Amanda Gorman's inaugural poem

When day comes, we ask ……., where can we find light in this never-ending shade?
The loss we carry. A sea we must ……..
We braved the ……of the beast.
We've learned that quiet isn't always ……., and the norms and notions of what "just" is isn't always justice.
And yet the ……is ours before we knew it.
Somehow we do it.
Somehow we weathered and ……a nation that isn't broken, but simply ……..
We, the successors of a country and a time where a skinny Black girl descended from slaves and raised by a single mother can dream of becoming president, only to find herself reciting for one.
And, yes, we are far from ……., far from ……., but that doesn't mean we are striving to form a union that is perfect.
We are striving to forge our union with purpose.
To compose a country committed to all cultures, colors, characters and conditions of man.
And so we lift our ……., not to what stands between us, but what stands before us.
We close the divide because we know to put our future first, we must first put our differences ……..
We lay down our arms so we can reach out our arms to one another.
We seek ……to none and harmony for all.
Let the globe, if nothing else, say this is true.
That even as we grieved, we grew.
That even as we hurt, we hoped.

That even as we tired, we tried.
That we'll forever be tied together, victorious.
Not because we will never again know ……., but because we will never again ……division.
Scripture tells us to envision that everyone shall sit under their own vine and fig tree, and no one shall make them afraid.
If we're to live up to our own time, then victory won't lie in the ……., but in all the ……we've made.
That is the promise to glade, the hill we climb, if only we dare.
It's because being American is more than a ……we inherit.
It's the past we step into and how we repair it.
We've seen a force that would shatter our nation, rather than share it.
Would destroy our country if it meant delaying democracy.
And this effort very nearly succeeded.
But while democracy can be periodically ……., it can never be permanently ……..
In this truth, in this faith we trust, for while we have our eyes on the future, history has its eyes on us.
This is the era of just redemption.
We feared at its inception.
We did not feel prepared to be the heirs of such a terrifying hour.
But within it we found the power to author a new chapter, to offer hope and laughter to ourselves.
So, while once we asked, how could we possibly prevail over catastrophe, now we assert, how could catastrophe possibly prevail over us?
We will not march back to what was, but move to what shall be: a country that is ……but whole, benevolent but ……., fierce and ……..
We will not be turned around or interrupted by intimidation because we know our inaction and inertia will be the inheritance of the next generation, become the future.
Our ……become their burdens.
But one thing is certain.
If we merge mercy with might, and might with right, then love becomes our legacy and change our children's birthright.
So let us leave behind a country better than the one we were left.
Every breath from my bronze-pounded ……., we will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.
We will rise from the golden hills of the West.
We will rise from the windswept Northeast where our forefathers first realized revolution.
We will rise from the lake-rimmed cities of the Midwestern states.
We will rise from the sun-baked South.
We will ……., ……., and ……..

And every known .....of our nation and every corner called our country, our people diverse and beautiful, will emerge battered and beautiful.
When day comes, we step out of the shade of flame and unafraid.
The new dawn balloons as we free it.
For there is always light, if only we're brave enough to see it.
If only we're brave enough to be it.