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I Never Lived in the Colored South

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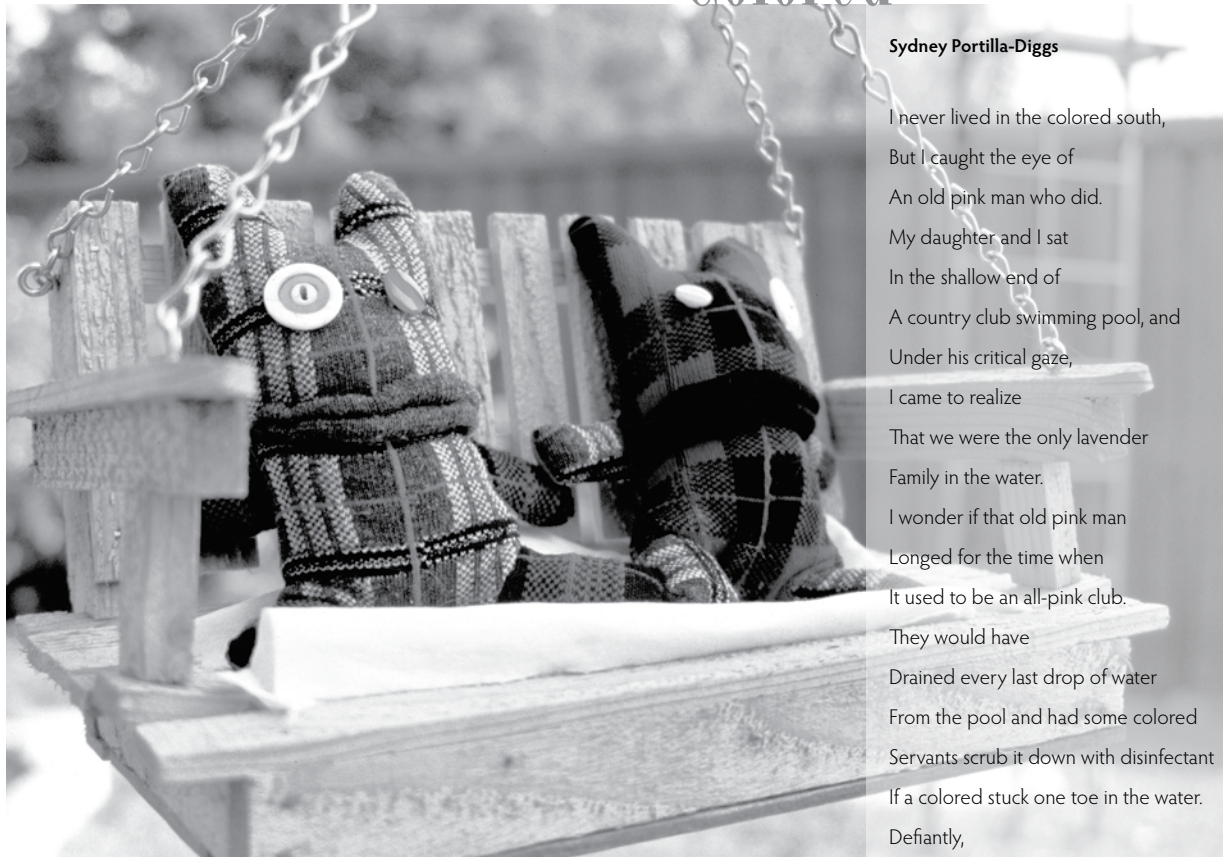
I Never Lived in the Colored South

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.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME   Justin Houston

FARMROAD IN TEXAS   Josh Dryk

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.