Poems

Editorial Staff

Follow this and additional works at: http://dh.howard.edu/newdirections

Recommended Citation
Staff, Editorial (1978) "Poems," New Directions: Vol. 6: Iss. 1, Article 10.
Available at: http://dh.howard.edu/newdirections/vol6/iss1/10

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 administrator of Digital Howard @ Howard University. For more information, please contact lopez.matthews@howard.edu.
When Things Go Wrong

When from within or without
Things go wrong
And cherished dreams are shattered
And Hope - on her last ebb
Squats on the edge of the yawning mouth of doom's coffin
And when time sends you to the mercy of those you once knew and well trusted
And when the best of those you once knew and well trusted send you back
Naked and weaponless to the lonesome bushes of fate
Then you think and bitterly lament
But before you cool
And sharpen the spikes of your time's revenge
You think... And deeply think
And through memories of your mind's eye you trace back until you find the place... And know where you went wrong: when you jump without joy.

Hence you decide to burn... Those flimsy fibres in your soul's nest where kindness hatches her eggs, and hovers and watches the needy ones like an eagle above her own.

I feel peace...
Asante, M.K.
Williamsville, N.Y.

Time, in Black and White
[Colored People's Time]
What good is promptness in returning a call—
A most White thing to do—
If the call is to say,
No, we have no openings,
Or, yes, that's right,
You owe $50 more.

The meaning of colored people's time
Is never to be on time,
But always to be there,
Sometimes,
Sooner or later,
Often-times, later.
That's the bad part.

But at least you know,
When colored people come,
They most often bring,
Not negatives,
But positives, like,
A kind word,
A tender caress,
A kiss,
A joint,
Good sex,
All of these.
That's the good part.

I, Charles Washington
Washington, D.C.

Missing
You don't miss living
until life is dead
How can you miss memories
when they're in your head
You don't miss having fun
because it's always there
We do miss sharing joy
because real love is rare
You don't miss struggling
until you've reached the top
then you lacked security
because you quickly drop
You don't miss your company
until you're all alone
Then you missed your funeral
because you died unknown
You don't miss a good chance
until it slips right by
Then you miss your effort
because you never try
You don't miss that good health
until you end up lame
We take our health for granted
once we don't feel the same
You don't miss what's given
until it's been reclaimed
What was yours is now missing
and you feel ashamed
When we miss temptations
we haven't met our needs
To chase after possession
means you live in greed
You shouldn't miss the ole days
or thrive on the past
Today must be dealt with
and the future is vast
You need not miss a friendship
if it was in vain
There's no need for sadness
since there was no gain
You don't miss acceptance
until you've been refused
You don't need your feelings
if they're being used
So we don't know what's missing
until the loss is felt
You don't know your playing hand
until the cards are dealt

Iley Brown Jr.
Howard University

Seasons
i could have said you are killing yourself
before life fled from pain
but my heart was silent as the napping
afternoon.
revealing the glaring fecundity of
contrasting temperaments

I project-
spanning your shadow from the heights
of amorality
swinging in times duality.
situational complexities evidence
re-creation
in the proponderance of external
confirmation
the sun smiles and challenges.

i could have said you are killing yourself
before life fled from pain
but my heart was silent as the napping
afternoon.
revealing the glaring fecundity of
corresponding temperaments

i project -
spanning your shadow from the heights
of amorality
swinging in times duality.
situational complexities evidence
re-creation
in the proponderance of external
confirmation
the sun smiles and challenges.

© 1977 Imani Constance Johnson
Staff: Poems