

Life is Hard

Edward Fox, DeepKid '11

Life is hard.

Well, my life is.

It's like a precious gem

It takes time and pressure for it to come about.

A ruby is my equivalent.

For both of us, the pressure that we take on brings out the
color

in us.

I am rare.

Heat and pressure is a constant factor with us.

I am hard on the outside.

I get harder and harder on the outside
every minute of the day.

Just like a forming ruby,
getting harder and bright in color every day.

We are both pure.

Life is hard.

A Dream Deferred
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?