

## ***Earthrise* – A poem by Amanda Gorman**

*This poem by Inaugural Youth Poet Laureate of the United States Amanda Gorman was read from stage at the Los Angeles Climate Reality Leadership Corps Training on Tuesday, August 28, 2018.*

*She dedicated it to Al Gore and The Climate Reality Project.*

On Christmas Eve, 1968, astronaut Bill Anders (Stanza 1)  
Snapped a photo of the earth  
As Apollo 8 orbited the moon.  
Those three guys  
Were surprised  
To see from their eyes  
Our planet looked like an earthrise  
A blue orb hovering over the moon's gray horizon,  
with deep oceans and silver skies.

It was our world's first glance at itself (Stanza 2)  
Our first chance to see a shared reality,  
A declared stance and a commonality;

A glimpse into our planet's mirror, (Stanza 3)  
And as threats drew nearer,  
Our own urgency became clearer,  
As we realize that we hold nothing dearer  
than this floating body we all call home.

We've known (Stanza 4)  
That we're caught in the throes  
Of climactic changes some say  
Will just go away,  
While some simply pray  
To survive another day;  
For it is the obscure, the oppressed, the poor,  
Who when the disaster  
Is declared done,  
Still suffer more than anyone.

Climate change is the single greatest challenge of our time, (Stanza 5)

Of this, you're certainly aware. (Stanza 6)  
It's saddening, but I cannot spare you  
From knowing an inconvenient fact, because  
It's getting the facts straight that gets us to act and not to wait.

So I tell you this not to scare you, (Stanza 7)  
But to prepare you, to dare you  
To dream a different reality,

Where despite disparities (Stanza 8)  
We all care to protect this world,  
This riddled blue marble, this little true marvel  
To muster the verve and the nerve  
To see how we can serve  
Our planet. You don't need to be a politician  
To make it your mission to conserve, to protect,  
To preserve that one and only home  
That is ours,  
To use your unique power  
To give next generations the planet they deserve.

We are demonstrating, creating, advocating (Stanza 9)  
We heed this inconvenient truth, because we need to be anything but lenient  
With the future of our youth.

And while this is a training, (Stanza 10)  
in sustaining the future of our planet,  
There is no rehearsal. The time is  
Now  
Now  
Now,  
Because the reversal of harm,  
And protection of a future so universal  
Should be anything but controversial.

So, earth, pale blue dot (Stanza 11)  
We will fail you not.

Just as we chose to go to the moon (Stanza 12)  
We know it's never too soon  
To choose hope.  
We choose to do more than cope  
With climate change  
We choose to end it—  
We refuse to lose.  
Together we do this and more  
Not because it's very easy or nice  
But because it is necessary,  
Because with every dawn we carry  
the weight of the fate of this celestial body orbiting a star.  
And as heavy as that weight sounded, it doesn't hold us down,  
But it keeps us grounded, steady, ready,

Because an environmental movement of this size  
Is simply another form of an earthrise.

To see it, close your eyes.

(Stanza 13)

Visualize that all of us leaders in this room  
and outside of these walls or in the halls, all  
of us changemakers are in a spacecraft,  
Floating like a silver raft  
in space, and we see the face of our planet anew.

We relish the view;

We witness its round green and brilliant blue,

Which inspires us to ask deeply, wholly:

What can we do?

Open your eyes.

Know that the future of

this wise planet

Lies right in sight:

Right in all of us. Trust

this earth uprising.

All of us bring light to exciting solutions never tried before

For it is our hope that implores us, at our uncompromising core,

To keep rising up for an earth more than worth fighting for.