



SOMEBODY'S DYING FOR A NEW PAIR OF SNEAKERS.

All over America children are the victims of violent crime. They are being assaulted and even murdered for the sake of anything from a pair of sneakers to some loose change in their pockets.

It's a situation that's only getting worse. Unless you do something to fight back, your child could become one of those victims.

You can make a difference. Start now by calling 1-800-WE PREVENT and we'll send you information on successful ways to join with others to protect your children from crime in your neighborhood. 1-800-WE PREVENT.



Ad Council
A Public Service of
This Publication

Crime Prevention Coalition and
U.S. Department of Justice

POET'S CORNER

I Can Say Goodbye

By Marinda

At last we come to the end of our destiny;
We both thought our love would last through
All tomorrow, yet, here we are searching
For excuses to save memories of yesterdays...

I can say goodbye,
I can, because in giving up my heart,
I'm assured that love is of existence
And that reality has blinded my senses.

I can say goodbye,
I can, to empty nights, anguished tears,
fears, and endless hopes.

I can say goodbye,
I can for convenience that allowed me
Uncertain boundaries, and unlimited
Fulfillment.

I can say goodbye to my heart that kept me
Unconscious to despair, confusion, and disappoint-
ment.

I can say goodbye, I can to love,
I thought you were my life;
May I have my heart back, returned with
Fractures, and shattered togetherness.

I can say goodbye;

I can now say goodbye to you.

Ode To Blackwomen (B.L.A.C.K.W.O.M.E.N)

By Keith A. Brantley (Izulu Poets)

Beauty beyond her richness of skin;
Love unbound to make slaves of men.
Astonishing, the way her heart unfolds;
Composed of substance more precious than gold.
Keepers of kingdoms when kings do fall;
Willing to stand, our protective wall.
Only the best this world has to give;
Mirrors of souls and reasons to live.
Encouraging love, keeping families together;
No price is too great, there is nothing better.

I Am You, You Are Me

By Bimkubwa B. Khalfani

I am you.
you are me.
That is the way it should be.
Yet for some reason you are unable to see
that without us together
nothing more will be.

I reach out to you,
All my efforts are in vain.
I call out to you,
My calls end in shame.
I cry out to you,
you see my tears. . .
you think it's all a game.

Over and over I try to explain
how it hurts to see you submit to another's game.
But you can't see it.
Your mind can't comprehend.
Your soul has not learned to understand the pain.

My crys will ring strong
my crys will ring proud
until the day you see
my only desire is to uplift you
so you, in turn, can uplift me.

Without you I have no existence.
I am you
you are me
our love was meant to be.