Future City on the Detroit River: Thomas Smith, 18th Century Surveyor By Marty Gervais, City of Windsor's Poet Laureate

He loved the light –
it made the darkness glow
on those nights when he scrambled
down the embankment
to the birch canoe

summer moon high above
its face swimming
in the wide sweep of the river below –
a paddle in the darkness
breaking the silence
burning fires along
the shore, noise of daytime
raging in his head
among rigid visions of roads
and buildings and traders
and farmers

In that moment returning to the south shore at Petite Côte he dreamt of home, the River Wye its torrent through the valley in early spring his youthful mind swarming with drawings of old streets imagining the noise of day of people with purpose but now here along this river there was only his canoe in the swift current of darkness that took him back a compass, a set of plotting instruments and the stiff rolled up drawings in a leather portfolio and secrets emerging in the inked geometry of avenues not yet known

He loved the night he loved the light that made the darkness glow