

# New Directions

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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.*





# NEW DIRECTIONS

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