

New Directions

Volume 15 | Issue 3

Article 10

7-1-1988

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. 3, Article 10.

Available at: <https://dh.howard.edu/newdirections/vol15/iss3/10>

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.

The Promise Land

When
by the outskirts of the
universe
I see palmtrees bow
their heads as the
eastern
winds wheeze through
them
and
when I see the creamy
mist
and
the mighty free flowing
body of her majesty
the Zambezi
river
I
to myself whisper
"This is the promise land"

Then
slowly
as night bows out to
daylight,
I see the Promise Land
grow grey:
Generous chunks of mud
sleep here and there
Brown springs sprout
there and here
But the seer drinks his
beer and goes gay
Dust powders man and
thing
The jigger knows not
where to feed
But a white bird perches
on my fruits before
they are ripe
And I harvest its leaves
with a furrowed face
till I am twenty-five years
old.

I hear skylarks' monotone
song being drowned
as a mamba
emerges from the ocean
Manly kinsmen like
christmas fowls
quench in obscene
corner
The mimosa's head is
crushed as he tries to
verb our legend

The native
a beggar
sees his hand cut by the
super saloon mamba

But was that long ago
Surely not during Mongo
Park's days

Fresh
new, sweet smelling grass
is beginning to fill my
air

Who will stop the mamba
and save my coffee
plants

Sim E. Kombem
Howard University

seek

seek
words of truth
and
calmness will
claim the soul.

seek
natural joy
and
rejoice
within.

seek
inner harmony
and
peace will abide.

seek
love
and
mountains will
cry aloud.

Janet R. Griffin
Howard University

Revelations

Radically reaching — in
a skull crest — when
the tired brain surges
with enough current
to make a connection
once more (in spite
of life's distractions) —
to better understand the
world's push-and-pull-
drama — there occurs —
now and again — an
exquisite illuminated
moment when maps of
the self become
readable and hitherto-
unknown paths are
revealed in the dense
foliage — then the
thought-sponge
drains sea-flat (can) —
turns calm in
questionlessness —
or unbecomes — so that
the apex is eclipsed
by the nadir and
the powerful
undercurrents which
are ever moving
are nowhere to be
seen for the moment.

Robert Bowie
College Park, Md.



NEW DIRECTIONS

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