

## **NOT FOR COLORED GIRLS ONLY**

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some say they are  
only for colored girls  
who are  
some shade of black  
for the wooly-haired gals  
who know how to dance  
and sing blues  
or for those hair-dooed  
down sistahs with gold  
up the wah-zoo

but these poems  
cross over  
lines turn from black  
to rainbow  
each color part  
of the whole white band

**\*FIVE POEMS**

## I'M FINDING MY VOICE

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Years ago  
on weekend leave from the university  
riding Long Island Iron bound for Brooklyn  
we read \*your poem  
so much it was  
my sense stood at attention!  
What was this power of words  
a magnet revolving me  
around sentences tossing me out  
along a storyline like a snap  
of a Good Book?  
The pure magic of your sketch,

*\*\*"...your bright pupils  
stealing stars.  
And your strong legs  
wait! Let me pull the curtain  
for the whole street to see  
a rage of red love laughing."*

What live wire!  
coursed through your letters...

Moving language around like tiles  
i began trying to make it fit  
but my mimicry, so clumsy a bull  
caused plenty poems to die  
soon after they were born—  
my eyes to mourn  
thoughts orphaned  
and epitaphs left  
behind

But this winter  
grace came knocking  
pen scaling paper  
to my own voice  
first stir  
then rumble  
bursts overhead  
lines singing canary  
and me feeling like I'm finally  
beginning to strike  
gold!

**\*FIVE POEMS**

## **I NEED TO WRITE POETRY**

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when  
my eyes  
without power  
or lustre  
mourn this rare earth  
mind bleeding thorns  
hour after hour...  
"Blue Moon  
You Send Me"  
scrambling to the place  
where words mingle  
then snatch me up  
and  
down  
til these fingers lie  
limp  
beside my thoughts' ebbing  
tide; listen  
i need...  
to write the tale;  
blood racing; nostrils  
wide width  
language all ablaze!

**\*FIVE POEMS**

## **CONVERSATION PEACE**

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sitting squarely  
at the roundest table  
she wrote  
as if her words  
would unleash a power  
to heal the face  
of this earth  
an arsenal  
of poetic verbiage  
aimed  
at disarming weapons waged  
against humanity...  
phrases waving white flags  
across the page  
summoning  
up  
courage in us  
to come  
back to where  
the conversation  
is!

**\*FIVE POEMS**

## **IT WAS LOVE WE NEEDED**

*September 11<sup>th</sup> Tribute*

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when the twins were slammed  
and those planes were swallowed  
whole in a gulp; we needed it  
when bone and mortar spewed  
spectacles of men and women  
who flew  
until their carnage thumped  
down  
remains draped in that shade of horrible  
grey

Listen, before the prayers in the east  
were ever trampled  
by our *Wild, Wild West*  
or it was custom  
for humans to die  
round this world  
squarely in our vision like beasts;  
long before those middle-eastern boys  
strapped themselves to blow  
up like bombs!  
we needed love

**\*FIVE POEMS**