

New Directions

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Poems

Editorial Staff

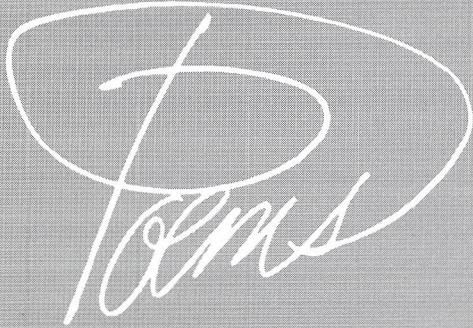
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**Urban Nomads
Children of the Nite**

urban nomads
wander crippled streets of pain
neglected nite children
need answers to remain
eyeball sockets deep pools of tears
and suit case relations make structure
hard
transportable adolescence in a concrete
jigsaw
tryin' to fit
young innocense unequipped
urban nomads
tangled in a steel belted/aluminum
quilted/maze
unable to trust suspicion's slaves
urban nomads
runnin'/side steppin'/alley lurkin'/train
hoppin'/freak
rockin'/to fear's disco twilight
emotions scrambled
and hunger's uptight
urban nomads
screamin' downtown/uptown/
crosstown/this town/your
bounds
spittin' faces on a carousel of deceit
no face can pity seek
urban nomads
bear silent sadness
after a wrecked smile
un/sheltered paranoia for tomorrow's
child
urban nomads
star trek an un/chartered slime
urban nomads
eldorado through hell and
pitch fork pimps nitemare shuttles of
hope
urban nomads
flirtin' the dangers of life
in this city that decays
children of the nite

Russ McCollin
Staten Island, N.Y.

Then Winter

Autumn is no more.
Its leaves of rust and auburn
Have ended their roaming romance
With the wind

At rest, now, they seek more settled
emotions
In the earth

December coaxed away the cool of
November
And suddenly, the season's breath is
cold
Or so frosted whispers would have us
believe
And we do, shivering in the electric air

Winter's day arrives brilliantly with
sun and sky
In gold and turquoise hue
On winged etchings, sparrows compli-
ment this chilled portrait
While puffs of clouds offer cosmetic
relief

And below it all,
Artistry is interpreted by silent,
scattered snowscapes

Then comes night, without gold,
without sparrows,
Without puffs of clouds
On a true winter's night, there are no
illusions of warm thoughts
Only bristling realities

And, the essence of the beauty
Is visible only to a special eye

As January summons forth its legions
of frozen forces
The land yields
Yet, in doing so
She dreams of summer's promise to
return

Autumn is no more.
For now, there is only winter
And in winter
There is no compromise

© M. J. Hassan
East Orange, N.J.

Shadows of Desire

Silent revolutionaries,
dressed in Pierre Cardin,
Yves St. Laurent,
Ann Klein,
Diane Von Furstenberg
carrying expensive leather cases,
look for screams in faces of smiles
broken men/women trapped
in dreams of tomorrow.

Silent revolutionaries
chatting third person –
detached
South Africa
Weber, Bakke
Viet Nam;
how soon we forget.

Silent revolutionaries
grown from seeds of injustice
ready to explode.
BOOM.

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We Are the People of Masks

We are the mask people
we wear our hearts
on our faces
we sing
we dance
we speak
and we wear masks
which tell
everything
that we need to know
about life,

About love,
About us
Because we are mask people
Masking unreality
and making real
what is – to know that
is to know a whole history.

Asante, M. K.
Williamsville, N.Y.

Completion

Not the running
 But the having run
Many have not finished
 Who begun
Not the concept thought of
 But the action done
Not embryonic stages
 But a babe well-formed
Not what you will be doing
 But what you have done
These make up life's plusses
 At the setting sun!

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Chillum, Md.
(From "Words of a Caribbean Woman," 1980.)

Hearts Beat Again

Think of our brothers and sisters
Who break the skin of the earth
Hammered, ground
And honed like knives.

Think of our brothers and sisters
Who break the skin of the earth
For swivel chair loungers
On corporate offices.

Think of our brothers and sisters
Whose blood and bones
Speak the language of the hills
Who burn in exploitation
Who burn
And live in degradation
And live.

Think of our brothers and sisters
Whose hearts beat again and again
Endlessly
Who are bound, gagged
Blindfolded
Who have no hands.

Think of our brothers and sisters
Who are heated
And honed like knives.

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