

Poetry

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Introducing Lynda Maria

Lynda Maria Richardson was born in Spokane and has lived in Seattle for the past 19 years. She has attended Seattle Community College, the University of Washington, and now Seattle University majoring in Community Services. Ms. Richardson is strongly motivated to "serving people" by any means available. Whether it takes securing food and clothing donations or pointing someone toward the right community agency, she works hard for the people.

Her poetry is of the new

breed of Black writers. Ms. Richardson fires a message at the reader with soul, warmth, and a spice of tenderness. Her poetry is very sensitive which in this writer's opinion is remarkable for a woman whose spent most of her life in Seattle. Lynda talks about everyday things as in "In Between Songs" and challenges us in "Change the Tune." She writes for herself, her friends, and her people. Hopefully, she will be published soon and everyone will have the chance to experience Lynda Maria.

Happiness Lives In Unity

Ever felt so totally entrapped
In a vicious cycle of never-ending changes?
Unwilling to admit all your flaws?
Talk of integrating by the laws...
So the knee-grows can gain dignity...
Wallowing in self pity with reasons known...
Who understands anyway? Is there a God?
Sweet Jesus, is there a God. Sweet Jesus?
You say transcendentilization is the answer?
You say turn the other cheek. You say strike.
You say fight. You said LOVE?

Have you ever been so high you had to
Come down? Into the world of reality,
Where guilt knows no boundaries--

Like a cat that falls
Only to land on its feet?

Are you ready to move?
Are you ready to move with me.
Rock steady, Sister Love.
Rock steady, Brother Love.
Happiness comes through unity...
Happiness lives in unity.

By LYNDA MARIA

CHANGE THE TUNE

Thank you is something I've been meaning to say.
Even I love you. You make me happy when I'm blue
Oh, honey; I was wrong
Are the words said in this song.

Sound familiar? I'm hip.
Anyone knows it's just a trip.
Have an apple, teach.
I never believed those words
Which you wrote, and wrote and wrote.
"Malcolm was killed by his own."
"Martin was best; Jody was wrong."
I flunked all the tests.
And at the righteous age of six
I knew when the hyp needed a fix.
And then when I was ten they covered up the poor.
It was in to be thin!
Twiggy, Tiny, and Hippy Sue
The green giant get me if he don't get you!
Wash those hands, polish those teeth,
See the man leap for mankind
Polish those floors, shine those teeth
Watch out! Gotcha! It's frankenstein!
Killer! Whooooooo! Ring my chimes!
You think all we had was Julia, Mannix, and Frost
You know--Deanna and Burt and don't forget Sam.
He walks and he talks. Sam's nice. Sam jams.
That's why when you vaguely remembered Louis and
You slipped and Elvis was best.
You had never known miles of green earth
You thought Muhammad had lost
Green pastures was the only thing on your mind.
"Don't be so black. Don't see your own kind."
You don't care about me--I don't care about you.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOU AT ALL.

Why are we fighting. Let's kiss and make up.
I know what was wrong...are the words in this song.

I BETCHA IT WILL END I'M SORRY I COMMITTED A SIN.
I'M WRONG. YOU WERE RIGHT.

By LUNDA MARIA



The art work on the poetry page was contributed by Mr. Cliff Hooper who is director of The Harrison Madrona Center. (The next issue of The Voice will feature a story of Mr. Hooper's outstanding program.)