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Poems

Editorial Staff

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Staff: Poems

In Appreciation of Chancellor Williams

The wondrous magic of many things are
forbidden
To us, our minutes of glory and defeat
Come to light of knowing in piecemeal
fashion,
Have gone the way of the wind,
disappearing
Leaving taunting echoes sounding softly
In the hush of an evening sun falling to
night,
Have left massive stone gardens and lethal
demons
Dancing in our minds' hearts, pushing
reason to be man
In a world spread over the earth like a
helpless virgin—
O, our past like the fear of boys turning to
valor
On seeing Hannibal, the weariness of
learning
That drove Solomon to his wealth of
concubines
The slow and bloody creation of the word
By hands of dark-skinned, coarse-haired
thinkers,
Tranquil freedom of wisdom, voices that
touched and were God.

©Michael S. Weaver
Baltimore, Md

Equanimity

The rain
has
its tail
cut
many
times
before
it
soaks
the red earth.

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Howard University

Beyond the Deep

Ah, my Brother
How can I see
The beauty in your eyes?
Deep
Deep
I must look
Beyond the Pain
The misery
The fright
The cries in the night
Deep
Deep
I must look
Beyond the hate
The anger
The fear
The

Ah, my Brother
How can I see
The beauty in your eyes?
Look at me, my Brother
Look at me
Let me try to see!

Minni
(Minnie Chapman)
Landover, Md.

'You I Salute'

Who would travel paths unknown,
Who cannot to current "isms" yield,
Who answer calls which are your own
And amen to Promethean promptings say

Who spur the self to inner journeys make,
Who echoes bridge from soul to soul,
Who music from the noisy whirl create
And without seal or mark a way
bequeath.

Who dreams for visions would exchange,
Who across currents name the world you
have,

Who age and infancies arrange
And shape an end, other settings free.

Who see beyond plane and line,
Who hazard wide of present
measurements,

Who would defy place and time
And venture far to other reckonings.

W.E. Langley
Brookline, Ma.

This Killer of the Dream

Pride stumbles and sometimes falls
When we are forced to answer her calls.
Will develops a limp
After every unsuccessful attempt
To destroy this killer of the dream,
unemployment.

Each failure fuels the fire of resentment.

Wilma D. Perry
Silver Spring, Md.

A Passionate People

Some dark as night
Others light as a star
What a motley race
We Black folk are!
And what a noble,
Passionate people we be—
Grandchildren of Africans
Who crossed the sea.
A foreign foe
Raped our lands
Yet through it all
Our unity stands.
What a noble,
Passionate people we be—
Offspring of dark men
Who yearned for liberty!
From slavery to sit-ins

We proved what a beautiful,
passionate, people we are!

Timothy Hughes
Marshall, Va.

The Natural Force of Gravity

When it rains, nature has released her
waters from the clouds. Once fallen,
nature has quenched the thirst of all
plants and animals and has moistened the
land so that the plants may grow;

Gravity is the element that pulls the rain
drops directly down to earth so that
Mother Nature may continuously fulfill
her kaleidoscopic life cycle;

It holds the little birds that perch outside
your window ledge and rest a moment
only to resume their flight;

The element is the force that lies between
your feet and the ground that permits you
to move freely in any direction and
subsequently coming to a brief resting
position after each transition;

Knowing that there is food neatly placed
on the grocery shelf; we are now seated
around the table to enlarge in size, thus
we are thankful that this force holds our
food in place;

It allows us to take long strolls in the
park, to reap the fresh air and to walk
hand in hand with the one we care for
very much;

To find ourselves indulging in the matter
day after day, it tends to bring on deep
thought; for without this incredible force
everything would float aimlessly away.

Brenda A. Baumgardner
Washington, D.C.

Acculturation

Colorless
Black people
rush aimfully
in the *whhhh*ite
direction.

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