**Theme for English B**

By [Langston Hughes](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/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.