

***Toronto: Greatness and Panam***

How does a city guarantee greatness?

By skyscrapers tapering up to stars?

By citizens whose faces mirror flowers?

By fiscal *panam*—or peoples' *treasure*—

Witching up shelters, and/or libraries?

How should Toronto measure Toronto?

Might citizens attempt to rival stars—

To flaunt *Beauty* boldly like autumn flowers—

To find, on treed streets, blossoming treasure—

Or *panam*—Tamil speak that libraries

Strive to define, but spells out Toronto—

Whose *Wealth* budgets ever-thriving greatness?

Even police should line sidewalks with flowers,

Or count peach trees and grape vines as treasure

(*Panam*), and praise minds freed in libraries—

Our site of *Liberation*, Toronto,

Where *Thought* is taught to grade to greatness,

And child turns from books and looks up at stars.

*Panam* spells the Tamil word for *treasure*—

Or *wealth*, what seeds lilacs and libraries,

And moors, with towers, the shores of Toronto;

Thus, the G.T.A. edges to greatness  
 From the ground up; then, next, annexes stars,  
 Crowning dark night with gems—such sparkling flowers.

Say we found our kingdom on libraries,  
 So *Literacy* gold-leafs Toronto,  
 And poets' sonnets stretch—stretch—to grasp greatness,  
 And books outdazzle all the Heavens' stars,  
 And lovers leaf anthologies of flowers,  
 And dark ink gleams as golden as treasure?

People, one by one, sum up Toronto—  
 The G.T.A.—gradations of greatness—  
 So our geniuses, citizens like stars,  
 Blueprint boulevards as thoroughfares of flowers,  
 Or re-plant factories to heap up treasure—  
*Panam*—funding streetcars, parks, libraries.

To seize upon greatness, grasp highest stars,  
 Or look to grassroots, for flowers and treasure,  
 And in bards' libraries, dream Toronto.

George Elliott Clarke

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