Uncorrected Proofs

The Weakerthans

The mirrors and the unacknowledged nods.
Dial tones and license plates.
The words you didn't choose.
Everything the day's too small to hold spills on to the dusk,
and shorts the evening's fuse.
So you fumble for a voice and sing "Happy Birthday."
Read it to yourself again.
The stories always end the same.
He can't stay and she won't run,
and fear is where they're calling from.
Staunch the blood from countless tiny cuts.
We're all out of bandages.
The heaters rattle taunt.
Sifting through translucent shards of glass,
looking for a filament that lit the life you want.
So you stumble for the phone, grasp the cord and pull.
Will your readership complain the stories always end the same?
She can't stay and he won't run, and fear is where they're calling from.
Afraid is where you're calling from.

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