

- Daisy Munoz** We, this people, on this minuscule and kithless globe
Who reach daily for the bomb, the blade and the dagger
- Francisco Mena** Yet who petition in the dark for tokens of peace
We, this people on this mote of matter
- Yaneli Mendez** In whose mouths abide cankerous words
Which challenge our very existence
- Uriel Miramontes** Yet out of those same mouths
Come songs of such exquisite sweetness
- Efrain Navarro** That the heart falters in its labor
And the body is quieted into awe
- Danielle Nolasco** We, this people, on this small and drifting planet
Whose hands can strike with such abandon
- Jose Noria** That in a twinkling, life is sapped from the living
Yet those same hands can touch with such healing, irresistible tenderness
- Jose Perez** That the haughty neck is happy to bow
And the proud back is glad to bend
- Soravit Phonkaransakun** Out of such chaos, of such contradiction
We learn that we are neither devils nor divines
- William Salazar** When we come to it
We, this people, on this wayward, floating body
- Miguel Salgado** Created on this earth, of this earth
Have the power to fashion for this earth
- Diana Sanchez** A climate where every man and every woman
Can live freely without sanctimonious piety
- Vanessa Toxqui** Without crippling fear
When we come to it
- Rosa Villalobos** We must confess that we are the possible
We are the miraculous, the true wonder of this world
- Isaiah Young** That is when, and only when
We come to it.
- Ezequiel Carpineyro** *Maya Angelou*