Some people set their sights higher than others.

Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.

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 Editor, DAWN, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. 21203.

PROUD

Lift your proud head Stand in your black beauty

With your proud black Brother

Let accusations like bullets fly You can make it - Try. Together - hand in hand - heart to

heart, lovely skin Black and comely, let it shine through

The bouquet of you - your body - your mind

Time has changed, and yet They cry out for you - dear

Skins that were darker are now lighter

Skins that were lighter are darker. Noses that were wider are smaller Noses once narrow are larger. Hips once large and round are smaller

Hips once broad and flat are

Legs once skinny have curves Legs too fat are curvier. Things have changed — and yet They still yearn for you Sister - Stand Proud. VIVIAN B. BROWN

IF YOU LOVE SOMEONE-TELL HIM

If you love someone tell him so That maybe the very thing he needs to know.

Whether you are twenty-two or fifty-two

You are never too old or too young to say "I love you. Don't put off until tonight or the

next day For those words you might not be

able to say. Yes, old man death could take you away.

So let us say "I love you today" don't wait!!!!

One hour, one minute or one second could be too late.

SISTER STAND As you know action speaks louder than words

So if you love someone, do tell and show him.

Hearing the words I love you, could keep his courage alive Giving him the faith to go on another mile

Or turning that frown into a smile. Yes, from his eye drying tears And to his life adding years!!!!!! If you love someone tell him! Show him

It is no crime and certainly it is no

MRS. BEULAH CAREY

MY DARKEST MOMENT

In my darkest moment I searched for some ray of lifht To ease the pain and torment That sin did make in my life.

How down in depths of darkness My soul did often long, To flee from all this wickedness And everything that's wrong.

While God seemed so far away; As far as Night from Day. I cried out with an urgent plea! Dear God! please set me free?

And to a heart that knew so much Jesus came to bring me relief. NOW in all reality,

I WALK this earth in LIBERTY. JACQUELINE P. WIMBERLEY

WE BURN THE MASK

For Paul Lawrence Dunbar We buried the mask That grinned and lied Hid tear-stained cheeks While our people suffered genocide.

We buried that mask On a Southern battlefield Formed the red, black and green

We burned the mask That suppressed our pains Labeled us content

While you held us in chains. We burned that mask In a Western fire

Wear our red, black and green attire. The color red

For our people's bloodshed In rebellious past, revolutions to

The color green For the peace we dream For our children, their freedom to

The colors black Shades of blackness! For brotherhood, our strength and

> intentions For generations to come. We burned the mask we bear the shield.

ALWAYS THERE

A little liquid diamond.

A luminous pearl . . . A Clue that something's very

Or very right in the world . . . Often it accompanies the pain we can't erase . . .

It takes on special meaning when we try to see God's face . . .

A man will try to hide it A woman just won't care . . . On children they just seem to

In the corner of our eyes it's always near . . .

MESSAGE FROM THE INNER. MAN

The tear . . .

The eyes of God are flames of fire. For He sent with love, his only

That in the darkness, there would be Dawn.

Man ungrateful and full of sin. Took His Gifts. Then they killed, our only Hope . . . For "Out" of "In"

The eyes of Christ are now, tear To quench the fire of God's

revenge.

GLORIA FOWLER

ON MEETING A STRUMPET

She looked at me, her eyes aglow Seductively, she said "hello!" I paused. I stopped there in the

To eye this hireling at my feet.

Her swaying body — quite worth Her bright red lips gave with a

Her stockings torn, but legs

I thought, the many there in-

I turned within my own ego To compare with this common

Who gave herself well for a price, Who lived amidst her hellish vice.

I saw myself . . . a poor weak fool Thinking all had been learned in

A dope who could not understand A God, a love, a life, nor man! Myself? I saw a stupid sap Dared ridicule an honest chap Who sells all that is hers, to live

Who takes so little, but to give! My tear-filled eyes beseeched this

Whom I might take at will, and

I saw an honest girl at heart Who traded for an honest part.

I smiled. I bowed my head to say: "You're nice. Take this. Go home instead . . ."

Laughing she said, "No, thank For what I take, I have a care!"

was confused. My heart felt She turned to pass into the night.

Oh hell, I couldn't let her go Her head held high, her eyes

I fed her, gave her clothes, and so Now she stars in a T.V. show And as I listen to her voice I think about her rotten choice; I think about how proud she must

That she has climbed, and she knows me! Then too, I look, only to see

. but far too good for

Carl H. Crawford