Harlem (A Dream Deferred)

*Langston Hughes*

What happens to a dream deferred?

 Does it dry up

 like a raisin in the sun?

 Or fester like a sore—

 And then run?

 Does it stink like rotten meat?

 Or crust and sugar over—

 like a syrupy sweet?

 Maybe it just sags

 like a heavy load.

 *Or does it explode?*

Hughes, Langston. "Harlem." Poetry Foundation. Poetry Foundation, n.d. Web. 27 Feb. 2014. <http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/175884>.