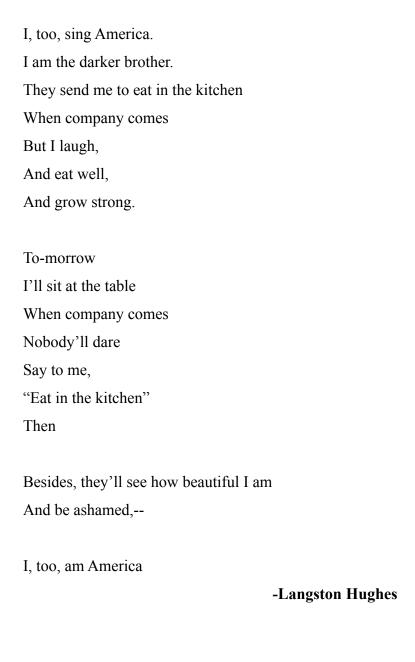
I Too



White Houses

Your door is shut against my tightened face,

And I am sharp as steel with discontent;

But I possess the courage and the grace

To bear my anger proudly and unbent.

The pavement slabs burn loose beneath my feet,

A chafing savage, down the decent street,

And passion rends my vitals as I pass,

Where boldly shines your shuttered door of glass.

Oh I must search for wisdom every hour,

Deep in my wrathful bosom sore and raw,

And find in it the superhuman power

To hold me to the letter of your law!

Oh I must keep my heart inviolate

Against the potent poison of your hate.

-Claude McKay

The 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.

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;
Of all the things that happened there
That's all that I remember.

-Countee Cullen