

This Is A Fire Door Never Leave Open

The Weakerthans

Headlights race towards the corner of the dining room.
Half illuminate a face before they disappear.
You breathe in forty years of failing to describe a feeling.
I breathe out smoke against the window, trace the letters in yo
ur name.

Our letters sound the same
Full of all our changing
That isn't change at all.
All straight lines circle sometime.

You said "Somewhere there's a box full of replacement parts to
All the tenderness we've broken or let rust away.
Somewhere sympathy is more than just a way of leaving.
Somewhere someone says 'I'm sorry.'
Someone's making plans to stay."

So tell me it's okay.
Tell me anything or
Show me there's a pull,
Unassailable that will lead you there,
From the dark, alone,
To benevolence that you've never known,
Or you knew when you were four
And can't remember.
Where a small knife tears out those sloppy seams,
And the silence knows what your silence means
And your metaphors as mixed as you can make them
Are linked like days together.

I still hear trains at night, when the wind is right.
I remember everything
Lick and thread this string
That will never mend you
Or tailor more
Than a memory of a kitchen floor,
Or the fire-door
That we kept propping open.

And I love this place
The enormous sky,
And the faces, hands
That I'm haunted by
So why can't I forgive these buildings,
These frameworks labeled "Home"?