

Good Morning

by Langston Hughes

Good morning, daddy!
I was born here, he said,
watched Harlem grow
until the colored folks spread from river to river
across the middle of Manhattan
out of Penn Station
dark tenth of a nation,
planes from Puerto Rico,
and holds of boats, chico,
up from Cuba Haiti Jamaica,
in buses marked New York
from Georgia Florida Louisiana
to Harlem Brooklyn the Bronx
but most of all to Harlem
dusky sash across Manhattan
I've seen them come dark
wondering
wide-eyed
dreaming
out of Penn Station
but the trains are late.
The gates are open
Yet there're bars
at each gate.
What happens
to a dream deferred?
Daddy, ain't you heard?