**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.

(Hear it read by the author, with annotation: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/resources/learning/core-poems/detail/50974>)