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Old Folks at Home

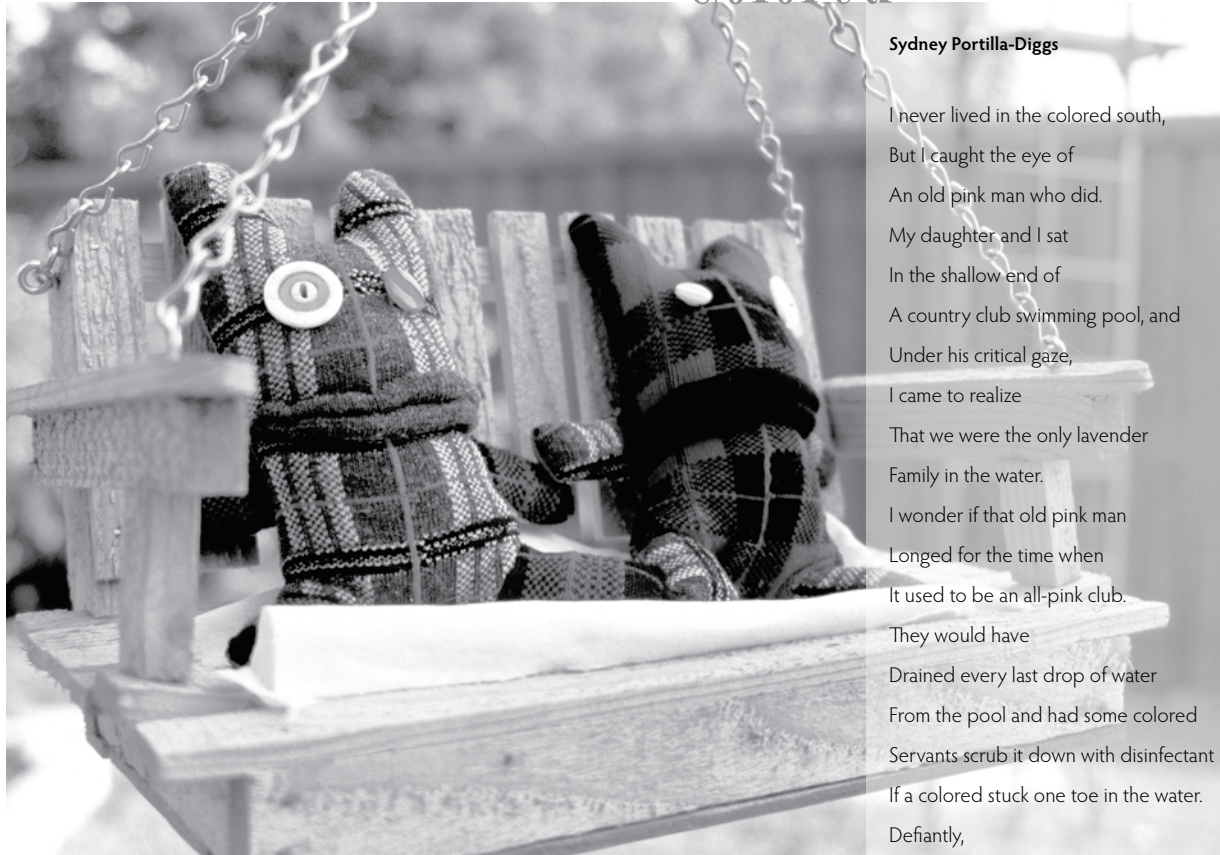
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I Never Lived in the Colored South

Sydney Portilla-Diggs

I never lived in the colored south,
 But I caught the eye of
 An old pink man who did.
 My daughter and I sat
 In the shallow end of
 A country club swimming pool, and
 Under his critical gaze,
 I came to realize
 That we were the only lavender
 Family in the water.
 I wonder if that old pink man
 Longed for the time when
 It used to be an all-pink club.
 They would have
 Drained every last drop of water
 From the pool and had some colored
 Servants scrub it down with disinfectant
 If a colored stuck one toe in the water.
 Defiantly,
 And deliberately
 I held my breath
 And submerged
 My entire lavender body
 In the water.
 When I came up again,
 The old pink man was gone.



Day's Beauty – A SONNET

Betsy Giron

The day gave up her beauty to the night
 And wrapped its shadowed shawl around her land
 Allowing those who dwell in simpler light
 To revel in their doings as she planned.
 Through one open eye she still sees the soul

Who masks by night the markings of their way
 Until, again, her radiance takes in the whole
 Of that which sin and vile left on display.
 For those who choose to see her golden face
 And live exposed to every fault within
 Are reminded of the need for her grace
 When viewed to remnants of night's shameful den.
 Then day's beauty seems even greater still
 Shining forth from those who gave to her their will.