

# Go Fishing

## The Paper Chase

We set out in the spring  
With a trunk full of books about everything  
About solar devices  
And how nice natural childbirth is  
We cut down some trees  
And we trailed our ideals  
Through the forest glade  
We dammed up the stream  
And the kids cooled their heels  
In the fishing pool we'd made  
We held hands and we exchanged bands  
And we practically lived off the land  
You adopted a fox cub  
Whose mother was somebody's coat  
You fed him by hand  
And then snuggled him down  
By the grandfather bed while I wrote  
We grew our own maize  
And I only occasionally went into town  
To stock up on antibiotics  
And shells for the shotgun that I kept around  
I told the kids stories while you worked your loom  
And the sun went down sooner each day.  
The leaves all fell down  
Our crops all turned brown  
It was over  
As the first snowflakes fell  
I realized all was not well in the camp  
The kids caught bronchitis  
The space heater ran out of diesel  
One weekend a friend from the East  
God damn his soul  
Stole your heart  
I said "Fuck it then  
Take the kids back to town  
Maybe I'll see you around"  
And so...leaving all our hopes and dreams  
To the wind and the rain  
Taking only our stash  
Left our litter and trash  
And set out on the road again  
On the road again

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