

## THE IMMIGRANTS' MAP OF CANADA

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In maps imagination has full scope;  
a continent hangs on the kitchen wall  
and in cartography confines our hope;

in vast projections we can see it all,  
contours and rivers come within our grasp  
as lasting symbols while the cities fall.

It is too neat; for we forget to gasp  
at all those things beyond our comprehension;  
we miss the torrent's chillness and the rasp

of saw that takes the straining timber's tension.  
The contours blind us to a new design,  
and in our hope we miss the apprehension

that shapes the nation's spirit into line.  
Nor can we in those place names search the heart  
that gives the new life meaning beyond rhyme;

cartographers tell nothing by their art.