

**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.

**Exile**

by, [Alicia Ostriker](#)

The downward turning touch  
the cry of time  
fire falling without sound  
plunge my hand in the wound

children marching and dying  
all that I do is a crime  
because I do not reach  
their mouths silently crying

my boychild reaches with his mouth  
it is easy, being a mother  
his skin is tender and soft  
kisses stitch us together

we love as long as we may  
then come years without kisses  
when he will turn away  
not to waste breath

when I too will fall  
embracing a pillow at night  
touching the stone of exile  
reaching my hand to death