

The Library

The Lady
 Hey baby, wats hap
 git chea, and sit on my lap
 so we can git to some serious
 rap
 Cause, we wats hap
 yo radiant brown hair is tight
 yo eyes is sparkling in the
 light
 yo boy friend in the field
 tonight
 so when we together, it's
 alright
 dat figure so fine
 wish you wuz mine
 cause you just the right kind
 wit dat figure, so fine
 you offering me a beer?

Well, let's git way from here
 the grill is near, my dear...
 don't we just live it here, and
 dig this beer
 Sing dat song to me baby
 "You Stepped Into My Life" -
 maybe
 seem like you play dem just
 for me
 don't we jus love each other's
 company
 You and me

Keith Battle

JEALOUSY....

Looking for something to
 drive you mad
 Possibly lose all the things you
 have
 I know the answer; for I you
 see
 Have had some dealings with
 jealousy.
 It is hard to think that
 something so small
 Something with little meaning
 at all
 Can cause relationships to go
 down hill
 Fall in love with a person,
 you'll see that it will.
 The person you love, you don't
 see, but you've heard
 The things people tell you are
 disastrous words
 You question her loyalty, she
 threatens to leave
 Things like that happen with
 jealousy.
 It just so happens that one of

your friends
 Falls in love with your girl and
 wants to move in
 So if you wish to keep her,
 trust her and then
 Do not let jealousy settle in...

Rico Bratcher

Winning

To play a game and admit
 defeat
 Takes courage
 To play a game and win
 Takes skill
 To play a game and never end
 it
 Makes a fool
 Whether I have courage or
 skill
 At least I am no longer a fool
 Who knows, maybe I have won
 And in winning, lost.

Gail Wade

JAIL

by Alice Armstrong

On one hot day in June, I
 was on my way home from a
 hard, long day at school. The
 sun was bright and shining
 hard upon the earth. Sweat
 was running all down my back
 so I decided to stop in town to
 buy a cold, icy orangade to
 quench my thirst and cool off
 a little. The thought about my
 friend in jail never crossed my
 mind. The iced orangade had
 cooled me off so I was on my
 way home again.

The red light caught me
 and on my left was the red-
 bricked jailhouse. The thought
 of my friend flashed in my
 mind so I made a left turn at
 the change of the light. I could
 see my friend stretched out on
 the squeaky bunk through the
 bars of the jail. The sun was
 shining through the bars onto
 him. He was pouring out
 sweat as big as my thumbnail.
 The sheriff was sitting at the
 desk and the cook was on her
 way in bringing his dinner
 tray, with the silverware
 jingling. It looked as if he was
 sleeping so well that I just
 decided not to awaken him.
 His shirt was soaking wet with
 sweat. I turned around and
 walked out and sat on the step
 which was shaded with a big
 green oak tree.

A few minutes later, I
 heard a noise around the
 jailhouse, so I got up to go see
 what it was. Beside an old
 rusty green, stinking trash
 can there stood three black

stray cats, who ackted as if
 they were ready to mate, so I
 picked up some rocks and hit
 the trash can to make a
 popping noise and they ran. I
 glanced at my watch and saw
 I was running behind time so I
 jumped in my car and rushed
 home. I was a few minutes too
 late to catch my family at
 home, so I went to bed. As I
 was lying in my bed, listening
 to the silence which seemed to
 be taking over my house, my
 mind flashed back on my
 friend who was in jail. I
 started thinking about his life
 before he went to jail. His life

before he went to jail
 reminded me of the black cats
 I had seen earlier because his
 life was dark and he spent his
 time wandering around tryinn
 to see what he could get for
 nothing, just like the stray
 cats. All of a sudden the
 silence was broken by a sound
 outside my window and there
 was one of the stray cats,
 caught up in a big cedar tree. I
 put on my house slippers and
 hurried outside and rescued
 the trembling cat. When I put
 him down, he ran hurried
 away. I returned to my bed
 and again my mind rested on
 my friend. Although I was
 sleepy, I could not help but
 think about my friend. I
 wondered if he would be as
 lucky as the cat and get out of
 jail and if he would run away
 into the darkness of life. Then,
 I dozed off into dreamland.

The Literary work which follows was created by students enrolled in CSK 101, 112, and 221 courses in the Area of English and Dramatic Arts and courses in the Area of Literature. The publication of their work serves as a recognition of their creative endeavors and as an incentive to them and others to develop and pursue creative activities.

