

What the Oregon City Elevator Means to Me

Amazed, I stood there

with my mouth dropped loose,

as I gasped in awe of the wonderful, shiny, silver, spruce.

It looked as though it was made with blacksmith steel,

as my eyes peeled from the bottom of the constructed figure to the top.

It was oozing with blue sky all around.

Standing in front of its smooth shiny metal doors,

Imagine stepping into the elevator,

Seeing shops with people surrounding,

Holding their own special props.

I removed my cold foot from the cement ground,

and stepped into the elevator,

which made no sound.

Arriving at my destination, I was enchanted,

And began admiring all of the antique windows,

I meandered around,

and hopped along the tile ground.

Photos of old construction progress hung,

as I skipped along to see more success sprung!

I counted the shops and stores

decided to not explore anymore,

for I was satisfied.

For now, I realized that my satisfaction lied deeply

onto the bridgeway of the constructed past and present.

