the poetrie gallerie

Change of Pace

I looked up, and there he was
those imprints in each cheek
called dimples,
made him appear so innocent
he smiled
I could not forget

I looked up, and there he was
again
he came close
the nearness of him
made me swoon deliriously
I did not want to forget

with a slight hesitation
I was in his arms
we went surfing on a wave of
passion
then swam back to shore
drenched in satisfaction

I must be careful
not to let my heart run away with
my head
for in this affair
my role has slightly altered
I am not thee woman
but, I am the other woman

MELODIE COX
Detroit, Mich.

Silent Lullabuye

Close your eyes
while starlit skies
keep vigil thru nights passing

A silent song
for each day gone,
and each day everlasting

A song of prayer
to keep somewhere,
within your young heart beating

The whispered words -
just barely heard -
each night that I'm repeating

"Babe don't wish on falling stars
your dream may not come true,
and try to know there's love
in all the things I say to you

Carousels and wishing wells
are memories worth keeping

Close your eyes, the stars
and I
keep vigil while you're sleeping.

K. SUSA
Milwaukee, Wis.

The Woman's Ode

I've often wondered how it would
be, if I had a man who cared about
me,

Who'd give with his heart, all that
he owned, spiritually, lovingly, for
me alone,

Who's arms I could feel for
comfort from fear, who's gentle
voice whispers, I love you dear,
Who's faithfully beside me when
I'm troubled with sadness,
calming me down at my threshold
of madness

Who'd know all the basics of life
that I need, emotionally, un-
selfishly, he'd take the lead,

Who'd treat me with kindness,
sympathy, and respect and court
me forever as though we'd just
met

Yes, I often think about how life
would be, if I had that someone
who cared just for me.

JEAN LYTE
Detroit, Mich.

That's My Man

Hallelujia brethren and here I am
this Sunday mornin' ready to jam
some talk of folk from way back
when,
like Moses or Daniel of the lions
den.

Now Moses, he was a slick old guy
who'd wave his staff at the bat of
an eye.
He worried poor Pharaoh with the
plagues of 10,
'til he turned to jelly and freed all
men:

"Pack your bags and split my
land,
just leave me alone I can't play
this hand.
The cards' been stacked 'ginst me
and mine,
I'm holdin' three fours, an eight,
and a nine.
What kinda' fool do you take me
for?
I know when my back's 'ginst the
door.
But we'll meet again I'm sure of
that,
and we'll do more than sit and
chat.
Begone I say 'fore I change my
mind,
'cause you've hurt me, and jived
me,
and cheated me blind."

"Okay," said Moses, "since you
feel that way,
all of us Hebrews will leave *this* -
day.
But don't you follow us lookin' for
a fight,
'cause just you remember my staff
and its might.
I tell you friend, you're one-of-a-
kind,
acting like a fool, have you lost
your mind?!
You know the lord is on my side,
man when we get to the sea he's
gonna' part it wide.
Then we'll cross and be outa' your
sight,
on our journey to a land that's
bright.
Full of milk and honey — oh, so
sweet!
And manna from heaven, our food
to eat.
Just remember to stay out of my
path.
If you look for trouble you'll feel
my wrath.
And you don't want to feel that
again,
it's senseless to put yourself
through all that pain."

I tell you brethren, Moses was the
best there was.
He loved to help a worthy cause.
That's why when he saw the light
and heard the call,
he got his stuff together,
MY man was on the ball!!!

JOYCE SMITH
Baltimore, Md.

All I Ask

All I ask for is a decent place to
live.
All I ask for is a job so I may work.
All I ask for is a good school for my
kids.
Just these three things is all I ask.
It seems they've been overlooked
in the past.

I've been promised a lot of things.
So many times my ears still ring.
All I ask for is a decent place to
live.
So instead of receiving I'll be able
to give.

All I ask for is a job so I may work.
So that I won't be an unemployed
jerk.
All I ask for is a good school for my
kids,
so they won't have to ask and beg,
like I did.
All I ask, just these three things.

JAMES ALEXANDER
STAUNTON

It Don't Make No Difference to Me

It don't make no difference to me
whether you are white, blue,
black, or green,
crimson red,
or in-between.
I just wanna hear you
scream for love;
yes,
scream for love
and mean it.
Green is for money,
black is for spice,
blue is for love,
white is for rice.
Crimson red
means you're good in bed
and your heart will bleed for
many.
There's a rainbow for every color.
They are what makes life
beautiful!
A prism of colors reflecting the
body beautiful;
the soul in flight.
You are whatever you are,
whoever you are,
when you want to be.
It don't make no difference to me
whether you're satin black,
vibrant yellow,
or woodgrains of a zillion hues.
I'll just be I,
and you, be you;
a passion of life
dancing,
romancing,
tinkling,
sprinkling wild flowers
and misty roses
all along earth's weary chest.
It don't make no difference to me
whether you are the moon,
or the stars,
or the sky above,
a mountain,
a hill
or a smooth kid glove.
I just wanna hear you
sigh for love;
yes,
sigh for love
and mean it.

DELILAH FINKLEY
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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