

New Directions

Volume 11 | Issue 4

Article 10

10-1-1984

Poems

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Recommended Citation

Staff, Editorial (1984) "Poems," *New Directions*: Vol. 11: Iss. 4, Article 10.

Available at: <https://dh.howard.edu/newdirections/vol11/iss4/10>

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Research Paper

They call it work, but
I call it project
slighting its name.

research paper
heavy
for the one
who has to bear it
like marriage
it makes a lot
of turns
returns,
twists,
leaps
& crossings.

project completed
life is like bowling
a perfect game,
twelve strikes in a row.

*Girma Tessema Wubshet
Silver Spring, Md.*

The Humming of the Bones

before time
before I had any conception
of the I of me I sat on
my hands until feeling
feeling drained from
the flesh

I thought as a beast
without question
that was blind instinct
driving me on

maybe I forgot to forget
the stabbing faces
snorting memory—
less through fields of
haste
that I was Mr. where-are-you-man
Mr. face-of-blue-lights
Mr. cloud-man not
knowing why

the clouds I am speaking of
are all dead by now
no longer are tears stones
I squeeze from my eyes

I accept life's rhythms
realizing that all is
God-speeded or God-
slowed for reasons
unbeknownst to
mankind

and blood?
what is blood but bridges

more and more I keep
my distance from
the weathermakers of gloom
who turn privacy inside out

and I have come to appreciate
the velvety perfumed
presence absent in a stone's
bone-white rose

*Robert Bowie
College Park, Md.*

Cold Shoulders

Reared rurally
Down in the Baptist belt
Community, unity and support
I always felt,

Big cities in the North
Aroused my curiosity
Downtown lights on all night
Executive opportunity,

University grad into fads
Said goodbye to mom and dad
They looked so sad
I'm no longer a lad
Going North can't be all that bad,

Cold weather, cold shoulders
Can't be yourself
Gotta act a little older,

Making the weekly dollar
In a white collar
High class I am at last,

Greeting me with nods
Is this a facade?
Who cares about your past?

Working and playing in the big city
Getting you down?
Who will have pity
At a glance
All are hi-sidity,

Acceptance
If you keep your distance

Friendship
Depends on your dollars and cents,

University grad into fads
Said goodbye to mom and dad
They looked so sad
Going North can't be all that bad,

Cold weather, cold shoulders
Can't be yourself
Gotta act a little older.

*Iley Brown, Jr.
Washington, D. C.*

NEW DIRECTIONS

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