THE POETRIE GALLERIE

SHOOTING

Today I saw a shooting
Such a sad thing to see
Why must it be
To him to me
Not on TV
Will you see
What I saw this day
Cars fast, then still
One life nil
Too quick, too real

JOSEPH H. BARNES

THE UNHAPPY ONE

He's not like a flower when it first starts to bloom
He's not gay nor happy, but in a world of gloom
He's not like a clown who looks happy and glad
But more like the tramp who is very, very sad
And when everyone else is happy and gay
He looks and acts his same old way
Now that is the tale of the unhappy one
Who never laughs, smiles, or has any fun
And, if ever you see him walking down the street
Don't laugh at him nor smile at him — don't even you speak
For he is the unhappy one and likes to be left alone
Just look in his eyes there . . . it's very, clearly shown

REZESE HAMMONDS
Tillery, N.C.

SINGLE BROKEN THOUGHT

The thought flickers like a flame
on a wet night
going in and out.

Coming up on me suddenly
slipping, sliding, sneaking
quietly through my mind.

Floodgate opening on my feelings
a newness of Life?
joy in thinking?

Trying to grasp this awareness
hug it to me tight
obliging it to stay.

It flutters, but never really stops
slowing, skidding, sailing
right on by me
Single broken thought, tantalizing
within my reach
but, never mine.

DARLENE Y. GAMBILL
Erie, PA

MY CAREER

A chef is what I'd like to be,
Do not confuse me with a cook,
A chef invents a recipe,
A cook just steals one from a book.

I'll whip you up gourmet delights,
I'll give you fancy treats to taste,
You'll eat them up in tiny bites,
A chef makes sure there'll be no waste.

I hope you'll know me years from now,
Come see me in my home;
I'll roast and bake and teach you how,
And you'll no longer need to roam.

DAVID BLACKMON
Chicago, IL

"SOARING HIGH"

Birds and I have something in common; we both love soaring high.
He soars with his wings, I soar with my mind.
He soars through the air with the help of a breeze.
I soar with my mind always at ease.
We soar to places faraway only to visit, never to stay.
He always lands on solid ground,
I just soar and soar until I come back down.
Birds and I have something in common; we both love soaring high.
He soars with his wings, I soar with my mind.

YOLANDA MICHELLE HAYES
Indianapolis, IN

DON'T COUNT ME OUT:

What is death, that we cannot see?
Having been told a lot of years,
"It was no Heart beat."
What is death, that seems so brave?
That now we're told
"It's no brain wave."
Don't count me out, because I lost an arm,
Because it's dead, my body is still warm.
Don't count me out, with just one eye,
Because it's gone, I'm still alive.
Don't count me out, with no foot or leg,
Disease was the critter, that gave me a peg.
So what is death, that leaves us so afraid?
M-A-N . . . DON'T COUNT ME OUT; 'til all is dead.

KITTIE M. BELL
Dallas, TX

"LONELINESS"

Loneliness is a part of heart and of mind,
It can and it does affect all mankind,
Loneliness is like a deep dark hole,
Loneliness is deep within the soul,

