Poems

Editorial Staff

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Still We Continue to Grow

As mere men we presume
To think and feel
In terms of the infinite.
Knowing we are but finite creatures
Clothed in the flawed flesh of mortality,
Thinking of eternity forever and always.
Unable to understand fidelity and
Faithfulness in a fast lane life.
Always learning too soon that
A life span is such a short time
In which to live and grow and
Come to know the ones we love.
We hurry along, falling short
Of infinite desires...
Looking for the next unchartered shore.
Attempting to find a lifetime of loss.
Always falling short...
With never enough time
In which to learn and grow
And come to know the things we love.
As mere men we presume
To think and feel
In terms of the infinite
With the knowledge we were meant
To live forever and day...
Still we continue to fall short
As we continue to grow.

Ruthie Grant
Houston, Tex.

Here Lie my Ancestors

Here lie my ancestors
Mistreated and forgotten
Here lie my ancestors
Poor, uneducated and downtrodden
Here lie my ancestors
Who worked from sun to sun
Never being paid for the work they had done
Here lie my ancestors
Who toiled in dust
Only in the love of God could they trust
Never receiving monetary rewards
Never being allowed to be free
Never enjoying the beauty of liberty.
Here lie my ancestors
Without tombstones, without markers
Without dignity or respect.
Here lie my ancestors
In unknown graves
Nothing to tell us of the lives
That they gave.
Here lie my ancestors
In an unknown place
That had grown up in
Brambles and bushes a forgotten disgrace!
They were the ones that bore
The blunt of plantation life
Through misery, broken hearts and strife.
Here lie my ancestors
Thank God almighty this day has finally arrived
To pay homage, pay tribute to those
Slaves that died.
The day has come to recognize those
Africans’ demise
That we give credence to their existence
To their contributions
To their blood, sweat and tears
To their lives that they unwillingly gave.
Here lie my ancestors
A people raped of a country
A people raped of a homeland
A people raped of a tradition
A people raped of a heritage
A people raped of a culture
Here lie my ancestors
The God that you and I serve has blessed us to have
The hearts and minds to rectify this long overdue tribute
To their forgotten souls.
Here lie my ancestors
I feel their spirits rising
From the dust
I see their spirits ascending
Into heaven.
I see them rejoicing on heaven’s golden streets
I see them resting here in peace.
Here lie my ancestors
Judith Saunders Burton
Alexandria, Va.

In The Days of My Ancestors

Flashing back in my mind, again
& again, while eyeing
an open field of tobacco
I see black hands & knees planted upon
the earth,
pulling weeds all day long
in hostile fields of long ago.
I hear black voices everywhere,
exchanging note after note—
just singing folk songs
I taste the cold water
of old pumps & wells
that they long to quench their thirst
I feel the relentless heat
of the hot sun
on sprawling plants & crawling bodies
I smell the aroma
of collards & cornbread
escaping the plantation house
Yet these ancestors of mine
left a history deep in the old South
that we have grown to proclaim

Lenard D. Moore
San Diego, Ca.