I thought it would be bigger
tried not to feel sad when I saw

It was not what I expected

Intersections, contradictions, nature and culture abruptly abutted, lines blurred
This
I aimed to appreciate
But instead I am underwhelmed
Overwhelmed

That it took four levels of government thirty years of concentrated effort
(according to the sign)
to create
this.

I see a thistle at my foot
A swallow passes close to my cheek
I try to remain with them

But the expressway is bigger, louder
It penetrates my effort
Beats me

Yachts to the south, between the swallow and the lake
Condos to the east, west, north
Road road road cars trucks
In spite of my best efforts,
my throat closes and my eyes well.

I know that people have fought for this
I did not help
I'm sure the swallow, and perhaps the thistle too, would rather have it here than gone.

Blurred lines
Too hard, and now
I want to leave.