Poems

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Bicentennial: What can we do to help?
We reach out continuously to those that don’t want to be touched, and love those that don’t desire to be loved.
We write, but no one reads.
We express, but no one hears.
We expend ourselves waiting on those that never come, cook dinners for guests that arrive late, and who are not hungry.
We work so others might eat, Slave so that our own will have a home.
We listen and shed tears over a sentimental song, and remember lovers, we still wish we had.
We miss our dead Aunties who were more understanding, and yet, we never visit their gravesites.
We have re-occuring dreams that old so and so came and took our man away.
But why? Is suffering so important?
We take the bitter with the sweet cause we are strong, Black, slave, loving women, chained, maimed, mauled, beaten, bruised, forgotten, gullible, loved, limited, cautious, creative, and desirable.

Expand
Experience your life, don’t hide beneath your face
Leave sinful thoughts behind, join the human race
Fulfill all your dreams don’t leave them in a bind
Cause dreaming is a favor existing for mankind
Eliminate distrust and all your thoughts of hate
Bound loosely in your head at a golden gate
Watch out for the blues, you know they want a part
In your class of feelings that have no end or start
Experience yourself while letting yourself know
If you want to be on stage in your own life show
Believe me I won’t school you on this natural act
That’s put on by your mind and life is a fact
So experience yourself don’t live your time too fast
Start living for the future and live down all the past
Joseph Oliver
Arlington, Va.

The Elephant Hunt
All day we wandered into the forest;
The sun was high; the eagles were above
In the skies to stare at the living dead.
On and on we trekked till we could see no more,
We made the fire, and prepared the evening meal,
To feel fat our hunger, and rest our aching feet.
Around the fire we danced, singing, jumping and telling the tale of our lives;
The past, the present, and the future.
Till the king of the forest (the lion) called for order.
It was time to retire, but we spoke Of the big elephant, the small elephant, The dead elephant, and the one which got away.

K. Pobbi-Asamani
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The Presidential Race
(Promises, Promises!)
I think I’ll run for President!
Here are my credentials . . .
And, my fellow countrymen,
They’re MORE than MERE ESSENTIALS:
I’ll pat dogs’ heads and kiss all babies—
Thus running the risk of measles and rabies!
Stick out your hand, and I’ll shake it;
Ask me for cake, and I’ll bake it!
I’ll turn water almost into wine;
I’ll rid the world of prejudiced swine!
I’ll build “high-risers” up in the stars,
With rent-free housing on the planet Mars!
I’ll raise all teachers’ “take-home” pay
To a hundred thousand dollars a day!
A ninety per cent tax CUT I’ll propose,
And I’ll meet all opponents nose to nose!
I’ll stop all wars with a wave of my hand,
And bring Peace and Love to our troubled land!
Let me tell you, it’s the WOMAN’S TOUCH
That our country needs so much!
’Tis WOMAN who makes the world go round;
’Tis SHE who’ll make the dollar sound!
And since I am of this persuasion,
I take advantage of this occasion
To let you know that I’m available...
With a record unassailable!
My dear friends, I’ll make you see
That I’M a MUST that JUST MUST BE!
THESE are things that you should NOTE,
When it’s time for you to VOTE!
So, I’m SURE I’ll run for PRESIDENT!
I’ve GIVEN MY CREDENTIALS . . .
And, my fellow countrymen,
They’re MORE than MERE ESSENTIALS!
(I THANK you for LISTENING!!!)
Valerie Parks Brown
Washington, D. C.

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