

I, too.

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.

They send me to eat in
the kitchen

When company comes.

But I laugh,
and eat well,
and grow strong.

Tomorrow

I'll sit at the table
When company comes.

Nobody'll dare

say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen!"

Then

Requies, they'll see how beautiful

and so ashamed, -

I, too, sing America.

Genova, Italy
The sailors' Rest,

13 Via Milano

September 25

1924

Dear friend:

I still on the
beach. Five of the original
six have gone, so there's
only two of us here now -
Americans. But there's a
wonderfully varied assortment
of other beach-combers here.
And of colored fellows, all
the way from Porto Ricans
to Abyssinians. Each with
a long adventurous tale. One
doesn't have to read to