

Where I am From

By Feyintola Johnson

I am from the long roads of Port Credit
Where the water covers the lakes of my imagination.
I am from the condos on the Meadowvale Hills that
Illuminate its colors against the shadows of pavement in the night.
I am from my mother's cup that floweth in me.
I am from the cold heart of my ancestors' hardening in the
Summer colonies.
I'm from the willow trees in which their leaves
Soothe my knee of play.
I am from the divine touch between God and Adam in
His blood of the first sin is embedded in mine.
I am from the sand where the footprints of the Egyptians lay
Into the promised land.
I am from the land of milk and honey, the good parts
Of the rural towns.
I'm from the Soliquays of the sub consciousness to be
Or not be, for which I chose to be.
I am from that which does not kill makes me stronger.
I am from the wings of Icarus, O fly into the sun with innocent eyes.
I am from the disciples of Apollo and Dionysus
Inflamed in the sinful pleasures of flesh and reason.
I am from the death of Socrates, dare to
Think, dare to know, which one damns a man's soul?
I am from the archer who sent his arrow, so I may
Go swiftly and far with his might.
I'm from the rhythmic, iambic, and didactic strings of
The poet's vessel.
The heart longs for
Meadows.