

Found
By Collin Fehr

What follows is a found poem –
I found it
When I couldn't find the words
To tell the history of my city.

I found it in
The forums
And on
The online pages on the city's history
Written in
The voice of the people.

What follows is a found poem:

Sanetch, Cowichan, Sechelt and more

Prior to the arrival –

Their language spoken

To live comparatively well.

Squamish and the Muskwiam

Camps at the mouth

Hunting and gathering shellfish in preparation

For the Winter season – dominated by two events.

Gold rush on the Fraser and the arrival of the train,

The sudden appearance of thousands and

The Royal Engineers (Commanded by Col. Richard Moody)

Directed to clear a trail.

North Road,

A back-door defense for a burgeoning town.

But no attack occurred – But a town: land grants to some,

One of them was John Murray.
The main thoroughfare is a misnomer – Johnny Murray was no saint.
The first passenger train arrived in Port Moody at noon.
Imminent arrival, the biggest town in the west.
Farther west, Newly named Vancouver –
The ecstasy soon faded – Static at 250 for nearly 20 years.

34 white 80 Chinese 5 Japanese and 6 Hindustani
Followed in 1915 by the large Imperial Oil,
Perry A. Roe the first mayor.

Full of the smoke and the whine of lumber being cut,
If you walked down a street you would have seen gardens; laundry on the lines.
Everything from shoes to steak, hotels to two gas stations.
An elementary school. One police officer.
Everyone hastened to help fight the fire.

After the war, spread out and meet
Surrounding towns as they grew.

Port Moody joined the suburbs.

What precedes a found poem.
I found it
When I stopped trying to speak for the city
And I let the city speak for me.

(All text within the asterisks originated on the City of Port Moody Website, History Overview, <<http://www.portmoody.ca/index.aspx?page=76>>)