

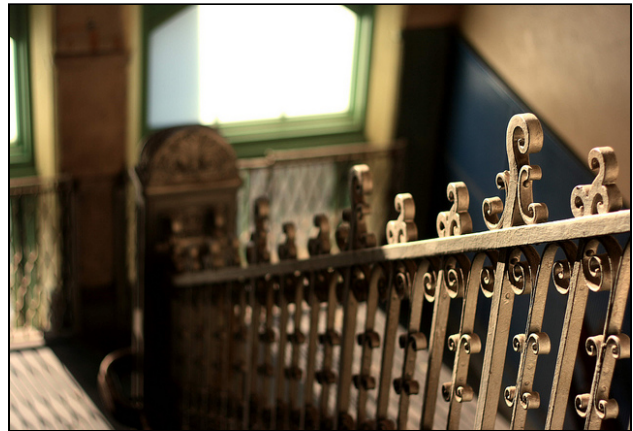
Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Class: \_\_\_\_\_

## Mother to Son

By Langston Hughes  
1922

*Langston Hughes (1902-1967) was an American poet, activist, novelist, and playwright. He is also considered one of the leaders of the Harlem Renaissance, which was the cultural, social, and artistic movement of black artists that took place in Harlem between the end of World War I and the mid-1930s. As you read, take notes on the metaphor and larger message presented in the text.*

- [1] Well, son, I'll tell you:  
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.  
It's had tacks in it,  
And splinters,  
[5] And boards torn up,  
And places with no carpet on the floor —  
Bare.  
But all the time  
I've been a-climbin' on,  
[10] 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.  
[15] Don't you set down on the steps  
'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.  
Don't you fall now —  
For I've still goin', honey,  
I've still climbin',  
[20] And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.



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