

## There Is No City That Does Not Dream

There is no city that does not dream  
from its foundations. The lost lake  
crumbling in the hands of brickmakers,  
the floor of the ravine where light lies broken  
with the memory of rivers. All the winters  
stored in that geologic  
garden. Dinosaurs sleep in the subway  
at Bloor and Shaw, a bed of bones  
under the rumbling track. The storm  
that lit the city with the voltage  
of spring, when we were eighteen  
on the clean earth. The ferry right in the rain,  
wind wet with wedding music and everything that  
sings in the carbon of stone and bone  
like a page of love, wind-lost from a hand, unread.

— Anne Michaels

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