“Hope” is the thing with feathers - (314)

BY [EMILY DICKINSON](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/emily-dickinson)

“Hope” is the thing with feathers -

That perches in the soul -

And sings the tune without the words -

And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -

And sore must be the storm -

That could abash the little Bird

That kept so many warm -

I’ve heard it in the chillest land -

And on the strangest Sea -

Yet - never - in Extremity,

It asked a crumb - of me.

Harlem

BY [LANGSTON HUGHES](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/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?*