

Ode to Jean Sweeney

Born on a Nevada reservation

Jean saw the beauty beneath the blight

Scaled rusted fence

 Trespassed concrete blocks

 Wandered amid rails, ties

 And the unloved urban void

Jean touched the trees

 Jean heard the birds

 Jean knew the quiet open space

 Jean saw a Potential Park

Neighbors suffered acres of tangled brush and trash

 Developers desired retail, residences and riches

 Railroad right of way impasse

Jean knocked on doors

 Jean called and wrote

 Jean begged and

JEAN UNEARTHES A RIDER ON A 1925 CONTRACT!

City and Corporation a decade in court

Today stand on the grass and gravel path

Today ride the cross bike trail

Today swing your children and watch them slide

Today picnic with neighbors under the pavilion

Today listen to the birds that inspired and say thank you Jean Sweeney.

She will hear you.

Alameda Thanks you.

-Cathy Dana