

Name:
Date:
Class/Period:
American Literature—Mr. Martin

Harlem Renaissance Poems for Midterm

Directions: You may mark these poems in any way you see fit to use in your midterm.

From *A Montage of a Dream Deferred* by: Langston Hughes

Harlem

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore—
And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over—
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

Good Morning

Good morning, daddy!
I was born here, he said,
watched Harlem grow
until colored folks spread
from river to river
across the middle of Manhattan
out of Penn Station
dark tenth of a nation
planes from Ouerto Rico,
and holds of boats, chico,
up from Cuba Haiti Jamaica,
in buses marked New York
from Georgia Florida Louisiana
to Harlem Brooklyn the Bronx
but most of all to Harlem
dusky sash across Manhattan
I've seen them come dark
wondering
wide-eyed
dreaming
out of Penn Station—
but the trains are late.
The gates open—
Yet there's bars
at each gate.

What happens to a dream deferred?

Daddy, ain't you heard?

Letter

Dear Mama,

Time I pay rent and get my food
and laundry I don't have much left
but here is five dollars for you
to show you I still appreciate you.

My girl-friend send her love and say
she hopes to lay eyes on you sometime in life.
Mama, it has been raining cats and dogs up
here. Well, that is all so I will close.

Your son baby
Respectably as ever,
Joe