THE POETRY GALLERIE

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Broken Wings

In a search to understanding a mystery,
My thoughts wander the beautiful sky,
In hope of viewing a forbidden nest,
where birds are not allowed to fly.
Confined to their nests,
Where confusion rests,
Is the only place they are allowed to be, rejected by the human race, as a part of society.
Oh! Broken Wings, Oh! Broken Wings,
Why did not these few birds understand,
How wonderful their lives could be,
When they were flying above the land,
While viewing their nest, I began to see,
In many ways, a few of these birds were just like me,
With a mind for thoughts to pass into,
And a heart for loves to travel through,
Oh! Broken Wings, Oh! Broken Wings,
Why can't you somehow see, from East to West,
North to South, all these birds here long to be,
But rules-vs-instincts and instincts rules,
Wise birds are bad and good are fools,
Survival is apparently the only key,
To unlock the door to this mystery,
And yet, when all is thought and said,
the human heart still overrules the head.
Who can truly say, what some of these birds may be, if they were given a chance again to fly in our society,
Or is it right and will it do, to pace this sad confusion through,
Or may we for assurance sake, some arbitrary judgment take, and willfully pronounce it clear,
For this or that, are why we are here,
Oh! Broken Wings, Oh! Broken Wings,
Can you not hear our voice,
In our nest, where confusion rests,
Are still small dreams for one to see,
Of broken winged birds crying out to society,
For still we hope, we must believe,
And what is given us receive,
What we, when face to face we see,
the father of our souls shall be.
Oh! Broken Wings, I guess you just don't understand,
For the course of TIME will bring each one of us a golden cup.
Filled with a bitter juice that will turn all birds into dust,
And who can say, what we shall be,
In a new world full of mystery,
Oh! Broken Wings, Oh! Broken Wings,
In this nest are a few doves of love,
that once flew the sky carefree in order for others to look above.

LARRY BENSON
McAlester, OK

Ghetto Willie

See the concrete playground where the children play?
The one they cross on the way to school each day.

Ghetto Willie used to cross it once in a while,
On the way to school about a half a mile.

He was a young boy that grew up fast,
Everyone knew that Willie wouldn't last.

Hey G.W.! The people used to say,
What's a good number for us to play.

Put your money on four-six-five,
It's bound to come in and that's no jive.

You see Willie was only twelve or so,
Nobody in the hood really did know.

His mama died three years ago,
And left him all alone in the ghetto.

Willie and his mama didn't have no kin,
So the people next door took him in
And this was the beginning of ghetto Willie's end.

He was already running numbers and doing smoke,
But before long they had him shooting up coke.

From coke to horse and horse is king,
And after that he didn't feel a thing.

See the concrete playground where the children play?
Well, Ghetto Willie died on it just the other day.

D. J. GRAHAM
Silver Spring, MD

Portrait of a Grandmother

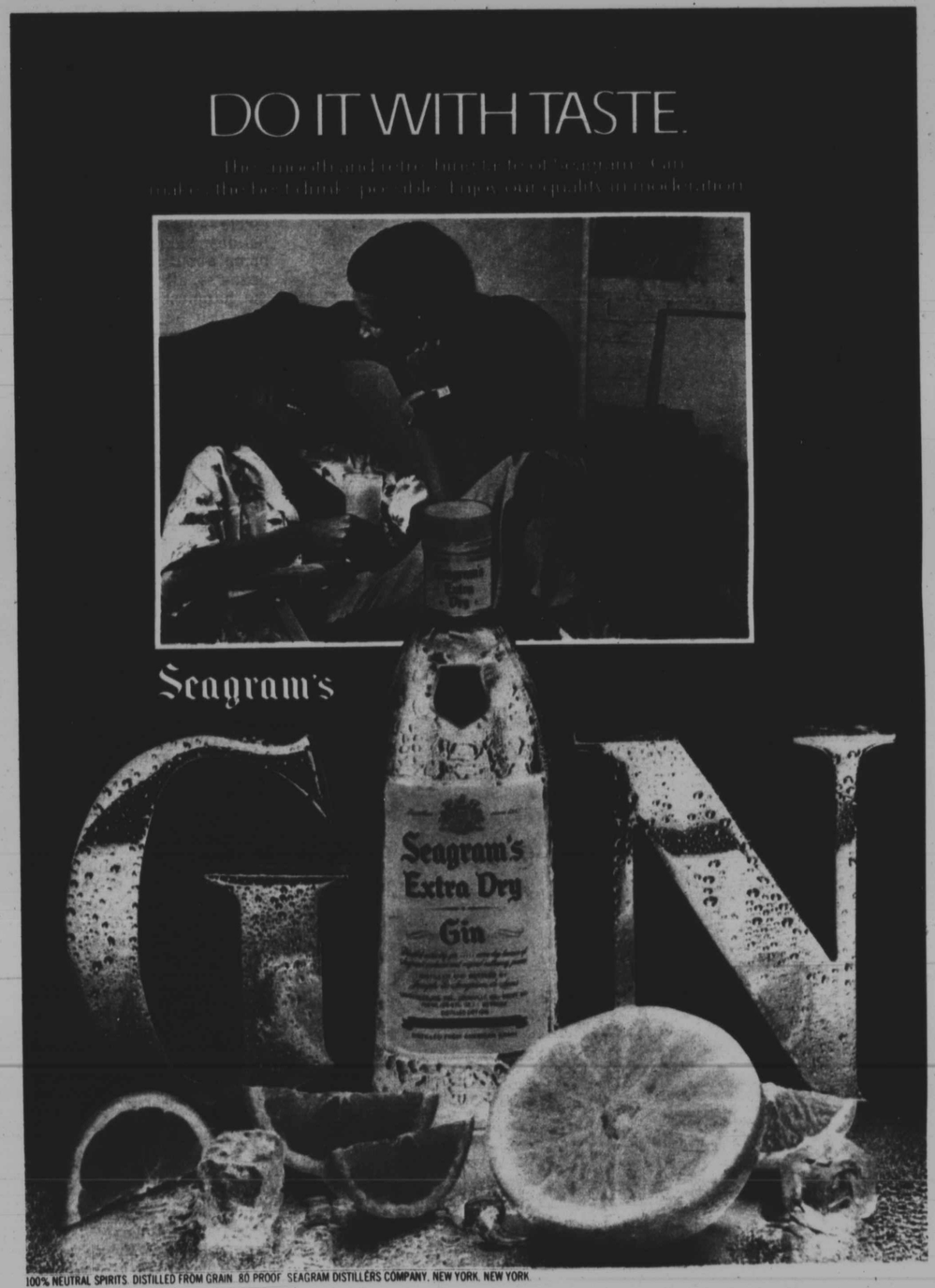
Beneath a mane of silver
Rests an ocean of
Golden wisdom
Whose waves reach
The shores of youth.
Through windows tinted
By time
Peers answers to questions
Unmasked,
Memoirs of battles won and lost,
And patience that impregnates peace.
Through split verbs and
Misplaced nouns
Speaks reason seasoned
By the years
And experiences
Transformed into precepts.
A frame made fragile
From the journey
Displays strength
That transcends obstacles.
A countenance
That's weatherbeaten
Radiates love
Pure as virgin snow
And understanding unlimited.

KENNETH R. JONES
Los Angeles, CA

A Lesson Learned

To judge is to be judged
To condemn is to be condemned
To criticize is to be criticized
To reject is to be rejected.

Put away these negatives
Eliminate them all
Accentuate the positives,
No matter how big or small.

Write a cheerful letter
A smile to someone give
Encouragement, love and patience
Are needed in order to live.

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