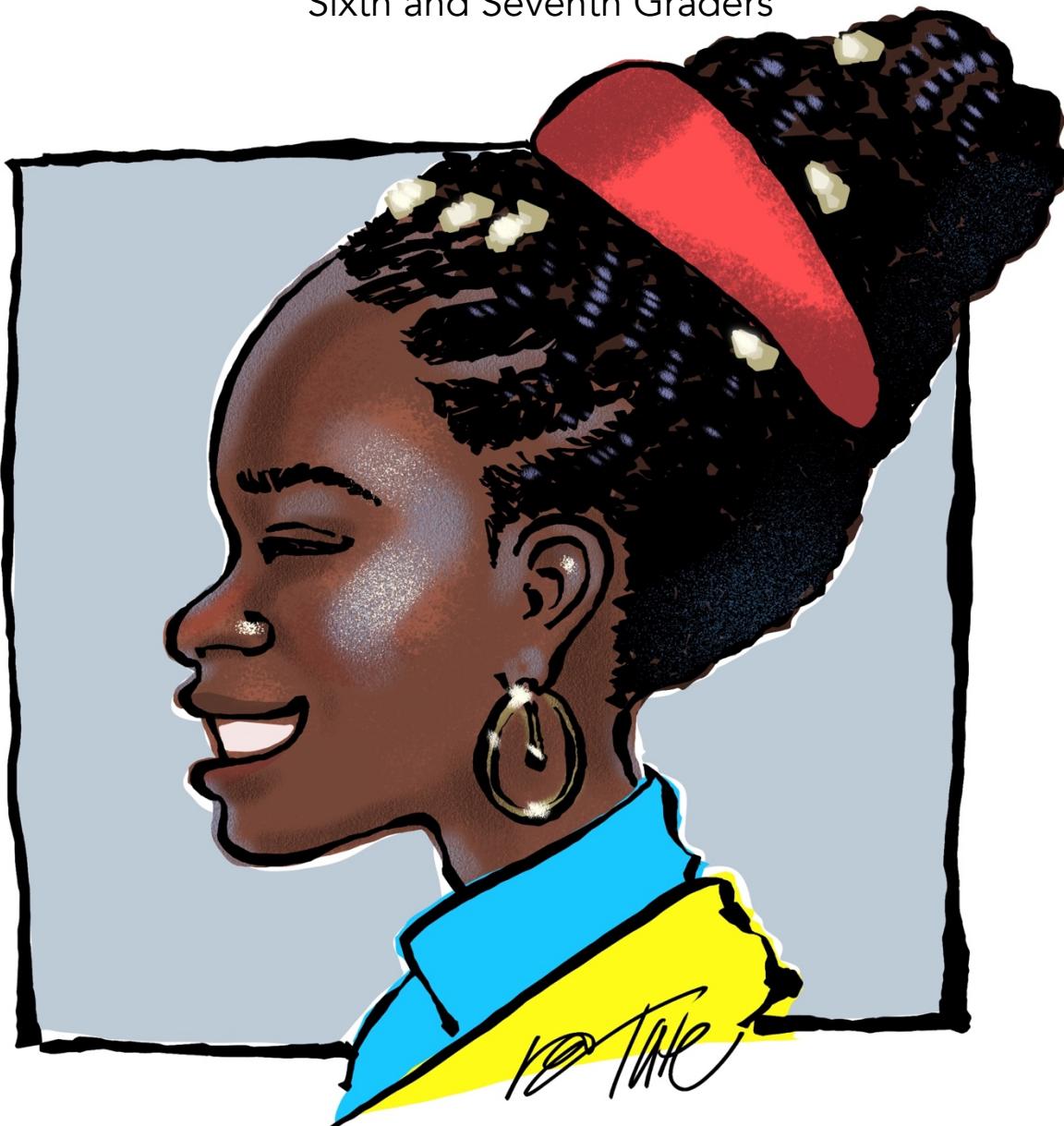


# "Inspired by Amanda"

Poetry and Art  
From Brimmer and May's  
Sixth and Seventh Graders



**BRIMMER**

# The Miracle of Morning by Amanda Gorman

I thought I'd awaken to a world in mourning.  
Heavy clouds crowding, a society storming.  
But there's something different on this golden morning.  
Something magical in the sunlight, wide and warming.

I see a dad with a stroller taking a jog.  
Across the street, a bright-eyed girl chases her dog.  
A grandma on a porch fingers her rosaries.  
She grins as her young neighbor brings her groceries.

While we might feel small, separate, and all alone,  
Our people have never been more closely tethered.  
The question isn't if we will weather this unknown,  
But how we will weather this unknown together.

