## National Poetry Month

SILVERT

## Two lands

By Anushka Shenoy

There are two lands held together by only a rickety bridge.

A land of pink girlhood, full of white roses, so petite, a land so innocent and sweet.

On the other side lies the land of womanhood. full of black magic, and covered in a red fog. It holds you, chokes you, and you cannot escape.

> You are pushed on to the bridge.

Wait! You cry I am not ready yet. I still belong here, in this peaceful place.

Please, not now, please not yet.

I am not strong enough to pull through.

But you are pushed onto the bridge. Hurricanes roar, storms galore.

There is no hard ground: You are forced ahead.

There is nowhere to go, but on and on, and on through the everblackening blackness.

All the way to the land of the red fog.

## A trace of tree

By Tracy Tree

To be passionately aware

Of each magic moment;

I am a simple tree, simply me.

With nare a trace of self doubt

I trust this mystery completely.

Mystery weaves me, unravels me

Weaves me again.

We dance, it bites and excites nothing

me...save To notice this moment. Thereby, remaining in a constant State of bliss, in Discovery. I surrender my thoughts,

my tiny tunnel vision. I hear not pathetic fears, my hopeless hopes.

Vigilant am I at the gate of thought; Allowing not, longings

and aversions To creep unnoticed into imaginings.

My imaginings are not pretending to know what I crave or condemn. My imagries are the wings which rock me to and fro adventure to home, again and again.

I feel a kindred spirit to the little Aspen tree; too wild to fear, too innocent to bow, trembling in the cradle of Mystery.

## Tired of being Sick and Tired...

By Savon Lindsay

Nothing but horrible,

horrible,

Feverish shakes, bowels ache

And now it's about homi-

And round about now, you

and creeping, crawling veins.

cide or suicide!

died...

incredible

pain...!

Teacher...Preacher or

wouldn't care if your Mama Twenty-four-seven. around the clock...! A Spiritual Death, nothing like it in the world:

possessed by a drug, some call crack others call it girl. King Heroin, the Beast of nothing in between;

the Feast.. but he'll get you too ... to say the least...

Residue a rock or two ...! And the more you smoked, the less you knew; on hands and knees crawling for a cibble or a bit, "Dopefiend's

Scream..." for his next hit ...!

Whether you're a Gangster

would-be Ho!

Sports Hero, 'Bet money on the Spoon...'

that Dope - thang will take you Dead to your Doom ...!

Like the walking-dead, searching, lurking for that incestuous rock

'it's Life or Death' and

and the reality of things are

blown away Dreams...

For too many years, you used to live and lived

smoked crack cocaine, shot dope in your veins and drank plenty of

Booze,

and then came the soup-lines, the dirt and grime; and it was

asking

always the same ole thang, time after time...

But it's a New Day, Y'All! And we can have a Ball without Drugs and Alcohol...

So just say; Nope to Dope...!

And give your brothers and sisters your Love, Strength and Hope...

And remember

what God said ...! that Faith without Works is Dead, so come Hell or Highwater...Live or Die! when you really get Tired, of being Sick and Tired!

Tired, of being Sick and

Tired, of being Sick and Tired!

