

### Claude McKay's "The White House" (1922)

Your door is shut against my tightened face,  
And I am sharp as steel with discontent;  
But I possess the courage and the grace  
To bear my anger proudly and unbent.  
The pavement slabs burn loose beneath my feet,                 5  
A chafing savage, down the decent street;  
And passion rends my vitals as I pass,  
Where boldly shines your shuttered door of glass.  
Oh, I must search for wisdom every hour,  
Deep in my wrathful bosom sore and raw,                         10  
And find in it the superhuman power  
To hold me to the letter of your law!  
Oh, I must keep my heart inviolate  
Against the potent poison of your hate.