

Where in What Land

Where in what land can you find People who think they are Free in Mind

They say they can do this
And say they can do that
But do only a little
And are always pushed back

Where in What Land can you Find
The hatred of a man
Because he's a different kind

A Land Known to be
Free For all
And opens its arms to help the
Small

It ignores it's problems inside it's own
Where people are starving
And are without homes

Where Racist and communist Are set to run Free And our military weakness is Publicized on T.V.

Where migrants flee to this land And inflation increases, job decreases
And know one can understand Why there are race riots in this

Where everybody wants more Instead of settling for less Where environments are decaying Because of nuclear progress

Where ignorance is like a disease Everybody knows the source But can't find the cure

This Land I say is the Grand U.S.A.
Where minorities have to fight Because they aren't white

RODNEY HEARD Washington, D.C.

Equality

Write of me in your books
Write me into your laws
I am equal to you

Erase me from your books erase me from your laws I am no more your equal

Paper equality does not equality make

NATALIE E. Gore Indianapolis, IN

The Withered Rose

Youth and beauty once fedit life
Nature kissed her everyday,
And bathed her petals with
heavenly spice
Than dried her beads away.

he poetrie gallerie

The garden groom was oh so proud
To be the envy of the sun,
From all the flowers that grew
out lowd
She was the prettiest one.

Then one day a storm broke way
From it's cloudy gate,
Blew all the rosy brides away
And drowned them in the lake.

Except for one dying rose
The laid in the garden bed,
One color flushed and withered
rose
That the morning sun found
dead.

DOR RYAN Chicago, Ill.

Do Better Now, My Child

He came to my desk with quivering lips;
The lesson was done.
"Have you a new leaf for me, dear teacher?
I have spoiled this one."

I took his leaf all spoiled and blotted
And gave him a new one, all unspotted,
Then into his tired heart I smiled,
"Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a trembling heart
The year was done.
"Have you a new year for me, dear Saviour?
I have spoiled this one."

He took my year all soiled and blotted
And gave me a new one, all unspotted.
Then into my tired heart He smiled,
"Do better now, my child."

EDDIE L. PRUITT SR. Los Angeles, CA

The Mind of a Pencil

With my pencil in hand I can carry my mind to another land With my imagination and creativity you are welcome to enter with me. Places unknown, Lands far away. Our minds can travel any day, far away to a colorful scene, to a place where air is clean. Around, under and over the rainbow, see all the wonders there is to know. Beauty and undiscovered Lands unshown Seas never sailed, Skies never flown, Dreams never dreamt of, Heights no ones ever reached above. Every where and anywhere we may visualize, Al. is needed is a pencil, some paper may not find, to know these places you also need your mind.

> CYNTHIA V. CANTRELL Hollywood, CA

My Lost Love

I had a Lover not long ago who was handsome, exciting, and great. But Somehow I Lost that Lover For he became another's mate.

We used to be so happy 'Til I thought that nothing could part

Until I looked around one day and found that Love had left us.

We use to sit for hours and hours
Just planning for Tomorrow.
But now to recall a minute of it
Just fills my heart with sorrow.

I must not spend another day Just thinking of what might have been

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.

I'll pick myself up higher now And start Love over again.

> EMMA JONES Landover, Md

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If words held at much meaning As your eyes, I could tell you how much you As your touch, I could easily write the thrill of Near you. If words held as much meaning As your kiss, would have no problem My love for you. If words held as much meaning As being with you, The world would experience a Bright and flowing Language, Full of love and As much meaning, As you holding Me in your arms.

Baltimore, MD

A Talk With Martin

Your works are most outstanding, and this is to say the least;
Your path of love was difficult, but never once did you cease.
You tried to set an example, this task you accomplished well;
And to this day I am happy to say, that your teachings we do re-tell.

You left us so abruptly,
we hardly had chance to see
What additional timely wisdom
old age would bestow on thee.
Though his bullet disposed of
your body,
and one mark he did fail to
make;
For no matter the weapon
there is simply no way
To destroy what you taught us
from day to day.

So your death is not so important, in fact it's a trivial thing.

When compared to all the hope you brought and the insight your wisdom still brings.

I think it's sad to hear them say; "A good man died that day."

If they took the time they would certainly find That you still live in many a way.

CHRIS JACKSON Chattanooga, TN