the POETRIE gallerie

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Untitled

Feel as though tomorrow was sometime last week.

Know I've seen better days, don't see no future for me.

Want to run, got no where to go.

Been all them places before.

Why I need to be seems unnecessary to me.

Can not deal with this farce no more.

Can not find the damned punch

line.
Fell through the bottom of the

Fell from my very secure and self righteous ways.

Looked around me today and could only remember yesterday.

Tripped over today just an hour

As the clock struck thirteen.

Swallowed up by a monster

Fact is, I just can't get where I ought to be.

Tell you something else.

My eyes don't see things that are

Tripping off on my own misery.

Don't talk in words no more.

Talking in silence.

Don't feel any more.

Nothing at all left to feel anym

Nothing at all left to feel anymore.

Speeding on yesterday's news and
Hoping someone will do
something soon!

Freakin' on this kaleidoscope in my head.

Sliding down a road to no place anybody would want to go. Too late for me, too late to leave. Swallowed up by a monster bigger than huge!

Fact is I just can't get where I ought to be.

Joyce H. Davis

Black Soul Satisfaction

Is life all flurry and bustle,

Most everyone supporting a

hustle?

Could these be the motions?

Giving you feelings of negative notions?

Worthlessness-Being shuffled and shuttled back and forth.

In the background of the crowd, Feeling pains of the power reins, With your head bowed down. Low self-esteem seems to be your

For the missing part of yourself.

Stop a while -

Running here and there looking

Analyze yourself, but not on a whim.

Allow yourself to be truly superior

to them.

There's a new day dawning — a

new age. We're not going thru these

No not any more.

Black Soul minds positively charged are knocking at your door,

Becoming suddenly aware of Their inner-selves They join the struggle around

Recharging mind, body and
Spirit to its ultimate capacity,
You determine your course of
action.

Then you say to yourself,
"I'm in the mainstream of
Black Soul Satisfaction."

J. Payne Giddins

Candlelight

Candleight
Sitting, sipping, watching
You
Through candlelight
Hoping there's an urge
In you
It seems so right
Candlelight and you
Flickering memories
Tease my mind

Time melts away
Stirred by a caress
Our spirits
Start to sway
Two shadows
On the floor
Nodding
Wanting more
Than candlelight

Nodding
Wanting more
Than candlelight
Hot delights
Whispering
Loving you
Will it do
Will it do
Back for more

Shivering

Quivering

Burning low

Firelight

The candle's gone
Changed to lazy liquid
With the birth of dawn
Sighing in the distance
Silence broke
A puff of smoke
Candlelight

William Hightower Regina

we met

amidst the clatter

of the glass

we met

we met

our eyes sailing

wailing thru slivers of sound
in disco/darkness

we met

we met

love cries sighed

and in that moment
i KNEW

we met
it was mellow
we met
it was good
your eyes out shone your baubles
your lips flesh/pressed the air
-in the laughter of our dance
in the clatter of the glass
in disco/darkness
the bar boisterous in its business

amidst tired people in their rocking rithums
we spoke no loved no loved no evil

we MET . . .

Drug is a Four-Letter Word

Arthur Pfister

We came away
leaving him to his new estate;
the days he has been dead are
five.



I find his bedroom horribly neat; in the silence I hear his football.

"Damn you, kid,"
I think, "I told you so; why didn't you listen?"
(He has dimples beneath his fingers, he's still that young, you see.)
No tears left but suddenly I weep;
I am going to have to live with his being dead
FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

Alice Reid Oakland, Calif.

And at home

Seasons

There you were that day so long ago,
A child alone, standing, watching,
Silent in your solitude.
You came into my life,
Unaware of the impact—
And then you were gone.

Years later we met again.
You were still silent.
Only your eyes held a promise—
A promise of worlds yet unexplored,
A promise of joy unimagined—
And then you were gone.

Once again you've entered my life.

This time hopes and dreams
That seemed destined to remain unrealities

Became immeasurable joys
As our hearts and souls melded.

Question after question arises.

Will you leave again

Only to rejoin me
In the winter of our lives?

Valeria W. Jenkins

Sometimes

Sometimes I Cry

Ashamed of some things I've done Scared for what is to come Frightened by the things I see Sorry for what I've said And I cry Sometimes I laugh Amused at what I've heard Tickled by something absurd Happy with my own accomplishments and joys And I laugh Sometimes I hurt Aching in my heart for a true love Missing someone taken above Pain from physical abuse And I hurt

Sharon Goodman

