the POETRIE gallerie

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To Every Child

Colorful ones of the universe
Be something you want to be
You are what's to become
In this world today.

Sometimes you may not understand
Why you are often hurt
Why no one seems to care
Why no one will take your hand.

Keep your face lit a-glow
Hold to happiness as you know
Be something you want to be
Know where you want to go.

Colorful ones of the universe
It's not easy to succeed
But if you hold to what you believe
Victory is yours indeed.

Pauline Bady

But No

If you could have just . . .
but maybe not.
understanding comes only
after certain exposure

exposed? . . . yes,
in the physical
we were a collision
that anyone would like
to be victim of.

Perhaps we should have . . .
then again, we did
the sound of your voice
is what attracted me to you

but conversation should be
the trusting knock
that opens the door,
not the mat on which
you wipe your feet.

Christooper S. Prince

This Time For Real

After many false starts.
After many grand illusions.
After vain attempts at blindly coping.
This time I can make it.
This time for real.

Had to call on the Creator.
Had to get to the roots.
Had to map out a plan.
This time life as it should be.
This time for real.

Steven C. Holsey

Once Upon A Time

how does one address a hopeless cause?
something like fourscore and seven years ago-
never was i a participant in a crock of shit,
like the daily numbers i figure you hit or miss.

how is one to recognize a vacuum that exists?
is it as hard as the easter bunny, santa claus—
or as easy as one and two don't make two,
unless someone is stashed away in the closet?

how does one react to a void when there was hope?
should i blame myself, flow forth a river of tears?
after a few times dunked and drowning you.
learn the only true sorrow is self-pity.

Roger J. Wilk

July 28

love has to be given
it's a silent contract
like between
the flowers and
the rain
yielding
and
you get yours

love has to be given
it's a sweet understanding
like between
a mother
and a new born
yielding
and
you get yours

love has to be given
it's a first time
every time
a one on one
in every moment
an unveiling
and appearing

a sweet understanding
a yielding
and
you get yours

Gina Gregory

After The Search

After the parties & joints & drinks,
I found I was empty.
After the kissing & making-out games,
I found I was lonely.
After the talk of material wealth,
I realized I was trying to be accepted
After the torment & confusion within
destroyed my feeling of realness,
I fell to my knees & pleaded.
I felt God in my heart. I saw true beauty
for the first time.
I felt Peace,
I began to Love &
I began to Live.

Sharon Bridgforth

Last Night

[*To the M.S. Christmas Party crowd last night*]

The aura that surrounded me
When friends of old remembered
Was manifest in glowing, dreamlike
Smiles with sustained hugsLast night.

Some silver added to some hair
Som added-on paralysis,
Some greetings unexpectedly
Came from dim and distant friendships
Last night.

Would this concentrated happiness
Foretell the final gathering
Of love for all mankind?
Did we taste of God's own touch
Last night?
For the cleavage of yesterdays
Is synthesized in one today,

Poetry editor Melvin Brown

And fondly decorate my room;
The new mementos I have of
Last night.

Again my outreach touches you,
And larger is my humble scope;
The horizon lightens with my gaze,
And warmth was left with me
Last night.

Joe Bova

Maiden Voyage

Ever sit and wonder, how we got to be?
How intricate, yet simple
The source of you and me

Our co - existence with life all around
The trees, the birds, nature's very sounds
The purity of water
The might each mount. possess
The heavenly view from clouds
And dew on violets

A walk thru a rained on forest
As squirrels scurry by
A toot from an old owl
As painted birds fly high

Rushing of brooks, lakes and streams
Sensations all around, like an imaginary dream

A path through bushes, that had no true start
Simply a disquised road to tempt those young at heart

A nose full of smells
Sounds of nature's home
Only makes me want to sit and look
Never thinking of being alone

Then the dusk and perfume haze
Of greenery settles like a cloud
To peacefully nudge me of real time
When first I came to explore
And beckon me to leave awhile
Till daylight comes once more

My walk was hesitant, as I wanted so
To remain and last where exotic flowers grow

I stepped outside of nature's door
As darkness lingered,
I knew for sure
I had to leave

But only to retreat awhile
And return tomorrow
With a bright new smile
To take a step thru nature's Door.

My Black Man

He stands about 5'9
Playing it cool, blowing my mind
His big strong shoulders
Made just for me
He's got a warm embrace
And gives me all his security
His smile
Is warm like the sunshine
I have to warn the ladies
That the man is mine
He speaks in rhythm
As soft as a song
I love the way he accepts my weakness
And makes me feel strong

When I'm down
or been uptight
My black man holds me in his arms
And make everything
Alright!

God bless him for being
The wonderful person he is
Like a superwoman
He makes me feel

Sometimes I just have to brag
He accepts me when I'm dress to the max
As well as wnen I'm down to my last rag

I'm his queen on a throne
He makes me feel that high when I am low
With all the love, style, class
And respect he carry
There's no wonder why I love him so

Flora E. Randolph

Thoughts

As I sat and watched the room, I wondered how that could be?
That I am here and they are there, is that the way it's supposed to be?
I thought again how strange it is; that we're the way we are:
Two eyes, two ears a nose and mouth.

The mouth to speak so sharply with,
The hands to feel what should not be felt.
The feet to tread where others trod,
The brain to think those dirty thoughts,
the mind to act them out.
I really wonder if all thats good; if GOD really wanted it to be.
But I know, I know so well, thah GOD holds the only key,
To unlock you and me.

PHYLLIS CAMPBELL

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