# The Squared Circle

When I was a child I wished someday,

To become a boxing king.

A champion of the squared circle,
That is often called "a ring."

Oh, I'd hop and prance and often
dance.

As I jabbed at an unseen foe.

Then bob and weave and bend at my knees,

To escape an imagined blow.

My friends would frown (some called me a clown)

When they would pass me on the street.

As I skipped along while singing a

song.
And twirling a rope 'round my

In the mornings I would run and it would be fun,

To imagine someday I would be

A champion of the squared circle,
That is often called "a ring."

The years passed by (as time does fly).

Then I knew it was time for me To leave from home, the world to roam

And seek my destiny.

My Mother, (Lord knows how I loved her),
Just cried when I told her my plan.
She knew there was no use trying

For at last I had become my own man.

"Good Luck Son," she cried as she kissed me,
As ever she held me tight.

Then with a quavering voice she whis pered,
"Please don't forget to write."

"I won't," said I, as I turned away
To hide the tears in my eye.
Then some distance I went,
Fore I stooped and bent,
And waved my dear Mother
goodbye.

Now I'm on my own, out here alone,
Determined to do my thing.
To become the King of the Squared Circle,
That is sometimes called "A RING."

John R. Michem, Sr.

## Love

YOU LOVE ME
IT'S A MESS
YOU HATE ME
IT'S DISTRESS
SO TELL ME THIS
WHICH IS BEST?

Hazel Mcfadden

# the poetrie gallerie

#### A Winos Prayer

Lord, I tried my best and I failed
How in the world am I ever gonna
get well
But, I just sin and sin, again and
again
Lord, when is my sinning ever
gonna end

I've got two little children depending on me
But my drinking seems to take over you see
My children, they laugh at me when I come home
And my wife, my wife, she just leaves me alone

She's working two jobs to pay the bills

While I'm out in the streets trying to get a thrill

Drinking and laughing and losing money

Lord, I know it ain't the least bit funny

And still I don't know why my woman stays around Maybe she does love me, she always usta say I was the best man she ever found But, she won't stay around anymore if I don't straighten up So Lord, please give me some strength so I can get tough So I can stop my drinking and become a man Show my children that I can Show my woman that I care For us to be alive and aware Give me strength, God Please give me strength

## Prejudice

Some eyes that see are blind to me, Some listening ears hear not my

Vernon J. Davis Jr.

Hate rises madly within their chests,
Never given a moment's rest.

My dream that was once so intensely bright, Has faded into a dim and starless

Slaves that flinched beneath the yoke,

Of two inch chains that seize and

So well they stood against the wall,
While the child of starvation did

And then life's bruises seemed so safely hid—
Until memorable shadows raised

the lid.

And blew the cover above the can,

Reveal the hypocrisy of this insipid man. The Creator made us all to treat

Some people He made dark, and some He made light.

Look at the race as a flowerbed —

Remembering the whole human

race needs to be fed!
Those eyes that saw are here no more—

Those ears that heard know the silenced word.

Now I am here to tell it all—

Unless we change we will all fall!

is, neither

ADRIENNE V. SEALY

love is neither roses nor long wet moonlit kisses or passionate fumbling beneath cloth and honor, ecstacy and fear

is neither long missives drying only in the sun of delivery, urgent murmurings fielding a fast hand, black on blue embossed, announcing

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no, is not, love, that which we do with but could, if need, without . . . though may hap involves it; no, love is simply that which we need . . .

# Wake Up Girl

Welfare Mama, wake-up Girl build yourself a better World waiting for that Monthly Money sure can't keep your outlook Sunny

Food stamps ain't enough to last and household grants are shrinking fast Social Workers pulling rank goofin-up and looking blank

Reckon time is such a bother friction builds with Children's Father can't agree on Child support bitter Judges running Courts

Public Housing such a mess give you roaches charge you less elevators smell of stench Children scratching bites from Chinch

Ghetto Schools are in a roar half the Students looking bored Teachers throwing hands in Air finding Jobs too hard to bear

Children shooting dope in veins needing Love to fill their Brain hookers' Pimps in Cadillacs hustling Girls from cross the tracks

Mama get your act in shape lest you drag your Ass too late sign up at the City College try to fill your Life with knowledge

It won't be no easy Mission
Patience and a Strong Ambition
take you on that Road to Freedom
give your Kids New Hope, and
Lead-em

B. Alyn Bullock

# Through the Looking Glass Darkly

When I look into my mirror beyond the black,
I see what others cannot in shineless eyes and skin cracks.
When I look into my mirror beyond the black.
I see ominous misty space bound by chains staring at me back.
Beyond the black.

