

LITERARY

The Walls

Once thought impossible,
A miracle has happened,
The Berlin wall,
Built to divide,
The German people,
Is being destroyed,
And a people released,
From an iron grip.
Here we see,
How mankind can change,
And we are given hope,
For our children's world.
Yet, as the dust settles,
And the celebration ends,
We are forced to realize,
That several walls remain.
A wall of ideology,
Separates American and Soviet.
A wall of racism,
Keeps South Africa segregated.
The politics of religion,
Support the wall in Ulster.
In Canada,
The wall of language,
Makes our nation weak.
And for each of us,
Some personal wall,
Of fear or hatred,
Mistrust or ignorance,
Keeps us apart,
From those around us.
These walls remain,
But can be destroyed,
If each of us,
Looks at this own life,
Our ideas and actions,
And in some small way,
Help tear down the walls.

Duke

TELEPHONE

you can't ever leave it
alone
reckless squall
some stupid insect
to be squashed and killed
wham

you humor
insistent dreams
spoiled child
claiming your palm
too quick
your cheek
gentling its cry

sounds fall soft
mouth warm to eager
mouth
responsive
tongue curls
lubricant
in whorls of inner ear
as i
am put on hold

Diane Reid

MY PRAYER

Escort me spirit of my ego
Escort me spirit of my ancestors
When lonely on a lonely road
Escort me
When lonely on a crowd road
Escort me spirit of my ancestors

Escort me spirit of my ego
Escort me spirit of my ancestors
When my cock never crows at dawn
Escort me
When by hen eats its own eggs
Escort me spirit of my ancestors

Escort me spirit of my ego
Escort me spirit of my ancestors
When I hide my naked hide
Escort me
When I bargain my ancestral pride
Escort me spirit of my ancestors

Edet Foluso Archibong

To Sobanjo: the tree without fruits

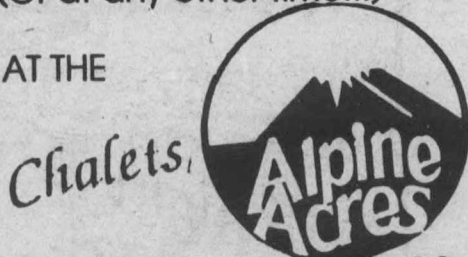
i wish i came with one of the rains of 1900
i wish i dropped with one of the snows of 1900
but in one gutter i found myself
groping for the life that was not in sight
groping for the life that was far away
my father's name is mystery
my mother's name is mystery
my birth is mysterious
the day i came to the world
i cried i have come i have come
but no father's kisses greeted me
and no mother's warmth enveloped me
it was the water of the rotten gutter
that stretched out its hands in flamboyant mockery
chanting welcome son welcome son
how i wish i came with the rains of 1900
and dropped with the snows of 1900

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