

# **CYRIL DABYDEEN**

## **Municipalities**

Listen, you municipalities,  
I tell you of byelaws, sewers, roads that are blocked;  
I tell you with a nerve that I've acquired  
From distant places as traffic keeps blaring,  
Sheep with a will of their own bleating  
More than a selfish music... a horse walking across  
The middle of a highway in a far country  
And showing disdain for the sun.

Staring up at large apartment blocks I see  
Developers bulldozing or breaking things down,  
Mortar and concrete, brick and glass...  
There's sweet perfume in the air!  
Now breathe hard at the Rideau Centre  
In downtown Ottawa in busy traffic...  
I raise a hand of dismay, or cry softly,  
This constant jutting of a politician's ear.

