

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

