

English

# Reading and Exploring 'America' by Claude McKay

## Lesson 1 of 6

Miss Baldry



Although she feeds me bread of bitterness,  
And sinks into my throat her tiger's tooth,  
Stealing my breath of life, I will confess  
I love this cultured hell that tests my youth.  
Her vigor flows like tides into my blood,  
Giving me strength erect against her hate,  
Her bigness sweeps my being like a flood.  
Yet, as a rebel fronts a king in state,  
I stand within her walls with not a shred  
Of terror, malice, not a word of jeer.  
Darkly I gaze into the days ahead,  
And see her might and granite wonders there,  
Beneath the touch of Time's unerring hand,  
Like priceless treasures sinking in the sand.

