Globetrotter

a

toronto is
amsterdam
adrift at sea
it breathes the open atlantic
where lines and angles blur
and bend into mist
toronto is
prague
without her anchoring of

narrow streets narrow sky
and
virgin-tight apartment blocks

it is london long-jumping
her imperial shadows
trafalgar-ing into space

b

in winter the north comes
to visit
without her lights

not even scheviningen
could breathe
such bone-bending blasts

sir winter
gruff arthritic old braggart
with woolly mane
is that snow on his head

or is it soyinka's hair
fluorescent against the night

of africa's dark politician
as we sit in deusseldorf
in a foyer of smoked hotelled wine
and eye the question

c
photographer
you have no perspective
wide as the autobahn

between scarborough and etobicoke
where the roads scream and cry
rubber rubber
tears long as a calendar year
and look where the streetcar has left a scar
in the brush flower
as it goes berlin-ing around queens avenue

the white-draped reichstag is not here
there should be no hurry to undress it
with tourist eyes

d
what does the endless
north american sky
reveal

like those sex-workers
in amsterdam's love quarters
she says simply
i am wide open

so the street car becomes a tram
in slow phallic rush on lan van meerdevort
in the hague
flirting foolishly with the horizon
the red-light flashes
where there are no red-light districts

the streetcar

stops
to gaze at lovers
trundling down the avenue
down dundas
heavy with love and its weights

to eaton center
where hearts pump more round
from the fondling and folding of love's caress

e

amongst the ruin and jazz
of the old distillery
young Toronto
steps outside of troy
in full teenage glare
hair streaked with lightening
because a girl smells better…
she brushes a suitor's kiss
and the sun off her thundering skin
where all colours meet.

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