

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

**“Theme for English B” Project**

**Obj:** To analyze poetry as a way of self expression by making connections to Langston Hughes’ “Theme for English B” and creating your own.

- What you need to do:**
1. Read and analyze Hughes’ “Theme for English B” (In-class).
  2. You will capture the essence of the original poem while discussing your own life, issues, and qualities in a new poem. You may riff off of some of Hughes’ original lines, but this should be a largely new and original piece.
  3. Create a visual to go along with your created poem. It can be a collage of photos or magazine clippings, a detailed drawing, or any other artistic representation of who you are.
  4. We will share what we have created in class through an art gallery.

**Due Dates will be listed on class calendar (website) and on PowerSchool.**

**Rubric (Quiz Score)**

	<b>20 points</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>0</b>
<b>Deadline</b>	Project meets the deadline with all elements included.				Project late/missing elements on due date.
<b>Poem Quality</b>	Poem is organized, includes poetic devices (2), has no errors, is printed.	1 missing	2 missing	3 missing	4+ missing
<b>Poem Connection</b>	Poem is creative, connects to writer’s life, shows depth.	1 missing	2 missing	3 missing	4+ missing
<b>Visual Quality/ Connection</b>	Visual is neat, shows care, is creative, has pride in work.	1 missing	2 missing	3 missing	4+ missing
<b>Art Gallery Participation</b>	No redirections needed during Art Gallery.	1 redirect	2 redirects	3 redirects	4+ redirects

**Total: /100 point quiz grade**

The instructor said,

*Go home and write  
a page tonight.*

*And let that page come out of you—  
Then, it will be true.*

I wonder if it's that simple?

I am twenty-two, colored, born in Winston-Salem.

I went to school there, then Durham, then here  
to this college on the hill above Harlem.

I am the only colored student in my class.

The steps from the hill lead down into Harlem,  
through a park, then I cross St. Nicholas,

Eighth Avenue, Seventh, and I come to the Y,  
the Harlem Branch Y, where I take the elevator  
up to my room, sit down, and write this page:

It's not easy to know what is true for you or me

at twenty-two, my age. But I guess I'm what

I feel and see and hear, Harlem, I hear you:

hear you, hear me—we two—you, me, talk on this page.

(I hear New York, too.) Me— who?

Well, I like to eat, sleep, drink, and be in love.

I like to work, read, learn, and understand life.

I like a pipe for a Christmas present,

or records—Bessie, bop, or Bach.

I guess being colored doesn't make me *not* like

the same things other folks like who are other races.

So will my page be colored that I write?

Being me, it will not be white.

But it will be

a part of you, instructor.

You are white—

yet a part of me, as I am a part of you.

That's American.

Sometimes perhaps you don't want to be a part of me.

Nor do I often want to be a part of you.

But we are, that's true!

As I learn from you,

I guess you learn from me—

although you're older—and white—

and somewhat more free.

This is my page for English B.