

ARTS

Poetry

Women of Colour

You know
 It's such a joy being a woman
 of colour
 For distinction in the essence of
 beauty
 An we have reigned, in this,
 "our" country . . .
 For decades as
 Black pearls

Greetings Fellow Spirits,

As I sat utilizing one of my mortal powers, referred to as reading, I suddenly realized that I haven't met many of you souls (especially colored ones).

Now, stop and be aware that as writers of words we all stand as great communicators. Imagine physical impressions being of no value. Words create the atmosphere, conveying happiness, despair, admiration, respect and countless other mental messages.

Thus, as I write and you read, I am so pleased that we can communicate without having been physically introduced.

Rejoice in life's small wonders; share your spirits, minds, souls and hearts through symbols.

Some may call you a poet.

As Salaam Alaikum
 LAM

The Barrier

I must not gaze at them although
 Your eyes are dawning day;
 I must not watch you as you go
 Your sun-illuminated way.

I hear but I must never heed
 The fascinating note,
 Which, fluting like a river reed,
 Comes from your trembling throat.

I must not see upon your face
 Love's softly glowing spark;
 For there's the barrier of race,
 You're fair and I am dark.

1922—Selected Poems
 of Claude McKay

Just a moment please . . .

The worst experiences are the
 most remembered
 The trick is to remember with
 laughter.
 and Learn

—L.A.M.

Tribute to a man called King

Almost too soon forgotten
 the ugliness;

"To protect the skull, fold the hands over the head. To prevent disfigurement of the face, bring the elbows together in front of the eyes."

Instructions to Claflin College and South Carolina State College Students, 1960.

Almost the plight;

"No other offense has ever been visited with such severe penalties as seeking to help the oppressed"

Clarence Darrow

too soon
 the strength of a dream;

"I had a dream. . . .black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing. . . .Free at Last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, we are Free at last!"

M.L.K. 8-28-63

Forgotten the beginning;

"Yo Bro. . . .what happened January 15, 1929?"

Almost

—L.A.M.

Dinner Guest: Me

I know I am
 The Negro Problem
 Being wined and dined,
 Answering the usual questions
 That come to white mind
 Which seeks demurely
 To probe in polite way
 The why and where withal
 Of darkness U.S.A.—
 Wondering how things got this way

In current democratic night,
 Murmuring gently
 Over fraises du bois
 "I'm so ashamed of being white."

1967—From *The Panther and the Lash*
 Langston Hughes