

## I Need....

She wore her sexiest dress but I was not impressed As the prism in the sky that catches your eye gives promise of a pot of gold and the rainbow's end yet never delivers so it is with pretty girls. Good looks do not make a good woman. Pretty girls live in self serving worlds turning on their axis as if the laws of planetary motion hold no truth for them, revolving around their own selfish desires. If she were the sun she'd shine on but one, herself. So I said no thanks I need someone warm and kind I need someone soft and caring, someone who brings to me thoughts of the Garden of Eden innocence and simplicity pure love. Often times I succumb to conceit. I need someone who unconsciously causes me twinges of pain when I submit to my weaknesses and show myself to be vain. I need someone who teaches by example, someone who is willing to share the ability to love and care with one who's never been there. I need a simple woman to help me become a simple man free of pretension, devoid of false airs. I need the girl I left behind for a prettier one.

Jeffrey Melvin

## For Someone Special

they are as old as creation honeyed sweetness encases their movements their offerings, their comings and their goings like cotton candy and caramel apples at the fair there's a limit on the amount of saccharine one body can stand these daintly sugared personality lovelies give me a stomachache.

for beneath the quercore of feigned sweetness often lies a true inner shell of practiced bitterness the cruellest rebutt can be delivered with a Baby Ruth smile, yet there are some men who would gobble them up were you to kiss the knife that ravaged your heart you'd discover that the blade had been soaked in chocolate for this is the picture they present to the world their subtle malevolence nurtured in glucose Candy-Coated she devils bestowed with feminine wiles syrupy smiles, honeyed speech, nougat skin the essence of hypocrisy these sweet things they make a study of never meaning what they say,

you're not that type you frankness is sometime offensive your sincerity bursts forth like a shotgun blast I sometimes retreat, finger for wounds and convalesce when I'm with you I see all of me, my faults, my virtues I know when I'm right and when I'm wrong which is not to say that you are hard as nails but that the things that attract me to you can't be seen at first glance nor by chance you know who you are and you are pleased your attractions are full and lasting they rise from the profoundest depths of your soul.

Jeffrey Melvin

## I Got Lost

I used to sign my letters with peace, power, and liberation at the age of twelve. I was a manchild in the promised land. Free Che. Free Angela. Free Huey P. Those were the cries that freed me. My sister would call me her young warrior I was proud, arrogant, bitter, Black.

I got the news from my Black brothers at a tender age. I read Cleaver, Brown, Carmichael, Fanon I knew who the wretched of the Earth were.

the devils never tricked me, not for one moment I was happiest during the struggle I cried for my sisters I planned to die for my children but there weren't enough of us the bravest died at the hands of the Federal Bureau of investigation the youngest like me cried

And I slowly lost my revolutionary mind I traded my liberation shirts for Nik Niks My 'fro was given way to a duck tail I make my sisters suffer and even my friends think me to be a pretty boy at the ripe age of 22.

I'm a disaffected veteran Sister, I never sold out I simply got lost waiting for the shit to hit the fan.

Jeffrey Melvin

## Bluesy Days

the soft sound of mournful strings recalled from some obscure, once heard symphony the weary link of tired, smoky eyes the slow walk of some doomed, beaten warrior these things are so foreign to me, it's not often the blues seize me.

As the moon goes, so goes the Cancer child phases, crescents, quarters, high and low tides there will be somber days till my face fills with the glow and ripeness of the full moon stepped in a puddle and got mud on my corduroy shoes lick's a lady they say, well, she's an evil bitch today I'm calling you for comfort, you always soothe me you send a smile right through the telephone line through the static, and crackle good vibrations flow thoughts of you brighten me before you say hello bluesy days are what friends and lovers are for

Jeffrey Melvin

## The Sexes

All you men wear English Leather Or they wear nothing at all As the World Turns The Young and the Restless Search for Tomorrow by the Guiding Light The things you know about love and life You owe to CBS, ABC, or NBC, the networks And what is the net result shallowness. You are so shallow, looking into your soul is like looking into a drained pool, blue green emptiness what of the battle of the sexes We read of women's lib, and changing women's roles but prime time never stops sending the messages that have plagued us all since the fall from the garden everyone knows how a man treats a woman but can you tell me why he treats her that way. No, I won't neglect the other side You don't know satisfaction Always looking for a piece of the action you expect her to be a cover girl A Noxzema beauty, her attractions store bought and her conversation and movements TV taught You want a real woman because you're a real man. Veiled sentiments, hooded eyes, shadowed smiles You're as real as the Six Million Dollar Man What's the end result...You're Mechanical also.

