

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 sun
Now 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 around
I didn't see you standing
Still that statue that I molded in my mind to kiss
So beautiful, you'll never move again
Someplace far away, some sad table littered
With chipped plates, with bad light
In 48 frames from a movie on the cutting room floor
You'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 rain
So you could always meander
And forever be able to run away
Without contending with myths, wrongly interpreted
With pain, a harsh wind
A harsh wind

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