

Edmonton UNESCO Learning City

Edmonton's History of Verse Pt. 1

The history of the city is a dust devil
as they say
The chronicles of peril begin to wield
And unveil
Songs of men and women
Who sing for the spirits of their children
Map the mainframe of missions
Score the same grades in digital
Make the place take its effects with
Less salt
Punch up the numbers on incredulous art
Edmonton stays graceful burgeoning
Purges of squalor in the name
Of the ways of adversity conquered
The verses are heard to be
Statically poetic but the songs come alive
To beget the respect we bestow
On all those who keep the streets cleaned
With kinds of breath and dance
The mastery over chance
The chanting from older lands
Clouded but fluorescent
Drilling us with presence
Building different eminence
Fore to the floors of high hope
And dreams made
Justice in the land of the peace and plains
We need customs of respect to withstand
And obey the logics elemental that demand that we stay attacks
Literate skills of the pen and tongue
Signals of skilled warriors carrying drums
We write to become
Under a tenacious sun
Tremulous in with message eternal in verse
Causal communications of the tacit
The worth, the unsettling surface of the
Water that coursed through the valley
We course through the tragic remorse moved

The spirit raised the station of ancestral force
Truth we begin to build toward the truest of north rules
Begin again to give again the freedom to force through
Winds of hurricane to calming eye and train light to brighten with
Ways of writing we are the stars shining the heat of the new sun
Are the ways of reckoning
the beauty of truth done
Elementary School man
Chanting the semantics of the trivial
Cool tongues hot to change the ways we remain spun by words like spells
We rock those bells
Harken forward to notion of the end of era
Dwennimmen is a name I spoke within error
To get me out of the reign of trepidation and terror
Stay clearing the doubts
Heal reeling with feeling that we've won
The rights promised us in every intuitive fight
For the each one teach one
The speaking drum's cries
Across the borders ordered to be the wrong rise
To walk the edge of disciple and learn to rely
On stride pride and power
In our darkest hours
We take out our books and read
Scripted interlocation for the benefit of all children
And the ways beyond estimations of age
All of our wisdom
Stays carried in songs
Sited in the rights that give rise to good laws
We build what we need and heed
The lessons we've won