Letter of Resignation

The Weakerthans

Takes a dried up ball-point, lemon juice and water, keeps a diary invisibly, In the kitchen corner of a basement bachelor suite there's a certain search for certainty, you know we'll never see her hands touch her childhood home in photos that she took. It's one more omission from a high school history book; how whole lives get knifed and pushed aside. To whom it may concern...
Take a broken bottle. Take a rafter beam. Take a needle and a tarnished spoon. Or just words to kill off one more unheard statement of another dying afternoon. She says she's leaving soon. So so long to ten hour shifts and faking sympathies. Farewell to piles of bills, unpayed utilities. All rolled up and unfurled like a flag. Wake up and pack your bag. To whom it may concern...There's a bus that's leaving half an hour from now. It won't take her where she really wants to go. So she sits there with her luggage at her side. leaving empty stations, leaving empty lives.

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