

This month, I re-introduce a poem of celebration and hope that I wrote upon Dr. King's birthday in the 25th year following his death. I first shared it with you one year ago within my holiday message/commentary on this website. Today, I offer the poem's celebration of our multicultural history, legacy and beauty as we join in honoring the shoulders of Martin Luther King, Jr and the hands of President Barack Obama. May this moment in history move the world to enact the wisdom of mutual understanding, tolerance and cooperation. We are all of one celestial womb.

BIRTH OF A NATION

They labored hard, our mothers,
Red with effort, now blanched by the face of creation.

Just then, pale glow burst, blackened in proud expectation.

They felt loved, I hope.

Time now, our moment to reconstitute all history,
From seeds planted in brown earth womb,
Grown firmly connected and freely parted,
Dilating our way to the dawn's yellow light,
Crawling, surfacing, wet from the soul of existence.
We deliver a life, a future, a rainbow.

With our first breath we begin to sing,
With our first steps we continue the march.
Someday soon, I hope, we will draw a circle.

Peter A. Gorski