

POETRY OUT LOUD



won't you celebrate with me

by Lucille Clifton

won't you celebrate with me
what i have shaped into
a kind of life? i had no model.
born in babylon
both nonwhite and woman
what did i see to be except myself?
i made it up
here on this bridge between
starshine and clay,
my one hand holding tight
my other hand; come celebrate
with me that everyday
something has tried to kill me
and has failed.

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Poetry Out Loud is sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts and the Poetry Foundation.

It is a partnership with the Alabama State Council on the Arts and the Alabama Arts Alliance.

Original Poetry State Awards are provided by the Alabama Writer's Forum.



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