**THEME FOR ENGLISH B**

**By Langston Hughes**

The instructor said,

Go home and write   
a page tonight.   
And let that page come out of you---   
Then, it will be true.

I wonder if it's that simple?   
I am twenty-two, colored, born in Winston-Salem.   
I went to school there, then Durham, then here   
to this college on the hill above Harlem.   
I am the only colored student in my class.   
The steps from the hill lead down into Harlem   
through a park, then I cross St. Nicholas,   
Eighth Avenue, Seventh, and I come to the Y,   
the Harlem Branch Y, where I take the elevator   
up to my room, sit down, and write this page:

It's not easy to know what is true for you or me   
at twenty-two, my age. But I guess I'm what   
I feel and see and hear, Harlem, I hear you:   
hear you, hear me---we two---you, me, talk on this page.   
(I hear New York too.) Me---who?   
Well, I like to eat, sleep, drink, and be in love.   
I like to work, read, learn, and understand life.   
I like a pipe for a Christmas present,   
or records---Bessie, bop, or Bach.   
I guess being colored doesn't make me NOT like   
the same things other folks like who are other races.   
So will my page be colored that I write?   
Being me, it will not be white.   
But it will be   
a part of you, instructor.   
You are white---   
yet a part of me, as I am a part of you.   
That's American.   
Sometimes perhaps you don't want to be a part of me.   
Nor do I often want to be a part of you.   
But we are, that's true!   
As I learn from you,  
I guess you learn from me---   
although you're older---and white---   
and somewhat more free.

This is my page for English B.

1951