

The Lewisville Lights

There is a place
amongst all the momentary places of this City
from the past 101 years since it was born
since the first shovels of earth were moved into the places of comfort
since there were mounds of excitement, wonder and imagination
that twilight blessed thru the necessary hours
before the farmers could hurry back to those clumps of earth
and make new sense of dreams and hopes and wants in the new light of day

For one hundred years
the various general places of men
pointed out and named in their turn as:
Church. School. Business. Government. Library. Neighborhood. Home
became somewhere we gathered our hope
became someplace changed that we wanted to show each other
became some or another moment marked by wonder
and one hundred years of reasons to have a friend a love a grand regard and gracefulness

Give us all a satchel of those round badges
like the ones on the plate glass places downtown
the ones that say how many years within the first one hundred
I have been here
those white badges of courage
that show trust in the direction of a place called home
I want one for the first time, 27 years ago, when I took the exit at Fox Avenue
and found my way back to 802 Bellaire and the Baptist Church
where the people were so plentiful and wholesome and prosperous
and amazingly just like the whole town

I want one for 35 years of weekends doing fish removal at Lake Park and that legendary Barge
where my daughter lived out the stories
that won her a full ride fisheries scholarship and later
two Teacher of the Year honors in STEM
I want one for 25 years in my first and only home on Auburn Lane and 16 years of marriage
I want one for 11 years ago
when a stranger saw me drop my keys into Lewisville Lake
and with humanity offered me his truck to run home and get my spare set

How marvelous to plant ourselves here
to land aground where bigger things occur on both stretches and sides of the freeway
to give our children over to the wit and wonder of curriculums and imaginations
to go from farm and field-to-computers and wonders abroad
to leave our hilltop and test their measure against the world that seems afar

to await their return and still hear them call this place home
to bring back new tales and trials already confirmed by our 100 years of planting

Surely, by now

there is a century of places in a century of hearts in a century of lives
that will be called by the name of this City

there is a century of dreams a century of stories and a century of ups and downs
that will claim to be the full measure of our place along the highway

and still it remains the place of its beginning

with new earth being moved by dreams and hopes and glaring regard

that for one hundred years and now another

we are still turning soil planting trees and imagining more for the coming rise and setting of our suns

we are still full of different peoples

still fond of surprising laughter and discovered places to show each other

still finding our selves and our children

rising early and refreshed with new thoughts and methods and clarity of purpose

ready with responses that ride on waves upon waves

like the glass river that climbs the Library wall and bursts into sun kissed streams of light

that beg young and old hearts toward wonder and wander with shared joy in conversation about it

and gives the regenerating light not of the birthday cake's flickering candle

but the eternal light planted encouragingly within our hearts

and shines from within our souls

and is seen by those around us who come here

drawn now and forever more

by the Lewisville Light

that 100 years of knowing and having a true place

ignites in all our eyes

Jas Mardis

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