

Manitoba Street
by Ann Clayton

The world began to speak
To me in many tongues
And songs rang through stone,
Flowered in music, calling
Through all creatures, home.

The spirit began to write
In features and faces,
Languages making them one,
The world their monumental book
Of difference, uttered as bone.

Time became a rope I climbed,
Twisting memory and hope,
A scroll disclosing future and past
As I scribbled in the fury of now,
Each moment a magic lantern, held fast.

Being reeled out its mystery
Of change and self, calling itself
Forward, a fisherman's shining line
Cast into water, a thread into
Darkness, a lamp in the mine.

Love opened a family album
Of photographs, greetings, cards.
The world collected in Lost and Found
Of gloves, coats, pictures and words.
Blessings descended in this place: new ground.