

We pray for the preservation of
the Maori people who fled into the ocean to escape killing fires.

Haiku for Fall 2023

1

Maoris swim ocean,
our mistreated Nature -
we reflect climates.

2

Deaths of Maoris emerge,
sacred land awaits worship -
Fall leaves in prayer.

3

Fall rain chills this day,
we swam summer ocean joys,
seasons live in us.

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This poem is dedicated to Margaret Walker Alexander – the Inspirer

“ The Writer’s Soul Touches Generation After Generation” by C.E. G.

This Fall I enter The Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture,

looking at the circle of art showing rivers,

Langston Hughes, buried underneath that circle,

remembering Chester Higgins’ picture

of poets Imari Baraka and Maya Angelou

dancing on top of these rivers -

the Euphrates, the Congo, the Nile, and the Mississippi.

Usually Fall is a tree,

leaves circling from branches to wind to Earth,

Summer dying with each barren brown branch.

Fall is backpacks with books, pencils, ink pens, dreams,

and now a new fear since books are banned.

Yesterday I picked up a leaf,

it was like meeting an elder,

knowing this wisdom would be back again,

my Blues lifting with every poem & book I read.

I can forgive going through Shakespeare

without reading Black poets & writers

but receiving a degree in English anyway.

Writers are a Tree of Knowledge,

they travel to impossible depths like whales,

they are whales coming to shore discarding barnacles

by rubbing them off onshore

bringing Truth as students in canoes go out to fish.

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