the POETRIE gallerie

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Beyond the Mystique

Bound by the telephone lines that
bind us
We were prisoners of our first
hello.
Through countless hours of
conversation
We painted cerebral pictures with
words and voices
But the flesh we would not believe
Until the flesh was ours to touch.

Beyond the mystique that
magnifies
There is perhaps a place where
wondering voices
Are nullified and cognizant
thought and sight dominate.

Beyond the questions that mystify
There is perhaps an instance in
which
Doubtful words are silenced by
the touch of a hand
Or the magnitude of an embrace.

Beyond the mystique
Beyond the mystique of you
Perhaps there is a day when
All my hallowed searching will
transcend
All singing wires that ring.

C. Michael Dabney

song for a ebony/ivory man

i
saw him
glazed dark shadows
angles stroking ebony/ivory
voices piercing his ears
calling organ grinder tunes.
eyelids sewn shut, he sat
one more blind black piano player
who could be . . .
could be
playing music on the corner
dark, warm summer pulling up
a smog thick alley
gray shadow blocked buildings,
he could be
playing there for tomorrow.

could be
could be playing in a jook joint
shaking smoke and rotgut.
he could be
a one night caravan
drifting highway tar, dust
gray walls
and glass clicking harmonies
bus rides to tomorrow
he could be.

there's lots of places to play the
song
but it doesn't touch the ancestor/soul
like when it's played at home . . .
he could be
taking orders from a stereo
voiced
white on white cadillac,
with a five dollar tip demanding "standards"
which were a one line joke,
a genius put aside in a
frivolous moment;
ditties dressed in whip
cream brown
for a very genteel musical evening

or
he could be at home.
so it wouldn't be a skinned knee
commercial
but a giving life/a birth
a song of tomorrow.
he could be
if he wasn't there
dark shadows
angles stroking ebony/ivory
spewing forth organ grinder tunes
one more
blind
black
piano player
who should be . . .

Deborah Major

Ode to Minnie

Heart dangling on a lifeline,
song warbling from that exquisite
throat.
We thought you were a bird as
you shrilled your sweet melody.

We thought you were a siren.
Startling hoo hoo's of freed
emotion
so honest, and la la'ed stories of
love.

We thought you were life's
fantasy.
When you spoke of dreams
coming true,
you were no less than the Prophet.
When you pinned your hair with
baby's breath,
it was a promise of romance to
believe in,
and didn't we all believe?

We thought you were the tender
inside
of all unrecognized emotions.
When you screamed your pain,
when your fiery passions exulted,
I knew you were that darkening
songbird
born to cry her heart out loud.

Margaret Bernstein

Christianity

I honestly believe that the
people in my church love God

And I honestly believe that God
loves the people in my church,

But I often wonder if the
people in my church love each
other

Debra Turner

Fantasy Lady

I want to be your fantasy lady
I want to creep deep into the
Recesses of your imagination
And entwine myself around
your every daydream . . . . .
And make them visions of
Peace and bliss

I will fill the hallow spaces
Of your every wakening moment
with affirmations of Love
and dance on the capillaries
Of your mind as I slowly submerge myself into the beta level
Of your wavelength and become
the fulfillment of your
Great expectation

I want to be your fantasy lady!

Delores M. Ray

CALL

Put your business in the street.
You!
Black poet/-
dancer/singer
1sculptor/painter/Griot
Get off of dusty bookshelves
Out of back alley galleries and
hollyweird theaters.
Hit the sidewalks
Black history makers/mojo
movers
Descendant of African priests/Ju
Ju women
Blues belters and back woods
preachers

Take your Black Art business out
of sterile
confines of four walled drudgery
and placebo
euro-finery.

Say you want to be a star?
Everybody is a star in the Ghetto.

Make word images of freedom
fighters
overcoming death.
Dip your brushes in gri gri paint.
Generate thought/pictures of
Armageddons
Jihads and righteous wars in
Babylon.
Send the spirit of John Wayne and
Teddy Roosevelt
big stick diplomacy to the trash
can of history.

Put your business in the street on
sweet melodious
blue notes from the soul.

