

APPENDICES

Poems by Langston Hughes

I Dream a World

I dream a world where man
No other man will scorn,
Where love will bless the earth
And peace its paths adorn
I dream a world where all 5
Will know sweet freedom's way,
Where greed no longer saps the soul
Nor avarice blights our day.
A world I dream where black or white,
Whatever race you be, 10
Will share the bounties of the earth
And every man is free,
Where wretchedness will hang its head
And joy, like a pearl,
Attends the needs of all mankind- 15
Of such I dream, my world!

Ruby Brown

She was young and beautiful
And golden like the sunshine
That warmed her body.
And because she was colored
Mayville had no place to over her, 5
Nor fuel for the clean flame joy
That tried to burn within her soul.
One day, sitting on old Mrs. Latham's back porch
Polishing the silver,
She asked herself two questions
And they run something like this: 10
What can a colored girl do
On the money from a white woman's kitchen?
And ain't there joy in this town
Now the street down by the river
Know more about this pretty Ruby Brown, 15
And the sinister shuttered houses of the bottoms
Hold a yellow girl
Seeking an answer to her questions.
The good church folk do not mention
Her name anymore. 20
But the white men,
Habitués of the high shuttered houses,
Pay more money to her now
Than they ever did before,
When she worked in their kitchens. 25

Merry-Go-Round

COLORED CHILD AT CARNIVAL

Where is the Jim Crow section

On this merry-go-round

Mister, cause I want to ride?

Down South where I come from

White and colored

5

Can't sit side by side.

Down south on the train

There's a Jim Crow.

On the bus we're put in the back--

But there ain't no back

10

To a merry-go-round!

Where's the horse

For a kid that's black?

A New Song

I speak in the name of the black millions
Awakening to action
Let all others keep silent a moment
I have this word to bring,
This thing to say, 5
This song to sing:
Bitter was the day
When I bowed my back
Beneath the slaver's whip.
That day is past. 10
Bitter was the day
When I saw my children unschooled,
My young man without a voice in the world,
My woman taken as the body-toys
Of a thieving people. 15
That day is past.
Bitter was the day, I say,
When the lyncher's rope
Hung about my neck,
And the fire scorched my feet, 20
And the oppressors had no pity,
And only in the sorrow songs
Relief was found.
That day is past.
I know full well now 25
Only my own hands,
Dark as the earth,
Can make my earth-dark body free.
O thieves, exploiters, killers,
No longer shall you say 30
With arrogant eyes and scornful lips:
"You are my servant,
Black man-

I, the free
That day is past- 35
For now,
In many mouths-
Dark mouths where red tongues burn
And white teeth gleam-
New words are formed, 40
Bitter
With the past
But sweet
With the dream.
Tense, 45
Unyielding,
Strong and sure,
They sweep the earth-
Revolt! Arise!
The Black 50
And white World
Shall be one!
The Worker's World!
The past is done!
A new dream flames 55
Against the
Sun!

Poems by Countee Cullen

Incident

Once riding in old Baltimore,
Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,
I saw a Baltimorean
Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small, 5
And he was no whit bigger,
And so I smiled, but he poked out
His tongue, and called me, "Nigger."

I saw the whole of Baltimore
From May until December; 10
Of all the things that happened there
That's all that I remember.

Uncle Jim

“White folks is white,” says uncle Jim;
“A platitude,” I sneer;
And then I tell him so is milk,
And the froth upon his beer.

His heart walled up with bitterness, 5
He smokes his pungent pipe,
And nods at me as if to say,
“Young fool, you’ll soon be ripe!”

I have a friend who eats his heart
Always with grief of mine, 10
Who drinks my joys as tipplers drain
Deep goblets filled with wine.

I wonder why here at his side,
Face-in-the-grass with him,
My mind should stray the Grecian urn 15
To muse on uncle Jim.

Scottsboro, Too, Is Worth Its Song

(A poem to American poets)

I SAID:

Now will the poets sing,

The cries go thundering

Their cries go thundering

Like blood and tears

5

Into the nation's ears,

Like lightning dart

Into the nation's heart.

Against disease and death and all things fell,

And war,

10

Their strophes rise and swell

To jar

The foe smug in his citadel.

Remembering their sharp and pretty

Tunes for Sacco and Vanzetti,

15

I said:

Here too's a cause divinely spun

For those whose eyes are on the sun,

Here in epitome

Is all disgrace

20

And epic wrong.

Like wine to brace

The minstrel heart, and blare it into song.

Surely, I said,

Now will the poets sing.

25

But they have raised no cry.

I wonder why.

A Brown Girl Dead

With two white roses on her breast,
White candles at head and feet,
Dark Madonna on the grave she rest;
Lord Death has found her sweet.

Her mother pawned her wedding ring
To lay her out in white;
She'd be so proud she'd dance and sing
To see herself tonight.

5

Biography

Biography of Langston Hughes

James Langston Hughes was born on February 1, 1902, in Joplin, Missouri. He begins to write poetry in the eighth grade when he was in Central High School in Cleveland. Langston Hughes gained fame as a poet during the burgeoning of the arts known as the Harlem renaissance

Besides being known as a poet, he was also known as a novelist, columnist, playwright, and also essayist. Langston Hughes work's was influenced by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Carl Sandburg, and Walt Whitman. He was a prolific writer. He wrote sixteen books of poem, two novels, three collections of short stories, and four volume of "editorial" and "documentary" fiction, twenty plays, children's poetry, musical, and plays three autobiography, a dozen radio and television scripts and dozens of magazines articles. "The Negro Speaks of River" was his first published poem, and also one of his most famous. Hughes' first volume of poetry, The Weary Blues, appeared in 1926. His first novel, Not Without Laughter, won the Harmon gold medal for literature.

Langston Hughes died of complication from prostate cancer, on May 22, 1967. His residence at 20 East 127th Street in Harlem, New York has been given landmark status by the New York City Preservation Commission. His block of East 127th Street was renamed "Langston Hughes Place."

Source: Harper

Biography of Countee Cullen

Countee Cullen was born on May 30, 1903. Cullen was born with the name Countee LeRoy Porter and was abandoned by his parents at birth. Between high school and his graduation from Harvard, Cullen was the most popular black poet and virtually the most popular black literary figure in America. Countee Cullen had achieved considerable literary fame during the era known as the New Negro or Harlem Renaissance.

Countee Cullen was known as a poet, anthologist, novelist, translator, children's writer, and playwright. He wrote most of the poems for his first three volumes: Color (1925), Copper Sun (1927), and The Ballad of the Brown Girl (1927). Cullen won more major literary prizes than any other black writers of the 1920s: first prizes in the Witter Bynner Poetry contest in 1925, Poetry magazine's John Reed Memorial Prizes, the Amy Spingarn Award of the Crisis magazine, second prizes in Opportunity magazine's first poetry contest, and second prizes in the poetry contest of Psalms. In addition, he was the second black to win a Guggenheim Fellowship. He was also working on a musical with Anna Bontemps called St. Louis Woman (based on Bontemps's novel God Sends Sunday) at the time of his death.

Cullen died of blood high and uremic poisoning in New York City on January 9, 1946. Being private about his life, Cullen left behind no autobiography.

Source: Early