

# New Directions

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## Poems

Editorial Staff

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### Still We Continue to Grow

As mere men we presume  
To think and feel  
In terms of the infinite.  
Knowing we are but finite creatures  
Clothed in the flawed flesh of mortality,  
Thinking of eternity, forever and always.  
Unable to understand fidelity and  
Faithfulness in a fast lane life.  
Always learning too soon that  
A life span is such a short time  
In which to live and grow and  
Come to know the ones we love.

We hurry along, falling short  
Of infinite desires...  
Looking for the next unchartered shore.  
Attempting to find a lifetime of loss.  
Always falling short...  
With never enough time  
In which to learn and grow  
And come to know the things we love.

As mere men we presume  
To think and feel  
In terms of the infinite  
With the knowledge we were meant  
To live forever and day...  
Still we continue to fall short  
As we continue to grow.

Ruthie Grant  
Houston, Tex.

### Here Lie my Ancestors (Dedicated to Your Ancestors and Mine)

Here lie my ancestors  
Mistreated and forgotten

Here lie my ancestors  
Poor, uneducated and downtrodden

Here lie my ancestors  
Who worked from sun to sun  
Never being paid for the work they had  
done

Here lie my ancestors  
Who toiled in dust  
Only in the love of God could they trust  
Never receiving monetary rewards  
Never being allowed to be free  
Never enjoying the beauty of liberty

Here lie my ancestors  
Without tombstones, without markers  
Without dignity or respect

Here lie my ancestors  
In unknown graves  
Nothing to tell us of the lives  
That they gave

Here lie my ancestors  
In an unknown place  
That had grown up in  
Brambles and bushes a forgotten  
disgrace!

They were the ones that bore  
The blunt of plantation life  
Through misery, broken hearts and strife

Here lie my ancestors  
Thank God almighty this day has finally  
arrived

To pay homage, pay tribute to those  
slaves that died  
The day has come to recognize those  
Africans' demise  
That we give credence to their existence  
To their contributions  
To their blood, sweat and tears  
To their lives that they unwillingly gave

Here lie my ancestors  
A people raped of a country  
A people raped of a homeland  
A people raped of a tradition  
A people raped of a heritage  
A people raped of a culture

Here lie my ancestors  
The God that you and I serve has blessed  
us to have  
The hearts and minds to rectify this long  
overdue tribute  
To their forgotten souls

Here lie my ancestors  
I feel their spirits rising  
From the dust  
I see their spirits ascending  
Into heaven  
I see them rejoicing on heaven's golden  
streets  
I see them resting here in peace!

Here lie my ancestors

Judith Saunders Burton  
Alexandria, Va.

### In The Days of My Ancestors

Flashing back in my mind, again  
& again, while eyeing  
an open field of tobacco

I see black hands & knees planted upon  
the earth,  
pulling weeds all day long  
in hostile fields of long ago

I hear black voices everywhere,  
exchanging note after note—  
just singing folk songs

I taste the cold water  
of old pumps & wells  
that they long to quench their thirst

I feel the relentless heat  
of the hot sun  
on sprawling plants & crawling bodies

I smell the aroma  
of collards & cornbread  
escaping the plantation house

Yet these ancestors of mine  
left a history deep in the old South  
that we have grown to proclaim

Lenard D. Moore  
San Diego, Ca.



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