The National Student Poets Class of 2015 rode a bus together from their Appointment Events in Washington, D.C., to the Academy of American Poets’ Poets Forum in NYC on October 9th, 2015. During that time, they created a collaborative poem together, which they later performed for Daveed Diggs, star of the hit Broadway musical Hamilton, that evening on October 9th, and again on October 10th for the audience at the Poets Forum’s Chancellor Conversations. You can read the text of that inaugural collaborative poem below.

Together:
It began with natural selection

De’John Hardges:
1 of 400
.25% or 0.0025 for those who prefer decimals
I admire differences
A few months ago I didn’t feel this incredible
But apparently the glory was punctual
Destined to be perpetual
Was it inevitable?
The ambition presented a position
With odd dimensions
Not eager for competition
Eager for the people to listen
And make their own vision
From their own comprehensions

Together:
Here’s what I know:

Eileen Huang
negligence is just another flavor of familiarity. You take it like Tylenol, know it’s necessary, get used to it. I’ve learned that preparation is overrated. I forget pieces of myself in the drain of the hotel sink, or maybe it’s not forgetting because I leave them like gifts. Here’s the supple piece of my wrist fogged against the mirror. Here’s the drugstore mascara.
that stains the counter. Here's the sound of leaving, I call myself generous, but I still keep the scraps of my voice to myself.

Together:
the landing gear engages but we don’t touch earth for days.

Anna Lance:
bold tomorrows domino-fall and i ride the chain reaction arms out first for equilibrium, then exhilaration. it comes in coins of light and sound pocket change with which i'm suddenly rich: one handshake, then a hundred dollars’ worth, one flashbulb, then a vegas billboard.

Together:
(we've never cast so many shadows in our lives.)

Anna Lance:
one nod, one room, one question answered before the instants swell so full they burst, ripened peaches, sweet bountiful juice spilling from my open palms. the sun is rising on our foreheads.

Together:
I exist
Chasity Hale:
as a child of the sun god,
skin honey suckle, citrus,
and I am one of the atlas sea’s
many secret lovers.

The first time I met my great-grandparents
they asked me,
why a brown girl child
spoke like a white women?
And I did not reply
that white is not synonymous
with educated.

One time a boy asked
about the scar on my neck,
but I did not tell him
that like the ancient Hindus
language branded me,
among others,
a religious devotee to words.

Together:
we chant holy poetry.
Our voices reverberating:
if you should see a man
if you should see a man.

David Xiang:
Somewhere under
rainbow and chandelier,
I see sparkling cups of curiosity,
Crinkled drops of doubt,
Pictures of your cats gobbling down donuts.
Blinded with the woodpecker drone of camera flash,
Two, two strands of sweating silk
Complemented by a floating lady,
Monarchs migrating, moving.

Cooled for days inside
An oven of cushions with their own inertia
Mosaics tempered with homer and home.

We are gray ducklings lost
In labs made of dream,
Anthills dotted with pocket squares and heels
But don’t run away,
Don’t run.

Together:
The first step awaits.