

## 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 to 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.