

# Promise: A (Re)definition



Promise, you are a two-fold horizon—  
at once opening, limitless, before us  
and unfurling, infinite, inside us.  
You are the chorus chanting *Be  
bold!* You demand that we name  
and claim the future we want  
our children's children to inherit.  
You are the path we invent  
as we innovate, ushering ideas  
from imagination's cloudy kingdom  
into the tangible structures  
of living. You are the quiet seed  
planted in the earth of us, carrying  
within you tomorrow's necessary green  
and the foreshadowing of fruit.  
You, architect of our intelligences.  
We, your emissaries reshaping the world.  
You are a word, holding everything  
we know a word holds—meaning  
greater than the sum of its syllables.  
You are our word. On you, we stand.  
You are the contract we make  
with our most expansive possibilities,  
the vows we pledge to our most daring visions.  
You are the door held open, the invitation  
beckoning us to step into our fullest becoming.  
You are exponent, alchemy and algorithm.  
We are your ever-fertile gardens. When kept,  
promise, you are our furious flowering.

— Lauren K. Alleyne