

The Heart of My Home

We move.
We build.
We are.

The shores of Lake Michigan
Speak loudly, roaring resistant
Against the steel town's celebration
Of a magnificent past.

Outsiders mourn our future,
Relegated to the parameters
Of doomed prophecy
For my home- Gary, Indiana.

Struggle suggests a bright future;
Beyond local political landscapes,
Horizons of rebirth,
Merge the city's soul.

I walk amid rays of optimism
Bringing familiar laughter,
Neighbors' smiles greeting
Seasons of instability and change.

A framework at risk
Flows with metric precision,
Creates optimism-
The greater reality of wealth.

My community bears scars
From a painful history,
Forgotten by those of us who fled-
Remembered by those who remain.

I hold unearthed dreams,
Energy tabled by ravages
Of transition, incomplete
The recess of my childhood fantasy.

Time stands guard.
Generations build legacies,
Tenacious monuments of faith,
A symbol of strength and survival.
- Gary, Indiana -

-Beverly Lewis-Burton

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