Jeffrey Melvin

## Ain't No Change

Your feet still get blistered from long hours of heavy toil, calloused hands still warm choice pieces for the white man's table, as in days of old when black babies wailed as they sucked on empty black breasts drained by some chubby cracker baby, sore, irritated, painful black nipples trying to give nourishment to howling black babies 'cause the price of milk is too high tired brown eyes still shamed by the witnessing of the degradation and stifling of black manhood the story remains the same, there ain't no change oh, yea there's a George cracker in the White House but black folks still in the po' house and black women still leading the struggle cause the eyes of cracker America are always on big, strong, blackmen who speak of liberation mothers, sister been carrying the weight for centuries, and there ain't no change. Here is a kiss and a prayer for black women of the ages my pride, my rage is because of your toil black mothers still sacrificing for their children words like Lily White and Jim Crow still have meaning the masters may have gone to cracker heaven but they will always be crackers to take their places, do not put away your guns, don't soften the hating smiles there will still be a need to off crackers in their sleep we must if our dead mothers are to have eternal peace the revolution goes on, there ain't no change freedom for my sister's babies and the most sincere heart felt thanks to my liberators black women of the ages.

Jeffrey Melvin

## My Time Has Come Today

Pitter patter, the rain falls and the squirrels chatter but little does it matter my time has come today

memories of yesterdays-crimson days on the Cay the turquoise waters of Nassau cleansing me old friends getting together for one last meeting looking back, reluctant to think of the future mellow mood-passing time will give way to neglect and tomorrow,

all things change, the color of my hair, the intensity of my stare, of this I am aware yet for now strike up the band, let the music play gonna have a good time come what may my time has come today.

To the melancholy wail of the blues my ears are mute A week of toil gives way to pleasure's pursuit the pied piper of fun blows his enchanting flute your time has come today he says summer sky-the sun shining on bare shoulders turning pale girls golden brown their radiant smiles catching my roving eye time flies as the springtime rushes by

May days-dancing the last rites of spring June approaches and young lovers head to the altar my birthday nears, my commitment to freedom does not falter so I say strike up the band let the music play gonna have a good time come what may My time has come today.

Jeffrey Melvin

## Together

(For Us) I hope that our meeting will be a new beginning. I am part of you. I am real, baby. But what is reality?

With you it's only a new beginning towards that special bond that keeps us together. Togetherness is the chain that bounds us willingly. For I am not the world and our destiny is in the hands of love and hope.

But Time does not stop for those who will it.

But for those who wish it in their hearts, Time would gladly bow down.

On my return, I hope there's a place in your heart for me. Cupid with his arrow so straight and sure, the sting that burns like fire, has it hit our hearts, filling us with a forbidden passion of love? The more the flame is covered up, the hotter it burns.

For no one else in all the world could make me feel this way or take your place in my heart each moment of the day. This timeless day.

But if I have my way and the time is right, we'll ditch our chains and flee, together in the passionate midnight. Together.

Joseph Julian Gordor

## Memories

Gusting winds and driving rain cut paths through the trees

Sending the madly swaying limbs thrashing against my window

I look through the window into the angel hair clouds

Anticipating the gay arch of a fresh rainbow that isn't there

anymore, it appeared to be a day-glo colorwheel passing time

bringing about seasonal changes falling leaves silvered with rain

dance in the rhythmic wind as they flutter past an almost forgotten

moment comes to mind Springtime on the banks of the Potomac

April rains spraying pink cherry blossoms with glitter You and I holding hands engaged in animated conversation

You wanted to play tag in West Potomac Park I wanted to take on a reefer, we compromised

You ran about pretending to climb a rainbow While I stood under a cherry blossom and got high

You said the trees were singing a Joni Mitchell song I threw petals in your hair and kissed raindrops on your forehead

The shadows of early evening crept down and engulfed the park

I thought of the ancients sacrificing vestal virgins to the river god

Warning Bell  
Disaster seldom strikes without warning gray skies telegraph the forecoming storm.

there's an eerie silence prior to the loudest clap of thunder You sense home long before it comes into sight

love is like that it rarely sneaks upon you you feel it coming on Time to circle up the wagons A chance to make a last stand last opportunity to hold on to your heart if you fear love.

