

'Incident: Baltimore' by Countee Cullen

Once riding in old Baltimore,
Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,
I saw a Baltimorean
Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small,
And he was no whit bigger,
And so I smiled, but he poked
His tongue, and called me, "Nigger".

I saw the whole of Baltimore
From May until December;
Of all the things that happened there
That's all that I remember.

