

## Things We Will Never See

In a fable  
six blind men explore  
the body of an elephant  
with their fingertips  
and each declare  
that the elephant  
is a different object

a pillar  
a rope  
a branch  
a pipe  
a fan  
and a wall

but elephants  
are not material things  
yes, a pillar, not of cement  
but pillars of morals

they are not made of weathered ropes  
but intangible bonds that stretch  
and rumble prayers beneath land  
across time  
and despite species

they are not tree branches  
swept this way and that  
by nature's vengeance  
but a mysterious web  
of links connecting  
branching, shifting  
mapping a platform for  
mother and daughter  
past and future

and as tight and coiled  
as their gray trunks may be  
they are not pipes  
but cylinders  
plunging into  
heartbreak, hunger, heroics  
and human nature

they aren't just fans  
but winds cooling  
and distancing  
the danger of corruption  
and failed survival

nor are they a wall at all  
not a blockage  
not a divide  
not an impediment

but an open pathway  
that allows us to excavate  
the pillar  
the fan  
the rope  
the branch  
the pipe  
in all of us  
the things we can only feel  
and the things we will never see

**AMANDA GORMAN**  
**Los Angeles Youth Poet Laureate**

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