

**NEW HORIZONS - A BLACK HISTORY POEM**

By Dr. Lonell E. Johnson

This month we turn back the pages of time  
 To obscure sections in history's scrapbook.  
 With fervor we seek to correct the crime  
 Of omission of black heroes. We look  
 For ministers, martyrs, masters of rhyme,  
 Familiar names of those who first took  
 Part in the legacy that seeks to bring  
 Black people to lift every voice and sing.

Yet our eyes should not focus on the past  
 Too long. We need to look ahead and see  
 That heroic memories cannot last.  
 Images: we need women who stand fast,  
 Men who live to unveil the mystery.  
 Heroes must live beyond this month. Somehow  
 Our lives must tell that history is now.

We who know our true heritage are the ones  
 To set our vision toward new horizons

**SECOND ENCOUNTER/LOVE**

By Gyendor

*So long I've been away,  
 So far apart our love.  
 We touch...*

*And it is enough.*

**CRYING**

By Gyendor

All about  
 just being for real;  
 about showing yourself  
 what you really feel.

All about dealing  
 when all else is gone  
 and all about  
 just holding on...  
 to reality.

Hey, cry,...  
 and just let cry be.

**YOUR LOVE**

By Gyendor

I can see,  
 but not touch;  
 I can feel,  
 but not the realness  
 of your love,  
 like dawn-fresh dew  
 gone  
 with the heat  
 of mournings sun.

So in control  
 (so you think);  
 turning me  
 off-on-off-on-off  
 like a switch...  
 blade cutting on both sides;  
 like shade hiding  
 sunny lies that died  
 in the shade...

I fear the shadow of your love.