

?

by Javon Brothers

The next few weeks were filled with disappointment, Roy made no sales and the super was on his back for rent. He found it necessary to sneak in and out of the apartment. Finally, one afternoon he returned to find all of his worldly possessions neatly placed in the hall. He rushed to his door and found it padlocked. Quickly he made an exit out of the front door and down the stairs.

Violently knocking on the door he called out frantically, "Mr. Carter... Mr. Carter....are you home, open up!"

Finally the door opened, "yes Mr. Smith can I help you?" What do you mean, can you help me.. you're right you can help me....What the hell you mean setting my clothes out like that?

"Listen man don't you curse me, respect my family if you don't respect me, and besides you haven't paid up in two months," he said. Listen, when I moved in here I told you I won't be a little late in paying because of my love of work, and here I came and found all my stuff in the Hall, what kind of damm business do you call that, Mr. Smith.

"Listen, I told you not to curse in front of my kids....now if you don't like it, and which I don't care, GET THE HELL OUT!"

"All of you poor Black suckers are all alike."

"Listen I've had enough of your mess. I am a religious man but you just wait right here till I get back and I'll fill you so damm full of holes you would think you was a sitter."

As he turned and walked back into his apartment, he heard the super's wife yelling to her husband, "Carter let that Nigger go, he ain't worth the trouble."

"Yeah.... well that bastard had better not come back down here talking his dirty filth, that Nigger ain't nothing but the devil."

Roy went back into the lonely hall, illuminated only by an unshaded bulb. He tied what he could into a bundle and stuffed the remainder into the already bulging and delapidated suitcase. Throwing the bundle over his shoulder he started his slow trip down town. On the way he passed the familiar site and sounds, once again he found himself isolated from all around. Fumbling in his pocket he found a quarter and caught the 125th street subway at Lennox. Just where he was going he didn't know maybe he might even ride all night. As he was riding he could hear the constant clicking and clacking of the train which seemed to keep saying failure... failure....failure and fail-

ure.

He found himself awakened by a ragged junker with a sign saying "My mother has Cerebral Palsy, please help her." He appeared to have once been a clean cut kid trying to make it big. He began to sing Maria. He sung it with so much feeling and emotion until he made you wonder what really went on inside. Then when he finished his song he closed his eyes and started to shake as he passed the hat for a collection, and went on to the next car.

"The next stop is Ports Authority" he thought to himself. Roy gathered up his bundle and waited for the train to stop. The doors swooshed open and down the long corridors he walked. Perhaps he would spend the night there as if waiting for a bus which wouldn't be in until morning. He found a seat and leaned back into a comfortable position until all was silent around him and everything became dark.

An hour or so later, he was tapped on the shoulder by a policeman.

Can't you read... the sign says no loitering. "he said". "Officer, I'm waiting for the bus to Carolina and I ain't got the money for a room."

"All right then, but be gone in the morning," he said". Just about the same time a kid of about



Javon Brothers, writer of prose article, which still has no title.

twelve years old with a shoe shine box approached him and took a seat next to him.

"You got knocked I supposed?" Roy asked. No, he answered as he pulled a bent cigarette that had lost most of its tobacco out of his shirt pocket. I ain't been knocked out cause I don't stay long enough to get knock

out," he replied. "Oh, I see". "You going south mister?" "I might, how did you know? Why?"

"Man, I'm smart you seeeverybody knows that you are going down south by where you're sitting. And besides you don't look like the kind that'll bum around."

"Seems like you got me pretty well sized up, you still haven't answered why?"

"Well cause if you going I might go with you." "You can't do that....It's getting late you better run along home, your folks are expecting you."

"Man ain't nobody expecting me no where. Where ever I go that's where I stay."

"Don't you have any parents?" "None that I know of, I've got some aunts and uncles, cousins maybe but no Mom and Dad. Aunt Lucy says they just left me there when I was a baby and never came back."

"Oh, I see." replied Roy.

"Yep, they never came backbut what do I need with some old stinking Mamma and Daddy, they probably mean anyway. Hey, you got any Kids?"

"No", he answered. "What about a brother, everybody got a brother."

"Yes matter of fact I've got six brothers, they live down south."

"Listen mister you seem like you are OK, what do you say you be my brother". "What are you talking about you don't even know my name and already I'm your brother. And to top it all off I don't even have a roof over my head."

"Don't worry about that I'll still take you even if you is broke. Oh, my name is Henry Jr. Wilton, what's yours?"

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These Things Are

By Sylvio Lynch

And in this sphere there bulges pregnant, beams of moral life, Prodding pins of broken dreams, breathing fires of migrain strife.

Master artists of evil crafts, vine and drain the withered path, Infesting sores that could be love, but violate the corpse of aftermath.

But here the stars of scholars pure, gorge the grapes of wisdom's mask of twisted truth, and vomit flows from those who know, the coming thunders will change the youth.

Here the blue skies of virgin light, seems fatal and feared by many, But those who know the life in darkness, see those gastly spiders feeding happily.

Steel and stone are those bodies of ruptured men, who rape the virgin sunset, But these are to be buried and those that aren't will never be the architect.

Black of mind and doors of locks are bared to those who need the pastoral muse, have drowned our mind and bathed our bodies in acid thoughts of sterile abuse. Lord of God of choice likely mental, solely in mind as concaine, the path matters little, right yet to be seen,

for only you can feel the rain.

And what womb will bear the siblings of love to save the man, who comes to alter immortal elements, bearing endless ache and contraband.

And where will you be when the rain comes, when earth is baked and heaving?

Will you be grasping for green and gold or will you smile at lovely evening?

Now retreat and ponder the spectrum hidden among the stars of regret, and see the grass of man blades with perfect union, praise the wonderous architect.

I Am Just An Average Guy

By Roy Farmer

New born and mindless I entered this land, With tears on my cheeks from the slap of a hand. My needs were great and were promptly fulfilled. I began to trust and gradually yield.

With controls of my limbs at the age of two, I witness my powers with thoughts anew. I learned the difference between love and hate. And tried doing things for my own sake.

From 4-6 I did things at will, Like imitating others with my new learned skill. I was scorned at times, when I was bad. It left me kind of empty, weak and sad.

From 6-12 I tried doing useful things, And for recognitions my heart did sing. In my skills and accomplishment I held great pride; But unduly sensitive when criticised.

Adolesence! I was there at last. I couldn't predict myself as I did in the past. I found meaning in my actions, and identity in my soul, I found a girl, and sat my goals.

Satisfied with my identity, I found the ultimate mate, And I was tempted by nature to fornicate. A young adult, full of love and pride, I finally took myself a bride.

My wife and my children are the base of my home; But I'll be the nucleus, the walls, and the dome. Sound morals and honesty are now in hand, My sense of integrity I'll never ban.