



POEM BY DENIZ JOHN-MUSTAFA

O, such numinosity
To take a walk through the green streets of this small town,
Soothes this young but would weary mind,
Here, I am at ease
I remember previous visits here as a high schooler,
I remember the top shop and the sales,
I remember the sights and sounds of the Calder highway,
O, the beautiful Calder highway.

Unfortunately, this bliss cannot last forever,
Tonight, I head back home to the big city.
So I now get ready to earn my daily bread.
Unlike this lovely slumpy form, the city of light and magic never sleeps.

