**HARLEM**

**by Langston Hughes**

What happens to a dream deferred?

 Does it dry up

 like a raisin in the sun?

 Or fester like a sore—

 And then run?

 Does it stink like rotten meat?

 Or crust and sugar over—

 like a syrupy sweet?

 Maybe it just sags

 like a heavy load.

 *Or does it explode?*