

WE ARE LITTLE FALLS

a collaborative poem for OurTown 56345

We are the Mississippi River, the bustle of cars, rustling of trees. We are rhythm trains that cut through fields and the quiet flowing waters that cut through the town. We are the rush of the wind through the trees, the birds chirping in the parks' Maple trees, the laughter of children. Old-timey bricks and bright skies, the smell of flowering trees, of pet food, and roasted coffee.

See the people? The conservative, approachable people; their caring, energetic, familiar faces? They say "how are ya?", waving and smiling in a motorized wheelchair on the corner. Young and old, stories of resilience and struggle, drugs and poverty.

Our heritage is deeper than the foundations; logging, military, and Charles Lindberg. We are hard-working, striving, artistic, and diverse. We are quaint, diverse and dynamic, laid-back and nice.

We are open to change; a vibrant community focused on growth. A small-town, nodding in the next generation. We are movers, shakers, and many little makers. Full of great potential and vision. We live, work, play, and thrive.

We are Little Falls.

