Toronto On the Way To New Mexico

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2003/iss2/17
The center of the earth
I once heard
is somewhere near New Mexico.

I used to think
maybe Europe
until I realized
Columbus wasn’t
looking for America.

Another time,
I thought maybe
China—the great wall
barricading threat
before the scare
of Communism walked in.

At one point,
maybe Egypt,
but its asps
aren’t ancient enough—
I asked Cleopatra.

Then I thought,
maybe Jerusalem
a safe haven for religion
yet not safe, a blanket of death
suffocating in constant
Holy wars.

And even once
I thought it must be
my backyard
until I was told
the world doesn’t
revolve around me.

Then I heard
it’s somewhere near New Mexico
where the land is hot,
the air is dry,
and the border divides.

But for now,
I know it’s Toronto
where my lover’s arms
are reaching
and streets are welcoming,
a thriving life beating hope.

Toronto—where love has found
its resting place
in the center of earth.