

The Pencil, the Rocket, and the Sky

A pencil danced across the page, whispering truths of a boundless age.
Numbers sang, and equations soared, while rockets waited to be explored.
A woman answered history's calls, breaking all segregation walls.
Not with rebellion, nor with might, but with her mind she dared take flight.

In a town where hills kissed the sky, a girl named Katherine was born with a curious eye.
Numbers danced in her nimble mind, a gift so rare, one hard to find.
In White Sulphur Springs, her story began, where dreams for a Black child were barely a plan.
1918, in segregated lands, where opportunity often slipped through trembling hands.

Through segregated schools, she made her way, with pencils sharp and books her clay.
Excelling in math, a master of chance, she saw in equations the universe's dance.
To high school at ten, to college at fifteen, her brilliance bloomed where few had been.
A Black girl's ambition in a fractured South, whispers of doubt filled every mouth.

But brilliance alone could not erase the barriers of gender, of skin, of place.
In NASA's halls, where men ruled supreme, she fought for a seat on the team.
Her pencil traced paths no eyes could foresee, mapping the heavens, unlocking mystery.
"Men launch rockets," the world declared, but it was Katherine whose courage dared.

Segregated tables and "colored" signs could not constrain her boundless designs.
Each formula drawn, each figure refined, challenged the limits imposed on her kind.
Trajectory mapped, precision defined, her calculations were an astronaut's lifeline.
With each launch, her genius took its place, sending humanity beyond the Earth's embrace.

Yet, beyond the numbers, her impact was wide, breaking barriers with quiet pride.
She didn't shout; her work was her voice, proof that persistence can redefine choice.
Katherine Johnson Facility stands tall as a testament to her skill, a spirit that time couldn't kill.
In a world where girls with dreams in hand, can draw their own stars, and make their stand.

She faced a world of "no" and "stay small," but rose with grit, refusing to fall.
At meetings, she'd pull up her chair. In a sea of men, her presence was rare.
For every equation she brought to life, she battled prejudice and endured strife.
Not just a pioneer for space and flight, she fought for women and girls who yearned for the light.
She didn't just sketch the stars above. She taught the world what it means to love
To believe in the power of every mind, she shattered the barriers that seek to blind.
Her pencil wrote more than celestial trails, it scripted a story where justice prevails.
A world where talent, not gender, leads and the soil of equality grows from such seeds.

Katherine Johnson, with stars in her veins, mapped not just space but broke the chains.
Through her, the sky feels closer to reach, and life is a lesson her story will teach.
Her legacy whispers, "Be unafraid, forge the future with the paths you've laid."
The stars she counted now shine anew, guiding us forward, bold and true.

For future generations, her story burns, a light in the darkness, as the world turns.
She shows that brilliance knows no bounds, and courage in silence still resounds.
Her story lingers, her impact stays, a roadmap for these modern days.
So when I lift my pencil to draw my sky, I think of Katherine Johnson—and aim as high.