THE POET'S CORNER

For a Brown Girl By a Nordic Poet.

W/HEN at evening our mother Earth And on her breasts that are the hills Waiting-.

there came A shadow like that dusk the ages have Spread softly on your forehead and pale

Then, always at eve-hour I visioned

Always as if through some pale sheet of

Your dark-limbed people aching up the

And I could dream your bosom only through

That film-hear your sweet laugh only to know

My folk can never share its sweetness, Your crooning words, your fragrant wit

-they've thrust You from their temple where some

carved mock god Leers at his bigot-children and blind priests---

And sick with knowing how my people Your people have played crassly with

frail things, (Leaving us here to weep among the

shards) I kissed our mother Earth-this we can

In common, anyway-and then I cried, "Thy children are not perfect yet, O

Harlem By EDWARD SILVERA

THEY have bruised your body And nailed it to a cross-I saw a black Madonna Weeping for you On a tenement doorstep.

Midnight You are a throbbing heart Of stone— The feet of lovers Echo on your sidewalks Like the ticking Of a thousand clocks.

Skyscraper

It is easy to forget In Harlem-The skyscrapers are motherly fingers Pointing to something Afar off.

Street Corner

This is the rendezvous Of dreamers-What if the cop does tell them

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To move along: There is a joint up the street Where coffee and buns sell for a dime, And somewhere There are soft dream beds

Heaven stoops down To kiss the rooftops Of Harlem-Rent is cheaper Up nearer the stars.

That grew between us, I could barely To a Certain Dark Young Man BY LAURA TANNE

C ARNESTNESS is a ritual In your essential priesthood. Austerity is a mantle to hide The laughing brown freedom Of your nudity.

Black moons in a milky sky Your eyes droop to half-fullness In weary languor and bargain For everlasting tenderness In your woman.

The softness of your voice Retains measured cadence As a net for the heart-throbs Of your listener.

Love is a wandering exile Whose appropriate isolation Compensates you in artistic And scarcely divined Compromises of lust.

Your genius finds itself In the narrow protrusion of thighs In the grimacing moonlight lost On a pale woman's face.

The procreative urge is an escape From provincial bars of mendacity. It is studied spontaniety Experimenting with such oddities As intellect and morality. . . . You are the blues a mad nun sings On Sicilian hills.

The Gods of the Persecuted By HENRY LEE MOON

THE persecuted make obeisance to many gods, Many unanswering gods-Gods who turn deaf ears To the prayers of the earth's disinherited, Who hear not the mumbled plaints of voiceless pariahs Abased at the feet of the gods of their despoilers.

Not for dumb driven diggers of ditches, Not for dust-choked pickers of cotton, Nor straining loaders of carriers, Not for the fettered multitudes

That worship at their shrines Do the gods perform their miracles.

Seeking balms for their sores The persecuted receive but the sting of irritants; Seeking contentment, but the bitterness of denial.

With wounds recrudescent, With minds uncontent They turn yet To the gods of the privileged.

And the gods? In their cloistered sanctuaries The worshipped stare with poker faces At the antics of the dust.

The gods of the persecuted are many But unanswering.

To a Black Poet By DON GORDON

NOW may your anguish know an in-Your songs have come as hands out-And mine I send to be a further seal Upon the cryptic fusion of the race.

When first they came, swift wonder moved beside, For here were words as frail and high

as stars And long low echoes of a master strain Sounding new kinship strong as blood.

Music is a bright Lethean stream Bearing old memories out to sea . . . I only knew that beauty glittered by In the thousand colors of delight;

I only prayed my veins might surge With your primal rhythms and your

That I might weld my dreams like Gaunt and tempered as these.

Your songs have come as hands outstretched. Mine the signal and the seal of clan . . . No longer do I sense the patterns of the I only hear a wailing in the wind.

By GEORGIA D. JOHNSON

FOR all the woes my life may hold Of hurts and scars and sorrows The blighting bivouac of today, The opal-hued tomorrows, I sum—and hold full paltry pay To offer for the hour That brought to bloom within my heart Love's one immortal flower!

