

Poem of the Week

PEOPLE OF COLOR

My best friend said that he
Was now a "person of color,"
Whereas I was simply "white."
He used to call himself "black,"
Which to me was perfectly all right.
But my art teacher pointed out to us
That black is the absence of color.
Which shouldn't really get him down,
Since he really isn't black, but rather
A beautiful shade of brown.
Which is a color.
As are those with yellow, red or golden skin.
Whereas white, (my color),
Has all the other colors within.
Which I suppose through and through
Makes me colored too!
So it appears my best friend was simply in error,
We all seem to be "persons of color."

A MODERN FAIRY TALE

Once upon a time, in a land far away,

There lived an old king with his wife.
And the king was a wealthy and jolly old man,
But was missing one thing in his life.
For he had a daughter, a beautiful lass,
Who up to this day was not wed.
So he called her before him and told her his plan,
But she turned to him saying instead...
“I insist on living and having a life,
And not wait for my prince to come.
I may be a mother, I may be a wife,
But there’s no hurry to be either one.”
Her father said, “Hogwash, a princess must wed,”
And he called all young men to his land.
And he set up some contests, to test strength and skill,
To the winner would go his girl’s hand.
And the princess just laughed, saying, “I won’t wed a man,
Just because he can run, ride or fight.
There are things more important for my husband to be,
And when I find him, then I’ll know he’s right.
“For I insist on living and having a life,
And not wait for my prince to come.
I may be a mother, I may be a wife,

But there's no hurry to be either one."

Still the king held his contests and a handsome prince won,

And stepped up to the king for his prize.

But he said to the king, "A gem you do have,

A daughter so pretty and wise.

For I'm told that she has her own dreams to fill,

Which you can't control from above.

For you may now force her to go out and wed,

But you simply can't force her to love.

"For she insists on living and having a life,

And not wait for her prince to come.

She may be a mother, she may be a wife,

But there's no hurry to be either one."

And on that day, the king became wiser,

And the princess acquired a friend.

And maybe one day, became mother and wife,

But lived happily ever after. The end.

THE FORGOTTEN CHARACTER

I'm a poor, lonely, hump-less old camel.

A hump's what I need in my life.

The kids all laugh at me,

No one will ride on me,

I can't even find me a wife!

But hope is now close, I've heard rumors

Of a wizard who could change my looks.

There's a group going to him,

Who all seek help through him,

And I hear he's a wiz for the books!

There's a girl who needs travelin' directions,

A straw man a bit short on brains,

There's this big furry cat,

Who gets scared of a rat,

And some guy who rusts when it rains.

So I sit here and wait for these travelers,

So the wizard can help with my cause.

And it seems that they're late,

As I sit here and wait,

On the Purple Brick Road of Oz.