

As if people don't have a right to remember. Even with her blood boiling, Nikki Giovanni is composed when she counters those who disrespect her celebration of heritage. In spite of the tensions present, Giovanni placates the situation. Instead of mimicking the coolness of her opposition, she "warms the earth" and our hearts. After all, she is planting the seeds of tolerance. The frail exterior of a seedling cannot withstand brutal conditions, and that is why she must "encourage [it]". She speaks with a striking calmness that resonates with the reader, under circumstances where fiery diction would be excusable. **Through a carefully chosen example, Giovanni proves that compassion will always grow to overshadow the callous.**

With a mother's wisdom, she lays out her argument irrefutably and "tells [you] plain". *By simplifying this complex, contentious issue into a field of flowers, she transcends the barriers of race within her audience.* Changing the lens through which we view her argument eliminates all preconceived notions and biases. This lets any reader understand Black History Month's role in shaping young African Americans.

Giovanni acts as a captain for equality. No matter race, religion, or creed she assures us "you've got a place". This is stated directly so that it cannot be misinterpreted. Utilizing second-person point of view makes the reader feel as if the poem was written directly for us, maybe even accompanied by a "kiss" and a smile. What could normally be viewed as a literary deceit becomes more than just an empty shell. We end up truly believing her.

If cultural commemoration "is not viable", neither are the droplets of dew in the morning. Neither are the rays of sun glancing through the bare trees on a crisp autumn morning. Nothing is. Giovanni unequivocally validates this point.