

The Strange Well

Jane Siberry

One time I saw Canada fall through a hole in the sky
I do not know if I was really sad to see her go
For in her place there was a herd of early morning cows
They moved in one direction
They knew where, when, how, why not
There is a strange well I go to
And each time
I lean, I look
I learn, I leave
I go back to town
Saying things I don't believe
My words they're just pebbles under water
They rise like flocks of birds
They are discontinued because the well has overhead and said
Are your opinions not confirmed until you tell them to someone
And is this the lonely night not real until it has been framed
as one
There is a strange well I go to...
I spoke about the rosewood proud and I said this river is wise
And I said these mountains are all-seeing
Said the well--you must realize
That once again your words have pulled the universe out of place
To exist it need not have a human face
There is a strange well I go to...
And sometimes when I go there and my heart is clear
There are no visions--there are no sounds to hear
Oh strange well--does your voice rise and fall
When I am away
And do your watercolours run like they're doing today
There is a strange well I go to
And each time
I lean, I look
I learn, I leave
I go back to town
Saying things I don't believe