driven by the Wind, melted by the rain, burned by the sun nor changed in other forms.
I cannot be moved.

FREDA D. TYLER
Richmond, VA.

Invitation Only

Brute machines
rude contraptions, rumbling toxic with chemicals
carrying insensitive mannequins to feast,
vault the course of cold metropoli,
poisonous emissions colorcapturing the sky.
Sad fare,
dined in one of oakened mansion's many rooms.
Lace napkins thin cloth protection
laying sterile over weakened, flabby thighs,
mops a face gone lost in appetite's direction.
Hostess, Apatheia,
functions at a carcass's expense,
hath no thing for prayer or thankful smiles,
snatches sharpened jagged carving blade
looks up from the banquet's opulence.
Those missiles,
just inside the window there;
Clannish gray insignia emblazoned on their surfaces
blue lines bent to indigenous messages.
Ominous/heavy metal whitened pointed spears.
Undone menu,
clawing at the table cloth, upsetting the soup.
Unnoticed by the grimly pensive group.
Something thickening inside an urbane bureaucrat's
throat makes the quest to choke and die.
Silver cutlery,
tinking, clinking crystal eater's aids
the only sound to break these diner's dour monotony.
West's calm, naieve luxurience,
what sweet sipped, intoxicating wine from sour grapes.

EDWARD GENE BOHANNON
Kansas City, MO.