

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 toké marijuana.

George Elliott Clarke
Parliamentary Poet Laureate (2016-17)