

Poet	Poem Title	Poem	Book Title
YOUNG BLACK POETS of the AFRICAN DIASPORA			
Maya Lewis, age 13	Self-Esteem	Every morning I tell myself I may not be as beautiful And as smart as the other girls But I will be somebody!	Quiet Storm: Voices of Young Black Poets
Rain Arrington, age 16	Listen	These hands have seen so much more than they claim  ask me again if it's my heart or my mind or maybe even my body pulling me away, and I won't tell  but I can say That neither You nor I Have ever Tried Between screams To listen For the true sound of my voice	Quiet Storm: Voices of Young Black Poets
Carine Michelle Williams, age 16	Eternity	Just for a second I glance away, In that far-off direction; Where beautiful wind Dances silently Across ceaseless sands, serene skies, and stormy seas.  Just for a second I see Without using my eyes: Where glimmering stars Shine transparently How long the sands have Brushed the skies, Nuzzled the seas, and I meet Eternity; Just for a second.	Quiet Storm: Voices of Young Black Poets
Zarinah James, age 16	Mutt	When you see me Do you see The color of Africa?	Quiet Storm: Voices of Young Black Poets

		<p>Do you see the rhythm of Cuba?  Do you see  The strength of the Cherokee?  Do you see  The empire of China?  Do you see  The tropics of the Caribbean?  If not, look closer.</p>	
Jennifer Nicole Andall, age 14	Destination: Freedom	<p>With determination in their hearts  And their feet set on the wonderful path,  The path that would lead them to a place  For which they had longed for years,  They stole away into the night  And did not look back.  They ran for days, weeks, months,  Just to find that place.  That place called freedom.</p>	Quiet Storm: Voices of Young Black Poets
FAMOUS POET LANGSTON HUGHES			
Langston Hughes	New Moon	<p>There's a new young moon  Riding the hills tonight.  There's a sprightly young moon  Exploring the clouds.  There's a half-shy young moon  ...Waiting ...</p>	The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes
Langston Hughes	After Many Springs	<p>Now,  In June,  When the night is a vast softness  Filled with blue stars,  And broken shafts of moon-glimmer  Fall upon the earth,  Am I too old to see the fairies dance?  I cannot find them anymore...</p>	The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes
Langston Hughes	Dreams	<p>Hold fast to dreams  For if dreams die  Life is a broken-winged bird  That cannot fly.</p>	The Collected Works of Langston Hughes

		Hold fast to dreams For when dreams go Life is a barren field Frozen with snow.	
Langston Hughes	Autumn Thought	Flowers are happy in summer In autumn they die and are blown away. Dry and withered, Their petals dance on the wind Like little brown butterflies.	The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes
Langston Hughes	Night Song	In the dark Before the tall Moon came, Little short Dusk was walking Along. In the dark before the tall Moon came, Little short Dusk  Was singing a song  In the dark Before the tall Moon came, A lady named Day Fainted away In the Dark.	The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes
Maya Angelou	Famous Quotes by Poet May Angelou	“Some people cannot see a good thing when it is right here, right now. Others can sense a good thing coming when it is days, months, or miles away.”  “The area where we are the greatest is the area in which we inspire, encourage and connect with another human being.”  “Its not where dreams take you, its where you take your dreams.”	928 Maya Angelou Quotes
Youth Poet Laureate AMANDA GORMAN, age 22	“The Hill We Climb”	<a href="#">Stanza 1: When day comes, we ask ourselves, where can we find light in this never-ending shade?</a>  <a href="#">The loss we carry. A sea we must wade.</a>	

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.

Stanza 2: Somehow we do it.

Somehow we 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.

Stanza 3: 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 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.

Stanza 4: 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.

Stanza 5: 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.

Stanza 6: 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 force that would shatter our nation, rather than share it.

Would destroy our country if it meant delaying democracy.

Stanza 7: 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.

Stanza 8: 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.

Stanza 9: 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, become the future.

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.

Stanza 10: So let us leave behind a country better than the one we were left.

Every breath from 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 sun-baked South.

Stanza 11: We will rebuild, reconcile, and recover.

And every known nook of our nation and every corner called our country, our people diverse and beautiful, will emerge battered and beautiful.

When day comes, we step out of the shade of flame and unafraid.

The new dawn balloons as we free it.

**ALL: For there is always light, if only we're brave enough to see it.**

**If only we're brave enough to be it.**
