

They Thought of Me

By Meghana Mysore

Hope grows in the trees and shrubs
around my house,
and I consider
Lake Oswego of the past
and how its citizens
made this world beautiful.

They planted trees
in their backyards
and reused and recycled
all they could.
They focused on efficiency
and renewable resources,
leaving behind the cars
and opting for bikes instead.

Today, I ride my bike
through the untouched landscape
and know
what it took
to create this bright place.

Beauty isn't born
in a day or two.
It takes weeks, months, years,
to cultivate,
and a tireless dream
of what could be.

Lake Oswego citizens of the past
thought of the future
as they rode their bikes
to school and work.
They thought of me
and my children,
saw a larger light
in fluorescent bulbs.

They thought of warmth
longer lasting than hot water
as they left their showers,
pictured the faces
of Lake Oswego's future children
as they recycled cardboard boxes.

They imagined
the landscape I see now
of trees and light
and dreamed of the clean air
I breathe.

They remembered
that a dream remains a dream
until you make it a reality.
They remembered that it takes
a staircase—one step after another—
to make something wonderful
come to life.

My reality is beautiful
because the people of the past
thought of the future.
My world is pristine
because they thought of me.

Meghana Mysore is a senior at Lake Oswego High School. She has lived in Lake Oswego with her family and her dog, Pepper, since she was one year old. She loves writing in all its forms and enjoys writing columns for the Lake Oswego Review and pondering the world around her.