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Poems

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Circle of Peace

This is a place in time
 . . . a moment
 Where living beings
 may dwell;
 Our tranquil spirits, our
 harmonious relation
 Will ring
 world-freedom's bell.

A symphony of souls in
 a common pursuit
 Of peace and mutual
 accord,
 Will light the nights,
 turn wrongs to right . . .
 At home as well as
 abroad.

The calm of peace, like
 a river can flow;
 Hostilities can come to
 an end.
 Hatred and wars can be
 dealt a death blow,
 And peoples of the
 world can be friends.

This circle of peace can
 orbit
 To the realms of
 Heaven's door;
 One step in the spirit of
 universal love
 Can bring peace
 forevermore.

This circle of peace can
 halt the tears—
 Endured throughout the
 years;
 This light of eternal love
 Can drive away all fears.

This peace . . . this love
 . . . this life . . . this
 breath . . .
 This gift . . . this spirit
 . . . more powerful than
 death.
 This strength . . . this
 voice . . . this feeling . . .
 this mind . . .
 Can cure the hunger of
 all mankind.

For peace, untroubled,
 the whole world yearns.
 Leaders negotiate at the
 table.
 The torch of freedom
 now dimly, unstably
 burns,
 But with God's help we
 are able.

For the circle of peace,
 through our moral
 release
 Will heal the wounds,
 the scars, the pain.
 Our hard work will
 make oppression cease,
 And our world will be
 right again.

Oh, circle of peace,
 share a moment's
 silence . . .
 Feel the power within
 your soul.
 Let's reconcile and live a
 while—
 In peace—both young
 and old.

Peola Butler Dews
Winter Park, FL

Murals of Great Despair

tomorrow promises
 nothing
 significant is today
 holding up the stilts of
 dying prosperity
 bursting at the seams
 like the empty pop-belly
 of a starved child
 on the filth infested
 streets
 of destitute poverty
 where hunger pains
 haunt homeless visions
 blurred by years of
 neglect
 that has no class
 conscious
 in a rich land
 of great expectations

Stanley R. Thomas
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

African's World View

black hair
 entangled
 by white hair
 endless complication
 traipsing
 to be thorough.

Girma Tessema Wubishet
Howard University

The Sun Sweeps

the sun sweeps
 hot but gentle
 bathing distinguishable
 warmth
 in its perpetual wake
 pressing faintly
 its mysterious light
 falling at dust
 in the fulness of time
 each day
 rather more quickly
 in spirit
 give
 to reminiscence
 rather than
 to dance.

janét r. griffin
Columbia, MD

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