

Sequoia Commons—Then and Now

Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike

Oh, do you remember that old parking lot?
One low little building, just smack on the spot,
With hedges around and a few little trees,
And plenty of space for the air to go breeze.

Oh, up went the new place, so big and so tall.
They called it a Commons—how had they the gall?
Construction debris went all flying around,
And nary a parking space left to be found.

Then came the fruit of the labor and toil:
With grasses and blossoms and trees in the soil,
People transplanted from all over town,
Putting down roots in the newly turned ground.

Next came the ice cream, and then came the books:
A library teeming with—just take a look:
Children and parents and folks all alone,
And lovers who live in a world of their own.

Then coffee and bear claws and WiFi for all,
A snack for the dog so it won't cat-erwaul,
A picture of heaven on earth, if you please,
And plenty of space for the air to go breeze.

You might think that that was the end of the song,
and if all were all right then you wouldn't be wrong,
but, Whoops, there's a toy store, and then there's Phase II,
with plenty to watch for, for me and for you.

—Gundega Korsts, August 2009