STARSCOPE

Send your poems to Poetry Corner, P.O. Box 3154, Winston-Salem, N.C. We are not responsible for returning submissions, and because of the volume of mail received, there may be some delay in

the publication of your poems.

"Fantasies"

I often dream of silly dreams, Of fantasies of love. I often dream of birds flying Gracefully above. They all tell a story of happiness And gaiety. So when I think of them in the morning, They help me start my day.

Arleatha Patterson

"Mama"

She hangs her apron, but not her love That's mama

She settles arguments without a glove That's mama

She blesses the food, though nothing's there That's mama

She blows the hurt when in despair That's mama

She's full of grace and endowed with power That's mama

Her presence lingers as that of a flower That's mama

No love surpasses what she gives of herself That's mama

I dare give her love to anyone else

Jayne Penne'

"To the Cocaine Users Everywhere"

Cocaine is no good, It has killed so many people, Most likely one of your friends Has died from it.

You say cocaine helps you get through the day, It takes your mind off the troubles You are having, It makes you feel good!

That's the biggest lie I ever heard. You are strong enough to take cocaine, And it's killing you, And you don't even know it, Or do you?

It may have you thinking You are on top of the world, But all the time You have one foot in Hell.

Get started, seek help. I know it's not easy, But if you make the first step And mean it, And pray and ask God to help you, He will!

God has not turned his back on anyone, And I know he won't turn his back on you.

James Galloway

"Poetry Introduction"

Poetry is music, but in a different sense. Slowly unfolding the mystery To keep you in suspense.

Arleatha Patterson

"Mama Don't"

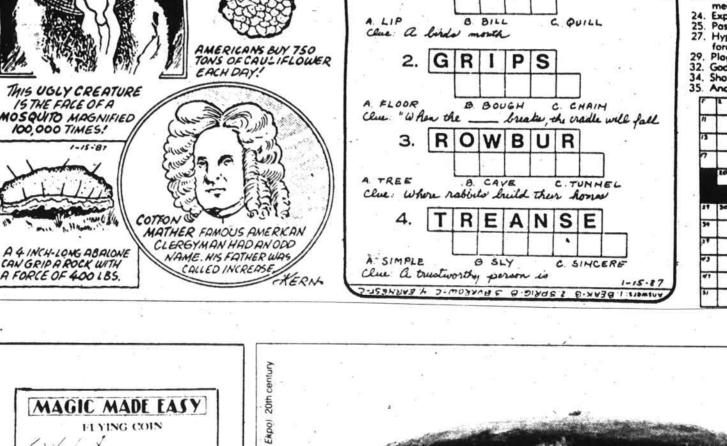
Oh Mama, I can hardly wait to get out of here, These tubes choke me sometimes, and there is so Much fluid in here.

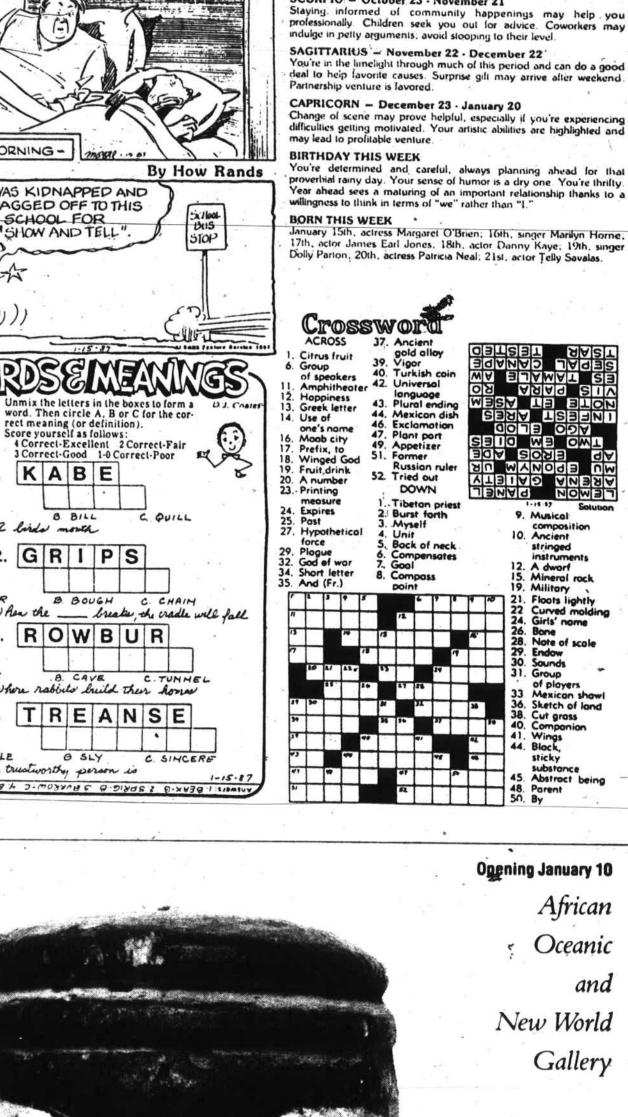
I can hardly wait to see the outside world; There will be the love from you, and my new Family members, friends to play with in my Toy room, and then the excitement of going To school.

Oh boy! I feel those strange hands on me again. It can't be time for me to come out yet, I have So much farther to go, what is going on in here? Why is this so painful? These aren't my friends, I haven't met my family, they are tearing me apart ...

Joyce A. Harrington Laurinburg









North Carolina Museum of Art

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