

*There's A Poem In This Place...*

Rensselaerville Library  
Community Poem Project  
April 30, 2022

Verses inspired by Amanda Gorman's 2021  
Inaugural Poem and written by members of  
the Rensselaerville community at the 2022  
Favorite Poem Project, Conkling Hall,  
Rensselaerville, NY

There's a poem in this place...

...Just filling the air.

...Our community gathers again as Spring marks another milestone.

...Ice melted, lake open, windows up – just a bit,  
jackets off, sweaters on, sun up after 6:00 -- Spring.

There's a poem in this place...

...I can feel it in the breeze  
In the breaths of people here

Because poems are meant to be heard  
Internalized and fly away.

There's a poem in this place...

...Where voices pledged love forever  
with the help of friends, will, and luck.

...In and out and round and round.

There's a poem in this place...  
in the leafless branches of  
trees scraping a brilliantly  
blue winter sky

in the footsteps of a dear  
companion walking at your side

There's a poem in this place...

...And it is my home  
It out-stands the brick  
the mortar the stone  
the wood  
my firmament.

...A springtime ghost tips her  
bonnet to the young man  
she met at church.

There's a poem in this place...

...put your ear to the deep earth  
and listen.

There's a poem in this place...  
where calloused hands of ancestors  
Lifted stone into dam and sawmill foundation  
on Eight Mile Creek.  
160 years later these stone sentinels stand  
Over the water's murmur, as delicate  
wild columbine flowers at their side.

There's a poem in this place...  
Of wood & paint  
Of light & sound  
Of flesh & blood.  
A poem in this place of hearts and  
souls made bare.

There's a poem in this place...  
  
...even as the bitter wind blows  
even as the Arctic fury snows  
  
...arising green from the moist, brown soil,  
or  
Arriving soon on the wings of  
a hummingbird.

There's a poem in this place,  
in the words shared among friends both new and old.  
There's a poem in laughter of children discovering their voice on stage.  
A poem in the years of use by neighbors permanent or fleeting.  
There's a poem in this place.

There's a poem in this place...  
  
...I have been listening to the buds pop off as the leafs burst forth!  
Next week it will be as if the leaves had never left.

There's a poem in this place, loved ones, friends, too.

There's a poem in this place...  
  
...But it's so cold I can't feel my face.  
  
...The angel over the stage  
hears lines whispered  
from people in the seats.

...chomping at the bit to bring joy to the world

There's a poem in this place...

...waiting to be read  
as daylight streams thru the windows  
from dreams written in bed.

...in the snow lit by sun  
as Spring begins  
and flowers, newly born,  
shimmer and shiver in April winds.

There is a poem in this place.  
It speaks of music once Methodist  
hymns, now Chopin and  
rock 'n roll and folk.  
It speaks of seeing old friends &  
making new ones.  
It speaks of change and survival  
and of saving and conserving  
a whole community.

There's a poem in this place.  
The voices, the songs of souls  
past.  
There's a poem in this place  
that I love very much  
in this old, old building.

There's a poem in this place...

...Many hands are busy planting  
Seeds to grow and share.  
Bees will feast with butterflies  
Many hearts love & care.

There's a poem in this place...

...and maybe when our story's over  
we'll go where it's always Spring.