

Without Mythologies

The Weakerthans

A soft breeze with the slippery concrete black and full of muddy slush,
Contrasting with the hoarfrost clean and hung
On a tunnel of silent shivering trees
The ones you said you'd like to be
And the birds that screamed at the sun
Now buried deep down below the ground beneath the snow
I press my shoulder to this wall between us
I know you are behind me but I press my shoulder to this wall
Determined not to turn around.
I didn't see you standing still,
That statue that I molded in my mind to kiss,
So beautiful you'll never move again.

Someplace far away
At some sad table littered with chipped plates, with bad light,
In 48 frames from a movie on the cutting room floor,
You said "True meaning would be dying with you"
And though I wanted to, I did not smile.
But now I will give up on this wall that I have fought with
Never uncover meaning behind our rich words.
If I could I would make you a raging river,
With angry rapids, supplied with rain,
So you could always meander
And forever be able to run away
Without contending
With myths wrongly interpreted
With pain.
A harsh wind.