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Poems

Editorial Staff

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Shall I Speak Of Seniors?

Shall I speak of Seniors
Whose years are chiseled
In rugged oak
And mirrored
In dewy eyes
Of memories
Recollected over
And over again?

Shall I speak of Seniors
Whose cries
Of abandonment
And loneliness
Are pines for
Children who
No longer care?

Shall I speak of Seniors
Whose silver hair
Echoes shimmery
Gossamer threads
Of wisdom
That only time
Can bring?

Shall I speak of Seniors
Whose aches and pains
Struggle in bodies
That seem to forsake
All too soon?

Shall I speak of Seniors
Whose blood
And guts
Moved mountains of clouds
For visions of sun
Too often forgotten?

I shall speak to Seniors
Whose spirit of heroism
Has seen many sunrises
And are more
Than mirages
On the sands
Of seas.

Janet R. Griffin
Howard University

Generations

Watching the man
Wrinkled
Like bark
The boy smiled
And smiled
Like an open piano

Girma Tessema Wubishet
Howard University

Our Finest Hours

rust relics and ruination
behind us
at least momentarily
we set out at breath of
dawn to honor the dreamlaw
stumbling like drunks
in the lemon-glaze of lovelight
we breeze under the confessional
trees with their feathered
singers adolcescing in
birdplay

we are members of the illuminati
distrustful of conclusionists
and their hasty letters of
concern

such brief brief moments
of happiness they share
pity

if it be not joy lived
let it be joy dreamed

we go where
the invisible needle of
a compass regards everything
as tremulous degrees
the cooling scarves of wind
tossed around our necks
we marvel at the random widths
of ebullition ice-flowers
display before obeying
the edict that all
things must fade

we go with the endorsement of
a life-force determined as
swifts which eyelash behind
vitreous waterfalls to
cave-nest virtually
free from
predators

often
in not finding what we
set out to find
we find something better
which at the time
seemed something less

we are the candlemakers
we are the candlewalkers
stooping to touch flame to
the charred wicks
of the dimmed and the
downed

Robert Bowie
College Park, Md.



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Department of Publications
Howard University
Washington, D. C. 20008