

POETRY

MOTHER TO SON (by Langston Hughes)

Well, son, I'll tell you:
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
It's had tacks in it,
And splinters,
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpet on the floor –
Bare.
But all the time
I've been a-climbin' on,
And reachin' landin's,
And turnin' corners,
And sometimes goin' in the dark,
Where there ain't been no light.
So, boy, don't you turn back.
Don't you set down on the steps.
"Cause you finds it's kinder hard.
Don't you fall now –
For I've still goin', honey,
I've still climbin',
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

Image

Feeling

Meaning

MAMMA SETTLES THE DROPOUT PROBLEM (by Betty Gates)

Lawd, son, whut um go do with you?
You makes me so mad
I don' know whut to do!
You thinks you's a man
And I hope one day you'll be,
But you got 'bout enuff
Sense to stuff a skinny flea!
Done worked myself until
Um nelly 'bout dead
So as you can go to school
An' git sumthin in yo head,
An' you come tellin me
That you gon' quit
Cause they aint got
Whut you wanna git.
Well, they sho is got
Much mo'n you
An' if you don' git it
Dis whut um go do:
Um goin' up side yo head
Wit my big fiss
An' when I swings
I don' aim to miss!

I done talked an' talked
Tell my face is blue,
Still I cain' talk
No sense in you.
Talkin' bout you
So proud you black,
If you wuz you'd
Know how to ack!
A heap a folks
Done went through hell,
Marchin' in the streets
An' goin' to jail;
An' some mighty good folks
Is laying up dead
Jes so you can
Fill yo empty head.
Now, you gon' stop
Yo ackin lak a fool!
You git yo books
An' you git back to school!

Feeling:

Image:

Meaning: