

Mississauga's Poets Laureate



Pujita Verma
2018 – 2020



Paul Edward Costa
2019 - 2021

Mississauga's 2nd Youth Poet Laureate

Pujita Verma
Highlights
2018 – 2020



Mississauga's 2nd Youth Poet Laureate



Pujita Verma, 2018 - 2020

On quarantine

going to the eye doctor is just going to the eye doctor / but for
the optometrist it is a stall on a ferris wheel's rest stop // gently
rocking, another row / letters read in variation / after
appointment, after appointment // I think of the repetitive tasks I
am caught in / the autopilot of espresso / intuition of anthems /
rainfall of keyboard clicks hushing to monotone // I think home is
less home when you can't laugh whole-heartedly / when you

tiptoe around everyone's Zoom calls // work-from-home is / no
home to leave work to go to // gathering strong wifi like hands
pressed on the sunroof / or together / two bodies strung into fibre
optics / shoes tangled from telephone wires / one foot in front of
the other / souls caught sleeping on a tuesday afternoon // like
order to govern every chaos / like when traffic lights stop, each

car waits its rotation / or the world wavers on a virus //

// no rule wrong for the

unwritten // if there is a word for *almost* lonely / let it be the

staccato of my love song // **now I go outside *to go outside*** //

shout along a windmill's breath // how gentle the deafening // how

elegant the balance of Shiva and Brahma and Vishnu // destroying

night after night // making way to compose tomorrow

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Qurat Dar, 2021 - 2023

In Defense of Just Being

In defense of the afternoon
spent with the sun painting
your eyelids.

In defense of the evening
spent with your feet in the lake,
with the rest of you a sand-dusted bridge to shore.

In defense of the book that
didn't teach you a thing but
passed the hours well enough.

In defense of the pastimes that
will never make us a cent. In defense
of the instrument awfully played, of the
sketches we would never show the
light of day, of every song we sing
along to in what is definitely the wrong key.

In defense of the five back-to-back episodes,
the newest seasons,
that allowed us the mercy of forgetting
ourselves even just for a moment.

In defense of the cancelled meeting,
the event unattended,
the to-do list forgotten,
the reins loosened just enough
that the blood returns to our hands.

In defense of the silence,
in defense of the quiet,
in defense of the messages left on read
and the gaps in conversation in which
you can hear the world going on without you.

In defense of time “wasted,”
as though time is a fruit that
will wither on its own vine if
it isn’t picked and pressed and
swallowed, as though time is not a river,
with sharply-cut banks and rapids that
near submerge us, as though it is not
enough to remain standing, to remain
breathing, rather than fighting the current
at every step, as though it is not enough
to close our eyes every once in a while
and think,

“Isn’t the water lovely?”

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