

“I, Too” || Langston Hughes

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
“Eat in the kitchen,”
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

Hughes, Langston, “I, Too.” *Collected Poems of Langston Hughes*.
New York: Vintage Books, 2004. Print.

<http://www.poetryoutloud.org/poems-and-performance/poems/detail/47558>

“To Walt Whitman” || Angela de Hoyos

hey man, my brother
world-poet
prophet democratic
here's a guitar
 for you
—a *chicana* guitar—
so you can spill out a song
for the open road
big enough for my people
 —my Native Amerindian race
that I can't seem to find
in your poems

<http://www.olyphen.com/pnkdurr/as/unit2whitman.htm>