So on this meaningful morn, we mourn and we mend.  
Like light, we can't be broken, even when we bend.

As one, we will defeat both despair and disease.  
We stand with healthcare heroes and all employees;  
With families, libraries, schools, waiters, artists;  
Businesses, restaurants, and hospitals hit hardest.

We ignite not in the light, but in lack thereof,  
For it is in loss that we truly learn to love.  
In this chaos, we will discover clarity.  
In suffering, we must find solidarity.

For it's our grief that gives us our gratitude,  
Shows us how to find hope, if we ever lose it.  
So ensure that this ache wasn't endured in vain:  
Do not ignore the pain. Give it purpose. Use it.

Read children's books, dance alone to DJ music.  
Know that this distance will make our hearts grow fonder.  
From a wave of woes our world will emerge stronger.

We'll observe how the burdens braved by humankind  
Are also the moments that make us humans kind;  
Let every dawn find us courageous, brought closer;  
Heeding the light before the fight is over.  
When this ends, we'll smile sweetly, finally seeing  
In testing times, we became the best of beings.

By Amanda Gorman -- 2020

"The Hill We Climb," to commemorate the inauguration of President Joe Biden, by Youth Poet Laureate, Amanda Gorman, January 20<sup>th</sup>, 2020.

*Mr. President, Dr. Biden, Madam Vice President, Mr. Emhoff, Americans and the world, when day comes we ask ourselves where can we find light in this never-ending shade? The loss we carry a sea we must wade. We've braved the belly of the beast. We've learned that quiet isn't always peace. In the norms and notions of what just is isn't always justice. And yet, the dawn is ours before we knew it. Somehow we do it. **Somehow we've weathered and witnessed a nation that isn't broken, but simply unfinished.** We, the successors of a country and a time where a skinny black girl descended from slaves and raised by a single mother can dream of becoming president only to find herself reciting for one.*

*And yes, we are far from polished, far from pristine, but that doesn't mean we are striving to form a union that is perfect. We are striving to forge our union with purpose. To compose a country committed to all cultures, colors, characters, and conditions of man. And so we lift our gazes not to what stands between us, but what stands before us. We close the divide because we know to put our future first, we must first put our differences aside. **We lay down our arms so we can reach out our arms to one another. We seek harm to none and harmony for all.** Let the globe, if nothing else, say this is true. That even as we grieved, we grew. That even as we hurt, we hoped. That even as we tired, we tried that will forever be tied together, victorious. **Not because we will never again know defeat, but because we will never again sow division.***

*Scripture tells us to envision that everyone shall sit under their own vine and fig tree and no one shall make them afraid. If we're to live up to her own time, then **victory won't lie in the blade, but in all the bridges we've made.** That is the promise to glade, the hill we climb if only we dare. **It's because being American is more than a pride we inherit. It's the past we step into and how we repair it.** We've seen a forest that would shatter our nation rather than share it. Would destroy our country if it meant delaying democracy. And this effort very nearly succeeded.*

***But while democracy can be periodically delayed, it can never be permanently defeated.** In this truth, in this faith we trust for while we have our eyes on the future, history has its eyes on us. This is the era of just redemption. We feared it at its inception. We did not feel prepared to be the heirs of such a terrifying hour, but within it, we found the power to author a new chapter, to offer hope and laughter to ourselves so while once we asked, how could we possibly prevail over catastrophe? Now we assert, how could catastrophe possibly prevail over us?*

*We will not march back to what was, but move to what shall be a country that is bruised, but whole, benevolent, but bold, fierce, and free. **We will not be turned around or interrupted by intimidation because we know our inaction and inertia will be the inheritance of the next generation.** Our blunders become their burdens. But one thing is certain, if we merge mercy with might and might with right, then love becomes our legacy and change our children's birthright.*

*So let us leave behind a country better than one we were left with. Every breath from my bronze-pounded chest we will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one. We will rise from the gold-limbed hills of the West. We will rise from the wind-swept Northeast where our forefathers first realized revolution. We will rise from the Lake Rim cities of the Midwestern states. We will rise from the sun-baked South. We will rebuild, reconcile and recover in every known nook of our nation, in every corner called our country our people diverse and beautiful will emerge battered and beautiful. **When day comes, we step out of the shade aflame and unafraid.** The new dawn blooms as we free it. For there is always light. If only we're brave enough to see it. If only we're brave enough to be it.*

**Amanda:** We've braved the belly of the beast. We've learned that quiet isn't always peace. In the norms and notions of what just is isn't always justice. And yet, the dawn is ours before we knew it. Somehow we do it. Somehow we've weathered and witnessed a nation that isn't broken, but simply unfinished.

