# St. Catharines

the whole sleepy town

can be seen from here

miles and miles

of nothing much happening

most of the eyeful

is taken up with trees, surprisingly

brown and fractal

buildings are interruptions, not the norm

of these, the white stand out

they are in charge

the horizon is lake

we have much lake here

on a clear day, you can see right across

today is a semi-clear day

the near sky is blue

the distant sky is grey, purplish

a lazy yellow in places

I cannot see a single shadow from here:

the gift of winter light

don’t look for other things

it is just a city, a small one

there are people here

who have never been anywhere else

who is to say why?