

THE LITERARY VOICE

LITERARY EDITOR
VALERY JOY FRAZIER

My Precious Grandma

Grandma, you're so dear to me...
Through all rough times, there you'd be...
When I feel bad, you'll come around...
To help to calm my aching down...
If any one would talk of you...
I'd shut them up and think for a few...
When we're together and a fuss came about...
I'd rather be quiet or I'd just walk out...
Then I'd be wondering and shake my head...
And I'd hope that you'd soon be glad...
Your sickness has me frightened...
Cause my life, you sho have lightened...
I pray to God every night...
That you'll be strong and able to fight...
You've taught me right from wrong...
When each was weak, we pushed along...
When your days on Earth are through...
God knows I will sho-miss you...

Memories

We loved each other very much...
Although I may not have said...
How much I cherished the grounds you walked...
And the words made from your head...
We shared a lot of secret thoughts...
And feelings deeply sincere...
But, all the while we were together...
I knew you were my dear...
We often fussed and sometimes left...
Each other and went away...
But, I always knew you would be there...
On my returning day...
We laughed, but seldom cried...
But, now in each other's company...
I just felt somehow you were...
The man just right for me...
The five years we were together...
I know I shall always remember...
Even though it causes my lights...
To be a little dimmer...
Now that we've gone our separate ways...
Our break-up haunts my mind...
Also, some things that I could have done...
But now, there're lots of time...
I should have been a little sweeter...
And you should have been firm...
Now, it is just too late...
From mistakes, we both shall learn...
Our memories are so beautiful...
Although, we did have pain...
But, no relationship is for real...
If it's sunny and never rainy...
I hope you're happy with what you've done...
But, I somewhat ache inside...
We can do whatever we desire...
Without the other's guide...
I love you and I always will...
Cause true love never fades...
I'll always cherish the memories...
In which we two have made...

We want your literary material.
Address items to:
Valery Frazier
Literary Editor
The Voice
Rudolph Jones Student Center



Valery Joy Frazier

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Being that I was born under the sign of Leo, August 19, 1959, I am full of devotion, love and creative ability. Most of my negative traits involve my stubbornness causes my ability to listen and learn from others impossible. Listening and helping others has always been two important characteristics of mine. I strongly believe in the saying, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

When I was about twelve, I began to write poems. I've been writing ever since. It has become my greatest interest. It has influenced my life a great deal. Poetry has become my motive, my obligation, and my reason for pushing forward. As you may have gathered, a poet is what I truly want to be.

I have won several awards in the creative areas. The "Poets Award" was presented to me by The Voice staff for the school term 1978-79. Also, earlier this year on the 12th day of April, I received an award of merit for an oral interpretation presentation.

I am a junior from Havelock, North Carolina, majoring in English. My other hobbies include singing, drawing, decorating, and playing golf. I am a member of FSU's Women Golf Team and on the staff of The Voice.

When I came to Fayetteville State University, I was ready for the new task. In order to be somebody or to get where you want to be, one must expose himself to the world.

Your Honesty

My wonderful man...
That's what you are...
Even though our communication...
Is yet so far...
And now we'll never, ever know...
Cause I just have to let you go...
You really hurt my heart tonight...
I cried, yet I tried hard to fight...
The tears came rushing to my eyes...
For you shocked me with great surprise...
I know that you've been thinking of me...
If only harder, this would not be...
But, I'll never talk bad against...
What we had and our broken fence...
I'm sure that's why you did not write...
Or contact me sooner was cause of fright...
I admire you for your honesty...
Although our outcome bothers me...

While I'm Yours And You Are Mines

With your body real close to mine...
Our thoughts will always intertwine...
No matter how far we are apart...
I'll know I'm carried within your heart...
Time will tell how much you care...
The fire we'll make will glow or flare...
For, I do know you need my touch...
And I need yours just as much...
Tears may flow from my eyes...
If you're an imposter, or in disguise...
So, do not fake or make believe...
And do not cheat, please don't deceive...
I'll trust in you, as you in me...
We'll explore together in ecstasy...
Our love can never fade away...
If we just believe in what we say...
Let us not confuse love with concerned...
Nor confuse what we've taught with what we've learned...
But, try to gain more knowledge on each...
And be right there so I won't have to reach...
We're so alike, different in some views...
But, we'll be okay if neither misuse...
No one can tell me that I am blind...
Not while I'm yours and you are mines...

Mother, I Love You

I love you so very much...
You help me all you can...
I just pray that when your time is up...
I shall be able to stand...
I so little say I love you...
Cause it hurts me to my heart...
To know someday you must leave...
Somehow, we will depart...
Love is a word, I hardly say...
to any particular soul...
But for you, I possess it highly...
It's something I cannot control...
I may not show it as I should...
Nor, do I hold you tight...
But, mostly say stuff to myself...
And pray with all my might...
Mother, I really love you...
Although it's rarely told...
I know I always will...
Whether I'm young or old...

Are We Free?

Are we free, Black men, women, and children of today?
Can we be sure that we can walk, talk, and act in our own way?
Do we really respond to the questions as we should...
Or do we act as if our answer's no good...?
Are we still afraid of how the white man may feel...
So do we be quiet, do we keep still...?
When a white man comes around, are we proper than before...
Or are we the same, white man we ignore...?
Are we free to choose a job of our choice...
Or only if we'd be a slave to the boss...?
Can't we be qualified and be sure to get hired...
Or before we get interviewed, the atmosphere says we're fired...?
Why do we smile at the people passing by...
But, yet they cause our hearts to cry...?
They talk about us behind our backs, and expect us to act as a Jack...
Someday, somehow, we shall overcome...
It may be when God feels our race is run...
We shall be free, we shall be free...
On this Earth no, but in Heaven we'll see...

Exchanging Thoughts

You do not force me into matters...
Those which I'm sure you desire...
I just be calm about things...
While I know that you're on fire...
You hardly question how I feel...
About you and about us...
We don't even sit down...
To mention things we should discuss...
Your thoughts mean so much to me...
But, them I do not know...
Cause we are not very close...
We have a long way to go...
Someday we shall exchange...
What's in each others minds...
Then we'll be able to read...
What's missing between the lines...