

# The Broncos' Song

## As You Stand

by Scherrie Strayhorn

You stand tall.  
Never looking to your left  
Never looking down  
Always with your head high, facing it all  
As you stand tall.

You stand proud  
Never being discouraged  
Never being disturbed  
Always pushing through a cloud  
As you stand proud

You stand mighty  
Never stooping below you level  
Never stooping below the man  
Always prepared for the worst, you see  
As you stand mighty.

You stand strong  
Never giving in to the weak  
Never giving in to the impossible  
Always achieving, never going wrong  
As you stand strong.

You stand  
Never turning your back  
Never turning away  
Always a prince;  
a majestic black man  
As you stand.

## In Love With His Words

by Scherrie Strayhorn

He speaks of beauty,  
Nature, and love;  
He talks of pain,  
Heartache, and strife;  
All of the things I did not see  
I see them now through his words.

He cries out with passion,  
Emotions, and sensitivity;  
He smiles at stars,  
Moons, and rainbows;  
All of the things I did not hear  
I hear them now through his words.

He acts upon hopes,  
Dreams, and desires;  
He stalls with patience,  
Though, and fear;  
All of the things I did not feel  
I feel them now through his words.

He writes of peace,  
Comfort, and joy;  
He beckons to hearts,  
Minds, and souls;  
All of the things I did not know  
I know them now through his words.

He thinks if the past,  
Present, and future;  
He reaches for life,  
Death, and eternity;  
All of the things  
I thought were love  
I believe them now  
through his words

## A Child's Room

Neil D. Ray

Lay down gently on the bed, face buried deep  
in a pillow, that still carries the fragrance.  
It adds substance to the weight of emotions,  
pressed tight against the covers, while hands  
clutch to hold on. Toys, books, furniture are in  
silent lament, of one who's existence is now a  
spirit, moving in the walls, looking down from the  
ceiling, walking softly across the floor.  
A soul finds peace in prayers, whispered like a  
breeze through an open window. And the door  
closed and locked, is always open to hearts  
that love and remember

## UNBORN

Sonya Nicole Wagstaff

Feeling light-headed and exhausted  
come what may  
passing out  
in the middle of the day  
appetite strange  
mood change  
sometimes looking deranged  
swelling of the belly  
biscuits and jelly  
growth of hair  
in despair  
boyfriend's gone  
all alone  
soul in tube  
gone in tube.