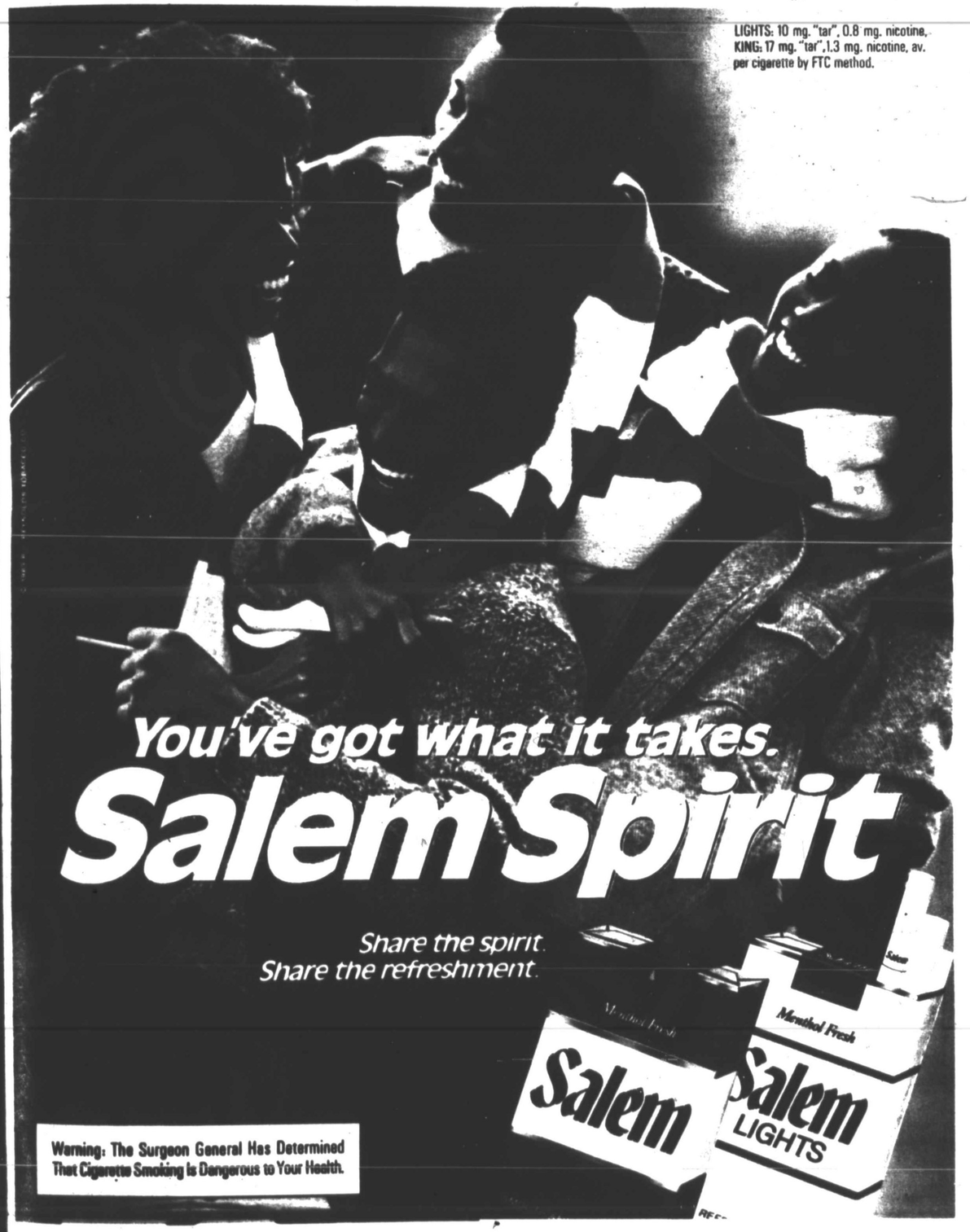
Loneliness is deep and an unbearable thing,
Loneliness leaves you nothing on which to cling,
Loneliness is when you feel that you're unloved,
It can also be cured by the Father above,

Loneliness is being all alone,
Loneliness is when it seems that all hope is gone,
Loneliness is the worst feeling in life,
It deals with life's struggles and strife,

Loneliness is a feeling that you can't overcome,
Loneliness will make the inside of you quiet and numb,
Loneliness will tell you that no one cares;
But "Love" will relieve its snarls and tares,
Loneliness affects both young and old,
In loneliness there's no there's no warmth, only "cold,"

Loneliness is the worst disease of all,
You just sit there and no future you'll see,
It's like the bareness of a pictureless wall,
But just ask the LORD to hear your plea,

Don't give up and subject yourself to be bound,
The true meaning of life is yet to be found,
Loneliness is somewhat like a weeping-willow tree,
And yet it's a song without a melody,
Loneliness is a part of you and me,
Just remember that God's Love can and will set you free.

DEBORAH L. SMITH
Houston, TX

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