Poems

Editorial Staff

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Your purpose guards our earth
our people keeping
alive all our struggle, hope
for budding

Girma Tesssema Wubishet
Howard University

Messages of Life
messages of life are red
with tears and tragedies
humanity hangs on absurdities
the curtain of life falls daily
with no perceptible end yet
stumbling and groping through
bewildering chaos serve
no useful purpose either.

janet r. griffin
Howard University

Reclaim, Reconnect, Renew
I sat quietly
Like a Lion in tall grass
stalking its prey
Then moved slowly, gradually
Edging my way
Moving almost motionlessly
In complete control of every muscle
Then stopped,
Sat quietly,
Blended into my surroundings
With eyes fixed on the mark
Then when the time was right I pounced on it
Snatched it up
Like a fisherman yanking his rod out of the water
Pulled it towards me
It’s mine! Was taken from me

Now I’ve got it back
With patience, knowledge, and enduring strength
I have regained the culture that was once taken From me and my people

The people, the riches, and the culture Were taken from Afrika The land of the Black people My people

The sweet fruit of Afrika Plucked Dispersed Made to almost rot By the hands of others Pulled from the life giving vine

The fruit of Afrika has not rotted Even with a new look It is still the fruit of Afrika A raisin is a grape left for dead But closer examination reveals it as the same fruit With a new look

The fruit of Afrika will learn of the true vine And respect it for the life it gave The fruit Afrika will reclaim its vine Even though others tried to connect to it The real seeds of the fruit of Afrika will reconnect Even though birthed in other soil These seeds will form their own vines And gradually, Grow, reclaim and reconnect With the mother vine Forming one strong unified vine And the unified vine will grow stronger Fertilized by the fruit it produces

Wanda Winbush
Washington, D.C.