

Race

Once riding in old Baltimore
Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,
I saw a Baltimorean
Kept looking straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small,
And he was no whit bigger,
And so I smiled, but he poked out
His tongue, and called me, 'Nigger.'

I saw the whole of Baltimore
From May until December;
Of all the things that hapened there
That's all that I remember.

"Incident" by Countee Cullen