

**OPUS**  
**By Colin Fehr**

If my city is a mosaic,  
What am I?

If its history is a picture,  
What do the tiles show?  
The pier at Rocky Point where so many times  
I stayed out past my curfew  
Watching Ioco lights  
Dance on Burrard waters?  
Or, perhaps,  
Art Wilkinson Park,  
Where I've hunted Easter Eggs in Spring?

Maybe the artist,  
The Mosaic-Maker,  
Had his share of sentimentality -  
So when he placed the last tile, a spike,  
Tinged gold into his broken-glass masterpiece  
The famous CPR,  
He liked it so much that he used that tile to begin this,  
A new greatest work,  
A portrait called Port Moody  
Like Michelangelo's Sistine ,  
In a million pieces of glass.  
And through time  
And with a steady hand,  
He's placed tile after polished tile.  
and in a hundred years,  
made an image.  
In it you can see  
The Festive lights at Suter Brook in Winter  
and a sky lit by fire on Canada Day at Golden Spike.

The image tells a thousand stories  
And, to know them,  
I've walked,

Up Moody Street: past favourite cafes.  
and down Clarke: where heritage still plays.  
Past Hett Creek; to make new friends  
And in Glenayre; where old friendship never ends.

And if the stories are the pictures,  
Then time and place are the interstices  
Filled with grout of memory  
From the tesserae, the people who live  
Here in the glass,  
Hand-crafted in every size, shape, and colour.

So if my city is a mosaic,  
What am I?  
A grain of sand.

Coloured blue like the inlet  
And green like the evergreen trees.

Coloured red like the curtain at the Inlet Theatre,  
Where I learned to wear my heart on my sleeve,  
And Rose, like the hearts of those,  
Loved ones my city brought to me.

Brown like old railroad ties.

Gold like history's spike.

My city is a mosaic.  
And I am sand.  
Coloured into a rainbow.  
And spun into glass.