

“EXPECTATION”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

You ‘ll be wonderin’ whut ’s de reason
I ’s a grinnin’ all de time,
An’ I guess you t’ink my sperits
Mus’ be feelin’ mighty prime.
Well, I ‘fess up, I is tickled
As a puppy at his paws.
But you need n’t think I’s crazy,
I ain’ laffin’ ‘dout a cause.

You’s a wonderin’ too, I reckon,
Why I does n’t seem to eat,
An’ I notice you a lookin’
Lak you felt completely beat
When I ‘fuse to tek de bacon,
An’ don’ settle on de ham.
Don’ you feel no feah erbout me,
Jes’ keep eatin’, an’ be ca’m.

Fu' I's waitin' an' I's watchin'
 'Bout a little t'ing I see—
D' othah night I's out a walkin'
 An' I passed a 'simmon tree.
Now I's whettin' up my hongry,
 An' I's laffin' fit to kill,
Fu' de fros' done turned de 'simmons,
 An' de possum 's eat his fill.

He done go'ged hisse'f owdacious,
 An' he stayin' by de tree!
Don' you know, ol' Mistah Possum
 Dat you gittin' fat fu' me?
'T ain't no use to try to 'spute it,
'Case I knows you's gittin' sweet
Wif dat 'simmon flavoh thoo you,
 So I's waitin' fu' yo' meat.

An' some ebenin' me an Towsah
 Gwine to come an' mek a call,
 We jes' drap in onexpected
 Fu' to shek yo' han', dat's all.
Oh, I knows dat you 'll be tickled,
 Seems lak I kin see you smile,
So pu'haps I mought pu'suade you
 Fu' to visit us a while.