

Mississauga's Poet Laureate Program



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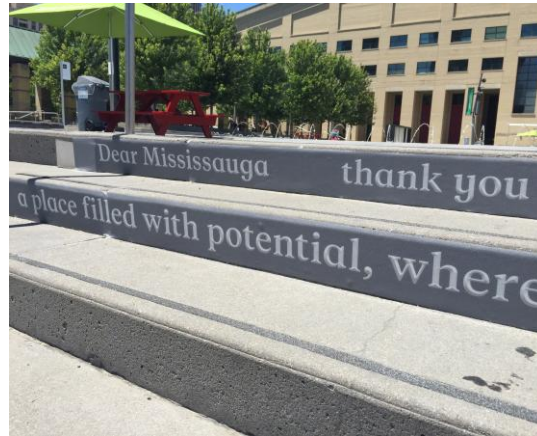


- Supported 12 poet in launching professional careers
- Provided 100 young poets a professional opportunity at the annual Poetry Slam
- Supported over 1000 new writers through workshops
- Engaged over 75, 000 residents in engagements and workshops

Mississauga's Poet Laureate Program



Utility Boxes by Gary Taxali



'Dear Mississauga' by Wali Shah



Murals at Civic Centre Skate Park

Mississauga's Poets Laureate



Andrea Josic
2024 - 2026



Tahira Rajwani
2025- 2027

Mississauga's 5th Poet Laureate



Andrea Josic Highlights 2024 - 2026

Mississauga's 5th Poet Laureate



Andrea Josic Highlights 2024 - 2026

In Which I Travel Backwards Through Time Zones Undo the Death of My Kin

It's presumed time travel to the past is physically impossible
But a plane ride from Bosnia to Mississauga always restarts today
I leave at 7am to their yawning sun
And arrive to my balcony railing inhaling the morning's dew
However, this difference is akin to purgatory
Before our morning kettle's water can even boil
It has soaked in the brine of their afternoon
Last year, when I heard 3 family members passed within 10 days
I spent a homemade meal's worth calling my grandmother
And I learned that last-minute flight deals don't jut across the Atlantic's grief
There's no voucher for kisses alternating profiles
Mom turns off the video call and the website shows "suggested cheaper dates"

So I wish I could time travel
I wish we could share and heal the grief together
I wish my grandmother and I could trade the clock's expressions
Mine becomes every misfortunate she wakes up to
And hers will just be another metropolitan dusk
I would take this flight a million times over
If family estrangement is the loss of relationship between bloodline
Then my parents left their memories in refugee offices
Sounds like mirna Bosna
Closest in coffee dregs on Tuesdays
And the re-gifting of chocolate boxes
Corner stores in next-door mother tongues
Community is a two-hour drive to pita grease
To forgive the fate of this Earth

I would let a black hole would spaghetti my body
Make infinite atoms for every family member's open palm
Roll into silly putty for a lifeline 7,000 kilometers long
In a past life, all my kin and I were once neighbours
Funerals were not a regret that shushes with a phone's dial tone
We celebrated each other at every moment
But when we all move on from this lifetime
We will dance in a cycle
Two parallel lines zigzagging
Clicking our heels against each other's syncopated stone flesh

Mississauga's Poet Laureate



Sneha Subramanian Kanta, 2026-2028

The Waves Break at Port Credit

Sunlight peers in a beam after rain. The intention of rain isn't thunder.
Repetition is how we make music. It is the language of wind-driven waves.

Let me sing to you today about billowing clouds near the water,
these clouds appear like dogwoods over the husk of Lake Ontario.

A memory of winter in this city is wild carrots growing on the sides
before a crossway leads to a park and junipers which remain persistent

over the memory of green. When light returns,
instead of tall maples, birches, willows, poplars, and sycamores

sunbeams pass through interstices of junipers.

The oaks and beech in this lane hold onto their leaves throughout winter

until new leaves grow in the vernal equinox.

I know the season through lengthening shadows of barren boughs.

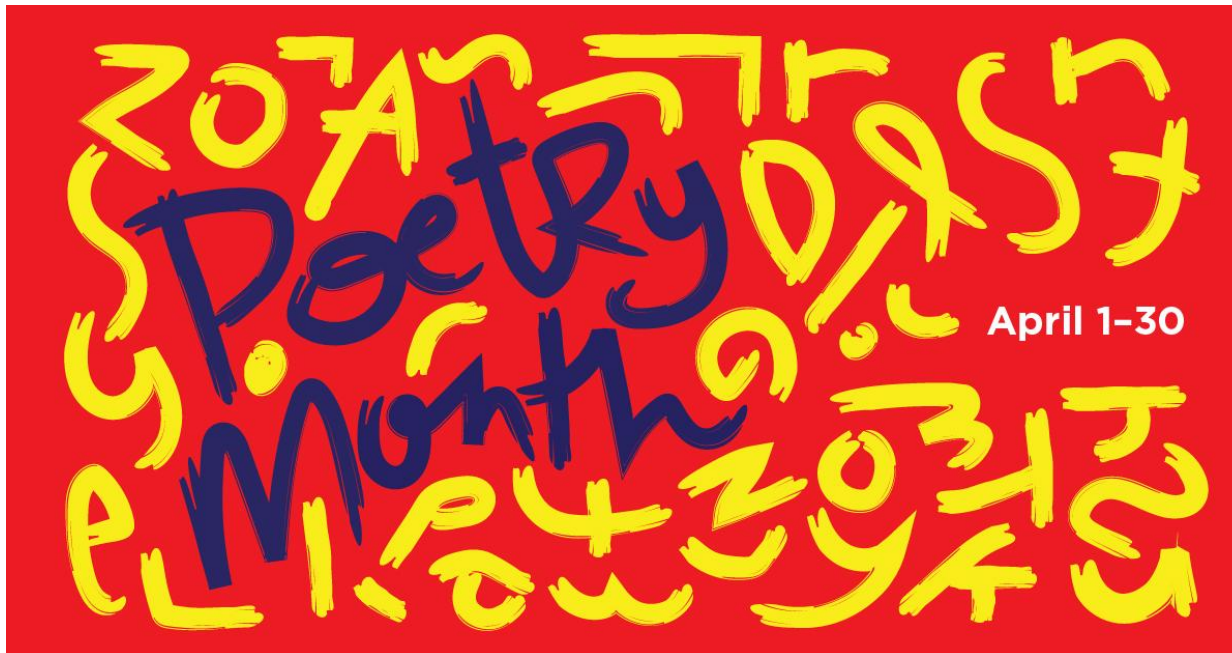
Snow has left nothing in the landscape as it was.

I, too, bring you here to witness the anvil of a new season.

The crayon of light drifts further onto the surface of water,
geese fly and perch on a stony shoreline, two swans swiftly glide over the waves.

Let us wield this kinetic grace into our city. May we all celebrate another season,
with moonlight bandaging partially uprooted trees in another regeneration.

National Poetry Month



The 7th Annual Poetry Slam, April 23rd