

# Wall

## Poetry • Eli Simmons

*After Emma Lazarus' "The New Colossus"*

Keep, all ye nations of the world,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shores,  
Your huddled masses, your homeless,  
Your hungry, your tired, your poor.

Look not in hope to that mighty woman;  
Her torch burns not for you.  
It burns for us and us alone:  
The God-fearing privileged few.

Knock not upon that golden door;  
No answer you shall receive.  
No aid awaits you within these walls;  
The Mother of Exiles sleeps.

So return, all ye tempest-tost strangers,  
To the lands from whence you came.  
America belongs alone to us;  
Long closed are Liberty's gates.