

On losing the Eaton Center/ On losing our Bearings @ Lillian Allen

An unseen guides our passage
meshing memory, location, locale
It knows where you are, but do you?
Nothing is unknown
only unknown to you
My father the new arrival spinning
around mistakenly at Yonge and Bloor
looking for the famed Eaton Center
eyes spindling, darting
from brochure to buildings
Observing his plight, a polite Torontonion to his aid;
“Excuse me. Sorry. Sir. Are you lost?
My father, taking exception
to a perceived insinuation, replies in bold tones;
“I am not lost
I am right here, where I am.
It’s the darn Eaton Center that is lost.”
And then again, where it has always been
What can we possibly lose in our beautiful City
between here and there
between the people and their desires
between their pocketbooks and expectations
of material utopia
between winter and fall
Between now and yesterday
between peace and war
what is it that is unknown to us
But known to a loving and peaceful heart
A co-existence and dignity for all