

AMIT MAJMUDAR

*Inaugural*

The glow down here could steep the whole sky bright.  
No more nightmare, we're home free. Here, just breathe this.  
If you can breathe what I breathe, what you breathe is  
Saffron caffeine. Capitol, golden egg,  
Hatch us the first sun over Washington  
Since the one that showed up for Lincoln's second.  
Lincoln's Second: I name it like a symphony—  
Politics feels as good as music right now,  
For now. Every tower in this city's pointing  
Up, up, up! The noon to watch for is ours again,  
The birthright of our eyes, which have looked to black  
For light, to black for purity. You, future,  
You, posterity, wondering what took us so  
Damn long, why this was such a big deal, listen,  
It wasn't demographics, it was people,  
It wasn't democratic process, it  
Was revolutionaries standing patiently  
In line, touch brightening the touchscreen, people  
Who changed themselves and earned their right to this  
Renewal. Or this feeling of renewal.  
Say it's too far gone, say we've lost too much,  
Say we never do come out of this nosedive—  
Tell them we fought our way up to the cockpit  
And with our indignant millions took back the plane.