

San Jose
By Nigel Jahn

1961, I was five,
Living in a beautiful rural area,
Growing up under the summer heat, riding bikes through the vast area around me,
Catching snakes in the foothills,
With Orchards and vineyards and barns, strewn across the neighborhoods,
But change has found its way in,
Pollution and people crowd the new streets full of violence and dishonesty,
Without courtesy,
The world has become a harder place to live in
With a family of five under the roof that I own.
Since 1961, the days have been hot,
But much else has changed