

TREE CITY U.S.A.
A love letter to Wheat Ridge

Millions of leaves and needles a forever view
Buds, flowers, cones, branches
On every Ridge road, street and shaded avenue
Planted, protected, cultivated for me and for you.

Feeling the ambience of a small city high
Where you do not have to pay to enter round
Seeing hundreds of birds that define the sky
Nature's art lifting you off the ground.

There is so deep a reality within your heart
Love a river within you, a current so joyful
In neighborhoods where you feel you belong
Finding all kinds of families built ever so strong.

In Winter when Junipers are shagged with snow
And Clear Creek burbles gently through ice
Spring, Summer, Fall firm ground below
A beer and pizza on the Ridge will suffice.

We have big plans for this welcoming place
For each who calls Ridge city their own
Friends who spend time treasuring our open space
Backyards where children explore and become grown.

When we close both eyes to see with our other eye
Building on things that happened years before
Reminders of what we now choose to preserve
A landscape blanketed by trees we adore.

Touch the ancestral spirit molding this City
Transcending boundaries of age, income, race
An understanding that like trees people are healthy
When connected in sunlight to a loving soul space.

Sharon R. Heinlen 2019
Wheat Ridge Poet-in-Residence