

For Jean

Michelangelo eyed a stone,
And said I see David,
Van Gogh put A Starry Night,
Onto cloth stapled to wood,
And Jean Sweeney went for a walk,
And dreamed a park-
A smooth path,
Friendly benches,
Greenery galore.
Where once trains rumbled,
Now a trail for walkers,
Strollers, bikers and squirrels.
Because of you, Jean,
On this land tykes will learn to pedal solo,
A couple will pledge their troth,
And someone will push their papa's chair.
All here,
In beauty.
Great praise to you,
Praise to those who shoved the first shovel,
Cleaned lot,
Raised the funds,
And built all this.
A park is a mitzvah,
And to borrow from Willy Wonka,
Who borrowed from Shakespeare,
"So shines a good deed in a weary world."

-gene kahane