**Mother to Son**

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

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Please find the rest of the poem in the internet or an anthology and read it. Read at least three times and provide following information for the poem:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Persona: |  |
| Tone: |  |
| Mood: |  |
| Figures of Speech: |  |
| Most striking images: |  |
| Meter/ Rhyme Pattern: |  |

Notes/Questions for You

Please consider and note general mother-son conversation before you interpret the poem.

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Does this poem have social indicators of the persona? In other words, can the persona be someone other than an Afro-American mother?

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Write the son’s response in English or in your native language.

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