

The Poet

Need

To: TD

By VALERY FRAZIER

I need someone to check me out
To direct me if misplaced...
Someone to understand my ways
And never feel disgraced...

I need the man who's honest
Who would never tell a lie...
Could you be that man
Who for me, you'd die...?

Sometimes when I'm alone
I wonder if you be...
The man God put on this Earth
To be a part of me...

Sometimes I shake my head
In question of your mind...
I try to occupy myself
But there's no ounce of time...

I need that everlasting hand
To be there if I need
Someone who'll say "Guilty"
When asked, "How do you plead?"

I Wonder??

By TODD WASHINGTON

I wonder about myself and you
sometimes.
While so many nights I spend alone
listening to the whisper, wind blow and
watching the glow of the stars silently -
sitting still in the misty blue sky above.

I wonder about all of the beautiful
things we say and do together. I wonder
about times when we're together
and what's running through your mind
and what's going through mine. Do we
both want to feel the gentleness of our
hands or the softness of our hearts
together? Do we want to caress each
other and wish there were no such
thing as the clock of time. So we would
not have to end the thrusting and
passionant doing of things as two
lovers who have not been together for a
years time.

I wonder if we await for one to
pronounce those words that shall cling
us together longer than the Gods who
endured immortal time. I wonder if
we're to perfectionist waiting for the
right moment and time wanting things
to be as they would be in a loud fairy
tale with a happy ending
When you look at me and I look at you
and laugh,
I wonder what we're doing to each
other. I wonder what shall become of
us. But for whatever the narrator holds
for the ending of a shadow romance, I
thank the Almighty above for letting us
share together whatever it may be. May
it cruise or may it prevail. I wonder for
only God knows and maybe we do
to...I wonder??

All About You

By W.T.Jr.

I accept you I approve of you
I am satisfied with who you are today--
not merely with who you may be
tomorrow
You have a right to your uniqueness.
I do not need to change you.
There is a constant quality with you
that
I like--even when it lies hidden beneath
some of your actions
You see..."I like you," but not
everything you do or say.
I can separate your actions from you,

because I realize that you don't
always do what you want to do--that
you are not always aware and in con-
trol--that you are struggling to be
happy in the best way you know--
just as I am

So, you can fall on your face, change
your mind, get into trouble--and I
will not laugh or condemn you.
I will not call you names like "failure"
or "trouble-maker" or "bad".

Instead of making judgements about
who you are, I will concentrate on
how I feel about your actions.
I will not call you "bad", but I will tell
you if I feel "bad" about what you
have done.

In this way, you can know my limits
and realize that you are lovable even
though some of your actions are not
But I must warn you: "The more you
hurt me, the harder it is for me to ac-
cept you."

I cannot be forever patient and to
lerant...
I am human and need acceptance, too

Golden Apricot: Precious Sweetness

Chuck '80

Long and shapely slender you appear
to me,
Hair of golden apricot suits you
definitely.
From golden is seen your preciousness
Apricot reflects your mere sweetness

Gemni the sign depicting your quality
And the perpetuation of your per-
sonality
An air of concern surrounds your
being
Makes one pleased with what they
are seeing

Control and disipline is sure evidence,
That self-improvement takes
precedence
All qualities of a real lady you do
possess
Greatly should add to your future suc-
cess

Hair of golden apricot upon your head
Smile of pure whiteness your face
does shed
A lady-like stroll and happiness when
hot
Perpetually emanates your golden
apricot

Reflection Off The Face of A Record

By RONALD L. JONES

Sound waves -
Music.
What makes this so?
Why does this sound constantly attack
me.

Sitting in quiet meditation,
Absorbing treble, bass, and midrange.
Time is outside,
My music is my own world.

School?
Who cares?
One, two, three, four beats -
Ears receiving this pulsating beat.

All day long,
I am one to the symbol.
Cosmic observation -
Where am I?

Endless tracks
Running the magnetic cartridge, en-
dlessly.
Plastic disk,
Turning in an endless circle.

Oh! Here I go,
Sucked inside the grooves,
Spinning with the record,
The endless track - our minds.

