

Editor's Note: The following poem was submitted by Mr. William McPhillips, a resident of Port Washington for 25 years. He wrote the poem "as a celebration of my 25 years in this magical place and community." We are proud to run it in *The Port Washington News*.

## A Tribute to Port Washington

To The Editor:

Port Washington  
for those extraordinary Beings  
who are Fire Medic CO. 1,  
and our Volunteer Fire Department

We curse, and swear Port Washington  
is growing out of sight,  
too many cars to clog our day, and break our  
silent night.

Our bodies woke the old town up,  
and crowded out the scene  
"Old Timers" tend to talk about,  
when parking Lots are lean.

And language learned so eagerly,  
in travel, now we find,  
in dislocation, undercuts  
the comfort of our mind.

Yet, magnets in our sense, and nerve,  
when "Good Old Days!" were young,  
are still as vibrant in our blood,  
and bone, if not our tongue.

Forsythia, and Dogwood, and  
Azaleas draw the whole  
of Creation into concert,  
in our Universal Soul.

All that parade of color is  
reflected in the Bay,  
and on the street, in skin, and robe,  
in what we do, and say.

And Egrets, Swans, "Canadians,"  
who breed along our coast,  
increase the measure of our joy,  
and honor in our boast.

A door, on Main Street, opens up  
the awesome majesty,

of all that human life has been,  
and is, and is to be.

Within these concrete walls, and glass,  
the well is full, and deep,  
of stuff imagination needs  
to sow, and grow, and reap.

Down on the Dock, we greet the Sun  
in silent symphony,  
with Pigeon, Gull, and all who come  
to breathe, and just to be.

Our joy is, too, our schools, and you  
who nurture love, and pride,  
and live, in trust, the noble dreams  
of all who lived, and died.

From Beacon Hill to Sunset Park,  
where do we draw the line,  
a village in, or out, a street?  
A spirit knows no sign.

I came here once, a "Greenhorn" 'teen,  
to fill a magic week,  
with stuff, that in a decade, drew me back  
to all I seek.

For twenty-five years now, I've been  
as native to this place,  
as any human ever is,  
in all of time, and space.

No calendar can tell us all  
we gathered in a blink,  
until, out or our images,  
we recreate a link.

Hometown is, sometimes, where we start,  
and, sometimes, where we die.  
Port Washington is where I live,  
and love, and laugh, and cry.

William B. McPhillips  
17 June, 1989