Poems

Editorial Staff
I Have Learned

I have learned to write wordless poems
with images vivid as dreams,
because critics have advised
not to preach and not to tell—
but show like a motion picture.

I have learned...
I have learned how I will grow:
if I write of what I know!

Leonard D. Moore
San Diego, Ca.

Sad Tune

don't place a time
on my grief
or shake your head
when you see me weep
but better yet
walk a mile
in my pantaloons
then you may have more empathy
when you hear
my sad tune.

Don't ignore me
when you see
the pain in my eye
or ask a silly question
“i wonder why?”
but remember what you see
that darkens my way
may later stalk
and block your path
another day.

so don't sit in judgment
and play god with me
saying i should be
thankful
for what is left me
for life is too short
and over too soon
to fake happiness
from a sad tune.

Janet R. Griffin
Howard University

Keeping the Faith

as in olden days
we place our faith
at the top of candles
only now it’s a ceremony
we enact half-consciously
dimly our hours pass
our fingers busy with
the business of the day
as wicks snapping in
a draft

and what is it we light up
besides a darkening room
with its moany walls
vising-in like
starless heavens

is it the unknowable promise
of a future steeped however
in vicissitudes
dissembling clouds
breaking up momentarily
to reunite siblings of
the-head to
the starfold

Robert Bowie
College Park, Md.