Dance the unity dance of a Black
love supreme
from city to city from coast to
coast.
Put your business in the street.
You!
Black poet/dancer/singer
/sculptor /painter/Griot

Makungu Akinyela

Grapes

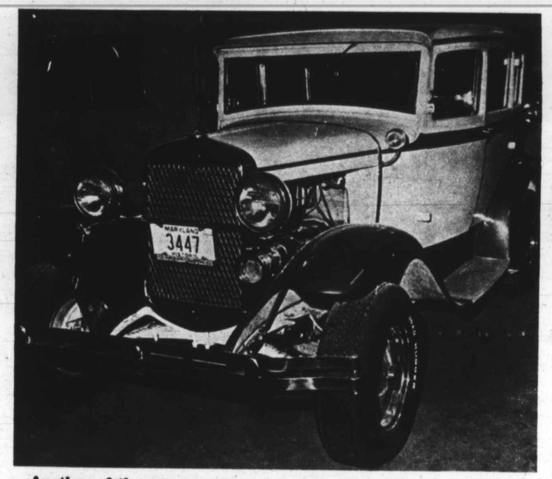
We are a vintage wine
produced from centuries old stock.
Originating from the deepest
colored
grapes.
We are the fruits of the greatest
tree.
Picked from our mother land both
you
and me.
We were stomped into submission
and locked
in a white container,
America.
Though we are now not as we
once were,
we are still of the deepest colored
grapes.
Once picked from our mother tree.
Our mother tree?
Oh, this is what Africa is to me.

Marion Boykin

Owners Love Antique Cars

In 1931, a brand new Ford Model A cost in the neighborhood of $600. Today, a restored model of that car would probably exceed $5,000. But that doesn't worry a devoted coterie of antique car buffs — it is love at first car, with them.

By Rosalyn A. Chatmon



Another of the many antique cars owned by Lionel Hunter is this 1935 Model A Ford — a true classic.

The thought of what type of person owns antique cars brings to mind the movie image of a suave rich man living in a vast estate, with butlers and maids and chauffeurs.

But image — if you will — a well to do dentist in Georgia who owns a Rolls Royce, a Washington, D.C. businessman who has a 1956 DeSoto, an executive with General Motors with several old Fords, a mechanic in Baltimore with his own body and repair shop whose pride and joy is a 1954 Bentley and a middle-aged country farmer who owns nothing but antique cars mostly vintages trucks.

Image people like them. Ordinary, everyday and black.

Yes, black.

There are countless number of antique car owners in the United States. Nobody has really an accurate figure. But at the start of 1979 there were 45,000 antique car owners who belonged to the Antique Auto Club of America, the only recognized antique car club in the United States, based in Hershey, Pa. with 345 regional groups.

According to the Antique Auto Club spokesman, William Baumgardner, there are between 300 to 700 black antique car owners in the United States. He says there really is no way of coming up with an exact figure.

But Lionel Hunter, an antique car owner who heads up possibly the only predominantly black antique car club on the east coast, says there are closer to 1,000 blacks into antique cars.

Hunter said he got involved in collecting antique cars over ten years ago when he acquired a 1956 Thunderbird. He pointed out that he fixes them up himself.

"I've always liked working on cars," he said, "and the one thing I've always wanted was a '56 Thunderbird."

He added that he ended up selling the Thunderbird for the money to start his business. Today his collection includes a 1930 Ford Model A, a 1931 Ford Model A Streetrod, a 1935 Ford van; a 1937 Ford pickup and a 1954 Bentley.

Hunter pointed out that the Bentley is his pride and joy. It was one of four shown in the 1975 Antique Auto show held in Baltimore.

He said like his other antique car buff, he gets a kick out of owning and driving antique cars.

"I park my Bentley out in front of my house," he said, "and I

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Lionel Hunter of Baltimore, Md. stands by his pride and joy, a 1954 English Bentley. Hunter is head of the Harbor City Motortiques, an antique club on the East Coast.

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stops torment of itchy skin
Anti-itch formula soothes irritation and promotes healing
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