Lady Free

By THOMAS WALTERS

Memories of her comes to mind
In my dreams as well as working
time
Who could have dreams of what
might have been
She touched my life so specially
Left now along and lost with out my
Lady Free

Even now I find it hard to accept
That our love has gone and left
Memories of getting lost by looking
into
her eyes that special touch filled with
fire
A kiss that would truly take me away
to another place and time where I
was safe

An embrace of an angel a smile of a
queen was she really mine or was it
just a dream
Now it may seem to hope is vain, to
pray for a woman to remain your
lady
again, to fill each walking moment
with thoughts of her

Truly sent from God to me to have
and hold
within my heart forever and a day
Once filled with the joy and ecstasy
Lost and aling without my Lady
Free.

Upon Leaving

By Valery Frazier

There are several things that we will
miss
After leaving F.S.U.
One would be the joy we've gained
From having friends like you...

Mrs. Simmons you've been like Gran-
ma
In straighting people when wrong...
When we thought you to be weak
You were the very strong...

Mrs. Claytor you've been like a sister
Not saying much but observing all...
We wish you success in supervising
The young ladies of Smith Hall...
And to all of you that we've known
And may never see again...
We'll forever pray for you
That you'll meet God at the end...

"He and I"

By ANELIA MOORE

He and I go way back,
about nine years.
I know, I've kept track.
He is the one
whom I was so infatuated with.
But as the years passed on
this infatuation became more of a
myth.
I thought that after five years
it would be at an end.
But to this day
it continues being.
I'm not in love with him
but I care because of the ole school girl
crush.
And to make it through the day
seeing him is not exactly a must.
He and I are merely friends
that share feelings, thoughts, and time.
He is just a person
whom I think is quite kind.

To the Man who is Breaking my Heart Slowly--Unknowingly

By QPD 79

It is not the things you say, but
the little things that you don't do
It is not hard for you to tell me that
you love me--I can see that
But the biggest disappointment comes
when you don't call after saying you

were--the times
I don't see you after when we had set a
date, time and place
That hurts more than anything you
may do or say to me.
My Love for you is something that
can't be explained by WORDS--
there are no words that will never
come--CLOSE
Tell me--will we ever be TOGETHER
FOREVER?

....Realization of Compatibility

By EMANUEL VAUGHN JR.

There was, of course, a gleam in your
eyes. A full bodied companionship
arranged by fate.

A spiritual kinship so powerful and
binding, the reputation of our souls
lives within its own communities.

Our physical attraction, which is
greatly enforced by our mentality of
personal awareness.

Vocal compliments that are natives of
a visual comprehension and an assign-
ment of expression that enables me to
have this pleasure

Of which it is my prolonged happiness
to admit, that ours was not love on fir-
st sight but instead a everlasting
Realization of Compatibility

My Dedication To You

To: James

By FRANCES SELLERS

To you I dedicate my heart, which you
may never tear apart.
To you I dedication my sincerity, in
order to gain respect and delicacy.
To you I dedicate my patience, and to
you I'll never come under false
pretence.
To you I dedicate my duration,
and in no manner show toward you
and discrimination.
To you I dedicate my deepest concern
and my respect you'll always earn.
My last dedication to you is my LOVE,
for of all the rest this one is more im-
portant than any of the above.

Colored Rain

By PEPPI BURGESS

The mysterious night was filled with
quite a surprise as the black car
drove through
The colored rain with each drop kissing
the car as it fell
As the car drove through the rain from
the lights of car the vision of the
driver spotted a wet soul on the side
of the road
The colored rain no longer appeared in
the drivers eyes
His heart took wings because his
loneliness had escaped
The driver stopped for the poor wet
deathless soul
To his surprise it was a woman she en-
ters the car with Thank you!
Written all over her face words didn't
flow from her mouth but her face
told the whole unheard of tale
The colored rain fell but the driver saw
the rain no more
His heart felt as if the sky was in full
bloom
The driver watched as the woman's
body melted into the seat and her
eyes went to dream for a while
The driver felt compelled to exercise
his freedom
The woman's eyes had gone to dream
for a while but awaken to a night
mare with fear
Written over her face she screams the
colored rain reappeared in the
driver's eyes
In the most excitable night the woman
returns to the rain with the sound of
the black car leaving in her ears