**Mother to Son**

**Discarded**

I feel like a Tinkertoy

in a word of Transformers

the old toy

forgotten in the closet corner.

I used to be your favorite

I was complex

full of interesting twists and bends.

But along came the Dinobots

the Sectaurs, He-man

so you discarded me in the corner

if you ever want to play

you can find me

behind a felt Kermit

next to Monopoly

waiting in the dark.

--S. Brantley

By Langston Hughes

Well, son, I’ll tell you:

Life for me ain’t been no crystal stair.

It’s had tacks in it,

And splinters,

And boards torn up,

And places with no carpet on the floor—

Bare.

But all the time

I’se been a-climbin’ on,

And reachin’ landin’s,

And turnin’ corners,

And sometimes goin’ in the dark

Where there ain’t been no light.

So boy, don’t you turn back.

Don’t you set down on the steps

’Cause you finds it’s kinder hard.

Don’t you fall now—

For I’se still goin’, honey,

I’se still climbin’,

And life for me ain’t been no crystal stair.

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**"Hope" is the thing with feathers**

by Emily Dickinson

“Hope” is the thing with feathers -

That perches in the soul -

And sings the tune without the words -

And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -

And sore must be the storm -

That could abash the little Bird

That kept so many warm -

I’ve heard it in the chillest land -

And on the strangest Sea -

Yet - never - in Extremity,

It asked a crumb - of me.