**A Black Man Talks of Reaping**

By [Arna Bontemps](http://www.poetryoutloud.org/poet/arna-bontemps) (Harlem Renaissance Writer)

I have sown beside all waters in my day.

I planted deep, within my heart the fear

that wind or fowl would take the grain away.

I planted safe against this stark, lean year.

I scattered seed enough to plant the land

in rows from Canada to Mexico

but for my reaping only what the hand

can hold at once is all that I can show.

Yet what I sowed and what the orchard yields

my brother's sons are gathering stalk and root;

small wonder then my children glean in fields

they have not sown, and feed on bitter fruit.

* Annotate the poem for Tone / Figurative Language (Metaphor) / and Symbolism
* Explain the extended metaphor that this poem provides:
  + How does it portray the work of the black race?
  + What does it show about that work?