Poems

Editorial Staff

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Thoughts
From whence I came
You do not know,
But where I'm going
You're sure to follow.
To a mental level
Which takes you higher . . . higher,
Where there are not things
Such as brimstone and fire.
Destiny is the wave upon which we
ride.
Ups, then downs, no matter how hard
you stride.
But inevitably closer to that Source,
Which guides us all through our life's
course.
E. Mellenia DeCoteau Jones
Howard University

Confusion
When we begin to mistake appearance
for substance
We miss the essence of life and accept
the trash
We become confused.
When we begin to fear time
We run to capture bits and pieces of
unfulfilled dreams
We court confusion.
When we exchange the little passions
of this life for the so called ecstasy
of eternity
We are no longer confused
We are floundering fools.
When we see the nights of our lives
filled with NOTHINGNESS
We blame the world and dance in
consecrated revelry of what we
be
We confuse the past with the present.
When we worship foolish pride and
view our reality through the window
of materialism
We number our days to useless
existence
As we suffer in years of idiocy and
more years of confusion.
When we believe sending our youth to
war is an act of valour
And dupe them into fighting wars of
extermination
We shall never know the greatest act of
war is its ending.

Same Stairway
We're
different
You
and
I
Why?
You'd rather sit on the bottom step
Of the stairway I climb
Andre' J. Davis
Baltimore, Md.
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