THE POETRIE GALLERIE

LIKE A ROSE

In the spring
of Love's season
I begin to blossom . . .
The winds have blown.
The rains have fallen.
My peddles have dropped.
My stem has been clipped.
But I blossom.
The Earth Herself
embraces my Soul;
Mother of time,
First Lady of Life,
Sister of endurance.

Transplant me,
smother my fragrance with vile airs,
ignore my beauty . . .
But I will blossom!

Sharon Bridgforth-P.
Los Angeles, CA

THE BAG LADY

THEY CALL ME THE BAG LADY
BUT I'M REALLY NOT THAT BAD
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME YEARS AGO
WITH THE RICHES THAT I HAD

I HAD EMERALDS, DIAMONDS AND RUBIES
AND MORE MEN THAN I COULD USE
I REALLY DIDN'T LOVE THEM
BUT HAD THEM TO BE AMUSED

I DROVE FAST CARS AND TRAVELED FAR
TO EVERY CONTINENT ON THIS EARTH
ENGAGED TO A KING IN LOVE WITH A DUKE
WHO WERE BOTH OF NOBLE BIRTH

MY AIM WAS TO MAKE MYSELF HAPPY
NO MATTER WHAT THE COST
I HURT A FEW PEOPLE ALONG THE WAY
AND MY GAIN WAS THEIR LOSS

BUT AS THE YEARS WASTED AWAY
AND MY LOOKS BEGAN TO FADE
THE PEOPLE I HURT WERE NO LONGER THERE
AND ONLY MEMORIES FILLED MY DAY

I HAD NO JOB AND NO MONEY
NO CHILDREN TO HOLD MY HAND
BECAUSE WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND PRETTY
MY DESIRES WERE ALL I PLANNED

SICKNESS SET IN, MONEY WAS THIN
I HARDLY HAD FOOD TO EAT
I FOUND MYSELF PUSHING THIS CART
MAKING MY HOME ON THE STREET
MY CLOTHES ARE WORN AND TATTERED
NO SHOES ON MY FEET IN THE COLD
NO ROOF OVER MY HEAD NOWHERE TO GO
AND YES, I AM GROWING OLD

IF I HAD THE CHANCE TO DO IT ALL AGAIN
I'D TAKE THE TIME TO BE NICE
TO GIVE A HAND AND UNDERSTAND
AND THINK OF OTHERS ONCE OR TWICE

NO ONE WANTS TO BE A BAG LADY
ROAMING AND BEGGING ALL OVER TOWN
JUST REMEMBER THE PEOPLE YOU MEET GOING UP
WILL BE THE SAME ONES YOU MEET GOING DOWN

YES, I'M ALONE DON'T HAVE NO HOME
BUT NOW EVERYONE THAT I MEET
I GIVE A KIND WORD AND A GENTLE SMILE
EVEN THOUGH INSIDE I WEEP

Beatrice Garrett
Los Angeles, CA

DREAMS

I often dream of faraway places, of far away times, of far away faces.

I love to dream each night, you see, for in my dreams, anything I can be.

I once was a cloud drifting in the sky, looking down on all, as I passed by; so much to see, I can't even describe the trees, the mountains, the ocean's tides.

I once was a little girl, so proper and prim, having a tea party, oh, how I loved them! Playing hopscotch, patti-cake and other fun games — in a world full of love — no hatred, no pain.

I once was a slave in a field of cotton, hating all others for this rough life I'd gotten. Yearning for freedom so bad I could taste it — knowing that when I got it — not one moment would be wasted; wondering why it had to be this way, knowing that there would be a better day.

