

LegnanoNews

Le news di Legnano e dell'Alto Milanese

L'angolo della poesia: "The Hill We Climb" di Amanda Goreman

Redazione · Thursday, January 21st, 2021

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,

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 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 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 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.
 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 the 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 golden hills of the west.
 We will rise from the wind-swept north-east 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.
 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.

The Hill We Climb
Amanda Gorman

Quello di Joe Biden passerà alla storia come l'insediamento presidenziale dei record. Non solo quello del presidente più anziano, quello con la prima vicepresidente donna o il primo (e si spera ultimo) dell'era covid. Ma anche quello a cui ha partecipato la poetessa più giovane di tutta la storia delle cerimonie di insediamento: Amanda Gorman, 22 anni.

Una laurea di sociologia ad Harvard e il titolo di National Youth Poet Laureate in tasca, la giovanissima poetessa di Los Angeles è un astro nascente della letteratura. Il suo primo libro "Change Signs" uscirà a breve e il suo account Instagram conta già un milione di follower. A volerla fortemente al primo passo del mandato Biden, è stata la first lady Jill Jacobs, professoressa di inglese e scrittura creativa.

Sullo stesso palco che durante le cerimonie precedenti fu calcato anche da Robert Frost o Maya Angelou, Amanda Gorman si è presentata così: una "ragazzina magra afro-americana cresciuta da una mamma single che sognava un giorno di diventare presidente e oggi recita all'insediamento di un presidente".

[Il testo integrale del poema recitato da Amanda Gorman è stato tratto dal The Guardian](#)

This entry was posted on Thursday, January 21st, 2021 at 10:21 am and is filed under [Altre news](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.