THE CRISIS

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

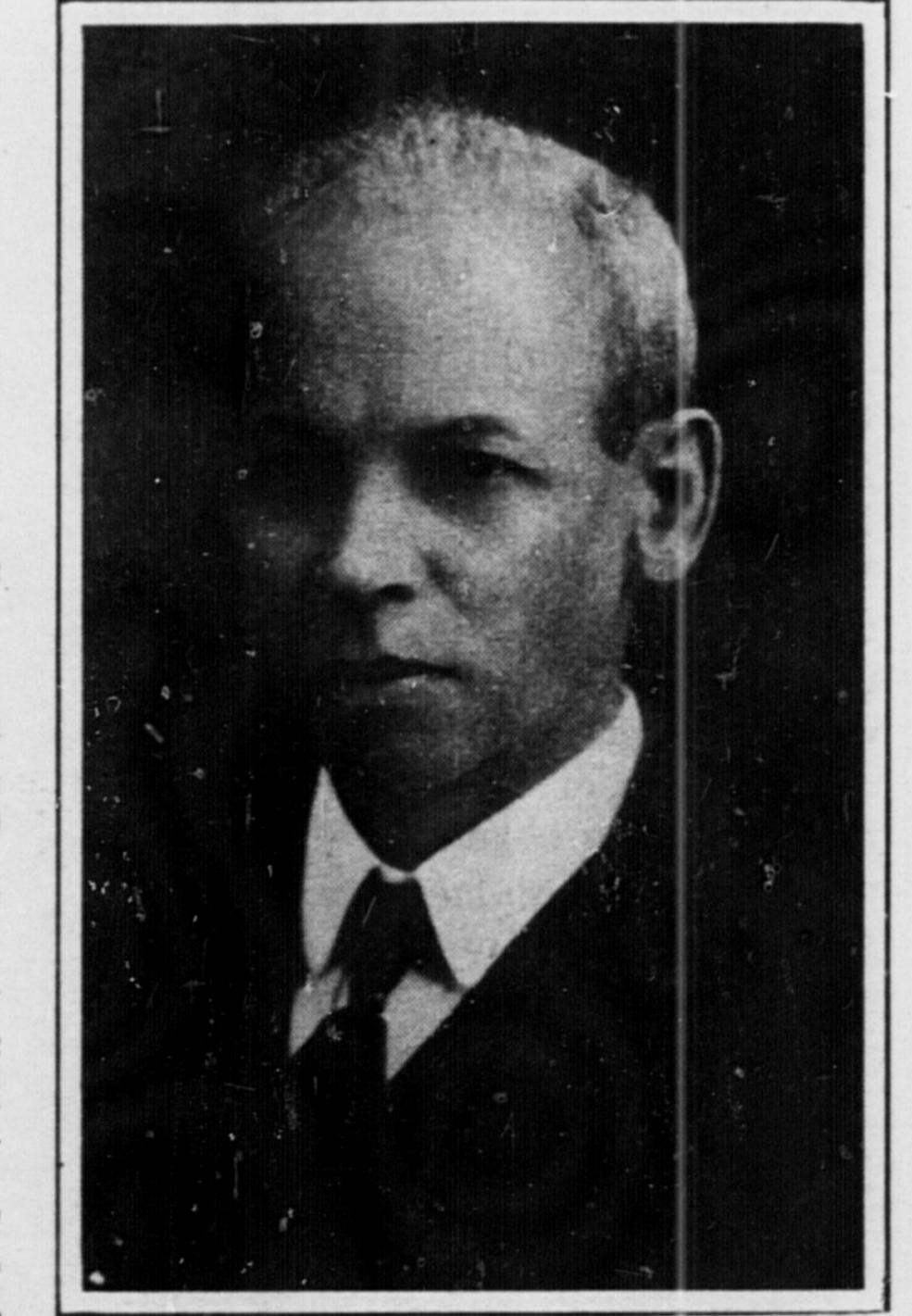
THE MIDDLE STATES

Thomas Brown, fifteen year old high school student of the Booker T. Washington Junior High School, won the first prize in the essay contest held throughout Delaware County; Pa. among grammar and junior high schools on the topic, "The Achievements of Commander Byrd". Thomas will receive a prize of \$25 on commencement night when he will be graduated.

The Tau Omega and Lambda Chapters of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, New York, recently awarded its sixth annual scholarship of \$150 to Miss Lula Burton, a freshman in

Hunter College. We mentioned Carl Diton's automobile concert trip last month. Here are further details: his trail covered Jersey, Pennsylvania. New Connecticut, Massachusetts, Hampshire, New Vermont, Ohio, Michigan, Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Kentucky, West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, Montana, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Iowa. Mr. Diton also has won a scholarship from the Juilliard Graduate School of Music, New York City, for the season 1928-29 to study

I By the terms of the will of Dr. Harry B. Roop of Wrightsville, Pa., Stephen Dorsey, a colored employee of the physician, will receive \$5,000, pay-



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able at the rate of \$50 a month with

Marian Anderson, Philadelphia contralto, who studied in London where she appeared at one of the popular concerts of the London Philharmonic Orchestra during the last season, is touring America under the management of Arthur Johnson.

The First India Conference, under the auspices of the India Society of America, was held in New York City

problems of India, her art, philosophy, and religion. A Hindu woman, Mme. Sarojini Naidu, successor of Mahatma Gandhi as President of the Indian National Congress, appeared on the pro-

WASHINGTON AND VIRGINIA

Mrs. Rose Ward Hunt, the "Pinkey" Ward of slavery fame, died recently in Washington, D. C. As a nine year old girl, Mrs. Hunt was sold from the pulpit of the Plymouth Congregational Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., by Henry Ward Beecher, who was picturing for his congregation the horrors of slavery. In 1927, Dr. J. Stanley Durkee, former president of Howard University, who succeeded to the pulpit of Plymouth Church, persuaded Mrs. Hunt to attend the 80th anniversary celebration of the church, at which time she occupied the Beecher family pew with descendants of the

There are 450 members of the freshman class of Howard University this year. The total enrollment exceeds 2,000. The registrar says that the time is not far distant when Howard will have to limit its freshman class, or increase its teaching and its physical facilities.

I Police officials of Wilmington, Delaware, recently arrested speakers of the Worker's (Communist) Party for advocating race equality. Among the arrested persons was a colored man, Richard B. Moore, of New York City. Recently the Rt. Rev. Theophilus

from October 14th to November 5th, Gardiner, bishop suffragan of Liberia, with a view of fostering a knowledge who was among the 20,000 bishops, of the ancient civilization and modern priests and laymen attending the Epis-











N. A. A. C. Popularity Contest Miss Clara Collins Miss Mildred Whiting Mrs. Willie Roberson Miss Edna McAllister Second Prize First Prize First Prize Third Prize San Diego, Calif. Atchison, Kans. Plainfield, N. J. San Diego, Calif.

Second Prize Mobile, Ala.

Miss Evelyn Grant Miss Lettice Sylvester First Prize Mobile, Ala.

December, 1928