

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly
Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

(Langston Hughes)

A door just opened on a street--
I, lost, was passing by--
An instant's width of warmth disclosed
And wealth, and company.

The door as sudden shut, and I,
I, lost, was passing by,--
Lost doubly, but by contrast most,
Enlightening misery.

(Emily Dickinson)

In Lands I never saw - they say

In lands I never saw - they say
Immortal Alps look down -
Whose Bonnets touch the firmament -
Whose Sandals touch the town -

Meek at whose everlasting feet
A Myriad Daisy play -
Which, Sir, are you and which am I
Upon a August day?

(Emily Dickinson)

The Dove

...and here is
old Picasso and the dove
and dreams as fragile
as pottery with dove
in white on clay
dark brown as
earth is brown
from our old
battle ground...

(Langston Hughes, 1902 – 1967)

I, too

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.

(Langston Hughes, 1902 – 1967)