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## I Never Lived in the Colored South

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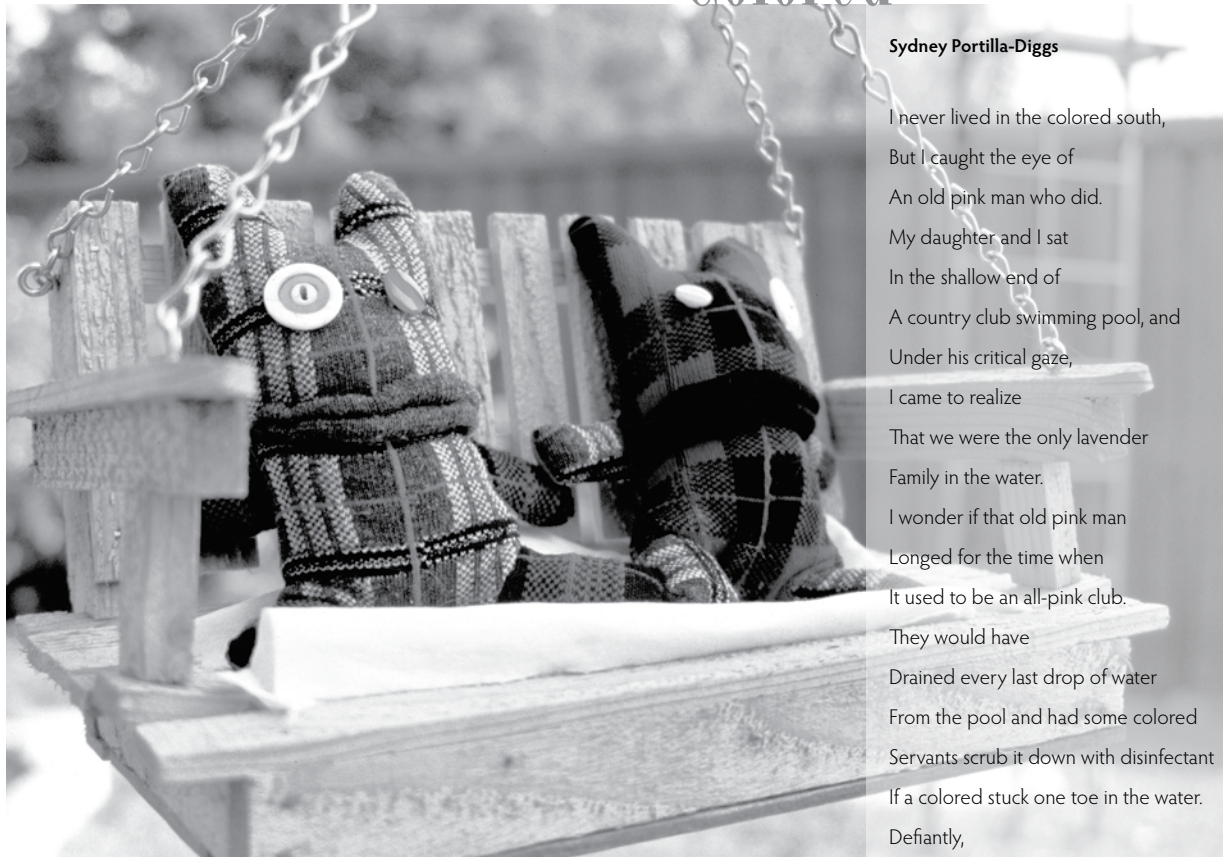
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## I Never Lived in the Colored South

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.