

# Toronto, No More Weeping

(in memory of **Cecilia Zhang**)

I dream of you in crimson,  
morning sun blazing in its glory,  
maple leaves flaming on the skyline;

Through silvery threads you are sailing,  
sheer wings gliding upon the crescent,  
with drizzle drifting in its glowing.

The city below railed off by yellow ribbons,  
streets inside muted in cold reminiscence.  
The slim buildings huddle in silence,  
as crowds hunt for evidence.



They spin their wheels to chase you,  
plough shadows of each angle.  
Your smiling posters traverse the  
entire city  
carried by the heartbroken.

The coming spring is very cold,  
even as chilly as the breaking news.  
Candles and cards confide our  
yearning  
wish for you to reside in peace in  
heaven.

You ride on a rainbow to my dream;  
pour soft light upon my poem.  
Starlets gleaming in your eyes,  
rise up in primal unison.

Whirlwinds brush away my tear,  
streams moisten my tone.  
The angel, a presence very near,  
walks you into the eternal heaven.

Breezes wave their rustle.  
Beaches cradle their ocean.  
Where you lay shall burst into rich blossoms.  
Whom you suffered by, shall pay for the crime.

May winds bring in your fragrance.  
May birds sing in your tune.  
May loved ones weave your dreams.  
May the homeless find your lantern.

I paint my dream with each line,  
and hone the blues off my mind.  
My voices echo with tsunami howling,  
"Toronto, no more weeping!"



*Note: Cecilia Zhang was a 9 years old Chinese girl kidnapped from her Toronto home in 2003 and murdered soon after.*