A New Colossus

the Mother of Exiles
still mourns her twins
who fell from
sky scraper-ed arms
from a harbor
heralding world-wide welcome
for all who are
Tired.
Poor.
Huddled.
Homeless.
Wretched refuse.
Tempest tossed.
Those,
Yearning to drink deeply
from
her Fountains of Freedom
a place where she's stood,
stirring the Melting Pot since
July 4, 1886
perfecting Stone Soup
while bearing the torch of democracy
Lady Liberty,
I will join to champion your arm
as Aaron and Hur
for
Moses