

Ypsilanti by Ruth Mella

In Ypsilanti's streets, stories untold,
in the year of 1987,
seeds planted before I arrived.
Roots deepened in holy ground,
Where ordinary days carry holy weight.
Ypsilanti, a city shaped by hands unseen,
Where time folds past into present,
And whispers linger in red brick roads.
Whispers of hope that refuses to die.
Depot Town remembers, steady and sure,
Riverside rests where waters soothe the soul.
Here, the weary find stillness,
And strangers learn the language of belonging,
underneath the Michigan dome.
Students gather at dawn,
Bright minds stretch towards more
A hunger not only for knowledge,
But for meaning, direction, breath.
Ypsilanti, a community's embrace,
Where diversity finds its place.
In every corner, a story to tell,
In every heart, a history to dwell.
This city, stitched from many journeys,

Hands, voices, hearts, all woven,

Learning to sit at one table,

Learning that love is stronger than fear.

To Ypsi: brave, tender, and timeless.

Even without words, our shining water tower says it all.

A vibrant landmark of grace at an upward reach.