I'm Genuine

Can you Stop and take a look to see what's inside of me.

I am good, I am beautiful and precious as can be.

The outside may not quite be pleasing, but look inside! That's what counts!

I am very much for real.

Oh God let them see the goodness
Inside, Let them see the woman I
am and the woman I strive to be.
I am Genuine!

I've tried so very hard to be Strong
But sometimes I want to reach

I want someone to understand
I am Genuine!

Beverly M. Thomas Sanford, Fla.

Summer

The sky is ablaze with the brilliant rays.

Of the sun, which filters through

dust and haze.
So dry, baked, and cracked is the

As the harsh, heat-filled beams come streaming down.

Temperatures soar, and sparse is

Which leaves plants and flowers to wither and wane.

Great is the heat which sizzles the

while insects fly by with hardly a

People, young and old, desirous to be cool,

In swim trunks and bikinis, head straight for the pool,

The water, so clear, refreshing and cold,

As the sky, so hazy, turns nearly to gold.

The grass, once graceful,

beautiful and green,
Was now a sick brown and marred
the scene.

The earth, so patched, sun-baked and dry,

Gazed upward for rain, but alas, not a cloud in the sky. The sun, huge and red, now sank

As the hot day of Summer finally

Robert De Honiesto
Indianapolis, Ind.

Reminisce

I went up to the attic

Because I heard some noise

And there I found a child

Playing with my old toys

Her eyes were bright and brown
She looked at me and stared
She had a mickey mouse hat on
With ribbons in her hair

I said, "Who are you child?"

She then began to smile

I'm you from years gone by

I know you're wandering how

the poetrie gallerie

You see, I'm your past image I come up here to play I get on everybody's nerves So up here I will stay

Where have you come from all these years?

I came from your own mind
If you recall your past childhood
Up here . . . you spent your time

My mommy spells out everything
So I can't understand
My oldest sister's in high school
She plays bells in the band

My other sister had goldfish

But now they're dead you see . .

I squeezed them 'cause they wouldn't dance

And now she's mad at me

She also had three turtles

Named them Snap, Crackle and

Pop

I put them in the toilet

Just to watch them float on top

Crackle kept on floating
I couldn't see his legs and head
So I flushed him down the toilet
'Cause I thought that he was dead

Daddy, he's at work right now
I know he'll be surprised
I painted his new shoes for him
Can't wait to see his eyes

Where do you skeep little girl?

I don't most of the time I only sleep when you don't have Your past image . . . in mind

> Eleanor Ray Morales Pittsburgh, Pa.

Creed of Life

To be a man in a nation of boys

To be a carver in a factory of toys

To be a realist in a fantasy scene

To be an empathist when times are mean

To be good when times are bad To be happy when souls are sad To stand when told to sit

To refuse to retreat when hit

And to explode with the intensity of TNT for the creed of Life is merely—

To Be

SHERYL KEMP Greenville, S.C.

The Time Has Come

The time has come the king vulture said when we must take to the sky the Black's are up in arms again so the white man surely must die It was a long time ago it seems since our bellies to the full was fed but when this bloody mess begins we can feast from the hundreds of dead When the war begins and you start to eat leave me a little bit of the white man's meat The blacks' meat is tough and hard to chew from years of slavery and violence too His body been toughen from slaving in the sun while the white man's struggle has hardly begun So take to the air now if you please and hull about gently in the breeze as you soar and you sail and the conflict you see breathe gently a prayer to the powers that be that the Black man wins

because he's Black like thee

Queens Village, N.Y.

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Gone Over You

If I could
I would make you mine
But you don't even know that I
care.
I see you every morning
When you leave your house for
work
And as you walk tall down the
street
I try to think of a chance way we
could
Meet
So I can tell you how I feel
And let you know that I am real
Gone over you.

Perhaps we could make a date
Sometime when it's not too late
So you could see that I am sincere
All I want is for you to hear
Me
Maybe I could try to drop a hanky

Or I could gracefully fall over a brick
I've got to find some kind of way
To tell you how I feel
And let you know that I am real
Gone over you.

Deonne Beasley Wright Chicago, Ill.

I'm Somebody

[Dedicated to the children]

Looking at me
All high and mighty
Won't change my mind
'cause I'M SOMEBODY

I may not have a cent, to my name
And my folks, may not have a
dime

But I feel good about myself
All of the time

Looking at me
All high and mighty
Won't change my mind
'cause I'M SOMEBODY

I don't need a lift
So, don't offer me any dope
I'm gonna make - it in life
You know why? 'cause I got hope

All high and mighty
Won't change my mind
'cause I'M SOMEBODY

If you give up an inch
I'm gonna take a mile
And walk away with everything
Wearing a great big smile

Jamaica, N.Y.

Looking at me
All high and mighty
Won't change my mind
'cause I'M SOMEBODY
'Dr. Melvin I. Douglass

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