

A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glow world-wide welcome. . . .
“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she
With silent lips.
“Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest tossed, to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.”

The New Colossus by Emma Lazarus – 1883

Text: The New Colossus

Author: Emma Lazarus

3 key words

- Exiles
- welcome
- door

Text Message:

Speaks of being openly accepting of all people
from all corners of the world. Taking them in
and allowing them a second chance at making
an okay life.