the POETRY gallerie

DAWN Magazine welcomes all contributions to the poetry gallerie. All materials submitted must include signature and mailing address. Address all correspondence to the poetry gallerie. All materials submitted must include signature and mailing address. Address all correspondence to The Editor, DAWN Magainze, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore.

STEPCHILD OF DEMOCRACY

You knocked at my father's door And the gates of tyranny swung wide

As the grasp of his strong, long white hand

Bade you come in and sit at his table.

You walked over, and in the dim light

Put thirty shiney, glittery coins on his table. And the white of his eyes grew

bigger and bigger

As the coins shone brighter and

Grew luminous and large, and fell to the floor.

Then, rolling, rolling, rolling
Through the door, over the earth,
over the sea

To the black soil of my new father's home

They swelled and burst and

White on black, black on white . . .

And I hoed and picked and sweat

And ate the crumbs from my
father's table,

And washed the dirty dishes of service
And wore the hand-me-downs of

While my new father ate the white bread

And drank the red wine of democracy.

And I walked thirteen steps to the table

And tugged two hundred years at

the skirts of humanity.

Rosina Raymond

OLD CONGO SOUNDS

Blackman, you come before my
eyes so beautiful.

I knew you yesterday
When we were as still waters.
But today you are leaping waves.
Your movement is thunderous and.
You strike like quick lightning.
Today your manhood is tall.

Your footprints of history are giantsteps.

Your future an assured conquest.

How glad I am to be your woman.

All past sufferings are dulled.

I dance a new day.

My fingers snap new rhythms.

I spin and swirl to a new song.

Your music is strangely familiar.

Old Congo sounds weaving and

Retrieving my mind.

Make music beautiful Blackman, My heart listens.

AANASA

The same as all others.

You live & you die—this you accept
as the function of life.

You understand that all these sayings may apply to any other man and yet

You're brave & you're a coward.

You've beautiful & you're ugly-

You're wise & you're not.

man and yet
You restrain your hand
From fashioning the freedom
you're been denied . . .

Richard Tucker, Jr.

ALL THAT WE OWN

All that we ever own is memories
Intangible stock of love and hate, or warmth, slights, imprisonments, Abandon.
We own death

And what do we pay for ownership? Sometimes the price is light. We pay with a fond smile, or a reflection, or some small, pleasant unforgotten moment. Or we may pay with heavy weight of a time betrayed or kind word unspoken then no longer woth being said Too, we pay with fond and sad memories of our dead. And, all that we own is tallied when we too become just memories. J. Arthur Johnson

POSTIVE VS. NEGATIVE

You're strong & you're weak.
You see & you believe.
You hear & you perceive
You fear & you also recognize that
you're feared.
You're the minority in numbers &
the majority in wonders.

DANCING

The rythmic beat sho' is neat makes my feet start dancin.'

The music fine all the time moves my spine I'm dancin.'

Whirling' on the disco floor.

Dancin,' dancin,' I want moremusic til I'm out the door.

Love it for shoThat's dancin'!

Karen Clark

UNIVERSAL

that our love

the moon

so please tell me what kind of cosmos were we

to let a mere argument tear us apart? Rev. Joe Mitchell

AGAIN

The more and more
I stop to think
The more and more
I see
That I don't love you
That much
And you're not that much
In love with me

And time
And time
Again
I listen
To your words
But see
The things you do
That prove
You're not quite true
Lady

