## The World of the Lonely

The world of the lonely so empty, so cold, where many will stay til they've grown far too old.

Walls that are bare, cold and barren.
Hearts growing old with despair.
Lives without purpose or meaning the world of the lonely is here.

Lovers who lost, fear going on.
Their hopes have been shattered, their dreams seem untrue. The world of the lonely, no laughter, no love, the illusion of joy hides a heart that is blue.

Souls set adrift
on an ocean of doubt.
No walls to their prison,
but it's hard to get out.
The world of the lonely,
escape while you can.
Just open your heart,
give another your hand.

Los Angeles, CA

Protea transplanted

If I should touch it would it break or bruise?

It Looks so delicate, much too

soft, bright;
If I would breathe on it and cause a blight,

I'd wish to die . . . It smells so fresh, so new;
As fresh - born as a fragrant thought that grew,

As new born as an instant rush of light
Seek out a darkness to touch in

it's flight;
A substance that my touch cannot elude.

The ages stretch and yawn beside your face,
The world has blossomed fair beneath your bower;
You lend to human spirit a good

grace,
Your beauty makes friends . . .
Transplanted flower!

Why hide your lovely eyes until day breaks?
Gently lift your face . . . You are

so worth more!

H. Jayne Johnson
Los Angeles, CA

Smart birds shun you
Little winter tree
Offering hardly any shelter
Icy winter winds have undressed
you
Have blown your leaves away
And you are not so tall
Only a little taller than me
Your branches look so helpless
Seems as if you are praying for
mercy

the poetrie gallerie

Snow falls on you and you shake from cold
Rain fall and you are encased in glistening ice
No mercy for you little tree in the winter time
The light of the sun is so far, far away
You must be a dreamer because you will survive
Cruel winter will pass and kind spring will return
Nature will dress you in the brightest of green leaves
And smart birds will shun you no

Jabreel Najee-ullah Milwaukee, WI

For Treasures
of Pleasures

Treasure both, body and mind eliminate ugly from the expressions of your face prepare for the day as one of a kind as smiles indicate the way.

Always accept the same as you give expect what's necessary to have understand how to universally live refrain from deeds so bad.

And rise with love as the new day approaches express yourself with commonsense those minds will free-ly float being measured to the full extent

And to all, happiness is to find whatever obtains recognizable deeds display those expressive minds refrain from ventures of greed.

And each is to treasure, so to find from pleasures we un-doubt-fully seek as thoughts take root within minds producing that of reality.

Worley Oliver Chicago, IL

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DAWN Magazine, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. 21201.

Rape While Armed

My window was opened for some air,
And I never figured He'd be there.
One summer night as I lay sleep,
Silently, he did creep;
Into my life, upon my space,
To force upon me a quick embrace.

With a hand held to my mouth, He threatened me not to shout. With a dirk held to my skin, He undressed me; to my chagrin. The intruder wasted no time, But sat upon the ghastly crime.

Here comes the woe!
And feeling I thought I'd never know.
Here comes the fear and pain,
And while he reveled in his reign,
I gathered such a gross disdain,
As if to spit out whatever came.

But he entered me,
Into my private self,
And there he stained me
With a permanent smear,
Something that would not
disappear.

And every plunge into my inner depths,
Was like a slippage closer down to death.
I'm sure I died a thousand times,
But somehow death — That final breath
Would not be mine.

And as he climaxed with the final penetration; Ignorant of my humiliation; My mind conjured curses of rejection; Which I voiced in my depression; Heedless of what he might do to

And when he removed his hairy chest From the nipples of my breast;

Hoping death would set me free.

It might have just been a reprieve,
And while I waited — I cried,
Sorry that I had not died.

It was as if he destroyed my soul;
Leaving just an empty hole;
Thru which I perceived myself as small;
Like a tiny gnat or fly;
That someone might crush,
As they walked by.

And thru this peephole I could see
What would have become of me;
Had I lingered there too long;
Would have been the greater
wrong.
These thoughts, they still bother
me.
And the victim is never free,
To return to that prior style,
For memory is now a thing most

But Oh! To repair their entity,
This frame I used to know as me.
I must point this Villian out,
And tell a jury all about
What this rapist did to me;
And what their verdict ought to
be.

Robert W. Barnes Camp Springs, MD

## How does One Say He's Sorry?

How does one say he's sorry for all the times you were right and he was wrong?
Does he beg or plead or

Simply say forgive me please
For I Knew Not How
How does one say he's sorry for

always speaking
and never listening
Does he kneel and pray
or
Simply say forgive me please
For I Knew Not How

How does one say I'm sorry for always doubting and never believing?
Does he stop and fall apart

Simply say forgive me please For I Knew Not How

How does one say he's sorry for never giving and always receiving?
Does he give and never take or Simply say forgive me please For I Knew Not How

How does one say he's sorry for never applying yet always denying?
For Now I Have But One Choice Can't I Simply Say, If I May, "Forgive me please" because God only knows I Knew now how.

Freda Oles Los Angeles, CA

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