1997

Toronto

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Toronto

Watermelon rain pierced through the clouds
And pelted my face.
I was sitting on a park bench
Somewhere deep within Toronto,
Somewhere in the land of maple leaves
Where sap flows through trees
Like blood flows through veins.
I was sitting underneath America's shadow
blowing in off the lake
and clouding the sky above.
before reaching Toronto I looked
to bring back times when words
would crawl out the back of my mind
and jump onto paper.
now I struggle for every word and for
every line,
before reaching Toronto I learned
how snow feels,
white outside with
a frozen core.
Now I lay on a park bench in Toronto
with America on my mind,
the sun is whispering its last breath
and my thoughts
are slowly bleeding.
as rain turned to snow
And day turned to night
I drove out of Toronto
While fog swallowed the CN Tower
And the dim glow of the road
Enveloped me.

--Mark Bowers