the POETRIE 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.

GRAY HAIRS

The gray hairs mean I've been alive,
I had to give and had to strive,
Each silver strand,
Means something that I can't

The gray hairs mean I've been concerned,
Had my reasons to jield and yearn;
I've thought a lot

And cried a lot,
And had many lessons ot life to
learn.

The gray hairs mean a lot to me,
I'll let them show and let them be,
I want them there!
I want them there!
They're badges of honor for each
to see.

bernice branford lewis

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

There is nothing new under the sun.

That's what it says in the Holy Book.

If you or me think otherwise,

Then we'd better take another look.

What's being done now

Has been done before.

The way we dress and dance today,

We'll dress and dance once more.

History repeats, goes in cycles.

That's the name of the game.

Things are altered buh not really changed.

We give old things new names
Steven C. Holsey

TO THE CHILD

Child, child, this year is yours, this seventy-nine!
And all the years to follow are for you.

They are not ours to give and yet we would

Do all we can to make them rich indeed.

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Around you love and health and peace we wish

And try with all our heart and strength to build.

Hurt finger or hurt feelings we will tend

And haven keep from which you view the world.

May beauties reach you through
your every sense,
May mysteries unfold as deep you
probe,,
And may your soul expand on all
you meet,
Fulfilling you as part of

This year is yours!

B. Alma Flagg

THEY'LL NEVER SEE HER CRY

They'll never see her cry
Though he has gone away
Some think she'll rue the day
That love came her way

far
And the gifts have been returned
No one will be around to see how
She grieves inside, as memories
deeply, burn

She believed in Love so faithfully
And was hurt so cruel
She's forsaken thoughts of a
Wedding day and thinks of
dreams
As the consoler of fools

She looks dazed and sad
Some folks hear her sigh
Friends say she looks tired
And should go away
But they'll never see her cry
As time passes from that day.
VICTOR TRIPP

SUNDAY MORNING SIGHTS, SOUNDS AND SMELLS

Beds creaking,
Water running,
Kindling breaking,
Fire sparkling,
Bggs cracking,

Fat-back frying. Biscuits baking.

People sitting.
Family praying.
Folks rising.
Water running.
Forks tingling.
Plats shining.

Mama calling,
Children dressing,
Folks walking,
Door opening,
People singing.

Daddy bowing,
Streaming tears dropping,
Thoughts rushing,
Unfulfilled dreams crushing,
Faces wiping,
Thanks sounding,
Moans rising,
More songs singing.

Sermon preaching,
Women shouting,
Pennies clinking,
Hands shaking,
Cheeks kissing,
Arms hugging,
Backs patting,

Love loving.

Howard James Jones

IF I LOVED YOU

It would make no difference if you wore no shoes upon your feet,
Or hat upon your head,
It would make no difference if you wore a thousand jewels.
Or none at all
I could no more care
If your hair
Was the color of a nimbostratus cloud,

Or if you were bent by age . . .

It would mean no more to me

If the food you ate could be set

before a king,

Or the fare of a vagabond.

It's not how rich or poor you are,

Or whether unknown . . . or a star

For if I loved you—
I'd love you as you are.

LATHAN H. FRAYSER

ADDRESS OF

DEPRESSION

Depression exists in many the young and old It's obvious in the weak and disguised in the bold

You can find them in debt or even in success Depression causes failure and then invites distress

Eventually it overcomes losers
and challenges winners
Although smothered in sadness
your patience becomes thinner

The depressed hide behind wealth and labor to give a smile

To live life without purpose guides some to exile

Sadness accompanies the lonely

and chases down the outcast

Once surrendering to circumstances

you've given in at last

Whenever those who are worried

or others armored with pride

Step into depression

it charges them for the ride

Sadness does well with the sick and runs rich with the poor Once oppression sets in it builds an impassable door

Depression resembles algae
that spreads where it starts
The strife that it causes
Shortens the life of the heart

Watch those in fear
or look at people in guilt
Afterwhile they become helpless
unable to stop what they built

It begins with your choice and ends with your life it can start within a brother and continue through your wife

Sadness is up to you
and only at your consent
Without your decision
who knows where depression
went!!

Iley Brown Jr.