Jeffrey Melvin

## Warning Bell

Reflection introspection on the outside looking in at myself retreating semi isolation without love, desolation spinning a cocoon around me self appraisal temporarily placing my dreams in a jar searching for a light unto myself and when I'm through there'll be no need to crawl no longer a caterpillar out of the loneliness will emerge a butterfly a beautiful butterfly with great, glorious multicolored wings. A collector's edition eluding all pursuers, free as the wind.

Jeffrey Melvin

## For Someone You Love

You took my hand just as you led me to believe that it was me you loved

Convincing me that it was I, the lady of your dreams Different from all the other sisters that you've had past relationships with

Holding me close everytime you needed to feel the warmth of my touch. I was in total body and soul with you

Given up all that I ever had just to be your lady, Not searching a day further for a new face

For it was with you I knew I had all a girl could have and ask for.

You filled my empty soul with so much joy, love and the most beautiful days of my life.

With you I felt the women in me strong, Who hollered out, "He's one hell of a Man."

I fed my love to you through the palm of my hands I have you a whole life of happiness,

I gave you me, which was more than love itself. For it was with you that I found gratitude of love and happiness

Though all we've been through together Love itself has been misled

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Lady Cancer

We looked into that dark, dark, murky, mercury enladen flow

and I thought, "This is my last moment alone with her"

Dead fish encrusted with slimy algae washed upon the shore

their sudden intrusion into our lover's garden sobers me I'm going away, leaving love behind, returning home

the rushing waters seemed to be wailing, I heard a dirge guilt wedged through our intimacy, gaiety seemed profane amidst the loss

I made mental notes of the silent way the shadows of doubt and despair

bogarted their way into our last moment

I etched a picture into my subconscious of soft beauty of your face

mellowed by the wistful sadness in your eyes Too late for anymore romance, no time to dine, dance and love

Love cannot be everlasting but written words can be eternal

These lines, free of rhyme and meter commemorate you Your role in my life was unique, a love that never died

You and I, Karen we were the victims of circumstance Today years past and never having loved again, I sit sipping banana brandy from a long, tall Looney Tune glass

Searching for a rainbow from the past.

Jeffrey Melvin

## Searching

Reflection introspection on the outside looking in at myself retreating semi isolation without love, desolation spinning a cocoon around me self appraisal temporarily placing my dreams in a jar searching for a light unto myself and when I'm through there'll be no need to crawl no longer a caterpillar out of the loneliness will emerge a butterfly a beautiful butterfly with great, glorious multicolored wings. A collector's edition eluding all pursuers, free as the wind.

Jeffrey Melvin

## ON SPANKINGS

by Fred Schubert

Yesterday during my last period of English class, we were talking about a poem by some guy, I forgot who, but anyway right in the middle of the class I started recalling some of the spankings I had received during my grade school days. I remember how my old man would get all wound up when I did something wrong and the next thing I knew my butt was smoking. Those thoughts weren't too pleasant, but then I remembered one time at school, me and some other kids were playing catch right in front of the principal's office during recess.

Just that morning, after the Star Spangled Banner had played and we said our pledge of allegiance to the flag, the principal came over the p.a. system. I recall hearing his deep, heavy set, voice, "From the day forth, it is against the rules to play ball between the school buildings. We have a baseball field and that is where we will play ball." The principal's office had lots of windows. I bet he could see the whole school from his deep, soft, heavy swivel chair. As we were happily throwing the ball back and forth, out comes this huge monster yelling at us skinny little kids.