

The following poem I wrote 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](#):

Awakening

By Anna Yin

I.

How can we be so certain about love and truth?
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 the broken tree bark?
To which directions have they started
a great migration full of hope and vision?
What primal abundant lands have they inhabited
only to be taken away and exploited?

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

In this complex world, sits a contemplating child...
Who is he? What's in his mind?
Some residents watch him from high-rise windows.
Some kids run up to him and climb into his steel arms.

A young girl picked up a fallen kite
and lifted its flying dream...
The child lowers his head, a butterfly trembling with silence.

At sunrise and sunset, the child's silhouette expands...
Will he follow us into our dreams to find his?
How will he build and pursue his future in this land?

III.

The messenger doves hover over the city hall,
folks and birds gather at the council house...
The book is open, the pool of knowledge is filled
with pure and clean 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 wild rice gathering and powwow dancing,
of Tree of Peace and harvest moons,
of a dish with one spoon and the sacred garden
of pride in the past and faith in the future...

Winter, spring, summer, autumn
Someone shares a story, spreads seeds of harmony,
story after story, more people join,
each opens its fossil record; each seeks to build arches
for connections and diversity...

Michi Sagiig, "the river of North", the river of many outlets:
All the way you carry challenges and flow possibilities,
calling ancestors, generations and all of us
strive for love and harmony...

Let us gather at your calling, search for the light
 Following the sunflowers,
 the hall of fame, the wisdom of stars
 to the large cosmos.
