

## NOTES

Inspired by Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, *Our Town*, Bridget Grace Sheaff takes us on a nostalgic journey as she pays tribute to her home town. This selection may be performed by either a female or male and should be entered in Poetry Interpretation. The lack of capitalization and punctuation is intentional; therefore, it will be crucial for the performer to carefully score this poem to mark necessary pauses. This is ultimately a love poem. Warm facial expressions and vocals will only add to the proper tone of the overall performance. The drama mask icons are simply visible to show performers when to turn the pages in their manuscripts.

i didn't have to be born Here or even live Here  
the odds were not stacked in my favor  
by the pure lottery of birth or providence of the housing market  
i *got* to live Here

lucky me  
fortunate me  
blessed me  
my Home Town  
This is the ground i walked on for years



i never appreciated the smell of Your soil  
the tickling of Your grass  
the residual heat of Your asphalt after a hot summer day  
This is the air that I forgot to consume daily  
i didn't remember to savor it  
to let the tastes and smells combine into this exquisite blend of sweetness

This is the taste of the water  
one would think water would taste the same everywhere  
it's the same molecules  
but This is the special tasting water  
the normal water  
the water you can't buy in bottles at a store (and believe me i've tried)

This is the biggest small town i know

# love letter to my home town

By Bridget Grace Sheaff

with the possibility of running into someone i know  
or meeting complete strangers  
This is my Home Town  
and i am in love with my Home Town



shall i compare thee to a summer's day  
the only summer i know and love is the one that is Here  
there is no comparison  
the slight breeze  
the sun  
the shade of the perfect tree  
the gentle hum of the few passing cars  
it's a rare and glorious adventure when a car drives down our street

summer was the best  
there was no school and obviously that brought much joy to everyone  
as the suspenseful waiting for vacation was driving everyone insane

summer was the best  
we made lemonade  
and went on excursions  
just getting in the car and going  
ending up at the zoo  
or the museum  
or the wading pool  
or the ball park  
or the run-down movie theater that played marx brothers films

summer was the best



i love Your summers the best

i would walk through Your streets and alleys  
heading to the library  
a ritual more than a habit  
i would walk through the doors  
the air conditioning hitting my sweaty skin  
a blessed relief from Your heat  
i would walk by the desk  
nodding to mrs. davis and miss schubert