

# New Directions

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## Poems

Editorial Staff

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## Shocked Staff: Poems

Good morning – coffee  
Headline reads:  
"South Africans SHOCKED by U.N.  
Pressure"  
Somehow the coffee turns cold and  
bitter  
as my mind goes into temporary  
SHOCK  
Thinking that Frederick Douglass  
would be SHOCKED  
to know that America still supports  
slavery.

Good morning – wife  
Look at this headline:  
"South Africans SHOCKED because  
Blacks want to be free"  
Please help this tear find a place to rest  
Sojourner Truth tried her very best  
to show America that slavery was  
wrong  
And I keep thinking that – that was so  
long  
ago but America still supports slavery.

Good morning – friend  
I sure hope you feel warm today  
Because I need someone who can  
explain  
to me where freedom's been  
Did you read the morning paper?  
"Americans are SHOCKED that  
Minorities get Special Treatment"  
God save this place  
than cannot make space  
for its fellow countryman  
Friend be real warm today  
because I need someone to help me see  
tomorrow.

Good morning – world  
have we all lost our minds  
Don't tell me to sit down and act  
rational  
about this freedom thing  
Did you read this shit in the morning  
paper:  
"Americans are SHOCKED that  
Panamanians want their country  
back"  
Dear God send a savior quick  
because now is too late  
as the world spins to a date  
with self-destruction.

Joseph A. Hawkins, Jr.  
Washington, D. C.

## Illusions

We speed through our days,  
Not taking notice,  
Of the landmarks of our lives.  
We speed to our jobs,  
To increase our tensions,

We speed to have a good time.  
When we have sped to the golden years.  
We wonder what happened?  
Instead of vivid memories  
We have blurred illusions.

Linda Elaine Newman  
Howard University

## Two Worlds

We learned from each other  
Though I had been appointed your guide

We romped in my fields and your fields  
Sometimes stretching our arms across  
the  
fences circling this land

Creating a new space  
A space for men of any race  
And sometimes we sailed unknown  
seas  
Charting uncharted courses.

But then the clock chimed out of time  
– the class ended.  
I drove home to my world . . .  
and you stayed behind in yours.

Wilma D. Perry  
Silver Spring, Md.

## And Now

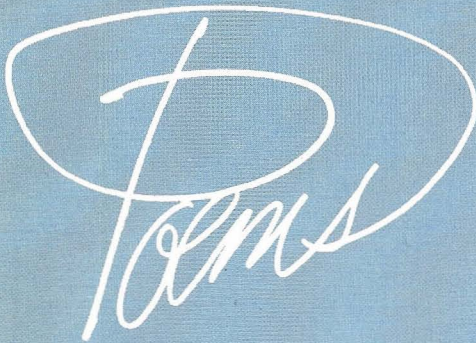
People of all nations,  
come together as one,  
in a land called America!  
where freedom is dreamed  
and each can wonder  
in their spiritual directional flow

and some  
bring with them  
the bitterness of home  
tortured in their minds  
hatred of the oppressor  
remembered fear

but now  
satisfaction, America  
domain of peace  
land for love  
and people of all nations  
will call home  
America

and now  
being so blind  
America shows  
her ass  
to people of all kinds

Michael J. Johnson  
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# NEW DIRECTIONS

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