**Me:** My blackness is nothing to be diminished but if anything it is a token for a world we live in. The old white man sees my skin as something to be finished, masked, but don't underestimate the pain from the lash, the whip that sewed the lips of my ancestors who were worth more than three fifths of a man, not enough fingers to close a fist for a man, but hey--what does it matter all that "blabber blabber" is looked past as an insignificant box closed in a room but if you'd be so kind to take a look you'd see a flower has bloomed, rooted in stone, the stone of my blackness to the bone, the laughs, the poetry, the tones--is how we heal and hope for the trauma of being chewed, spit out, and stomped on with no love from anyone, from our mamma, and I am proud to say that we were finally represented by a black man by the name Obama.

By Joshua Peña, seventh grade

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Many would take these events and say

"America is broken, America is weak."

But Gorman did not.

She took these events and said

We are a country that is bruised, **Not** broken.

She says we will come back

And we will

We will come back stronger and fiercer.

Four years of terror does not mean there is no return. People have gone out trying to destroy our country But "while democracy can be periodically delayed, it can never be permanently defeated."

America will come back stronger than ever

We will rebuild our country.

And defeat the enemies that once held knives to our throats.

By Sloane Brzezinski, seventh grade

So today  
We leave the past behind  
And bring the future with us  
Our eyes filled with hope  
Our hands filled with power  
We  
Could be the ones who make history  
Because we don't say no  
We say we can  
Our hearts depend on our mind  
Our body connected to our soul  
Your soul should not be trapped in what you want it to be  
It should be what it is  
Deep inside of you  
You shouldn't be trapped, in what America is supposed to be  
You should make it  
What it means to you.

By Myer Kriss, seventh grade

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"The Hope I See"

By Maya Thompson, seventh grade

The darkness that this state breathes, the light this state can not see Has brought me confusion, about what has happened to our union But today a poem, a poem written by Amanda Gorman

has helped bring to conclusion  
That there can be a chance to save this union  
The words she made, the words she saved,  
for us to know that there will be hope  
Hope that we can make to be one country again  
As the country we were made to be.  
Amanda, Amanda you give me hope  
That one day our wonderful country can come together And leave our differences, and come together as one union And break our hated fences



By Zayna Rosen, seventh grade



**"And yes, we are far from polished, far  
from pristine, but that doesn't mean  
we are striving to form a union with  
purpose."**

