Poems

Editorial Staff

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

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dh.howard.edu/newdirections/vol15/iss1/8

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.
Hitchhiker, Winter '74

hitchhiker
pinched
by Winter's cold
knees trembling
like water
in a brass bowl
traipsed
the streets and roads.
nothing goes right anymore.
hitchhiker
has been waiting
for eight hours
for someone to stop
and the people
just
keep
passing
him
by.
freezing rain
storm
leave hitchhiker
shivering
devoid of any home.
Girma Tessema Wubishet
Howard University

What then
what then
if terrestrial music
bearing broken strains
sweep over ridges of mountains
while
whippoorwills and field sparrows
serenade
the morning wind.
when then
if the sun rises
throwing off
its nocturnal clothing of mist
in morning's quiet serenity
while
intervals of gentle rain
kiss lazy weeping willows.
what then
if eternity
peeps from behind
the farthest remote star
reminding the slumbering world
of uninterrupted creation
echoing in ripples
of smooth rainbows.
what then
if what is beautiful
and
what is sublime
are mirrored
from shore to shore
if few have eyes
and
fewer still have ears.
Janet R. Griffin
Howard University

Upsidedownisia
everlasting is a ruse
darkness has pulled on the
light
believe me
the light will rise
again
to be exact in precisely
eleven minutes
when tearspell is norm
waylessness the way
where voices are ears and
emergency exists become
slow beginnings
and since
hate is love it must be
concluded that everything's
brother mostly (That is most
everything) is upset or
overturned or is helter-skelter
but confused
well the final hope is
to put the down on top of
the up
death (defeated) will stand on
his head like a clown
and we can go back
to the good old days
when bluffing was bluffing
Robert Bowie
College Park, Md.

Chinatown
in the morning
she would hold his
hands against the light
translucent hands like the torn
shade at her window
in the morning
she would hold his hands
against the light
like fans from the orient
she would hold them close
to her face.
E. Ethelbert Miller
Howard University

Published by Digital Howard @ Howard University,