

Sunset, Sunrise

By Glenn Currier

The sun is trying to set on Dallas
but two days later it won't settle nicely
its coral-amber swath is wild,
clouds swirl raw and confused
a brooding purple looming sorrow.

From a distance the cityscape
silhouettes its jagged dark towers
and sadness haunts this homecoming,
thoughts of the dead and wounded
weigh on me and push out in tears.

For years there at Main and Lamar
I heard the angst and strong voices
of those who knew the darkness
of our racial past and stretched to recast
themselves to save that village.

I saw bright and plucky leaders
who stood and held fast to the fight
to collect the people and remake a city
fit for the children who could lead us
to respect, to listen, to speak kindness.

Those once stormy youth and their elders
nurtured families who began to live in hope
and became new determined leaders
and followers who would not give up
on this city, our city - unfinished, still growing.

*"Sunset, Sunrise," Copyright © 2016 by Glenn Currier
Written 7-7-16*

Author's Note: On my way back from east Texas on I-20 Saturday evening, having heard and seen the news Thursday night July 7, in the distance I could see the striking sunset and the silhouette of the Dallas skyline. I taught at El Centro College for 35 years stood on that very corner countless times. I knew African American and Hispanic students and their parents, some of whom were leaders and served their community with love and dedication. I am inspired by people like Chief Brown, city councilman Adam McGough who took my place at El Centro, and the young people in that march. [The Dallas Morning News July 10, 2016 front page](#) editorial was the finest and most sensitive writing I've ever read in that paper and I congratulate the editors and Michael Hogue the staff artist of that [amazing illustration](#).