

ANDERSON PARK DEDICATION POEM

LISTEN TO THE CHILDREN

So who are we to have gathered in celebration
Humbled by community vision marking what really matters
A latitude of gratitude for citizens voting to preserve
Layered bones of articulate hope for open park lands.

Parents, grandparents, neighbors, friends all praising
This green space singing through our memory of time
When happy children yelled out in fun while exploring
A great pool, ball fields, playgrounds, the banks of Clear Creek.

Daddy, give me an underdog push way high to the sky
Grammy, does that flower have a name?
Put some wood on that ball and fly it over the fence!
You will hear the sounds happy hearts make.

Their eye spirits captivated by a bubbling water village
With darting dragonflies and swimming duck families
And then comes snow white on the frozen ground
And gray creek puddles freeze into fractured artscapes.

For our children those hours were over way too soon
Moments they dreamed of as you kissed them goodnight
Growing bodies never created to sit still for too long
Climbed to the top of the giant slide over and over again.

Listen to their giggles, whispers, screams and shouts
A kaleidoscope of children in an endless Colorado light
They'll remember those times in a thousand filmstrips
Rebirthed years later from the corners of their minds.

Mayor Anderson's commitment to community service
Connecting us all to this people's land forever here
Take a child's hand, listen -- the trail back is never the same
And new trails are ours to move us unerringly ahead.

*Sharon R. Heinlen, Wheat Ridge Poet-in-Residence
June 22, 2019*