
Winter 1959

Willie Paul

Donna Love

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WILLIE PAUL

Proud, headstrong and defiant are his dispositions.
He got them from his odd social positions
In the world today, or so psychiatrists say.

Proud of the tan skin from a white mother and black father,
Headstrong when it comes to defending his right on earth,
And defiant while he waits the birth of a new day.

Donna Love

ONE AND ONE

The scent that whispers through the grove of pines,
Which carefully planted, regiment the low and narrow lane.
Swells there among its worshippers and stifles them.
Once cut the pines become the common wood.

The wind that lashes through the lonely Jack
Strips it of its pride, breaks a
Heart, and wrings its blood on its lofty throne.
Shredded, barkless death becomes it,
Its haggard, eerie presence gone—
Is missed.

Bending, swaying, common rows,
And weathered bucking markers
Live their lives apart.
The reaper time preserves or rots their epitaph.

Fred Gaulzetti