



The Hill We Climb

Amanda Gorman,
the United States' first-ever youth poet laureate, recited a powerful poem
at the inauguration of President Joe Biden and Vice President Kamala Harris.

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 braved the belly of the beast.
We've learned that quiet isn't always peace,
And 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 a union with purpose.
To compose a country committed to all cultures, colors,
characters and conditions of man.
And so we lift our gaze, 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 we'll 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 our own time,
then victory won't lie in the blade
but in all the bridges we've made.
That is the promised glade,
the hill we climb if only we dare it.
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 force 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 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 the one we were left.
With every breath of my bronze-pounded chest,
We will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.
We will rise from the golden hills of the West.
We will rise from the windswept Northeast
where our forefathers first realized revolution.
We will rise from the lake-rimmed cities
of the Midwestern states.
We will rise from the sunbaked 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.