

## Dream Variations

by Langston Hughes

To fling my arms wide  
In some place of the sun,  
To whirl and to dance  
Till the white day is done.  
Then rest at cool evening  
Beneath a tall tree  
While night comes on gently,  
Dark like me--  
That is my dream!

To fling my arms wide  
In the face of the sun,  
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!  
Till the quick day is done.  
Rest at pale evening . . .  
A tall, slim tree . . .  
Night coming tenderly  
Black like me.

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## A Dream Within a Dream

by Edgar Allan Poe

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow:  
You are not wrong who deem  
That my days have been a  
dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?  
All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand--  
How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the  
deep,  
While I weep--while I weep!  
O God! can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
*One* from the pitiless wave?  
Is *all* that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?

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## A Dream Deferred

by 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?

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## The American Dream

It is the American Dream  
What we all strive for and imagine  
In double-wide trailers to double-wide  
mansions  
In sprouting lakes of fake fish.  
Nothing captures its essence  
Unbound by time or dust or rot  
The things we cherish still are lovingly  
patted  
And brought through the centuries.

It is more than a dream now  
It's a reality that the millions have  
made  
Our heart and soul builds the heaven  
on earth.  
A refuge for the sick,  
And a shelter for the needy,  
It is everything we desire.

In the cherry trucks and laughing  
children  
To indolent teenagers with smoke  
circling  
We see our dream and the actuality  
It may not be perfect, but it is our  
heaven  
And so disillusioned we conjure forth  
our hope.

In the picket fences we see our  
childhood  
In the sky we see our adulthood  
And in the middle we see our life.  
Suspended, but not contained,  
It is the dream that wakes within us  
all.

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## anyone lived in a pretty how town

by E. E. Cummings

anyone lived in a pretty how town  
(with up so floating many bells down)  
spring summer autumn winter  
he sang his didn't he danced his did

Women and men(both little and small)  
cared for anyone not at all  
they sowed their isn't they reaped their  
same  
sun moon stars rain

children guessed (but only a few  
and down they forgot as up they grew  
autumn winter spring summer)  
that noone loved him more by more

when by now and tree by leaf  
she laughed his joy she cried his grief  
bird by snow and stir by still  
anyone's any was all to her

someones married their everyones  
laughed their cryings and did their dance  
(sleep wake hope and then)they  
said their nevers they slept their dream

stars rain sun moon  
(and only the snow can begin to explain  
how children are apt to forget to remember  
with up so floating many bells down)

one day anyone died i guess  
(and noone stooped to kiss his face)  
busy folk buried them side by side  
little by little and was by was

all by all and deep by deep  
and more by more they dream their sleep  
noone and anyone earth by april  
wish by spirit and if by yes.

Women and men(both dong and ding)  
summer autumn winter spring  
reaped their sowing and went their came  
sun moon stars rain

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