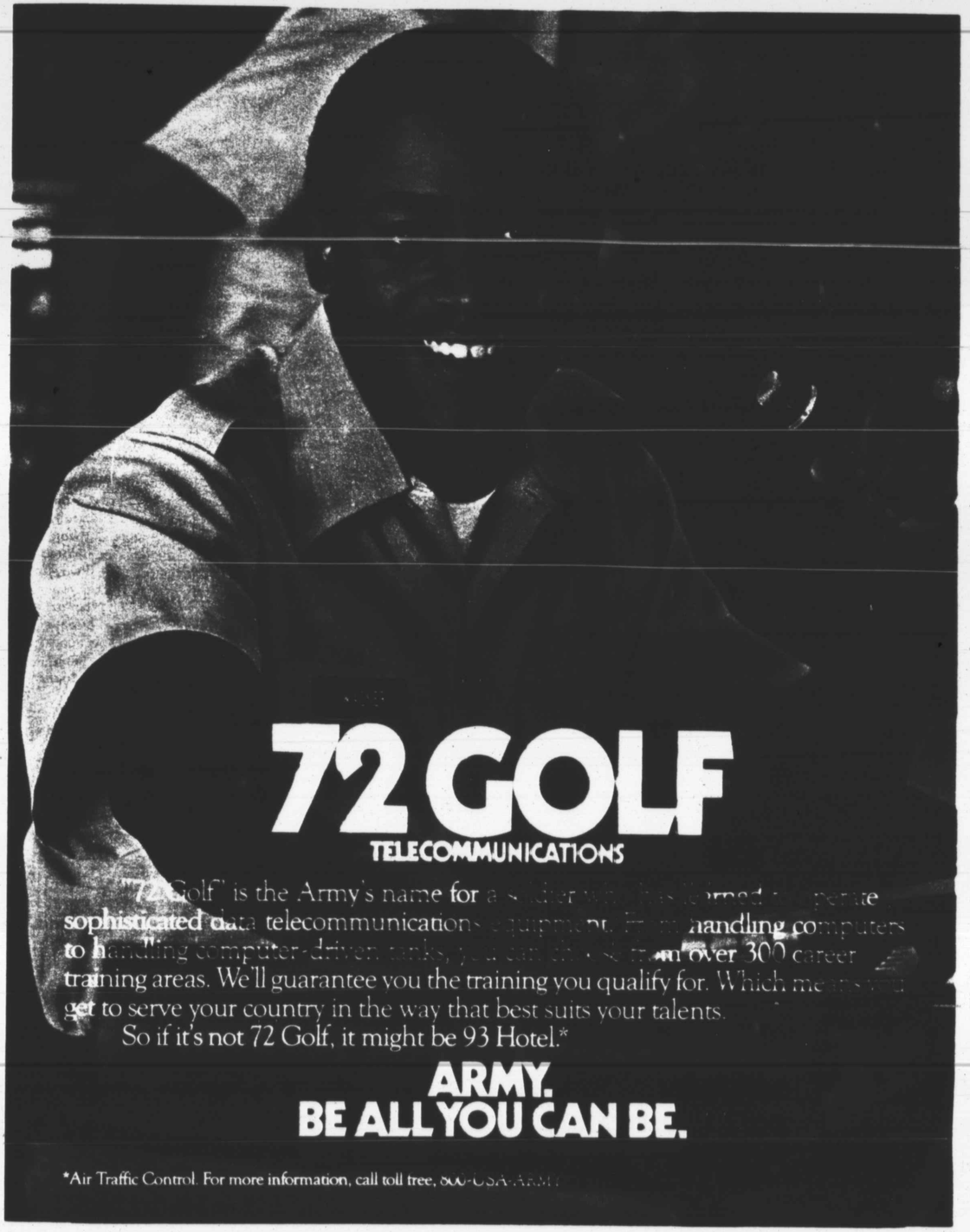
I once was an old lady, so slow and so alone, that I prayed for my Savior to carry me home, where all my loved ones had long since gone, leaving me here so all alone,

Am I black or am I not? You see, I said I dream a lot, but color is not important to me — it is a trivial thing you see.
For in my dreams I've been all colors — not more than some — not less than others, for we are all the same you see — that's not a dream, that is **reality**!

Deborah Cauthorne Bey
Richmond, VA

THE QUEST

If I had the money and time
All in this world would be yours and mine.
Our love would grow like a garden of fruit.
And lounge around in eternal youth.
I'd soak up all my nights and days,
Loving you more in a thousand new ways.
I'd reach my hand thru the midnight skies.
And mold the stars to fit your eyes.
No glorious feat would ever escape,
The tender mercy of your precious fate.
I'd withdraw ten-thousand years.
To savor you in clothes, cars, & diamonds for your peers.
With a thousand more I'd thrill you in bed.
With a hundred-thousand plus you'd go out of your head.
For you deserve all this and more.
And if I had my wish you'd own the store.
But down life's slope slides an avalanche of ice.
Reality is not all sugar and spice.
Life is not a one way street.
We accept the bitter with the sweet.
Love cannot live from love alone.
We must work in harmony to keep it strong.
So if I come home a little tired.
Feeling withdrawn and uninspired.
Do not think all is through.
For understanding is a part of love too.
It's not easy being human born.
Especially when a dream is shattered and torn.
So let us hold our heads up high.
And lift our virtues to the sky.
None is perfect not even the best.
Let's not do battle, but make love our quest.

Don Ryan
Chicago, IL

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