Langston Hughes ‘Passing’

On sunny summer Sunday afternoons in Harlem when the air is one interminable ball game and grandma cannot get her gospel hymns from the Saints of God in Christ on account of the Dodgers on the radio, on sunny Sunday afternoons when the kids look all new and far too clean to stay that way, and Harlem has its washed-and-ironed-and-cleaned-best out, the ones who’ve crossed the line to live downtown miss you, Harlem of the bitter dream since their dream has come true.