

A City In Motion -or- Hackensack In Poetry

By Toney Jackson

An object in motion
But a city
 A people
who move
purpose propelling
 perpetually
the firm palm of the past
pushing
against our backs
backward is not an option for us
 forward
 our charge

We move
like an army
marching
down Main Street
 across The Green
see our blue and gold
a mix
of peoples and histories
the new and the old

The present
is the gift of the past
meant for the future to pass on

We keep it moving

We move
constantly stirring
like the mixing pot's
getting hot
don't get stuck on the bottom
just keep it moving

We move like two streams
meeting at the mouth of a river
rushing
to ebb and flow
where vital
 necessary
a tidal estuary
waving as it moves to the ocean
saying "SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"
not a command to quiet down

but music to move to
when
we stroll the sidewalks
samba in the streets

We move
like immigrants imminently entering a new home
settled but not settling
toiling and tilling the soil to cultivate culture
We keep it moving
like passed plates
kitchen or collection

We move
like spirits,
sermons and songs
through saints in the sanctuary

We move like Comets
our tails telling the tales of the trails we blazed to get here

We move
on and on...
...and we don't stop
we can't help it
we're rooted in movements
The buried bones of this city
talk in tomes
of poems
of what was
and what had to be
moved
to make way for the growth of a city
the prospering of a people

We move
through these
streets lined with trees
standing as stanzas
moved by the wind that talk
like "WHOOOOSH WHOOOOSH"

The sound of a city
branching out
but not leaving behind
a people
who stand
and stay
in motion

moving

like

traffic

eventually

like track meets

cyclical

circular

like

"Aint no stopping us now... "

as long as we move

together