

Aside

The Weakerthans

Measure me in metered lines, in one decisive stare,
The time it takes to get from here to there.
My ribs that show through t-
shirts and these shoes I got for free;
I'm unconsolated, I'm lonely.
I am so much better than I used to be.
Terrified of telephones and shopping mall,
And knives, and drowning in the pools of over lives.
Rely a bit too heavily on alcohol and irony.
Get clobbered on by courtesy, in love with love, and lousy poet
ry.
And I'm leaning on a broken fence between Past and Present tens
e.
And I'm losing all these stupid games that I swore I'd never pl
ay.
And it almost feels okay.
Circumnavigate this body of wonder and uncertainty.
Armed with every previous failure, and amateur cartography,
I breathe in deep before I spread these maps out on my bedroom
floor.
Leaving. Wave goodbye.
Losing, but I'll try, with the last ways left, to remember.
Sing my imperfect offering.