

The following draft poem I wrote recently when I reflected upon the following examples of public art in Mississauga: *Pine Sanctuary*, *Pool of Knowledge*, *Migration*, *Contemplating Child*, *Possibilities*, *Messenger*, *the Book*, *Share the Love*, *the Blue Trees*, *Fossil Record*, *Hall of Fame*, *Three Arch*, *Conference at Council House* and *It Takes a Community to Build the Story*. This art can be viewed [on the city's website](#):

Reflecting on Public Art in Mississauga

By Anna Yin

I.

How can we be so sure about love?
The winter fog still embraces the frozen lake—
What myth does it hide or what story shall it continue?
See, trees on the shore with silent eyes, bare and lost...

Who else once carved their songs
and made their maps on broken birch bark?
To which directions have they begun
a great migration full of hope?
What ancient lands have they sought
only to be taken away?

Winter, spring, summer, autumn
Leaves, passenger pigeons, *blowin' in the wind*...
Angels, shamans, deities and God—
Whose fire rises in the forest, in ruins, in wars?

How can we be so sure about love and forgiveness?
Where can we find sanctuaries? in pines, in hearts, in stars?

When will the earth wake up with green again?
When will rivers find clean paths to oceans again?
When will we link arms and speak the truth again?
When will we call for love in this land and let love flow again?

II.

On the open field, sits a contemplating child...
Who is he? What's in his mind?
As he lowers his head, the earth shares its silence with him.

Some residents watch him from their high-rises' windows.
Some kids in the park look up at him and climb into his arms.

The blue trees across the field startle his empty frame.
At sunrise and sunset, his silhouette begins to expand...
Will his shadow follow us into our dreams to find his identity?
How will he build and pursue his future in this land?

III.

The messenger eagle perches at the top of the lighthouse,
Thirty birds gather at the conference at the council house...
The book is open, the pool of knowledge is filled with clear water—
life's basic element, the source of truth.

It takes a community to build the story,
the story of Great Bear and the Seven Hunters,
of powwow dancing and beads weaving,
of Tree of Peace and harvest moons,
of a dish with one spoon and the flame of life
of pride in the past and faith in the future...

Winter, spring, summer, autumn
Someone shares a story, spreads seeds of harmony,
step by step, more communities join this,
each opens its fossil record; each seeks to build arches
to get connected and to share the love...

Michi Sagiig, Mississauga, "the river of North", the river of many outlets:
ancestors and generations link arms and embrace,
here they face challenges and rebuild the possibilities...
here, we follow their vision, seek the light
 from the pine sanctuary,
 from the hall of fame,
 from the large cosmos.
