

MY FATHER'S SONG

I never heard my fathers song,
The rich, warm airs that filled our home.
My father sang to me
In flowing rythms of past youths.
But I had no song
of my own.

I never listened to my father's voice.
The full, blazing crescendos
And softer, mystic pastorals.
Somehow he resonates yet in me
Filling chambers I never knew,
Providing resolutions to dissonance.

I never stopped to hear
His odes, ballads, and laments.
Once he sang an elegy;
That to my grandfather.

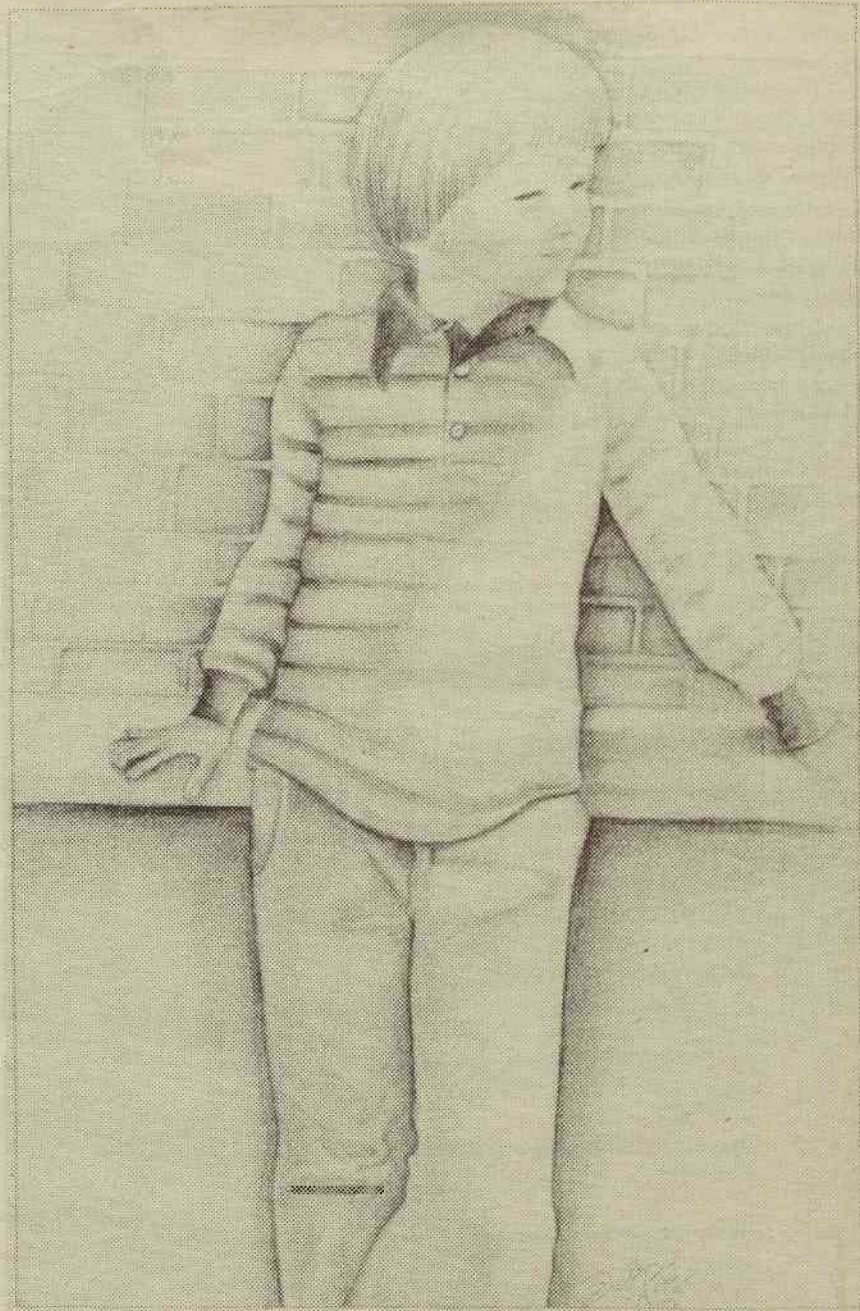
Apprentices do not learn easy.
I couldn't hear because
The melodies were obscure
and the harmonies
I could never sing.

I didn't hear.
I was impatient,
To sit in silence
In a world of voices.

Fragments of melody sort through my head,
What I thought was noise
Is a symphony.

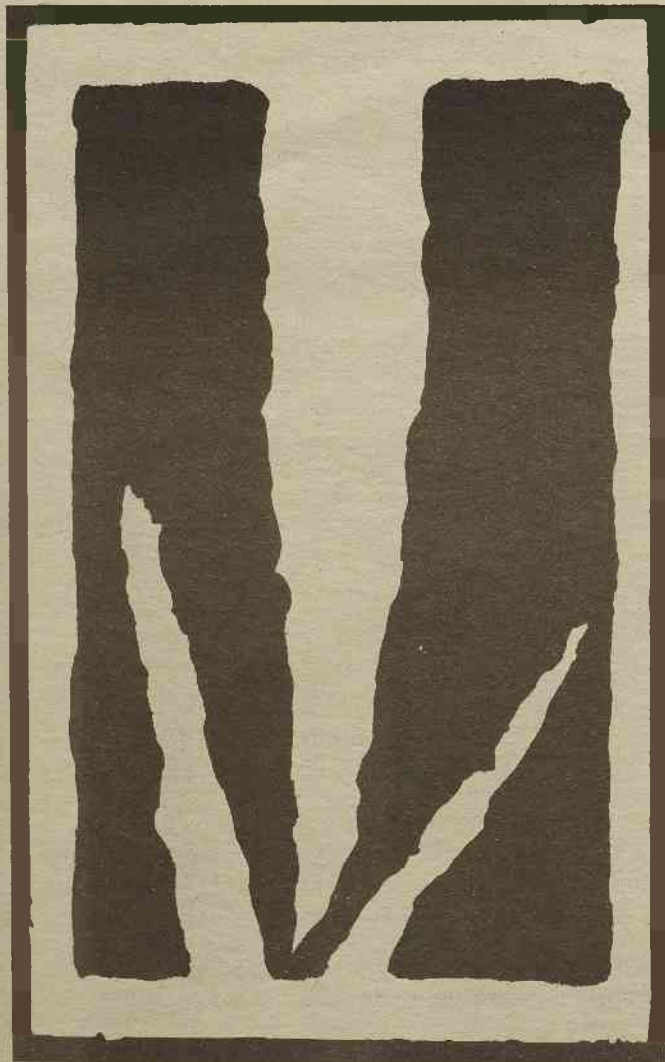
My voice stirs within me.
These songs yet its own.
It is a voice familiar
That sings the rare strains
I never listened to.

Jim Evins



Frankie

Drawing by Deloris Wade



Print by Schell Simpson

ELIZABETH

She's three years old
And oh so happy
It takes little to make her happy —
Together we...
ride the merry-go-round, make cookies,
read stories, eat chocolate ice cream cones,
swing, play hide-and-seek, run errands,
pop popcorn, and take walks —
Her mind is yet developing and she asks many
questions like...
what the ants have inside their tiny hills,
Why I'm not a Mommy, too!, where the sun
is at "darktime", and why the thunder
"Huts" her ears —
A simple answer satisfies her and simple things
make her smile.
I've watched her, since birth, grow into this
unique person and the changes are amazing.
She won't be this way forever, I know, but
I wish I could put a top on her
and keep her like she is
Because she has such a way of
easing my days and bringing the little
girl in me back out to play —
"Little Liz" — how thankful and happy
I am for her special friendship!

Kim White