

New Directions

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Poems

Editorial Staff

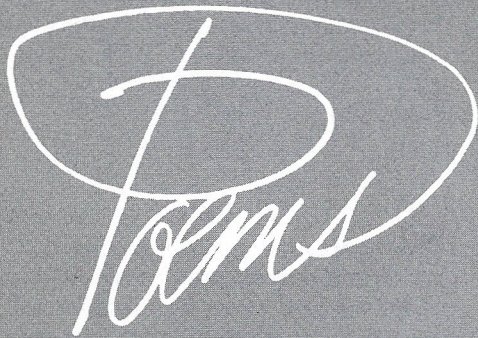
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I Am An Island

I am an island
 my feet are sails
 I sail the seas of the world.
 In Africa I am an island
 planted in three seas
 I am Zanzibar
 I am Goree
 I am St. Thomas
 I am the Georgia Sea Islands
 Haiti is my spirit
 Jamaica is my heart
 You will find me in the sea
 because I am an island
 in the East and the West
 Australia, New Guinea and Cuba
 The Solomon Islands and Malagasy
 Are elements in my Islandness.

Assante, M.K.
 Williamsville, N.Y.

Just call me Black!

Now, some people call me red,
 But I say: Just call me Black.
 Some even refer to me as yellow
 But I say: Just call me Black!
 Others, still, call me tan or brown,
 But I say: Just call me Black!
 Many have referred to me as Colored
 Meaning one of color. . . . *What color?*
 Just call me Black!

Why call me Negro? It merely means
 black

In another language.
 Why use such substitute words
 To describe what color I am?
 Just call me Black!
 That is so direct, so accurate!
 Now, those who call me nigger
 Simply don't realise that that is not
 A color.

Such mistitles, apologies, insults,
 When you could just call me Black!

Black, because the blood of Africa flows
 In my veins, proudly, powerfully,
 Majestically and dominantly—
 Dominantly, because of its color, black.
 So, never mind all of the self-conscious,
 Inaccurate, indirect, substitute words,
 Just call me what I am—Black!

Juanita Norman
 Howard University

Communications Process

I

Seldom do you get the chance to melt
 into another's mind
 Rarely does the fire burn without added
 stipulation
 Seldom is verbal intercourse as fulfilling
 as the real thing for intellectual
 encounters can generate heat too
 Seldom is relevant information
 exchanged among the masses
 Never are such transmissions forgotten.

II

Talk to me and we'll understand that
 we have more in common than
 our color
 Tell me the things that you have gone
 through in life and we'll see that
 our problems are one in the same
 We can be united through conversation
 your brother, my sister, and I all
 we need to do is open us and greet
 another Black mind.

Christopher S. Prince
 Washington, D. C.

Some people become frustrated because
 you don't jump on their bandwagon.
 Set fire to their traveling side show and
 create your own concert.

Larry E. Cody
 Washington, D. C.

If I could look into my future
 What would life hold for me,
 Would it be happy and carefree?

Will it bring joy or pain,
 Prosperity or poverty,
 Will there be laughter and love to see?

Although I cannot see what fate lies
 ahead

Life will be what I make it to be,
 As long as I believe in me.

Beverly A. Lindsay
 Howard University

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