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>.