

Often poetry gives voice to layers that are more elusive in prose. I enclose two poems written by my daughter, Naima Penniman. Some of you already know that she is a poet-performer crossing the U.S. and beyond full-time. For more information about her work go online to [ClimbingPoeTree](#). Adele.

We will survive by Naima Penniman

We survived the fires of Selma and Nagasaki

and we will survive Palestine

we survived Vietnam and Wounded Knee

Rwanda and Mississippi

the fifty stripes around our stars

fifty years to life behind their bars

we survived middle school

and self-inflicted scars

losing our mothers

to our fathers' hands

we survived famine and genocide

came back from the dead and spread like wildfire

we survived slavery and gas chambers

biochemical warfare and lynching

the seeds from our strange fruit

been sprinkled across this terrain by our angels

and everywhere we land

we gonna take root

and every inch of rock, mud, and sand

we gonna breakthrough

you're here right now

I'm seeing you with my own two eyes

think of all the demons that tried to take you

and you still survived

and

we

will

survive

we will survive

the thickening water and vanishing air

the electric chairs and lethal injections

thefts and gold mines

we will survive

the bullets and coat hangers

strip searches and fumigations

the embargo and bounties and bombings

we will survive the factories and hospital visits

the concrete, the police beatings

the cutbacks, the evictions

the droughts, the prisons

we will survive the reincarnation of our souls

in our little cousin's eyes

I've lived a thousand lives

that's how I know

We. Will. Survive