Darlin' love
Love means trustin'
In each other
Tryin'
Not to hurt
You strive

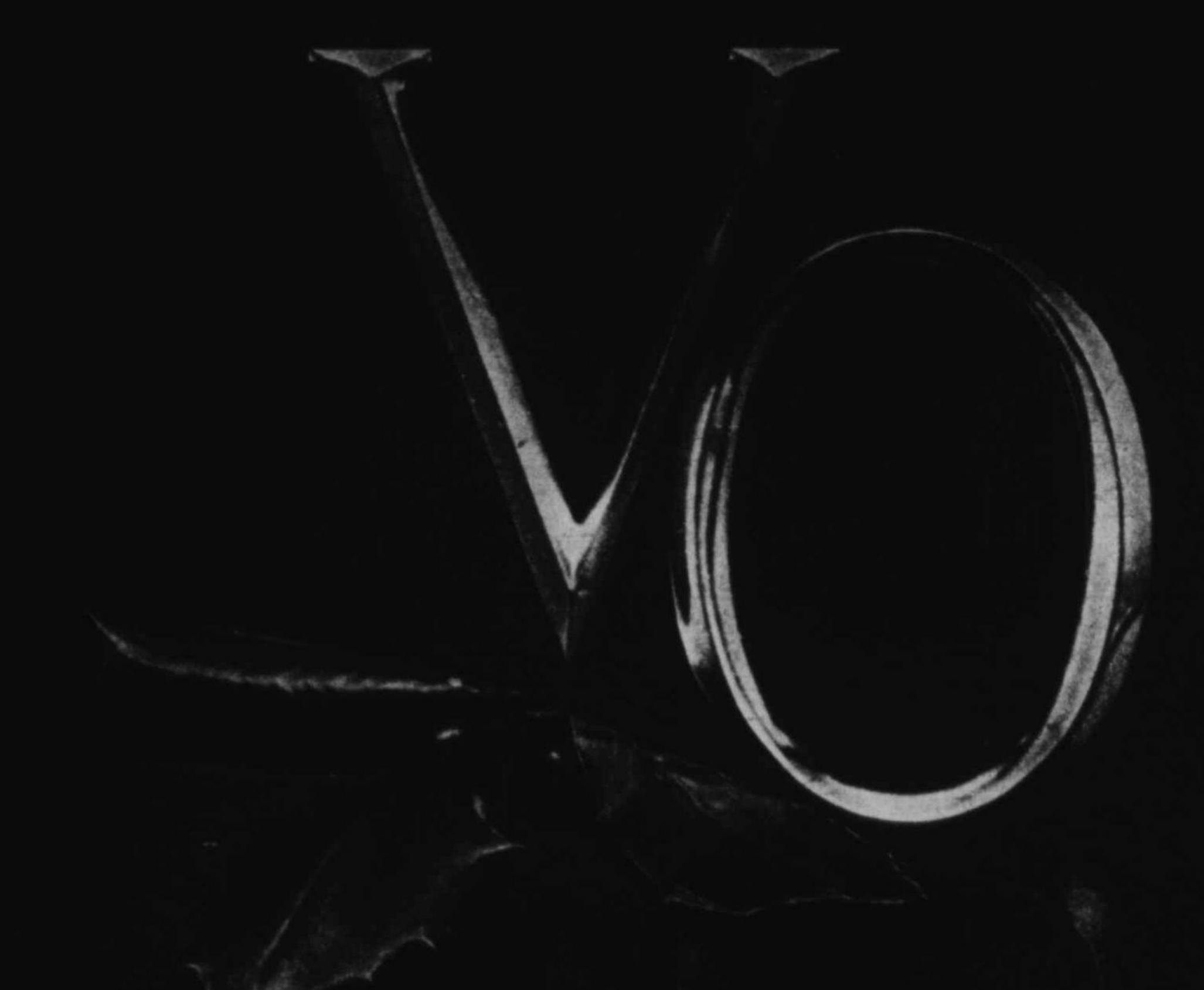
To make things work
Again
Darlin' love
Love is taking
Chances
When the world is
Dark
It opens up
A heart

I really love you
Girl
I guess
I wouldn't mind
The pain
The lonely pain
So much
When you are out
With him
I'd see beyond
Beyond
The petty things
I think
You do
And take you back
Again

And take you back Again

William Hightower

The Standard of Giving



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