Mothers Weep For Their Daughters

Mothers weep for your
 daughters
 Fathers ache for your sons
 For they don't know the
 trouble
 That one day will come
 Mothers talk with your
 daughters
 Father talk with your sons
 prepare them for the trials
 In the world to come.
 Mary's just a little baby now
 sitting on her Mother's knee
 But Mary doesn't know the
 trouble
 that one day she will see.

Comments On "Ego Tripping"

by Janice Richardson

An individual may
 compare himself with any
 phenomenon of the universe.
 In relation to the poem the
 author is comparing herself
 with what is considered by
 man to be the wonders of the
 world. One may use his
 imagination to take him from
 direct reality to the highest
 peaks or the lowest grounds in
 which he wishes to adventure.
 Ms. Giovanni appears to have
 longed for the ability to
 change form at will which
 would have enabled her to
 experience, on a first hand
 basis, "time" from the
 beginning of her heritage
 through the accomplishments
 of her ancestors up to today.
 This would in turn provide her
 with the will to have pride in
 herself.

DAZE

Cause you can't communicate
 that kinda instruction
 can't deal with it
 go ahead, daze
 he can teach some people
 I can't even deal
 cause he put me in a daze
 daze wit dat guy
 he smart and intellegent
 but, caint tell what
 he tawking bout
 so I'm in a daze
 daze
 guess what, he don't even care
 cause he know you don't know
 what he
 talkin bout
 daze
 till I get on way from hea

Keith Battle

Untitled

I look dead
 I feel dead
 My feet are lead heavy
 My heart is fed on cruelty
 I am lying on spikes of pain
 I am bleeding through bites
 anew
 Round goes my head spinning
 I fall upon my bed dead
 I look dead
 I feel dead
 I am dead.

Gail Wade

STORMS

by Sylvia Nunnery

The wind outside is
 blowing and the rain is coming
 down. If you are inside of a
 building, you have protection
 from the storm. But when
 something bad happens to
 someone you love very much,
 you begin to feel that the
 storm is in your heart. Stormy
 weather can make you feel
 dreary and out of sorts. A
 broken heart can make you
 feel the same way, only worse.

You can close the door
 and the shutters against the
 storm outside, but only time,
 and maybe a little faith can
 heal a broken heart.

SPRING

No one cares because no one
 knows
 No one takes the time to know
 But Spring is the time to care
 And these fools
 Who pretend to know.

Gail Wade

A BABY?????

When we were first married,
 the Pastor said,
 "Repeat the I do's" with this
 ring I thee wed.
 Proud and relaxed, I ambled
 up front
 You came up beside me and
 gave me a hunch.

Our eyes were so gleeful, as
 we turned to our side
 Then the Pastor said to me
 "You may kiss the bride."
 The place had a glitter from
 the sparkling light
 I could hardly wait for the
 honeymoon that night.

The hugs and kisses, parents
 blessings and remarks
 We would have each other till
 death did us part.
 Two years after our
 honeymoon, you wanted a
 baby
 But I said "too soon."
 Your love for me dwindled,
 like man turns to dirt
 I was a proud man, but my
 feelings were hurt
 The question I asked got a
 definite may
 Would it make a difference, if
 we had a baby?

Rico Bratcher

"WAITING"

It's already 10:15 and he
 hasn't arrived yet,
 I'm about to lose my cool
 I'm really getting upset;
 I'm on the verge of calling and
 telling him a thing or two!
 Waiting, waiting, pacing the
 floor,
 I just don't know what to do!
 I think I'll stand by my win-
 dow and stare an angry
 stare...
 And when he arrives late
 I'll kill him, believe me, I
 swear!
 Let me stop, stop, stop
 I'll only hurt myself this
 way...

No let me cry, cry, cry
 Because it's Valentine's Day.
 Revenda Bowens

Untitled

If I had but one rose
 Who would I git it to?
 To him who understands
 And listens and forgives;
 To him who bleeds
 With the hurt of the past;
 To him who loves
 And sheds tears for me
 Who would I give it to?
 To the wind who would em-
 brace all.

Gail Wade

Back Together

Last night there came a gentle
 rain
 It eased my soul, I felt no pain.
 I don't think it was because of
 the weather
 But my woman and I are back
 together.
 We went on this date, I held
 her near
 I do not know why, but I
 trembled with fear.
 I knew of the question, but
 couraged I lacked
 I wanted my woman yes, I
 wanted her back.
 What joy I felt, when I sum-

moned my quest
 To me she was greater than
 and I was less
 I feel brand new now and will
 forever
 Cuz my woman and I are back
 together.
 Yes, now I am happy, my
 grief turned to joy
 She answered my question,
 I'm one happy boy.
 My anxiety is over, I feel light
 as a feather
 Cuz my woman and I are back
 together.

Rico Bratcher

