

Elegy for Elsabet

The Weakerthans

So your fields are stubble, garden's done
Where the scary scarecrow stands
Sees her holding up horizons with her hands
She's so tired of reading 'Daddy's Lips'
That essay on a frown
Watch her memories of human voices drown
Let Horsey Bray break between the thunder boom
Make grasses' swish meet the cricket ring
Let every sound consecrate our whispering
Words that Betta never heard
The back lanes tie the city down
A mess of dirty string
Winter dies the same way every spring
As the sky tries on its uniform of
Turned off TV gray
And the ways we watched her watch us walks away
Let every rain clatter down groaning streets
Make footsteps tick, talk to echoed walls
Let every sound consecrate our whispering
The words that Betta never heard
Let every wind howl and creak the creaking doors
To rooms that too much has happened in
Let every sound consecrate our whispering
The words that Betta never heard

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