

# After Many Springs by Langston Hughes

Now,  
In June,  
When the night is a vast softness  
Filled with blue stars,  
And broken shafts of moon-glimmer  
Fall upon the earth,  
Am I too old to see the fairies dance?  
I cannot find them anymore.

Gods by Langston Hughes  
The Ivory gods,  
And the ebony gods,  
And the gods of diamond and jade,  
Sit silently on their temple shelves  
While the people  
Are afraid.  
Yet the ivory gods,  
And the ebony gods,  
And the gods of diamond-jade,  
Are only silly puppet gods  
That the people themselves  
Have made.