the poetrie gallerie

Portrait
[dedicated]

I am the artist with the brush
I gather stardust and weave
sparkling paths
That leads to the land of quiet
sensations.

I'll paint a radiant orange sunset
Smiling down on a sandy beach in
the dawn of evening
Creating a warm, enticing effect
on the vast ocean.

I'll paint the emotions of your
sight
To match the color of your eyes as
you embrace
The magic of nature's kiss from
the gentle breeze.

I'll paint a beautiful green forest
and in its midst,
An entrancing waterfall, high atop
a mountain far away
From the madness of everyday's
hustle.

Relax and open up to all of the
natural elements
Of your surroundings.
Allow me to relieve your tensions.
Close your eyes, follow the strokes
of my brush.

I'll paint you mellow,
I'll paint you captivated,
I'll paint you every essential
expression
Of LOVE.

Alexis Hailey
Savannah, Ga.

So Many Times

There were so many times —
I should have said, "I love you."
So many times I had the chance.
I could have taken the time
To put more love into our
romance.
There were so many times —
I would have liked to hold you
close.
So many times I had the lead.
I could have acknowledged the
pain I saw
From the eyes that plead.
There were so many times —
I should have listened to words
softly spoken.
So many times I had the right.
I would have to be the one
To start a ridiculous fight.
There were so many times —
I wished to see you.
So many times I had the urge.
I decided to control
My passion's intense surge.
There were so many times —
I wanted to say, "I'm sorry."
So many times I had the desire.
I decided to ignore your love;
For that I am a liar.
There were so many times —
I wanted to be there when you
needed me.
So many times I had the will.
I wished to be strong enough to
help you,
But, nowiyour love is still.
There were so many opportunities
For me to be the woman
You then chose to accept.
So many times I now have
The chance to sit back and regret.

Patritia A. Hunt
Washington, D.C.

Contentment?

She sits and looks through the
window,
And to alliwho do not know
She presents a picture of con-
tentment —
This woman with hair like the
snow.

Her innermost thoughts, however,
As she pulls her shawl to her
breast,
Are of nights without sleep, of
days without hope,
And of times devoid of all rest.

For of all the ailments of aging,
The one that comes most to her
mind
Is the one that youth
Seldom thinks of, and
The one most expect least to find.
And she smiles — to herself she is
saying:
"Love is gone;
Omitted from my life is all that
Nurtured me and
Everyone who cared. Now I am
Lost in my own small world;
Yearning, achinghto be loved."

Elayne Irving
Chicago, Ill.

So Many Times

Here I lie
bleeding and stunned
the car that hit me
was a hit and run

Now I won't get to be
the star that I was always meant to
be
I'll just go to hell
die in sin
and never hear my wedding bell
I'll just die in sorrow
and never see
another day or tomorrow

My life now is hell
now I'm gonna die
not having ever lived a happy life
because I've gone through so
much
pain and strife
but the pain of not being able to be
a star
is almost as painful as getting hit
by a car

I was so sure
I was going to live to see the day
when I could finally say,
"I've rid myself of them all and
thrown them away"
but I guess I was wrong, because
I can actually hear them playing
my song
although it's . . . not very clear
but that's not really my fear

My fear is going to hell
and not being able to be a star
or hear my wedding bell

Oh well!
maybe I didn't fail
because there's always a chance
I'll still be . . . . . A Star In Hell

April Lorraine Carroll
San Gabriel, Calif.

All materials must be accompanied by a stamped, self - addressed envelope. Address all correspondence to The Editor, DAWN Magazine, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. 21201.

Believe In Me

Believe in me. For if you do,
The light of your love,
Will surely help me grow.

Have faith in me. For if you do,
I will learn to put my trust in you.
And the light of your faith, will
shine on me
Giving nourishment to my star-
ving,
Heart and mind.

Be patient with me. Teach me.
Water my mind with the dew of
your wisdom.
And I will drink deeply,
That I might grow strong
From your tender nurturing.
Reaching up and out, to enfold all
that is you
One day bursting forth,
Into a radiant flower.

Then at that time
When I'm ripe and, in full bloom
You will come take me unto
yourself
That I might hold my petals high
and proud
For all to see
The beauty that you alone created
Simply because
You believe in me

Jayme
Cleveland, O.

A Model's Phrase

All my life I dreamed of fame
Not really knowing of all its pain.

Trying so desperately to obtain
that glory of creating a name.

Taking my stand to project an
image that society will frame.

Wanting to share all I've achieved
Letting others know he too could
succeed.

Making it clear it wasn't easy it
took time, effort & a lot of
pleasing.

It has rained, sleeted & even
hailed
But through my struggle I
couldn't really tell.

I've crawled, walked and now I'm
on the run For I have ac-
complished that which others
haven't done.

I have proven a point that in life
must be well taken.

