

New Directions

Volume 15 | Issue 1

Article 8

1-1-1988

Poems

Editorial Staff

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dh.howard.edu/newdirections>

Recommended Citation

Staff, Editorial (1988) "Poems," *New Directions*: Vol. 15: Iss. 1, Article 8.

Available at: <https://dh.howard.edu/newdirections/vol15/iss1/8>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Howard @ Howard University. It has been accepted for inclusion in New Directions by an authorized editor of Digital Howard @ Howard University. For more information, please contact digitalservices@howard.edu.



Hitchhiker, Winter '74

hitchhiker
 pinched
 by Winter's cold
 knees trembling
 like water
 in a brass bowl
 traipsed
 the streets and roads.

 nothing goes right anymore.

 hitchhiker
 has been waiting
 for eight hours
 for someone to stop
 and the people
 just
 keep
 passing
 him
 by.

 freezing rain
 storm
 leave hitchhiker
 shivering
 devoid of any home.

Girma Tessema Wubishet
 Howard University

What then

what then
 if terrestrial music
 bearing broken strains
 sweep over ridges of mountains
 while
 whippoorwills and field sparrows
 serenade
 the morning wind.

 when then
 if the sun rises
 throwing off
 its nocturnal clothing of mist
 in morning's quiet serenity
 while
 intervals of gentle rain
 kiss lazy weeping willows.

 what then
 if eternity
 peeps from behind
 the farthest remote star
 reminding the slumbering world
 of uninterrupted creation
 echoing in ripples
 of smooth rainbows.

 what then
 if what is beautiful
 and
 what is sublime
 are mirrored
 from shore to shore
 if few have eyes
 and
 fewer still have ears.

Janet R. Griffin
 Howard University

Upsidedownsia

everlasting is a ruse darkness
 has pulled on the
 light
 believe me
 the light will rise
 again
 to be exact in precisely
 eleven minutes

 when tearspell is norm
 waylessness the way
 where voices are ears and
 emergency exists become
 slow beginnings
 and since
 hate is love it must be
 concluded that everything's
 brother mostly (That is most
 everything) is upset or
 overturned or is helter-skelter
 but confused

 well the final hope is
 to put the down on top of
 the up
 death (defeated) will stand on
 his head like a clown
 and we can go back
 to the good old days
 when bluffing was bluffing

Robert Bowie
 College Park, Md.

Chinatown

in the morning
 she would hold his
 hands against the light
 translucent hands like the torn
 shade at her window
 in the morning
 she would hold his hands
 against the light
 like fans from the orient
 she would hold them close
 to her face.

E. Ethelbert Miller
 Howard University

NEW DIRECTIONS

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