ORDERS FOR FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 2026, THROUGH MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 2026

Mr. BARRASSO. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that when the Senate completes its business today, it recess to then reconvene for pro forma session only, with no business being conducted, on the following dates and times: Friday, January 16, at 8:30 a.m.; Tuesday, January 20, at 10 a.m.; Thursday, January 22, at 11 a.m.; further, that when the Senate recesses on Thursday, January 22, it stand in recess until 3 p.m. on Monday, January 26; that following the prayer and pledge, the Journal of proceedings be approved to date, the time for the two leaders be reserved for their use later in the day, and the Senate be in a period of morning business, with Senators permitted to speak therein for up to 10 minutes each; finally, that notwithstanding rule XXII, the cloture motion filed today ripen at 5:30 p.m.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

ORDER FOR RECESS

Mr. BARRASSO. Mr. President, if there is no further business to come before the Senate, I ask that it stand in recess under the previous order under the provisions of S. Res. 585 following the remarks of my colleagues.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. BARRASSO. I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from New Jersey.

SENATE PAGES

Mr. BOOKER. Mr. President, there is something extraordinary that happens when we are here in the Senate. Every cycle, we see numerous young people who come here to—one might call them indentured servants. They are the pages.

I have come to have a lot of respect for KATIE BRITT, but my work with her every year in getting to know the pages—we have a little lunch—it is something I really treasure.

Senator BRITT could not be here now. The schedule—we were supposed to do this earlier in the afternoon. But I want the pages to know that I think she is pretty broken-hearted that she can't be on the floor right now.

She and I together worked to judge the poetry competition. She was very disappointed that she could not be here to read the successful poems. But even more so, I think what she really wanted to do was to express her gratitude to this extraordinary group of young people who are assembled on the Senate floor before us.

So what I want to do is in two parts, with the latitude of the Chair, I am going to talk about the poetry competition and then share some parting words with the pages.

First, they are already annoying me—as they often do—because I cannot see you guys, all. So the pages who are sitting down and cannot eyeball me, please join the other pages who are standing so we can have a better look. I want to look into your eyes just in case my harsh words make any of you cry.

That is much better. That is much better.

Mr. President, we had a poetry competition. I want you to know this poetry competition was different than all the other poetry competitions we have had with pages. First of all, they were recalcitrant. Very few of them even participated, to begin.

So we did something we never, ever did before. We extended the deadline, and then I bullied and badgered—I admit this on the Senate floor. I bullied and badgered some high school students into complying with the poetry competition, and we got a large number of poems, a large number of participation from the pages.

I am proud, proud of your page participation that has lasted until today.

Now, what I did not expect is for their poems to be so good. I was actually literally shocked. I look at you all, and I just don't expect greatness. But your poems were exceptional. I literally texted Senator BRITT in agony.

I was like, how do we decide on which poems to choose, because in past page classes—I hope they are listening out there in the world. They are just so top class. So it was very difficult.

Katie and I went back and forth. We did a lot of consternation, and we came up with the winners.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that all the page poems be—I have never done this before—but all the page poems that were written this time—all of you that wrote poems should be printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD with their names because I did not see names. They were all anonymous to me. I don't know which pages they were. I don't know if they were Republican or Democrat. I don't know if they were the pages that told me bad jokes or the pages that told me really bad jokes because there were really just two categories in this class.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

BY LILLIANA GRINBERG

On the rostrum's step I take my place,
Except my pins and shoes, in navy monochrome.
From the chamber I move with an awestruck face
Through marble halls, the nation's home.

I carry notes through the aisles,
Or on the rostrum I stay put.
I learn that power walks in measured miles
And history hums softly underfoot

Long hours teach me how to stand so still,
To remain unphased as voices rise and clash.
In the chaos I feel a chill;
This will be over in but a flash.

Here is where I have served, and where I see
The making of the world that is, and the world that ought to be.

BY LILLIANA GRINBERG

''Polarization at an all-time high,''
The newspapers report, day after day.
My time here has shown me it's not a lie;
I have seen it in every no and yea.

This is no longer the way things will go,
For our generation will pave the way.
We are through waiting until tomorrow,
This is our duty; we'll do it today.

The Pages of fall twenty-twenty-five
Discuss, argue, debate and disagree,
Our voices echoing with every strive
To from one another's perspective see.

My fellow Pages across the aisle:
Let our divide be only by miles.

BY LILLIANA GRINBERG

It's a new day, here in the Capitol:
Prayer and pledge and now hear the gavel.
Under these gilded ceilings, then and now interweave;
It's where we see what is, and what ought to be.

Joking through the tired and laughing through the stress;
Praying that each scramble will turn into success;
Voting and speeches and printing amendments,
Debates and objections and unanimous consensus.

We leave this world made of marble and to Webster Hall we return;
Where our bodies may rest, but our minds will still churn.
We all have no clue what tomorrow will bring;
Best and brightest, to this place we will cling.

We will cling to the chamber, and the flag on its staff.
We will cling to this group, every lesson and laugh.

THE SHOES OF THE SENATE

BY STEPHEN JIANG

Gliding across the tiled floors are a hundred pairs
Of shoes like loafers and running kicks, we discern
From our vantage, but hidden when C–SPAN airs
Behold the resolute heels of Senator Blackburn!
They've traveled here from Alabama's waterfalls
Tracking dust from Jersey streets onto the blue rugs
Long ago, Webster's boots echoed across these halls
Stepping over many tobacco spittoon jugs.
Do I belong here? Could I fill these sacred shoes?
Those grand wooden doors swung open for you and me
Step in, fear not the faces you've seen on the news
When in doubt, we stay grounded on our own two feet
We'll push ahead, one foot in front of another
Across the aisle. . .there's a lot to discover.

O SENATE

BY JACE MILES

Shall I compare thee to a session day?
Divided it is and together they come,
A place vibrant and unique in every way.
Jacks of all trades but mastered by one.
They call it antediluvian,
Some say it is great.
I will admit it is not arcadian,
Because everyone goes to bed pretty late.
To the parliamentarians, clerks, and Senator's prowess,
To the Pages and doorkeepers whose faces beam.
In the Senate no one engages in Churlishness,