

FEATURES

Poetry Corner

I Had To Sit Still

I had to sit still
to hear my feelings
I had to listen
to get the meaning
I want to cry
I want to stay
It's time to go
The quiet told me so
I had to sit still
When I met Helen
I had to listen to myself
Like an old gospel choir
with passion and fire
I call her, My Helen, for she is
mine to take with me on this
journey in time
I had to sit still
when the tears came to my eyes
Phyliss started talking about
some men in disguise
my heart trembled and shook and
I felt shame
of my own deprivation of connecting
with any man her forgiving heart
made my own seem to stop
for my heart was cold and bitter
and forgiving
it was not,
from her I learned to soften
this forty plus heart of mine
though the way is long
and uncharted
I will sit still and let it flow and
it will be fine
the gift I take from Phyliss my
friend will never be bartered
I had to sit still
John was scared and needing
what was I to do
I was not my brothers keeper
so I made myself a sleeper
he pulled my covers and I kicked

wilder than any horse
to keep from confronting
this disclosure
I peeped inside and saw my face
to my chagrin,
I was scared and needing
I had to sit still
to get wisdom
to go the distance
to get the meaning
to respect the difference
to respect the woman
to feel my longing
for something higher
than my negative, hateful aura
Joan remained
and I changed
I had to sit still
when Doug spoke of reality
and not always practically
I found my strength
and acknowledged my child
It's okay to cry and it's mighty
fine to smile
I heard him tell me something
after this long
time that it doesn't have to
make sense-
and it doesn't have to rhyme
as long as I truly feel, it is mine.
I had to sit still
very still I tell you
for I came to my core
behind the secret door
timidly, awkwardly I turned the key
and I dared to let Chuck see that
part of me
I looked him in the eye with
the stealth of a leopard
frightened of rejection
but determined to share it
the chosen one, the gentle one,
the fragile one
the wounded one
I must remain still, Chuck, very still

I had to sit still
after I met Connie
suddenly, powerfully he came
my world started to crumble
feelings poured in like a hurricane
I screamed and I cried I feared
for my life
my survival instincts yelled out
to take flight
but I sat still and I listened
and learned
from the fear, hurricanes are coming
year after year,
I was sitting still
and with Sandra I shared a fear
and I knew this year
vulnerability was here
to stay
I continued to sit still
accepting Phil, feeling no threat
no consequences, no incidents
still waters
comforting
and I sit still now.

Cheryl Cash,
Junior, English major

What If I Am A Black Women? Is It A Disease?

Well, if it is, I sure hope it's
catching because they need to put
it into a bottle, label it, and
sprinkle it over all the people -
Men and Women
Who ever loved or cried, worked
or died for anyone of us.
So . . . What if I am a Black
woman? Is it a crime?
Arrest me! Because I'm strong,

but I'm gentle.
I'm smart, but I'm learning. I'm
loving, but I'm hateful. And I like
to work because I like to eat, feed
and clothe and house me, mine,
and yours and everybodys, like I've
been doing for the past 300 years..
What if I am a black woman?
Is it insane? Commit me!!
Because I want the happiness,
not tears; truths, not lies; pleasure
not pain; sunshine, not rain; a man,
not a child!!
What if I am a Black woman? Is
And pray for you too, if you
don't like women of color
because we are.....midnight
black, chestnut brown, honey
bronzed, chocolate covered, cocoa
dipped, big lipped, big hiped,
big breasted and beautiful all at
the same time!!
So.....what if I am a Black
woman? Does it bother you that
much because I want a man
who wants me, loves me and
trusts me, respects me and gives
me everything because I give
him everything back, PLUS!!
What if I am a black woman?
I've got rights, same as you!!
I have worked for them, died
for them, lied for them, played
and laid for them, on every
plantation from Alabama to Boston
and back!!
What if I am a Black woman? I
love me and I want you to love me
too.
But I am, as I've always been, near
you, close to you, beside you,
strong, giving, loving for over 300
years, your Black woman.....
Love Me!!!!!!

Cloning

University cloned human embryos: they took cells from 17 human embryos (defective ones that an infertility clinic was going to discard), all two to eight cells in size. They teased apart the cells, grew each in a lab dish and got a few 32-cell embryos- a size that could be

implanted in a woman. Yet, they weren't. This clearly says, there's a possibility that humans can be cloned. The public should not be shocked about this new latest enhancement of a biotech field called transgenics. These transgenic products are not for sale, but human

testing is starting. Genzyme Transgenics Corp., has grown goats whose milk contains a human anticlotting protein that can be used in heart-surgery patients. Some companies are working on ways to get pigs to grow hearts and kidneys that won't be rejected in transplants.

Cloning promises to someday do all that - but quicker and more efficiently. Transgenics companies are breeding their genetically altered animals through several generations to get the right mix, a million of dollars costly hit-or-miss process that could take many years.

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