

I, Too

BY LANGSTON HUGHES

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

Genius Child

BY LANGSTON HUGHES

This is a song for the genius child.
Sing it softly, for the song is wild.
Sing it softly as ever you can—
Lest the song get out of hand.

Nobody loves a genius child.

Can you love an eagle,
Tame or wild?

Wild or tame,
Can you love a monster
Of frightening name?

Nobody loves a genius child.

Kill him—and let his soul run wild!

A Good Assassination Should Be Quiet

BY MARI EVANS

he had
A Dream
e x p l o d e d
down
his
t h r o a t.

whereon
a million hard white eyes
swung impiously heavenward
to mourn
the gross indelicate demise

such public death
transgresses
all known rules

A good assassination
should be quiet

and occupy the heart
four hundred
years

Grief

BY LEROY BRANT

Weeping angel with pinions trailing
And head bowed low in your hands.
Mourning angel with heart-strings wailing,
For one who in death's hall stands.

Mourning angel silence your wailing,
And raise your head from your hands.
Weeping angel on your pinions trailing
The white dove, promise, stands!