For I have SUCCEEDED and
achieved the GREATEST.

Freda Oles
Los Angeles, Calif.

Reaching for the Tip-Top

She has a cult following, and many people in show business profess love for her. But she wants more, she longs for super-stardom—and seems likely to get it.

By Paula Brooks

Bookbinder's Sea Food House, in South Philly

It was lunchtime, and sitting in the foyer, I watched intimate groups of well - heeled businessmen lunching nosily.

The restaurant is located only a few blocks away from Philadelphia International Records — and just happens to be one of Patti Labelle's favorite haunts, and it was she that I looked for so anxiously, each time the door opened.

Patti, a native of Philadelphia, had just signed a recording contract, which made a convenient place for our luncheon interview. I could feel the waitress giving me the eye, and very shortly she came over.

"Can I help you? Are you waiting for someone?" When I told her I was waiting for Labelle, she was all smiles. "Oh wonderful! I'm sure she'll be here any minute."

And suddenly she was there — looking fabulous! Petite and slim (yes, Patti has lost weight), decked out in black leather pants, with a matching vest layered over a white silk tunic. The crowning touch was a big white saucer hat (that Patti has helped bring into vogue), tipped rakishly over one eye.

She was undoubtedly the most chic thing around. She was accompanied by a man former manager Scott Charles.

Also with her was her sister Barbara who was just recovering from a stay in the hospital. "I'm so sorry to be late, please excuse me," Labelle pleaded breathlessly. "You will not believe what happened! I was cooking one of my favorite dishes, and I went upstairs to get dressed. The next thing I knew, smoke was everywhere!

"The busy mother of three boys (the oldest two are adopted), wife, and performer, looked completely outdone. We were escorted to a small room in the back, that is preferred by Labelle.

A gracious and friendly person, we were soon chatting like magpies. "I usually get steamers and then a whole lobster, but I can't do it today. You know I'm having a bad day if I don't eat. Let me look at the lobster before we get started."

Patti called the waitress, who soon reappeared gingerly holding a huge, wriggling lobster. Patti got up and took it from her, weighing it in her hands. "Sometimes they're big and empty. I want to make sure this one isn't like that."

It was obvious that far from being an extravagant spendthrift, Patti is a person that knows the value of a dollar, and insists on getting her money's worth. She considered taking home a bottle of wine and decided to wait until she passed a liquor store, where she could get it much cheaper.

We continued talking and I asked her about the Rick James tune, "Spacey Love" that he had written for her and about her. I had always been curious to know her reaction to Rick's public announcement of love and desire for her.

Patti replied, "I have always had a lot of male admirers in this business that I didn't know about until somebody told me. I had heard from a lot of people that he had recorded a song for me on his album, and I didn't know why. So when I met him in Los Angeles, he told me why.

"He said he was inspired by me and that he really respected me for my talent, and that he was in love with me. I told him that my husband was there. He said he didn't care; he was still in love with me! He was serious, he said that he really cared!

"Sylvester, I understand has that same kind of feeling for me. He calls me all the time, he writes me, and I think it's like a motherly something he has for me. I don't know what this thing is I have." Patti looked perplexed, then laughed, "But I'm not going to let it go! They seem genuine, and I get that feeling from a lot of people in the business - not just men.

Labelle

"People like Stephanie Mills, Phyllis Hymn, and Aretha Franklin. I feel the same way about them. I admire them and think they're genuine artists.

I was saying to my husband the other night, that I had seen Nick and Valerie in New York in their Rolls Royce. It's a beautiful car, and I was standing there wondering who's car it was, when it stopped in the middle of traffic. They opened the door for me and we had a conversation right there.

"I could tell that they really liked me as a person, not because I'm Patti Labelle. It might sound corny, but that made me feel good. They're not show-business, Hollywood - type people. As much success as they've had, they're still sincere.

"Oh, I have to say Richard Pryor is another sincere person. I think he's as big as he can ever get, and he's still down to earth. A lot of people thought there was something going on between us because he gave me a car, and a sauna. He told me that he liked me as a person, and appreciated my talents, but not as far as getting close to me physically. There's never been anything going on!"

I had to ask how Patti's husband felt about all the proclamations of love and admiration she received. Did he feel threatened? She replied, "He's not affected, as far as I know. He understands that people like me. He's a Taurus, and very understanding anyway. He's very much into the home, and very stable. I'm very out - going (Gemini), and he's not.

"If he was a little more out - going, it would probably be a very bad situation. But he's very calm and cool, and he can deal with difficult situations a lot better than I can. I'm a person that likes immediate gratification, and he's always telling me to cool out, because it will happen when it happens."

It was clear that Patti longed for super - stardom. She already had a cult of followerers, but that was obviously not enough. Did she think that Philly International was going to take her to the top? Her answer — "If I didn't feel that way, I wouldn't have signed with

(Continued on Page 23)