

At the crossroads

by James Morehead, Poet Laureate - Dublin, California

Two decades ago
we drove over the Sunol Grade,
our move out west a blur.

A colleague suggested *Dublin*,
no more familiar than the collage of cities
between Oakland and San Jose.

We made our new home here
on a parcel carved from rich clay soil,
surrounded by immigrants

like us, a diverse chorus of voices,
languages and cultures.
In time neighbors became friends.

We learned about the Muwekma Ohlone
surveying hills and valleys
for ten thousand years,

and of Missions and prospectors,
their names embossed on school signs
from Murray to Fallon to Kolb.

We've felt Dublin winds soar
over Schaefer Ranch, Pacific fog in tow,
basked in midsummer's endless blue

and awoken to mountains
draped in white
by a fierce winter storm.

We've argued at Board meetings
as families do,
passionate and proud

then reconciled
in churches and playgrounds
in backyards and bleachers

and shoulder to shoulder
cheering Irish dancers and marching Gaels
in an emerald parade.

We've held hands in prayer
as loved ones passed
or drifted away

Yet—we'll always be here
gathering at the crossroads,
for the promise of tomorrow.