By Max Birnbaum, seventh grade

It's The Past We Step  
INTO, AND How We Repair IT



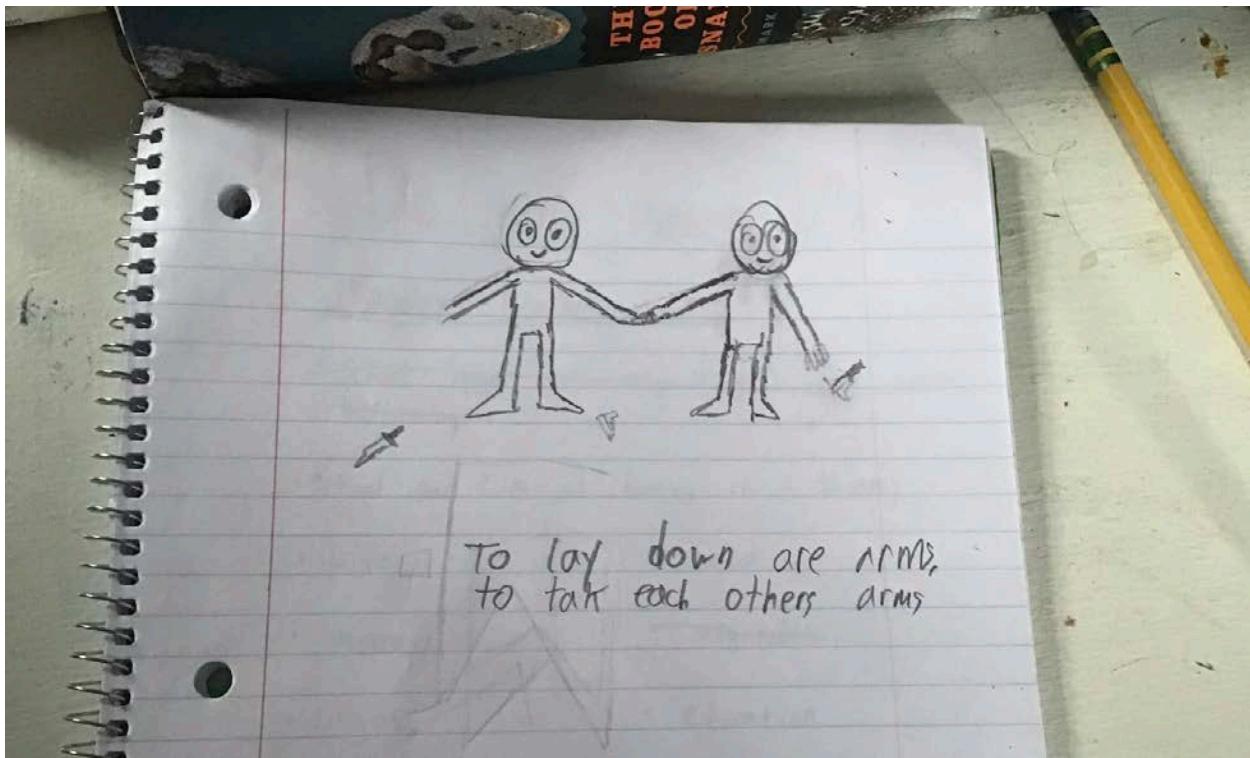
By Abigail MacLean, sixth grade



For there is light, if only we

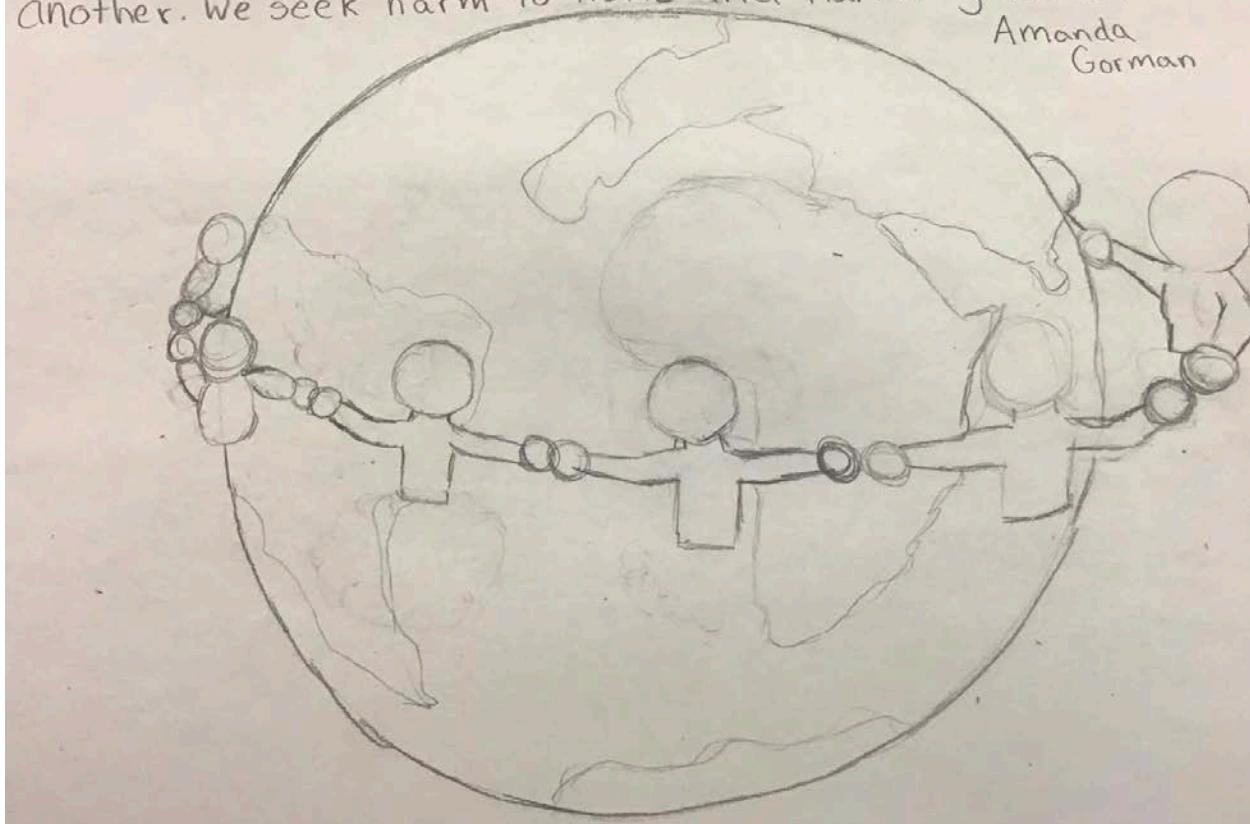
are brave enough to see it.

By Kaija Adler, sixth grade



By Bede Paasch-Pearce, sixth grade

We lay down our arms so we can reach out our arms to one another. We seek harm to none and harmony for all -  
Amanda Gorman



By Caileb Dengkhim, sixth grade