

## Flapperettes : : By W. C. CHASE



Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.

# THE POET'S CORNER

## City Streets

By MICHAEL FRAENKEL  
 All day long  
 People came in and out of me—  
 An people, well-groomed gentlemen  
 With polished canes,  
 City people with the stink  
 Their trades on their hands.  
 Clothes, and hairy bodies.  
 And women with high heels,  
 And furs over their necks,  
 And insolently smooth skins,  
 And proud, well-reared buttocks,  
 And prostitutes with their castrate leers  
 Working from the glossy corners of their  
 Eyes,  
 And the greasy public smell all over  
 them:  
 All day long they walked,  
 And beat down upon my heart.  
 My brain, into my blood.  
 That now I have to take them  
 To bed with me,  
 My body, all of me,  
 City of beaten streets of feet.

## A Tree

To M. V. C.

By LEWIS ALEXANDER

(Leaves)

TENDER green eyes flashing.  
 To catch the eye of God  
 Thanking him for bounties  
 Flowing from the sod.

(Branches)

Praying arms outstretched  
 To the silent sky,  
 Penetrating vastness  
 For a mute reply.

(Body)

A brown gnarled vase  
 Lacquered with bark.  
 The resting place  
 Of a singing lark.

(Roots)

My tripping toes  
 Pivoted in soil  
 That the swaying body  
 Never may recoil.

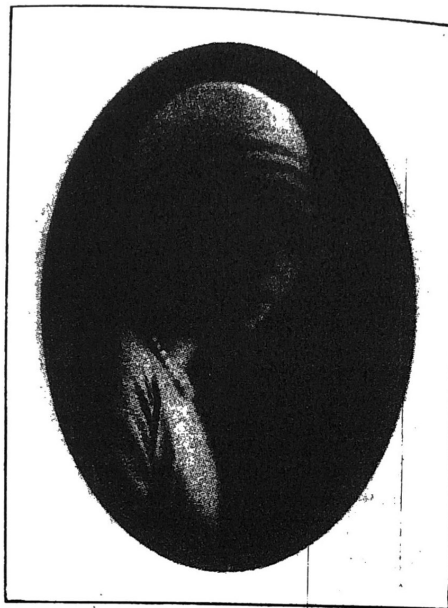
(L'envoi)

The dance of leaves is a beautiful thing.  
 The lyric of branches sweet.  
 The cry of a body bent by the wind  
 And roots rumbling in retreat.

## The Parting

By BEATRICE M. MURPHY

IS not the parting  
 That means so much.  
 No!—  
 The frequent



Marita O. Bonner  
 "The Young Blood Hungers"

After meetings  
 That carry  
 The deeper sting.

When your eyes meet mine  
 (Those eyes once full of love)  
 In a chilling stare—  
 When your lips say  
 A curt "good day"  
 (Those lips that once clung to mine)—  
 When your arms  
 (That held me once in such a tight embrace)

Are raised now  
 Only to tip your hat  
 Or for formal handshakes—  
 When we meet again  
 At the old trysting places  
 Among the old  
 Familiar scenes  
 And cannot recall  
 Even by a glance  
 The sweet memories  
 That flock about us  
 As bees about honey—

Ah! these! These  
 Hold the deeper sting!

## The New Negro

By

ELSIE TAYLOR DU TRIEUILLÉ

"HEY there, Bub! I say!"  
 Silence. ("He knows my name.")  
 "Hey George! This way!"  
 Silence. ("Same, old, game.")  
 "Hey, darry! You!"  
 Silence. ("Same, old game.")  
 "I'll be damned if tain't true!"  
 Nigger showing off, posing offense  
 At a name. Do you think I'd 'Mister'  
 you!

Black beast! Any name  
 For you'd be an honor. Who  
 Looks at you, sees a cringing, tame  
 Beast. Intelligence! Bah!  
 Blunt as pig iron. Black soul!  
 What's in you to respect! Ha!  
 Ha! I could take the whole  
 Of your race and dam the oceans with  
 its refuse!  
 Stinking flotsam! Black beast!  
 God! Who has use  
 For your carcass!"

Was this white man's thought.

BUT out of this stinking flotsam. God  
 Wrought a young knighthood.  
 Sworn to their vows, with flashing sword  
 And dazzling shield, they stood—  
 A new order of Negro Youth, eager  
 For the quest of the Guarded Heights.  
 God bade them, "Go forward! No  
 meager

Whims of men shall put to flight  
 Your soul's great force. Wear  
 My favors, Vision and Love.  
 Evil shall glower, a few shall dare  
 To mock; but steadfast above  
 All pettiness, you shall stand.

"NEW NEGRO, sing your soul's own  
 song,  
 Holy, majestic, grand.  
 Your notes shall lead a jeering throng  
 From baseness to nobility.  
 Dip your gilt-edged pen in the well-  
 spring

Of your heart. With swift agility,  
 Fling word on word to pierce and sting  
 As the rapier thrust, men's hearts—  
 Your daring pen shall slowly lessen  
 Studied, insidious plots  
 Of prejudice and inhuman oppression.  
 Open the flood-gate of your vivid soul.  
 On crested waves of creative  
 Genius, unveiled beauty shall roll  
 Forth, to transform, to give  
 New life to barren canvass. Men  
 Shall gaze astounded and their  
 Eager hands shall reach out then,  
 Not to despoil, but to share,  
 To possess the lofty inspiration  
 Pure art alone can give.

"NEW NEGRO, in this generation  
 You shall fully live.  
 'The old order changeth'. Not  
 Mold of face, nor color of skin  
 Shall conquer the cruel heart  
 Of race tyranny, or bigotry, its kin.  
 They shall perish by your flashing sword  
 Of ability. Your shield, brightly  
 Emblazoned with fine achievement, shall  
 afford

Invulnerable armor for unsightly  
 Barbs of asinine abuse. Knights  
 Of the order of New Negro Youth,  
 You shall reach the Guarded Heights,  
 With weapons of integrity and truth."

THE CRISIS



Dr. J. A. Somers  
 Committee arrang  
 Annu

PE

☐ The Reverend  
 D., of Birmingham  
 Knoxville College  
 decided to the  
 holds in Birm  
 where between  
 Dr. Johnson ha  
 to Knoxville Co  
 that he will r  
 during his lifeti  
 the gift are to  
 after his death.  
 duce a fund, th  
 be used for sc  
 students. Dr.  
 life in work un  
 Board of Home  
 Presbyterian C  
 have been cor  
 schools planted  
 United Presby  
 southwestern p  
 Johnson has ke  
 with careful sa  
 ment he has be  
 this property w  
 Knoxville Colle  
 ☐ St. Luke Bre  
 ton student, v  
 striking a whi  
 a jail sentence a  
 jail sentence wa  
 of the boy's pre  
 ☐ James Welk

May, 1928