

for Jameson Ave

on the occasion of the unveiling of public art project October 30th 2009

full of first autumns, first and last Novembers,
the apartments break at their seams spilling
talk and cushions and bicycles and baby strollers,
full moons and half moons and crescent moons
find their way somehow between the tall buildings,
like the full lives and half lives and crescent lives
and surging life we breath in here,
the heart migrates along the nomadic highway,
it floats like summer on the lake,
the city leaves and enters here,
I've seen a couch here abandoned by its lovers,
a forlorn summer umbrella waiting to burst open,
cursive flocks of pigeons writing their own letters abroad,
I read Boewolf in one of these apartments with friends,
and sang with Joni Mitchell and Bob Marley
on a balcony some June past,
I know this, these homes along here have their surfeit
of plans for car washes, computer stores, dancehalls
and university classrooms, they have their eyes on stardom
and hockey and basketball and hospitals, birthdays and weddings,
and window box gardens, all over again, next spring

Dionne Brand, Poet Laureate, City of Toronto