

New Directions

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Poems

Editorial Staff

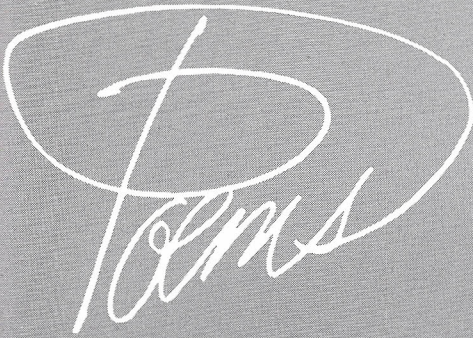
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Distant Thoughts

Let tomorrow bring
Whatever it will give
Today is the present
Today we must live
Yesterday's problems
Are today's shame
Today's problems
Are tomorrow's pain
Tomorrow we'd say
Yesterday was hell
But today we laugh
Because we're feeling swell

© Linda Jones Malonson
Ruleville, Miss.

Hell is a Place

Hell Is A
Place
Where my soul
Can weep

Hell Is A
Place
Where my mind
Can't sleep

Hell Is A
Place
Where I rest
In vain

Hell Is A
Place
Where I cry
In pain

Hell Is A
Place
Which I cannot
See

Hell Is A
Place
Which dominates
Me

Hell Is A
Place
Where there is
No dove

Hell Is A
Place
Which I do not
Love

Hell Is A
Place
Where I sigh
And sigh

Hell Is A
Place
Where I don't
Want to die.

Richard Lee Green Jr.
Nashville, Tenn.

Superman

Ah, my Brother, too soft you speak
No . . . it isn't your voice
But your mind that's weak
Weak from the strain of power to seek
The crumbs of fortune left to the meek.

Tell me, my Brother, is it the accolade
you miss
You seem to seek only the fleeting bliss
Of a one night stand, the proffered kiss
Until tomorrow when you question this
As the fantasy fades away in the mist.

Stand up, my Brother, on your own two
feet
I have no doubt you'll be hard to beat
And you'll find it easier yourself to meet
When you are your own master, no
matter the feat!

Minni Chapman
Landover, Md.

Scars

At day's end,
We take a nip
To patch the disproportionate scars
from unemployments' whip.
Tomorrow, some of us will begin again.

Wilma D. Perry
Silver Spring, Md.

Upon Meeting Dialectical Materialism

Every time
I hear
someone
speak
I expand
the bounds
of my map
of wisdom
and
the borders of
my ignorance
recede.

Njeri H. Nuru
Howard University

Time, too, is a body of water

it moves, flows
and ripples
slowly
quickly
continuously
scarcely beginning
or ending

Donna Donato
Howard University

New Directions, Vol. 8 [1981], Iss. 3, Art. 16 The Boat People of Haiti

on the third day
the wind again slapped at the small boat
water came through the cracks
we moved our large bundles of clothes
to the last dry spot beneath our bare feet

the women were hungry
but few things were left in the baskets
i held the hands of my wife
trying my best to comfort her

how far florida— she keeps asking

& it was the fourth day
when i told her
i did not know

the nights are horrible
they are worst than hunger
the cold so near
the stars so far
the water everywhere
rain falling now & then
the children sick with fever

i try to pray
but find myself too weak
i tell myself that death
will come in maybe one or two hours

i try to sleep
i sail this nightmare
to america

E. Ethelbert Miller
Howard University

Types of People

Some people burst out
like fountains
or act as the
raging sea
a few are firm as mountains
or sensitive as a willow tree

Feelings can be bitter as a
snowstorm
or hot as a summer day
feelings are dangerous when lukewarm
cause trust is far away

There are those who
are innocent as a rose
or guilty as dark grey clouds
some are independent as crows
are like locus traveling in a crowd

People can talk like
flowing rivers
or be quiet as a country road
some have souls as strong as ants
and carry twice their load
it's good being active as in dance
instead of stagnant and corrode

Iley Brown
Howard University

The Facts are Invisible

in our school
there is no talk of
Zimbabwe or Angola.
They tell me Martians
built our pyramidal
culture. Our history
is short lived.
Our present
obscured.
Our future
silenced.
i hear some
foreign news
of bloodshed
and struggle
i read a poem
scolding my apathy.
my apathy?
i am confused!

Stephanie Mills says
"i don't know
the NA.A.C.P.
and don't want to!
Being Black is depressing.
Angela Davis
is just a name."

in our neighborhood
Reggae is equivalent
to disco
and the only 'movement'
going 'round
is on the dance floor.

we don't even know
what's happening?

in our school
the poems are white chalk
and dispensable

The facts are invisible
there is an identity dying
amongst middle-class
elite

we have been brainwashed into
vocational conceit
and

Poets who write for
Poets are
neglecting their duty!

in our town
there is no
Johannesburg
no
Ghana
but
Sammy thinks
Cougarands
are good security
investments!

Romaine Harden
San Berdo, Ca.

NEW DIRECTIONS

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