

Editor's Comment

MY REIGN IS OVER

Antonio Barrow
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This will be my last editorial for this year. I would like to start off by saying that all the credit belongs to God. Without Him, this paper would not have been successful. It was through a divine purpose that the editor from last year chose me to be editor. I would also like to thank the supporters who contributed in making this paper successful.

Truly, I have enjoyed my reign as editor for the 2002-2003 school year. It was a great experience, but I cannot accept this as my future career. I do, however, wish that I could stay and help out next year.

To the new editors, I ask that you do your best and do not, by any means, let anything or anyone stress you. Use your editorial power to handle any situation, regardless of what anyone says. I believe that you will succeed.

As I look forward to a new world, I will never forget this university; the friends I have made and left behind, professors, faculty, and staff who encouraged me and supported me.

I will never forget the other experiences such as singing in the University Choir, acting in and directing plays, learning more about the speech mechanisms and working in the radio station.

I pray that this university will prosper and that The Compass will be as good as or better than this year's.

To the other graduates, I pray that you be successful in whatever you do.

Let us go forth and do great things to represent Elizabeth City State University.

FIVE REASONS WHY GOING TO CLASS IS VIEWED AS AN EXTREME SPORT

1. Extreme driving skills are required of students and staff as they have to back up a narrow lanes while dodging pedestrians all because students can't read "one way" signs. (ECSU has tutoring labs)
2. Students have to wade at their own risk across campus because the university doesn't employ lifeguards to patrol the extremely large ponds created during the rainy season.
3. Pedestrians must exhibit extreme skills in skipping, hopping and galloping because drivers use the fire lane between Moore Hall and Johnson Hall as a drag strip.
4. Students exhibit extreme sprinting capabilities as they race against the clock to get from Jenkins Science Center to the Fine Arts center in less than ten minutes.
5. Finally, there's even a sport for those who don't go to class. This is a special event for those students who prefer to sit around campus and watch the rest of us pursuing our academic activities. This event is called the Extreme Spectator sport and requires extreme will power in order to go against your conscience and just sit there.

The Compass

The Compass is published by Elizabeth City State University under the direction of the Department of Language, Literature, and Communication, Dr. Velma Blackmon, chairperson.

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Please send your letters to the editor and poetry to ECSU Box 815, Elizabeth City, NC 27909. All letters must include writer's signature, address, and telephone number.

Poetic Realm

Flossie Mae: Mother, I Love You

For what I hoped for has come...
When I found out
Joyful tears surrounded my eyes
What you said delighted my heart
Never did I expect for you
To bring me this type of news
You put me on cloud nine
And nobody can inflate my high
Of all the sacrifices I've made
I don't regret not one of them
I never knew that this would be the
outcome
I knew things would get better
But never did I imagine to this extent
But I won't run with this newfound
excitement
Pushing what I've always hoped for away
Instead I'll take my time helping you
Understand the **truth** that I found
Because for you, Flossie Mae, mother,
I would do all that I could.

DeTra L. Stith

In Love with a Black Man

The thickness of his lips
The dark, dark darkness of his skin
The texture of his hairs
The look of passion in his stare
There is none that could compare

The way he looks into my dark black eyes
The way he caresses my big brown thighs
The way he kisses my full pink lips
Makes me smile as I think of
How proud I am to be a black woman in love with a black man

When we play day by day
Sometimes he gets mad and I walk away
But he calls me back making everything okay
Making me smile
And once again I'll say
That I am proud to be a black woman in love with a black man
Now true indeed love comes and goes
For God only knows what river our love will surely flow on
For those who haven't tried it, maybe you should
But just watch out for those players, because they just ain't no good
Then you will be able to say
That you are proud to be a black woman in love with a black man.

Valenta Wade

I Apologize

I apologize brotha, for not being what you're use to
An uneducated, unsophisticated, ghetto girl without a vision and
not much to do

I apologize that you are intimidated by my demeanor, class,
independence, and style
Believe it or not it actually wasn't my beauty or hips that first
attracted you, but my righteousness, wisdom, and virtue that
continuously drives you wild

I apologize, brotha, that as I walk by respect is given, attention is
drawn, and notes are taken
Oh, if you're wondering, a virtuous woman I am, please don't be
mistaken

I apologize if my meek but far from weak attitude confuses you
I'm not even fooled by your cover up, so brotha be true

Now please don't be offended by the message I've given
Neither be deceived for I'm worth far more than precious rubies
Read Proverbs 31; it has been written!

Lavonda Nicole Whitt