

By LANGSTON HUGHES

A Little Song on Housing To Put in Your Pipe and Smoke

Here I come!
Been saving all my life
To get a nice home
For me and my wife.

*White folks, flee —
As soon as you see
My problems
And me!*

Neighborhood's clean,
But the house is old.
Prices are doubled
When I get sold:
Still I buy.

*White folks, fly —
Soon as you spy
My wife
And I!*

Next thing you know,
All colored our neighbors are.
The candy store's
Turned into a bar:
White folks left
The *whole* neighborhood
To my black self.

*White folks, flee!
Still — here is me!
White folks, fly!
Here am I!*