**“For a Poet”** – Countee Cullen

I have wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth,

And laid them away in a box of gold;

Where long will cling the lips of the moth,

I have wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth;

I hide no hate; I am not even wroth

Who found the earth's breath so keen and cold;

I have wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth,

And laid them away in a box of gold.