

New Directions

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Poems

Editorial Staff

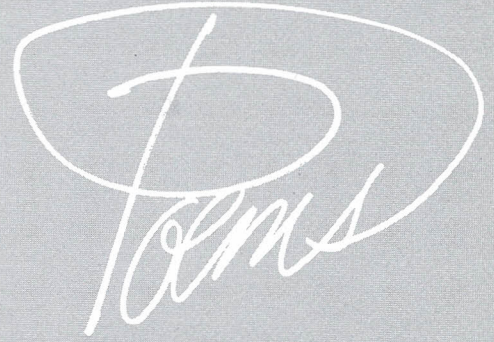
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Thoughts

From whence I came
You do not know;
But where I'm going
You're sure to follow.
To a mental level
Which takes you higher . . . higher,
Where there are not things
Such as brimstone and fire.
Destiny is the wave upon which we
ride.
Ups, then downs, no matter how hard
you stride.
But inevitably closer to that Source,
Which guides us all through our life's
course.

E. Mellenia DeCoteau Jones
Howard University

Same Stairway

We're
 different
 You
 and
 I
 Why?
You'd rather sit on the bottom step
Of the stairway I climb

Andre' J. Davis
Baltimore, Md.

Confusion

When we begin to mistake appearance
for substance
We miss the essence of life and accept
the trash
We become confused.
When we begin to fear time
We run to capture bits and pieces of
unfulfilled dreams
We court confusion.
When we exchange the little passions
of this life for the so called ecstasy
of eternity
We are no longer confused
We are floundering fools.
When we see the nights of our lives
filled with NOTHINGNESS
We blame the world and dance in
consecrated revelry of what us
be
We confuse the past with the present.
When we worship foolish pride and
view our reality through the win-
dow of materialism
We number our days to useless
existence
As we suffer in years of idiocy and
more years of confusion.
When we believe sending our youth to
war is an act of valour
And dupe them into fighting wars of
extermination
We shall never know the greatest act of
war is its ending.

When we believe our personal and
religious philosophy is the ultimate
truth
And try to force others to adhere to it
We force others into our own mold and
growth is impossible.
When we observe that our choices in
life are so overwhelming
And we no longer know our relation-
ship to one another
We feel only impermanence.
When we feel nothing and call it peace
We exchange our senses for a mess of
pottage
We seek inner solace, but we find
smoldering confusion.
When we see that only time simplifies
our thoughts
It is too late to recapture what is
beyond our grasp
We live in confusion, and we die in
confusion.

Janet R. Griffin
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NEW DIRECTIONS

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