

The Weakerthans, Without Mythologies

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 below the ground,
beneath the snow, I press my shoulder to this wall between us.
I know you are behind me and 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.
A harsh wind.