

*Up in Smoke, or Reverie on the “Mary Jane” Legislation*

*In memory of Ayanna Black (1939-2009)*

If Parliament high-fives marijuana,  
Druggists will decide that grass is manna  
(Reefer potent right now—and *mañana*:  
Good weed feeds medicinal arcana);  
Voters will pooh-pooh pooh-bah and bwana;  
Cannibals will forego two-legged fauna  
To nosh on cannabis in banana-  
Flavoured brownies, baked fresh in Tijuana.  
“To borrow a leaf”—Canadiana-  
Speech—will pun on hemp. (Americana  
Boasts hang-ups, but our “highs”? Pure nirvana!)  
Dopily, we’ll pet laid-back piranha—  
Tame as hippies, tripping in Havana,  
Tearing suit or dress into bandanna  
And bikini—or briefs. Me? I’m gonna  
Get happy—coolly hip as a Hanna-  
Barbera cartoon. Every Madonna  
And monsieur, kicked-back, chill, in a sauna—  
Basking like a Mexican iguana—  
Glad as that wedding party in Cana—  
Will puff spliffs—as is their wont—or wanna—

And coo sweaty nothings—*ninna nanna*. . . .  
Let's spurn *gravitas*, groovy Giovanna—  
Like the still-much-missed Princess Diana—  
And croon karaoke to Rihanna  
(The *Rap*-goddess rebirth of Inanna—  
Part Godiva and part Giocon'a). . . .  
Yes, we could swaft to sugar'd Guyana,  
Or skip cross time zones—wafting to Ghana,  
Or chow down on cola and *cabana*  
During Toronto's fête, "Caribana";  
But let's sunbathe at Bay-Batchawana—  
As cavalier as Queen Gloriana—  
Joking like blokes—*if* we toked marijuana.

**George Elliott Clarke**  
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