Without Mythologies

The Weakerthans

A soft breeze with 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 sunNow buried deep down 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 aroundI didn't see you standing
Still that statue that I molded in my mind to kiss
So beautiful, you'll never move againSomeplace far away, some sad table littered
With chipped plates, with bad light
In 48 frames from a movie on the cutting room floorYou've 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 rainSo you could always meander
And forever be able to run away
Without contending with myths, wrongly interpreted
With pain, a harsh windA harsh wind

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