

Poetry

do you know her
Famous movie star
riding in her long, black car
no one understands
doesn't think they even can

do they love her
Most nights she's home alone
waiting by her telephone
loneliness walks in

does he love her
It's been years, and she's gone far
riding in her long, black car
but still she's all alone

they don't love her
they forgot her....

Trina 80



DWAYNE MCLAUGHLIN Photo

Sometimes,
I really don't know
what I can do
how to tell people
what I feel.
So instead,
I may write a poem
like this one
Trying to find a way
to let my emotions
flow
to release a bit
of my frustration
It's all pretty trite
it's all been done before
but it's no good
if I don't try
to do something
of my own,
to leave a part
of myself.
Even if I fuck up
at least I tried
to say something
to whoever cares

Kevin C. Backs



DWAYNE MCLAUGHLIN Photo

PAINLOVE

staring in her eyes and the
others all forgotten
wonder sometimes, asleep
lying,
toying with lovers at
the thousand bloodless erections
and the dream recurs
waking, in a moment
you'd draw the knife across
her cheek
and your eyes shaded
shadowed
to tend her wounds
and speak
be gentle
she can bleed for both of
you whisper in her ear
and thin-lipped smiling
touch her face
screaming, next to the wall
hard stone dimpled fist at your
temple

M.J. Corbett
Nov. 9, 1980

THIRD FLOOR WINDOW PAINTED DARK

Girl on the sidewalk corner
long black coat and wind
winter trees; birds not flying
shiver
hands frozen and a frown
and staying there; time
with many footsteps passes
she unmoving watches
perhaps but no not now not
ever maybe
and
footsteps passing

M.J. Corbett
Nov. 10, 1980

TIME

Time,
What is past,
Is past;
But the Future,
Could be the past,
Merely redressed.

John M. Erskine
1 Nov. 1980

LOVE

Love;
It warms the soul,
Like the gentle touch
Of a beautiful woman,
On a moonlit night.

John M. Erskine
1 Nov. 1980

WRITE ME A POEM

Write me a poem of muck and mire
And stench and death and bloody barbed wire
Of Buchenwald and assassinations
Garbage filled streets and gun toting nations.

Write me a poem of starving black babies
of rickets and rape and riots and rabies
of syphilis and shame and nothing but smut
of jealousy and hate and greed and glut.

Write me a poem praising gross, fat men
Who dictate humble lives with their new gold pen
Of severance men who enjoy sleeping late
And Sunday cough up fifty cents for the plate.

Write me a poem of man making hell
So I see that its wrong till my spirit rebels
And grepples its way to a new higher plain
Till it climbs to a firm ground and fresh air again.

And I'll write a poem of kindness and truth
And bright laughing childhood and firm, steadfast youth
Of love and compassion, and care for each other
Of man in God's image, of man as man's brother.

Malcolm