



# Hymn for the Hurting

By Amanda Gorman

**E**verything hurts,  
Our hearts shadowed and strange,  
Minds made muddy and mute.  
We carry tragedy, terrifying and true.  
And yet none of it is new;  
We knew it as home,  
Horribly,  
As inheritance.  
Even our children  
Cannot be children,  
Can't be.

**E**verything hurts.  
It's a hard time to be alive,  
And even harder to stay that way.  
We're burdened to live out these days,  
While at the same time, blessed to outlive them.

**T**his alarm is how we know  
We must be altered —  
That we must differ or die,  
That we must triumph or try.  
Thus while hate cannot be terminated,  
It can be transformed  
Into a love that lets us live.

**M**ay we not just grieve, but give:  
May we not just ache, but act;  
May our signed right to bear arms  
Never blind our sight from shared harm;  
May we choose our children over chaos.  
May another innocent never be lost.

**M**aybe everything hurts,  
Our hearts shadowed & strange.  
But only when everything hurts  
May everything change.